

PEERS VERSUS PEOPLE.

The Scandalous Career of Prime Minister
Crispi of Italy—Smash Up of the
British Navy.

It is extremely probable that a general election will take place in Britain and Ireland during the fall of 1894. The present parliamentary deadlock cannot continue. Gladstone is making no headway with his legislation. Some months ago I ventured to predict in these pages that the Lords would pass the second reading of any English Reform bill sent up to them by the Liberal Government; but that in committee all the reforms would be excised from the measure by amendments. This is exactly what the peers have done with the employers Liability Bill, which they have shorn of all the rights and privileges it conferred on the working classes of the community. The other Gladstonian measures will be similarly emasculated with the result that the government cannot go before the constituencies with a record of work done. They have effected absolutely nothing. The Home Rule bill has been laid on the shelf till 1895. The democratic policy, so far as English legislation is concerned, of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet has been thwarted and nullified by those pumpkin-headed aristocrats who are determined to surrender none of their hereditary power to the populace. That typical museum of parliamentary freaks, the senile House of Lords, is an old-fashioned establishment whose usefulness is a thing of the past. It obstructs the march of modern progress in England. Radical reforms can never be placed on the statute book of that country as long as this set of irresponsible peers continues in political existence. Moreover the obstruction organized by Brumagem Joe Chamberlain, and the "ex-bloody Balfour" in the Lower House must be crushed, or else the parliamentary machine will break down! Altogether the situation in Westminster is unsatisfactory. It is most unsatisfactory, so far as we view it in the light of Ireland's national hopes and aspirations. The other practical solution of the difficulty seems to be a dissolution of the Lower House. It is incapacitated at present and can do no good. Mr. Gladstone will probably therefore have to appeal at an early date to the country to give him such an overwhelming majority that the House of Lords will not dare to throw out or emasculate any of his future bills. The English people cannot but be aware that the Upper House is a clog on the wheels of legislation; and a campaign against that chamber ought to become popular, if the premier could be induced to put himself at the head of such a movement.

AN ECCENTRIC M. P.

The extreme radical element in the English House of Commons is represented by a curious and eccentric oddity named Keir Hardie. When he first made his appearance on the scene garbed in the every day clothes of a working mechanic—a seedy cap sitting jauntily on one side of his head, the "first assembly of gentlemen in the world," as they so absurdly call themselves, were shocked beyond measure at the ragged apparition before them. It looked as if Democracy or Demos had risen from the slums, and had blushing entered their dainty sanctum—pointing its horny fingers in derision and contempt at the tall silken tiles, the stainless linen and the immaculate broadcloth of the honorable and right Tory squireens, as the wind swept between him and their nobility, turned the whites of their eyes to the ceiling, as ducks do towards the skies in a thunder storm, at Hardie's implicit contempt for the etiquette that should prevail in that gentlemanly chamber. Hardie's progress to the House through the streets of London, after his election, was signalized in a most bizarre and serio-comic fashion. Seated in front of a van, he handled the ribbons, and plied his whip on the horses' flanks, accompanied by a number of his most enthusiastic supporters, one of whom played the cornet, and another beat the big drum. From that day to this he has been constantly posing in public as the champion of the working classes of England. Keir Hardie imitates Marat, the little old garlick-flavored Jacobin of the Paris Reign of Terror, in the utter radicalism of his dress. He has a sublime aversion to the

orthodox gear worn by his brother members. He considers a white collar, and more particularly a white shirt, as the abomination of desolation in this democratic age, as well as a badge of capitalism, of which he is the avowed and implacable enemy. Keir's shirts and collars are of blue colored cotton. He eschews all kinds of linen, and abhors cuffs. The sight of silk arouses his choler just as much as the sight of a red rag does a bull. As a leader of the proletariat he has nothing but hate and contempt for such capitalistic trapping. He wears a tweed cap; and his entire "get up" is so shabby that in the early days of his parliamentary life he was frequently mistaken by the policemen (on duty in the corridors of the House) for a workman who had missed his bearing, and was sternly told that only members were allowed to pass that way. His patience was at last exhausted.

