

Y.I.L. & B.A.

LECTURE BY THOS. RILEY, OF BOSTON

A Large Attendance and a
Brilliant Programme—An
Interesting Lecture—
Ireland's Deeds.

The Victoria Armory was filled with an enthusiastic audience on St. Patrick's night and a most enjoyable programme was presented.

PROGRAMME.

Entry of Presidents and Guests.
Irish Airs by Prof. H. Paton.

Opening Remarks by the President.
Mr. J. O'Brien.

1. Chorus—(Solo by J. O'Connor)
Messrs. W. J. Stafford, J. McLean, E. F. Redmond, J. O'Connor, Ed. Clarke, A. G. Cunningham, M. P. Rowan.

2. Song—(In character) "Maiden Up to Date."
Mr. A. Nicholson.

3. Song—"Paveil My Dear Old Irish Home,"
Mr. A. G. Cunningham.

4. Song—"Am I Remembered in Erin,"
Mr. E. Clarke.

5. Song—"Dear Little Shamrock,"
Mr. W. Stafford.

6. Song—"Irish Ballad,"
Mr. A. G. Cunningham.

7. Song—"Come Back Dear Old Heart,"
Miss A. Wilkinson.

8. Song—"O'Donnell a Doe,"
Mr. M. P. Rowan.

9. Song—(Comedie) "Ireland,"
Mr. T. Riley, L.L.B., of Boston.

PART II.

10. Song—"Anglo-Serenade,"
Miss A. Wilkinson, with Violin Obligato by J. Patton.

11. Song—(Comedie) "Mr. A. W. W. Stetler,"
Mr. A. G. Cunningham.

12. Song—"The Bells,"
Mr. M. P. Rowan.

13. Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen,"
Miss Cleary.

14. Irish Specialties.
Messrs. Hayes and Pearson.

15. Song—"Colleen Bawn,"
Solo by M. P. Rowan.

16. Chorus—
Messrs. W. J. Stafford, J. McLean, E. F. Redmond, J. O'Connor, Ed. Clarke, A. G. Cunningham, M. P. Rowan.

17. Grand Finale.
Cunningham.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

Mr. J. O'Brien, the President, occupied the chair. Nearly all the songs were national in their character and consequently could be expected to have received a warm reception, but it was not this fact that obtained the encores for Mr. A. G. Cunningham, Mr. E. Clarke, Mr. W. J. Stafford and Mr. M. P. Rowan.

Messrs. Hayes and Pearson did very well in their Irish specialties, and the choruses in which Messrs. W. J. Stafford, J. McLean, E. F. Redmond, J. O'Connor, Ed. Clarke, A. G. Cunningham and M. P. Rowan took part were very well rendered.

The feature of the evening was the lecture on "Irish Thoughts," by Mr. Thomas Riley, which we present to our readers in extenso.

THE LECTURE.

Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—Long ago when the first Irish emigrant reached a New England village his reception was cold and rude. The villagers disliked his nation and his faith. Between Puritan bigotry and Indian tomahawks he had a heavy road to carry. But he had a light heart and a strong arm. He worked and won. For wherever the Irishman goes he carries with him that legend of the daring heart, *an desperadum*, and under that sign he conquers. He toiled, lived, died, where he settled. A century and a half later the sight of some fine old trees planted by his hands inspired the poet Whittier to pay him this tribute:—

"Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his little and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.
How he wrought with spade and battle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearieth,
And a heart forever light."

That light heart and that unwearied hand wrought a marvellous change. At their touch the desert disappeared and the garden smiled. The myriads at his back peopled the prairies and the forest glades. And now under the silken folds of the Stars and Stripes they are ten millions strong, ranking among the best citizens of a free and daring Republic. Old Ireland is over the sea, but younger and stronger Ireland is here, for not even on her soil—may, not in Rome herself—is the faith of Saint Patrick more firmly planted than it is on this continent. And it is here to stay. It needs but little foresight

what the near future will show—that New England and Canada are destined to be the stronghold of Catholicity in America. Ah! how those early village Saxons would turn in their graves if they could but know the change. This leading vital, trait of our race is noted by Thomas Moore in one of his saddest, sweetest songs:—

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have trown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm."

That spirit, unfading and warm, has survived sorrow and shock-flood and flame. It has conquered adversity and made the race invincible. It has preserved their identity as a nation just as surely as if their green flag dotted every sea and floated in every port. They are in every land and under every flag. But they love old Ireland just the same. Time and distance only intensify it. And they love her all the more for the sorrows, seiges, sufferings, through which she has passed. Love of country is sublime sentiment, and the nation is poor indeed that has it not. It inspires high thoughts—heroic deeds. It is strong in every breast. The African negro pines for his native sands—the hardy son of the north for his icy home. In old age, after a life of almost regal power and crime, it was to England Warren Hastings returned to die, and the last request of the great Napoleon was that his ashes might rest on the banks of the Seine, among the people he loved so well. It made Rome the road, imperial mistress of the world, and gave to the heroes who held the bridge "in the brave days of old." It

made Greece the land of art, arms, and song, and placed her first in field and forum. It made the heathered hills of Scotland

