[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] THE COMMISSION.

Must man believe, his fellow man so vile, As slowly, unmasked, those huge frauds are shown; Rotten with hate and crime, pretend the

To guide the realm and, protect the throne. Professing every vestige of truth— Honor bluehes, while perfidy and shame, Upheld by royal courtiers, whom forecosts; Will stop at naught to tarnish Erin's fame.

Great God! what must those Irish members

When every being whom gold would defame, Are called afar, seduced o'er land and sea, To cast discredit on their envied name. Coercion acts, nor gloomy prison walls,

Would not suffice; those patriotic few, In clarion tones proclaimed their country's wrongs. Nor feared they all that Tory might could do. But wily Webster, tyrant Balfour's hound,

Has sniffed the wind, -the "Times" has laid the snare ; Hunters and cur, with one prodigious bound Have joined the chase, but find the game—O

Ask fiend Le Caron, Pigott, and the rest Of traitor guides who blindly led them on, Where their suspected prey, with scornful jest Oe'r their dark doings sheds the light of dawn.

Exposed by those whom they had hoped to Whose loyalty they basely had belied; In Jewish style they sought the perjured boon Till, Judas—like, their basest forger died.

But far more culpable are they who gave The tempting gold, to win a fiendish cause, Hoping to avoid the punishment, yet crave To drag their victims 'neath the dragon's jaws.

Now sadly whenes the haffled, timid cur; The tyrant vows dire vengeance on his spies ; O thunderer, weep thy want of ample spur To capture boodle with thy mammoth lies. J. T. McGowan St. Anicet, March, 8. 1889.

# RESEDA:

CHAPTER II. Continued. Mrs. Lemoyne now came up, wondering how the little girl came to be talking to strangers. "Mother," said Madeline, "this is the lady who gave me the sugar-plums."

Mrs. Lemoyne and Teresa bowed to each ther. The young English girl saw at a glance that Madeline's mother was good and gentle as well as noor. 'Since your little girl is fond of flowers pray

allow us to give her a plant," said Sir John.
"Oh, do ray 'yee,' dear little mother, pray do !" cried Madeline.
"Your mother will allow us, I am sure," said

eres, "come with me and choose."

And taking her hand she led her slowly along the row of flowers. Madeline stopred before every nosegay, and every green box, and then passed on. The rich colours of many of the flowers delighted her eyes, but when she stoop ed down and found they had no perfume, she went on further. At last she scopped in front of a fuschia, in admiration of its graceful sprays of brilliant blossoms.

This is beautiful, very, very beautiful," she said, and bent down; "but it has no scent," she added in disappointment, 'Oh! it is this ugly

Teresa looked at the ugly little plant, and smiled; "Tais is like the plant in your little song," she said, "though after all it is not very urly-God has given it something that is better than beauty."
"What is its name?"

"Its name is the same as yours."
"Madeline?"

"No, Mignonette."
"Then I will choose it," said Madeline, eagerly; "and as you are giving it to me I will take and from Lady Burton's caprice.

great care of it," she added, with much feeling

"You are delaying this kind lady to long," character and the dependent nature of her posisaid Madeline's mother coming close to where she was standing with her new friend; "make haste and choose."
"She has chosen," answered Teresa, and at

was standing near Sir John.

"William," she said when he had come forward, "take this plant to——"

Mrs. Lamoyne interrupted her, assuring her that she could easily carry it herself; the young girl however had observed that she was already laden with several parels and as it.

laden with several parcels, and as it was evi-dent that Madeline's little hands could not bear the burden for any distance, she begged to know

whose light sprays were gently shaken to and fro by William's measured tread.

#### CHAPTER III. NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The trifling and apparently accidental circumstances which we have just related had two results. In the first place, the pretty name which had fallen from Teresa's lips clung to Madeline. Everyone who came near her, knew of her plant of her love for it, and the care she bestowed apon it. Whenever the game of the flowers was played at the infant school, she sang the little verse about the mignonette, and none of the other children ever though of selecting the name which seemed to have become her own, and indeed to suit her perfectly. If she had not the cift of beauty she had that of wonderful gracefulness, and gracefulness is to a girl or woman what perfume is to a flower. Accordingly, Mignonette was soon the name used by her mistress and comrades in the infant school,

by the few neighbors who knew her, by the English family, and even by her mother.