"Shades of Bradlaugh!" he exclaimed, buttonholing the guardian of the peace, "don't you know me? Sure I am the famous champion of the workmen of England—citizen Keir Hardie, M.P.!"

Now, however, the citizen is greeted with the profoundest salaams by the uniformed officials of the House. Mr. Gladstone himself is not treated half as respectfully as is this horny-handed democrat.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S INCONSISTENCIES.

Victor Hugo once said that a man, who never changed his opinions, is an idiot. This declaration of the French poet was a simple palliation of his own conduct. Having been brought up a Catholic and a Royalist, he became in after life an unbeliever in all revealed religions, and an extreme Republican. The inconsistency of changing one's opinions in order to harmonize oneself with the advancement of the age is sometimes a necessity; but he who commences his career as a defender of the people's rights, and poses as a fearless Republican, and is ending it as a supporter of a throne is to my mind grossly inconsistent. I know that the older a man becomes, the more conservative are his principles, but that is no excuse for one who in a green old age is ashamed of the principles of his youth. Such a man is Signor Crispi, who has been recently recalled to the premiership of Italy by Umberto. In his early days as well as in his mature manhood Crispi was the fierce and uncompromising foe of a monarchy. He justly considered that the mere accident of birth was no guarantee that a man is fit to reign over a people wisely and well. Great kings and emperors have been the fathers of imbeciles. Genius does not necessarily run in royal veins in individual cases any more than it does in aristocratic. It draws its force from all classes of society—from the lordly cavaliers of the past, who were born in palaces, down to the gallant Murat, one of Napoleon's best generals who was born in a stable. Returning to our *moutons*, however, Crispi in his salad days spoilt his Republicanism by being a most turbulent character. His hand was raised against every man, and every man's hand against him. His hot Sicilian blood played utter havoc with his temper, and made his early life one long series of broils and quarrels. He was such an extreme Republican at that time that he could find no home in Italy. State after State expelled him from its territory. He had no pillow in the entire peninsula whereon to lay his head. Even Turin, the residence of the Savoyards, whose faithful servant he is at present, vomited him from his mouth as an unclean animal. Chased ignominiously from his native land, he sought and found a refuge in France—a country of whom he became in after years an unrelenting enemy—thus proving what an ugly thing is man's ingratitude to his former benefactors. He could not agree with any of Garibaldi's projects. He could not work under Mazzini. He wanted to be a Caesar or a nobody. And yet in a subsequent period, he reaped the reward of Mazzini's statecraft, and Garibaldi's filibustering triumphs when the former was in his grave and the other was actually starving in his little island of Capri! Having publicly recanted his Republican ideas, he was allowed to return to Italy in the early seventies, where he

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

has since been one of the leading supporters of the Savoy dynasty. When he reached the goal of his ambition, the Premiership, now several years ago, his wife was snubbed by Queen Marguerite. Up to that time he did not move much in social circles. Now that he was Prime Minister, it was incumbent on him to give receptions over which Signora Crispi presided. On one occasion he and his spouse issued invitations to the King and Queen to come to an entertainment. The King answered the call, but the Queen refused to accompany her husband on the grounds that she could not recognize a woman who was a divorced adventuress before she became Crispi's wife. Crispi threatened to resign; but his threats vanished into smoke when his ambitious palate was tickled with the proposal of Umberto that his (Crispi's) wife would be permitted to attend court where she would, however, be merely allowed to bow to, but not speak with the Queen. What an unvanishing scamp he must be to continue living in open adultery with this woman whose legitimate husband is still alive! No wonder that Nemesis is on Italy's track when a man of Crispi's corrupt caliber is its Prime Minister.

A FLEET OF SINKING IRONCLADS.