And in the second place, these circumstances led to an acquaintance between Teresa and Mrs. Lemoyne, which became to the sorrowful wife something like what sunshine is amid the gloom something like what substille is amid the gloom of winter. A slight illness of Madeline's first furnished a reason for the young English girl's visits, and they were repeated from time to time after the child was well. Moreover, Mignonette was often invited to go and play with Mary, but Mrs. Lemovne made this concession to her friendship for Teresa, rarely and reluctantly.

Mary was idolized by her mother, and was self-willed, capricious, and passionate. Her outbursts of violence terrified Madeline, and she would have dreaded being left alone with the little tyrant, who already governed her own

family.

The home life of the Burton family was anything but peaceful and pleasant. Lady Burton was one of those woman who seemed destined to make all belonging to them unhappy. At the time of her marriage with Sir John she was very beautiful and apparently very good; but the goodness was the result of selfishness, and was only manifested towards those whom it was her inserest to deceive. The rights of primogeniture as understood in England, sometimes make the position of the younger sons and of the make the position of the younger sons and of the daughters of wealthy families a hard one. Lady Burton's father left debts, her brother, who succeeded to the property, was very extrava-gant, and she was but scanbly provided for. The comparatively straitened circumstances in which she found herself thus placed, were little to the taste of the haughty and ambitious Miss Charlotte, and she looked to a rich marriage as the means of attaining the brilliant position she

desired.

Her remarkable beauty was generally admired but in her own neighbourhood her character and disposition werk so well known that the admiration did not seem likely to lead to the realization of her desired. It is impossible, dear child."

attorn of her desired. It was the old attory of a great industry
precipice concealed by flowers. Sir John Burdefine and springing to her mother's side, grief for fear of making her mother more unflesh,

"She must come.!" cried Mary, impatiently, woted, or, at least apparently devoted, all her with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a line cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a line cloth. When the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason that here, more with a line cloth than the skin is broken than Ragland, for the reason than the skin is bro

had cause to repent his folly. He acted hastily and his punishment was ornel; his angel soon showed herself to be far different from what he had deemed her, and all happiness vanished from his home. The birth of a child did not long improve matters, for the child only became another tyrant in the home. Mary began by being a beautiful baby, the treasurer of fasher and mother, but as she grew out of mere infancy the mother's foolish fondness spoiled what might have been an element of do-

ton, however, fell a victim to her charms, and

mestic happiness. Haughty and arrogent as Lady Burton was to every one else, she became a very slave to Mary. Mary's disposition was unfortunately but too like that of her mother, her evil tendencies being absolutely unchecked, grew and strengthened, and the deplorable system of adulation and concession bore its natural fruits. At six years old Mary had an iron will, a capricious and ungoverned temper, and was thoroughly selfish. Lady Burton al lowed no one to exercise any authority over her little girl, and the gentle Teresa could hardly

venture ever to say that Mary was in fault.
Sir John obeyed his wife, loved his child tenderly, and let things take their course. Long continued bad health bad affected his spirits, he shrank from anything like discussion or contest, and spent as much of his time as he could out of When a domestic storm seemed to be impending he would take his hat and stick, look

sadly at his sister, and go out till evening.

After dinner he would listen, with apparent apathy, to the bitter reproaches with which his wife accompanied the dessert, and would call for braudy and water; if her language was peculiarly aggressive and her complaints were unusually prolonged, his potations became the stronger, and occasionally he found the relief of complete oblivion.

The unworthy wife, whose conduct had contributed to the degradation of her unhappy husband, would, on these occasions, break forth into taunting and insulting language, and would hauphtily silence poor Te-esa if she attempted to excuse or defend her brother. Yet, Teresa might justly have pointed out to her sister-in-law that Sir John's excesses were due to the sorrows of his domestic life.

sorrows of his domestic life.

It will be easily understood that these two women had little in common, and that their tastes and occupations were different and uncongenial. Lady Burton spent her days in shopping, in sauntering about, visiting and driving in the Park: her evenings were devoted to the theatre. Teresa never went to the theatre except when the play was select and really worth seeing; art, literature, and good works employed her time. Among the good works in which she took a special interest was that of Infant schools, and she had visited those of Paris with the hope of gathering useful hints for one which she intended at some future day to establish in the neighbourhood of her home. She went, on several other occasions, to the

Infant school where she had made acquaintance with Madeline. Her appearance was always a cause of rejoicing to the children, for it was sure to be followed by a distribution of sugar-plums. Madeline's joy. however, was entirely free from any mixture of self-interest. The being on earth whom she returned her affection, and sometimes herself woundered at the love she bore to her little Mignonette. Naturally she felt much interest in the mother of her little favourite. The mistrees of the Infant school had confirmed her conjectures regarding Mr. Lemyne [The flower-maker was a lady by birth and had been reduced by misfortunes to her present position. No one knew the particulars of these misfortunes.

Trouble makes some natures reserved and dis-trustful, and the young wife silently bore the sad memories or the past, the difficulties of the present, and anxieties as to the future. She did not at once warmly respond to the young Englishwoman's advances, but Teresa redoubled her kindness to the child. This was the true way to reach the mother's heart, and it was perfectly successful. Mrs. Lemoyne soon learned to welcome Teresa's visits, and when she sent her maid to beg that Madeline might come and spand the day, she would send her in perfect enfidence that Teresa would guard her little Migaonette alike from Mary's illtemper

tion, she could, when it was necessary, be firm and make a decided stand against anything t injustice. Mignonette was her visitor, and therefore under her protection, and Mary was pretty good, which was not always the case, especially if Lady Burton took her part in any of the little differences which from time to time arose. The two children, however, generally agreed very well, and the habit of intercourse strenghtened the bond between them, till one day, after a recence of a kind but too common in Lady Burton's household, Mignonette was banished from the house in which her friend Teresa had a home. It was a Thursday, in the mouth When she had heard it, she at once gracefully replied, "I am glad that we are near neighbors; we are living in the next street, and I hope we shall meet sometimes. Good-bye for to-day, good-bye, little Mignonette. William, you will follow this lady."

Teresa took Sir John's arm and they both walked on; Mrs. Lemoyne, with Madeline's hand in hers, went towards her home, the child constantly turning round to look at her plant.

and Teresa were both ready; when Teresa saw the cab she asked the maid why she had not brought a large carriage; the reason was simple, there was not one to be had. Lady Burton scolded the poor girl and declared that it was all her fault, and that she had not started

soon enough.

After all, it does not so much matter,"
said Teresa: "I won't go out to day, Charlotte; Mignonette will keep me compary." want her to come !" cried Mary.

"Of course she will come," said Mary's mother; "is is not for you she is spending the day here, I suppose, Teresa, but for Mary; there is room for her besides the driver." Teresa came forward, "Beside the driver! Surely not, Charlotte, the wind is very harsh and cold to-day, and it is raining. Madeline is delicate and takes cold easily; it would really be a grantial.

be a great risk for her."
"You must allow me to consider your anxiety rather exaggerated, my dear; and if you have

no other reason-'I beg your pardon, I have another; it is not the fitting place for her." "Will you kindly explain yourself?" answer

ed Lady Burton, in a mocking manner. I can hardly fancy that the little girl is too grand for the coachbox."
"I should hot have put it as you do, Charlotte, but you understand what I mean. I don't think it the right place for Madeline."
"What a ridiculous idea! You seem to fore,

get that she is a work-woman's child."
"Pray do not speak so loud, Charlotte; it is not well to let the children hear. I fear you are sowing seeds of pride in Mary's heart and little know what a harvest you may reap some day. But you are annoyed; I will say no more about Mary and return to the subject we were speaking of. I have not for a moment forgotten Mrs. Lemoyne's present position, nor the fact that it is the result of misfortune. If work fact that it is the result of misfortune. If work neither fully knew the immess heart of the other, is in itself honourable, it seems to me doubly for in each human heart there is a mysterious honourable in the case of a woman who has been in comfortable circumstances, and is now

bearing her troubles bravely, and supporting herself and her child. Only fancy yourself in her case, and think how you would feel it if you saw Mary put in the position generally given saw Mary put in the position generall, given to a servant."

"Nonsense!" murmured Lady Burton, shrugging her shoulders; "there is no sert of reason in your argument; but stay at home if you like, my dear. We can do without your little favourite. Come Mary!"

"Oome, Mignonette! said Mary, who at this moment was possessed with the spirit of contradiction which belongs to spoiled children, and would not, for any consideration, have gone without her little companion.

But Madeline did not take Mary's offered hand, and looked at Teresa.

hand, and looked at Teresa,

"Magnonette can't go to-day, Mary," said
Teresa; "there is no room for her."

"She must come!" cried Mary, impatiently.

"The must come is no room for her."