The once great and invincible navy of England which was accustomed in the brave days of old to dare the battle and the breeze, is fast collapsing. Her ironclad vessels founder in mid-ocean or strike rocks or meet with accidents at the rate of one every few months. The latest catastrophe in the navy is the entanglement of the "Warsprite" in a most serious accident. An English ironclad's blunders are not to be equaled by those of any other inanimate object under the sun. She goes about it with such a deliberate air that one almost mistakes it for an unsophisticated innocence till after the event. A hawser, it seems, was run from the troop ship at the quay to a cruiser in the river Mersey, and when the little schooner "Welcome Home" was sweeping by, it tripped over the rope, fell against the side of the ironclad, and damaged her massive flanks to the extent of one million pounds sterling. This event casts further ridicule on the Jingoist agitation that is now knocking English public opinion upside down from the center to the sea in regard to the revival of "our glorious navy." Englishmen want more vessels, and shower curses on the hoary locks of Premier Gladstone because he won't let them have these costly pop-gun toys. Gladstone is perfectly right and sensible in this attitude of his in face of the fact that if the English tars were provided with new vessels they would just misman and mismanage them as they are already mismanaging the vessels they still possess.—*Eugene Davis, in the Western Watchman.*

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Mgr. Markovic, whose accidental death by drowning at Fiume last week was announced, was Apostolic Administrator of Banjalouch, in Bosnia, and titular Bishop of Danaba, and was the first Bosnian raised to the hierarchy by Leo XIII. The deceased was a Minor Observant, and was born at Dolao, in the diocese of Vrhboena, in 1840.—R.I.P.

A HOME TESTIMONIAL.

Gentlemen.—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease. MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St. Toronto.

Bitter mistake—To allow the tea to steep too long.

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ANECDOTES OF FATHER BADIN.

In Father Badin's remarkable character directness was a prominent trait. There were no two ways about it. Like Father Neyron, whenever he heard or saw anything he did not like, he would speak out in a way that could be heard and understood. Sometimes, to tell the truth, he was a little too direct, a little too pointed.

During one of his periodical tours he staid over in a little village in south-eastern Missouri. He had many acquaintances in the neighborhood, all of whom flocked to pay their respects to him. Among them was a lady acquaintance. It was the Easter season. "Madam," said Father Badin, "have you made your Easter Duty?" "No, Father Badin, not yet." "Well, then, go and make your Easter duty and then come, and I will speak with you."

Once in crossing a bridge he met a Protestant acquaintance. Father Badin was carrying a saddle. "Hello! Father Badin," exclaimed the acquaintance, "what's up? What's the matter?" "My horse is dead," answered Father Badin, "Dead!" said the acquaintance, "that's bad. But then as your horse was a priest's horse he was a good Catholic and died with all the rites of your church." "Ah, no," said Father Badin, "the rascal was a Protestant and died in all his sins."

In his old age Father Badin returned to France with the intention perhaps of spending there the remaining years of his life. But if he had such intention he quickly changed it and returned to this country. He found that France had not near so much attraction for him as he expected and that, after all, this country was his home.

In February, 1850, Father Badin read the last absolution of the church at the funeral of Bishop Flaget. It must have been an affecting sight to see this aged and venerable priest invoking the mercies of heaven on him with whom he had come to this country almost 60 years previously and with whom he had labored so long in the ministry.

Father Badin was 60 years a priest and nearly 86 years of age when he finished the course that divine Providence had assigned him. He died in April, 1853. *Church Progress.*

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

The poem, "Rock Me to Sleep Mother" was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, known otherwise as "Florence Percy." It is a general favorite for it is a sweet little touch of home life. But there is another side to the picture. Many a mother rocks her child to sleep who can neither rest nor sleep herself. She is always tired, has an everlasting backache, is low spirited, weary, nervous and all that. Thanks be, he can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do the work. There is nothing on earth like it, for the "complaints" to which the sex are liable. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money returned.

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Composers are not invariably conceited, but they are persons who usually give themselves airs.