"Your aunt does not wish it."
"I know, I heard what she said, she does not

"That might be done," said Teresa, hoping to settle the matter satisfactorily. "Mary and Madeline together will not take more room than one grown person."
"But I should be dreadfully crowded," re-

joined Lady Burton. "No, my dear, you may keep your little pet at home; Mary and I will go together. Betsy, take Miss Mary down stairs and life her into the carriage."

But Miss Mary had taken an obstinate fit.

She cried and struggled and would not go with
the maid: Lady Burton grew angry and desired the maid to leave Mary alone and to put Madeline up on the coach-box.

Teresa took the child's hand. You should not

ve such an order, Charlotte," she said, coldly; I cannot let Madeline go there." Lady Burton's wrath knew no bounds.

'Let her be off then !' she cried, with kindling eyes and ang y mien: "send the wretched little child out of my house!"

'I will take her home to her mother," said

Teress, without betraying any agitation. "Come, my dear, bid Lady Burton goodbye,

and kiss Mary."
Madeline made a pretty little courtesy and then turned to Mary, but Lady Burton pushed her aside roughly, and taking her little girl in her arms put her in the carriage, and herself got in. They then drove off without further "An farrious."

dalay. Teresa called Betsy to accompany her, and presently took Madeline back to her home.

Before going upstairs to Mrs. Lemoyne's apartment she wished to ascertain that she was at home, and accordingly asked the porter whe was hurriedly crossing the court yard. "At home!" he exclaimed, "Mrs. Lemoyne

at home! Why, you don't know what has appened!"
Madeline beard his words, and, instinctively feeling that some misfortune had fallen upon her mother, she left Teresa's side and ran to-

wards the stairs. "Poor little thing !" said the porter, compassionately. "See, madam, there is the doctor going up, he will tell you all. I have a great

many commissions to do. He then left Teresa, who at once hastened upstairs, after the doctor. Just as she reached him a child's cry of anguish and alarm came to her ear. She recognized Madeline's voice, and passing rapidly before the stranger, who had stopped, uncertain where to go, she opened the door of Mrs Lemoyne's apartment and said, "This way, if you please."

### CHAPTER IV.

A BAD STORY. When they entered Mrs. Lemoyne's room, they found her lying apparently lifeless, on the floor The basket which contained her work had been overturned in her fall, the flowers were scattered around her, and by a chance, which looked almost like a kind of mockery, a wreath of roses and white lilac lay at her head. Made-

line knelt beside her and endeavoured to raise her up, weeping bitterly meanwhile.

An old woman, whose sullen countenance betrayed not the slightest emotion, stood looking at her without making any attempt to be of

"Take the child away," said the doctor; "I will look after the mother."
Teresa with some difficulty unclasped Madeline's little hands from her mother's garments,

and the doctor raised the unconscious form and laid it on the bed.

"She has only fainted," he said, after examining her for a few seconds; "but how could you leave her in that position? you ought to have raised her up." This observation was addressed to the porter's wife, who replied with

"And how could I do it? My husband was not here to help me, and besides neither he nor I can give our time for nothing."

And having spoken these heartless words she

left the room, grumbling.
"Can nothing be done to bring her round?"
asked Teress. "My maid will go for anything asked Teresa. "that is wanted."

letter that is on the table, that she may not see it; whenever a letter like that comes, it makes mother cry."
Teresa looked to the table and saw what she

had not before observed. Mrs. Lemoyne's eye, as she recovered from her fainting fit, had evidently fallen upon a large envelope with several foreign stamps upon it, and two half opened sheets of paper. No doubt, these were messengers of sorrow, and had called forth the

outburst of grief.
The doctor had written a prescription on a page which he took from his notebook, drew Teresa aside and said. "My work is done, and yours is to begin. This soothing draught is all that I can prescribe. Grief is alsa! a thing beyond my power to heal. You probably know better than I do the cause of the fainting, which work have lasted so long if assistance, had night not have lasted so long if assistance had been at once given."

"I am, like yourself, completely in the dark as to the fresh sorrow which has overpowered this poor lady," answered Teresa. "I suppose that some bad news for which she was unprepared has reached her. Do you think her case

very serious?"
'No; the nerves are very much shaken; that is all. But her night may be very reatless. It would not be wise to leave her alone with the

I will stay with her," said Teresa. The doctor bowed, took his hat, and left the

room.
"Betsy," said Teresa, "take this prescription to the chemist at the corner, and ask him to make it up and send the draught at once, and then go home and tell Sir John that I shall stay

the night with Mrs. Lemoyne,"
After she had given these directions, Teresa put off her bonnet and cloak, and taking Mig-nonette on her lap sat down near the bed. She felt much perplexed; Mrs. Lemoyne, as we have seen, had not confided her troubles to her. nave seen, had now connect her troubles to her. Teresa had paid her many visits, but the visits had been short: they had spoken much of children in general, and of Mary and Madeline in particular. Their conversations had led them to appreciate each other, and notwithstanding their differences of age and of position, a strong sympathy existed between them, but as yet sanctuary in which are hidden the deepest sor-rows and the greatest joys the soul has known, which are treasured its truest and highest sentiments, its sweetest and bitterest memories; and as we go on in life, this sanctuary becomes more and more impenetrable, and in fact it is like the conscience, fully known to God alone. Teresa could not easily speak of a grief whose Teresa could not easily speak of a grief whose very nature was to her unknown, the consolation she would fain have tried to offer might perhaps have missed its mark, her delicacy shrank from any attempt to fathom the secret of a sorrow which was hidden from her. The broken words which Mrs. Lemoyne had spoken amidst her tears had conveyed little meaning to her mind; she had always believed Madeline to be her mother's only child, and had been greatly apprized by the heart-rending tones of maternal.

surprised by the heart-rending tones of materna

the took her hand and said, "Mamma, do order Mignonette to come."

"Your aunt does not wish it."

Mamma, do order bappy. Madeline was not slow to be convinced by the sweet words, she became by degrees calmer, and as she was told not to speak to "Your auto does not wish it."

"I know, I heard what she said, she does not want her to go on the box, we must have her inside the carriage."

"That might be done," said Teresa, hoping that occurred to her mind, and before it was so settle the matter satisfactorily. "Mary and madeline together will not take more room than a set was told not so speak was told not speak was told not set to see more told not speak was told not speak was

arms. Night was coming on, and the young gurl thought it well to take adventage of this alumshought it well to take adventage of this alumber and put the child to bed. Just as she had undressed her and laid her, still sleeping, on her little couch, a knock was heard at the day. little couch, a knock was heard at the door. It was the chemist's messenger with the draught which had been ordered. Teresa paid for it and sent him away, and then after having lighted sent him away, and then after naving lighted the lamp, again took her place by the bed. Mrs. Lemoyne was no longer weeping, but sat bent down with her head supported in her two hands motionless and silent and apparently overcome with hopeless gcief. When she heard Teresa's voice, she started a little, took her hands from her face, and looked up at her with tearful melancholy eyes.
"Dear Misa Teresa," she said, "is that

you?"
"Yes," said the girl, taking one of her hands "but I am so sorry I have ceme too late?"
"Too late? did you come too late?" repeated
the poor woman. "Oh! yes, I was alone, the poor woman. "Oh! yes, I was alone, when——" and the sentence was cut short by

Teresa was silent.
"And my little girl!" cried Mrs. Lemoyne
anxiously: "where is my little Madeline?"

Teresa pointed to the little bed, where the child lay in peaceful sleep.

"You see she is steeping calmly, and I am very glad of it, for the sight of your grief completely upset her. It was she who called you back from your faint by her kisses."
"I think I remember. Poor little darling!

I felt her tears fall on my face. My heart was dead, my memory was confused, and my head was gone."
"Don't speak too much, let me undress you;

a night's rest will do you good."

Mrs. Lemoyne yielded, and indeed she was still so weak that she needed assistance. She became uneasy for Teresa on account of the lateness of the hour, but the latter told her that she had sent her maid home, and meant to stay

for the night. Mrs. Lemoyne, deeply touched by her kind-ness, begged her on no account to remain, de-claring that she was feeling stronger and better; but Teress would not be moved from her pur-

"Stay then," said the invalid, "and may God bless you for all you are doing for me? I want you to know the whole story of my life, my sad life; I will have no secrets from you "Don't tell me to night," said Teresa, firmly.
"You are quite worn out, and it would be very bad for you to go back to all your troubles, but by and by to morrow, you will let me hear everything.

### (To be Continued.)

TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy. Will send a description of tilFEEE to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

DECAY OF UNUSED FACULTIES.

Dr. Smith, of Louisville, Kentucky, by means of practical investigations, claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals which live in the Mammoth Cave are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing. On one occasion he penetrated about four miles into the interior of the cave, and some 4,000 fee below the center of the earth, where the soli tude and total absence of sound produced a dis-tressing and almost unsupportable effect upon him, resulting in a very perceptible, although temporary, defection of hearing and aberration of mind. This explains the fact why persons lost in the cave for one, two, or three days, have always been found, when rescued, in a state of temporary insanity. The mind and special senses, deprived of their natural pabulum and "Here is the best cure for her! you see it is already doing her good," and he pointed to lysed, attrophied, and finally, as far as external manifestations are concerned, nearly, if ing her by every tender name she could think of and covering her face with tears and kisses, that the action of a similar law operates upon, and the control of their natural partitude and in the control of their natural partitude and inot of their natural partitude and in the control of their natural The doctor was right. Either the fainting and in the same manner affects, our moral caresses had really availed to restore her, for Mrs. Lemoyne by degrees came to berself. She opened her eyes and looked anxiously around her. All at once, she shuddered violentiated by contract with "shoes spiritual shings," around her. All at once, she shuddered violently and began to weep bitterly, murmuring
amid her sobs, "My child! my poor child!"

"What can be the matter wish little mother,
Miss Teresa?" said Mignonette, clasping her
hands in despair and turning her sad face to
the young girl. "Oh! I see what it is now!"
she exclaimed, "Miss Teresa, hide that horrid
she exclaimed, "Miss Teresa, hide that horrid
she was the senses of the soul—the spirit, can be
developed only by means of snitable surroundtings. As light sensitizes the optic nerve, as
sound educates the ear, and as touch awakens feeling, so the forces of the spirit would call forth and perfect corresponding faculties in man. Here, then, lies the secret of partial, if not total, absence of development in spiritual directions. No soul that lives in a mammoth cave can be otherwise than deaf, than blind, and feeble minded. As severance from a world with which man was fitted, and designed to be in contact, unmans him, limits, stultifies his human powers, so isolation from "the things of God"—for communion with which the soul was formed—unsouls and degrades it to the level of "the beasts that perish." Let us bear this in mind: To realize but seldom "the powers of the world to come," to live far from spiritual influence, to neglect the means of grace, is to stop all soul growth, and to paralyze each moral faculty.-[Rev. F. Pugh.

All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. INo Fts after first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

# FUN AND FANCY.

The favorite key of the sailor's songs is C. The prevailing culler is the rag-man. One of the most obnoxious relatives one can

entertain—a carb-uncle, A "duck of a bonnet" is sometimes worn by goose of a women. The man who is lynched will find notice in

the noose column. The flower of the family frequently happens to be a son flower. The matter of rents annoys both the professional tramp and the land baron.

Some realize after marriage that the "apple of their eye" is a crab apple. Should this country be involved in war we have an efficient reserve force in the "killing"

dudes that abound. The favorite gait of the inebriate is the de-With a bear of a husband there is always

A silo is where green feed is kept. A solo is where a conceited musician feeds his greenness. Although not a student of astronomy, the cheese-maker is able to tell something of the

One of the leading features of a blind men li ant's life is the little dog .

A woman's sphere-a mouse. Figures don't lie-they recline.

The "chip of the old block" is often "aplinered" for copying after his sire, .

"Breeches of trust," remarked the young man as the dog disgorged the greater portion of his A bone of contention—the trombone.

For a burn or scald make a paste of commen baking sods and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken

# LAID TO REST.

The Finni Obsequies of the Late Mrs. Will iam Harty-Beloved in Life-Bonored in Desta.

(Kingston: Freeman, March 13th.)

It is our painful duty to record this week the death of Mrs. Wm. Harty who departed this life peacefully and strengthened by every consolation of our Holy Faith on Thursday last, the 7th instant. Her death was not unexpected; yet her kindly nature and womanly virtues, while they bound her to her own in most sacred affection, endeared her also to many sincerely attached friends and extended her name so universally throughout Kingstone, that the hearts of all were saddened when at length her demise was announced.

Mrs. Harty bore her grievous and long sickness with an admirable and constant patience, which could be the fruit only of deep religious feeling and great strength of faith, and thus her resigned and happy death was s fitting ending to a pious and exemplary life. In every work of charity in the city her hand was engaged busily, and with every beneficial object her name was identified. She was a faithful and edifying member of the Holy Family Confraternity ever since it was established in St. Mary's Cathedral. To the poor she is a loss, not merely on account of the material help which she meted out to them cheerfully and largely at all times, but much more for the kindly interest she took in them and the prudent counsel she gave them, and her tender, affectionate sympathy with them in their every sorrow and affliction.

In testimony of her goodness of life, as well as to give respect to her bereaved husband, Ald. Wm. Harty, one of Kingston's most prominent citizens, an immense concourse of people assisted at Mrs. Harty's funeral on Sunday afternoon. A larger funeral proces-sion has never, we believe, been seen in Kings-ton, thus followed all that was mortal of this estimable Christian lady to St. Mary s cemetery. All classes, without any distinction of creed, united in paying this last tribute of

regard to her memory.

The Bishop of Kirgston, surrounded by the clergy of the Palace, presided at the Libera, and at the conclusion of these solemn prayers and plaintive chants of holy Church, His Lordship led the long, sad procession to the final resting place. Whilst we say our earnest, heartfelt, consoling prayer,-may her soul rest in peace, and may perpetual light shine upon her,—we respectfully offer the ex-pression of our sincere sympathy and serrow to the bereaved family in this, the most afficting of domestic trials.

On Tuesday morning at o'clock a solemn Mass was sung for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Harty. The Bishop of King-ston presided at the Mass, assisted at the throne by the Rev. P. A. Twohey, of West-pert, and the Rev. J. J. McGrath of Spencerviile. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. T. Kelly, secretery. In the sanctuary were the Rev. J. Gorman, Gananoque, Rev. D. A. Iwomey, Rev. J. S. Quinn, and the Rev. T.

The Libera was sung by His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the clergy present. A large congregation was present, among whom were the members of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family. We conclude our obituary notice with the final blessing of the Catholic Church over her deceased chirdren-RE-QUIESCAT IN PAGE. AMEN. The floral offering were numerous and very

beautiful, and came from friends in all parts of the country, as well as from the city. They not only filled the bearse, but required an extra vehicle for their conveyance. Among those who attended the funeral

from a distance we noticed the following :-Mrs. Jas. O'Reilly, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Connor, Ottawa; Mr. Alex. Mortimer, Ottawa; Mr. G. P. Brophy. Ottawa; Jas. R. O'Reily, Prescott; John Ryan, Brockville; Hugh Ryan, Toronto; M. J. Heney, Water-town; James Shea, Hamilton, and P. D. Doran, Peterboro.

IN MEMORIAM.

LATE MRS. WM. HARTY. Again the Golden Gates swing wide. Again a life on death's ebb tid. A sainted soul has fled Again the tears of sad ones left, Again the lonely friends bereft-A noble woman dead.

A cherished mother, loving wife, Who bore the weary weight of life, As God would have her bear; True mother, with a heart of gold, True wife, with wifely gifts untold— Unselfish, gentle, rare.

Her heart, a heart to quicken sure To misery, care or need;
Ever steadfast, honest friend,
Ever a cheerful smile to send—
With the helping word and deed. No here chronicled by fame, No marbyr dying for God's name,

Her hand, a hand to help the poor,

More bravely bore than she;
A cruel, lingering, painful death,
And martyr-like with failing breath—
Praised God who set her free. A saddened joy, a joyful pain, For sinless soul that knew stain, We feel for her who's won; A glorious, jewelled, heavenly crown, And softly pray, with hearts bow'd down God's holy will be done.

MRS. RYAN, LONDON.

(Catholic Record.) We regret very much to announce the death of Mrs. Ryan, an old and highly esteemed resident of London. The good lady departed suddenly on Sanday morning last but was not unprepared, as she was ever most devout and exemplary Catholic lady. We extend our heartfelt condolence to her surviving children, Thos. Ryan Esq , of Port Arthur, and Miss Kate Ryan, her affectionate and faithful companion in her declining years. Mrs. Rysn's husband departed this life about twenty-five years ago. She was born in 1808, in Ballyraggat, County Kilkenny, Ireland. The funeral took place on Wednesday marning, from her late residence Richmond street, to St. Peter's Cathedral, where Requiem High Mass was offered for the repeac of her soul. May she rest in

# CUT IT UUT.

Eight or ten years ago Prof. Thorold Rogers wrote the following pregnant sentences in an English review : Agriculture is the fundamental condition of

civilization, as its success is the measure of it, but does not injure it. all other industry. Whatever dwarfs it therefore, renders it insecure or especially risky, or in any way impedes its healthy progress, is a mischief in the excision of which no sur-

gery can be too prompt.

These are the statements of economic fact which, we believe, cannot be galneaid. They are as true in Canada as in England; nay, they are of stronger application in Canada than England, for the reason that here, more

hands of the State ! Can it be denied that healthy progress has been impeded, or that investment and laborhave been made inscours and risky by the fiscal policy which has shifted the burden of taxation on the agricultural class, and denied them a tree market, increased to them the cost of living, and made it possible for other industries by means of trusts and combines to flourish at their cost? No one knows better than the farmers themselves that this mischief is being done, and no surgery can be too prompt to cut it out. London Advertiser.

#### THE BURLINGTON'S "ELI.

The formerly popular Vestibule Fast "Eli" Train of the Burlington Route has been resumed between Chicago and Kansas City, St. Joseph and Atchison, leaving Chicago daily at 5.30 P. M. The Burlington's Vestibule Trains to Omaha, Denver and St. Paul will continue as before. They are the best trains between Chicago and the points mentioned. Tickets can be obtained of any ticket agent of connecting lines, or by addressing P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. & T. A., C., B. & Q. R. R.

## A MILLIONAIRE CABINET.

Gen. Harrison will be surrounded by a much richer set of advisers than President Cleveland has around him. This is a rough estimate of the wealth represented in the Ex. scutive Department of the Government under this administration at its beginning, and the wealth that will probably be represented

under Harrison : Cleveland's Cabinet. Harrison's Cabinet. | Cleveland | 200,000 | Harrison's Cabinet. | 200,000 | Hendricks | 100,000 | Morton | 10,000,000 | Manning | 200,000 | Blaine | 1,000,000 | Manning | 200,000 | Windom | 5,000,000 | Cleveland | 25,000 | Wanamaker | 10,000,000 | Cleveland | 500,000 | Total | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,000 | \$40,000,00 Total ... \$42,200,000 50,000 Garland....

Total....\$3,325,000

This table omits the Secretary of the In-terior and the Attorney General, who are pretty sure to foot up another million, making the total \$43,200,000. Or, omitting Alger, who is an uncertainty, and supposing that a poor one-millionaire like Jerry Rusk should become Secretary of War \$29,000,000 would still be presented by the Executive Department of the next administration .-Philadelphia Record.

### WHAT IS CASTORIA ?

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Onlum, Morphine, nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregorle, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, curos
Diarrhees and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the atomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE. HALIFAX, March 15 .- The Prince Edward Island Legislature met yesterday. The speech from the throne congratulated members on the substantial prosperity of the province. The draft of a revision and con-solidation of the Island statutes is nearly completed. Bills relating to law of evidence, to procedure in the Supreme court, the Court of Chancery and county courts, as well as other measures of importance, will be sub-

#### mitted. SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

In 1788 a young Irlsh gentleman, for a wager, set out to walk to Constantinople and back again in one year.

A hopping man engaged, in December, 1731, to hop 500 yards in fifty heps in St. James park. He performed the feat in forty in September, 1789, a Col. Ross set out

from London for York, on a wager with a Mr. Pigot of 800 guineas that he reached his destination in forly-eight hours on the same horse. He performed the journey three hours within the time. On the 17th of May, 1817, a respectable farmer of Kirton Lindsey, for a wager of a few pounds, undertook to ride a pony up two

pairs of stairs into a chamber of the George inn and down again, which feat he actually performed. In February, 1770, a bet was laid by a noble earl that he should find a man who would ride to Edinburgh and back again to London in less time than another noble earl should make a million dots in the most ex-

peditions mnaner he could contrive. The Earl of March, on laying a bet that he would cause a message to be despatched a certain distance quicker than any horse could convey it, won his wager by inclosing the message in a cricket ball, which was thrown from hand to hand by relays of professional cricketers.

In 1729 a poulterer of Leaden hall made a bet £50 he would walk 202 times round the area of Upper Moorfields in twenty-seven hours and accordingly proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the amusing pursuit, "to the infinite improvement of his business and great edification of hundreds of spectators.'

Walpele writing to Sir Horace Mann. Sept. 1, 1750, says—"They have put into the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

GEMS OF THOUGHT. Forgive freely; hatred is a troublesome companion.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command. He loves you better who strives to make you good than he who strives to please you.

A foolish thing of one's own doing is often preferred to a very wise one of another's advising.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with some-

thing. We should make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower ; she steals sweets from

The sunshine of life is to be found in our pwn hearts. If we possess it, not all the clouds of misfortune can obscure its bright-. Nature, which has given us one organ for

we may learn that it is better to hear than to, The Pall Mall Gazette says that the only

speaking, has given us two fer hearing, that

way to waik properly is to waik upright, with

try here has received fair treatment at the arms slightly swinging.

Francisk March