ring with the glory of Bannockburn—with the heroism of the sturdy Bruce, the great Dundee, the gentle Lochiel. It gave to France a glory that startled the world and placed in her pantheon the greatest name in modern annals. And when at length her glory drew dim and her hero was dust, piously, reverently, she brought his ashes from a lonely ocean rock and, amid the tolling of cathedral bells and the roaring of cannon she deposited her precious stone, as a sacred relic, in the dark, stately coffin that rests beneath the golden dome of the Invalides. It crowned the cloud-capped mountains of Switzerland with the liberty she enjoys to-day. It led the half-finished armies of Washington through the long and weary marches of the revolution until, inspired by God's own hand, they struck down the power of England and created the great Republic of the West—"the hope of all who suffer, the foe of all who wrong." With the Irish this sentiment is a passion. And, wherever scattered over the globe, whether in civilized haunts or savage wilds, they assemble to-night to pay fitting tribute to the memory of Saint Patrick, for still

"One in name and one in fame,
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

Neither king, nor chief, nor hero of the crimson field;—no, not even one of Irish birth or blood, but a plain and simple man who lived and died in the long, long ago, and for whom the world is better because he once lived and breathed in it;—a slave boy whose footprints are indelibly marked on the sands of time, and who gave to a people that grand old faith which "time cannot wither, nor custom stale,"—a faith to which they have clung through the shock of ages, and which has taught them to live in charity with all mankind and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. He brought Christianity to pagan king and people, to shrine and lane, and redeemed a land that in turn has redeemed many lands.

We see him through the mists and clouds of time as he stood on the hill of Tara, in presence of a pagan monarch and priesthood, and planted there the seeds of that wondrous Church of Rome whose strong arm has ever been stretched forth to curb the great and raise the low, and whose fair proportions the wide shocks of time have failed to dwarf. His last prayer was that Ireland might never lose the faith he brought her, and she never has. Age after age, like a faithful sentinel, she guards the Church; for well she knows that the blow which would strike it down would destroy the liberty of the world. In her darkest hours it is this faith that has again and consoled her and warmed her life.

How faithfully that prayer has been answered! Let each church spire and cross pointing this night to the stars of heaven from every civilized settlement in this western world bear witness. In hut and palace, on mountain and in valley, every Irish mother has taught it to her child. From the Shannon and the Liffey to the Tiber and the Rhine, from the wilds of Australia to where the

rolls his mighty flood, it travels down the centuries, growing strong with the ages and gathering as it grows. Fourteen hundred years have rolled by since the saint and sage went to his rest, but his name lives and his work remains.

"In busiest street and loneliest glen
Are left the flashes of his pen;
He lives 'mid winter snows, and when
Drops fall from heaven,
Deep in the general heart of men
His name survives."

The poet Virgil described ancient Italy as a land of just and old renown—strong in arms and in the richness of her soil. "This is an almost accurate description of Ireland. She is a land of old and just renown. Her fame is fragrant with the best acts, and thoughts of human kind. There, a sinner, saint and sage have lived and died, and on her soil she still nurses men as true and brave, women as chaste and fair as earth has ever known. She has great natural advantages. Geographically, her position is unrivalled. Surrounded by the Atlantic her climate is soft and mild. The parching heats of summer, the piercing colds of winter, the torrent and the hurricane are unknown. Her soil is fertile to the mountain tops and in almost perpetual vegetation. "Earth is here so kind," said Douglas Jerrold, "that just tinkle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest." Rich mines abound in every quarter; gold is found in the beds of streams and in the sands of rivulets. Even her bogs and moors, unlike the fens and marshes of England, emit no damp or noxious odors, but furnish a plentiful and cheering fuel to the surrounding peasantry. Nature has blessed her; man has cursed her. "If well governed," said an English statesman, "Ireland would be the

BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN THE ENGLISH CROWN." It was the wish of Henry the Fourth, of France, that he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom. "This sentiment of homely benevolence," said Edmund Burke, "is worth all the splendid sayings that are recorded of beings." No English ruler ever expressed, or had, such a wish for Ireland. England has stripped palace and hut, prince and peasant, and stolen, or tried to steal, every fowl in Ireland. Such has always been her policy. "I ain't me as I am," said Cromwell while sitting to young Lely, "if you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." What words could paint the scars and wrinkles of Ireland?

She has been governed by a code of laws which would bring a blush to the gory pen of Draco. Nay, by contrast, they place a halo of glory around the vilest acts of Henry the Eighth—that most intolerable ruffian whose rule, in the language of Charles Dickens, was a foul blot of blood and grease in the history of England. A code which Montesquieu said could have been made only by devils and registered in hell. "It was as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the de-

basement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the ingenuity of man," said Edmund Burke.

And the great Doctor Johnson adds this testimony:—
"The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics."

This was the penal code. Add to it the freebooters of Elizabeth and the butchers of Cromwell and you have the result: Four millions of Catholics robbed of every acre of their native land—of all their rights; church and school destroyed; the island soaked in blood; a blight on all. For centuries this code, which has covered England with crime and shame, kept Ireland on the Procrustean bed. It was meant for her destruction, but it has failed—signally failed. Of course, under such laws, the flower of Irish manhood went abroad,—to France, Spain, Austria,—where they rose to rank and fame. It was the men of Limerick and the Boyne who routed William and his red-coats, and saved to France the fields of Steinkirk and Lauden. And on a later day an English king bitterly cursed the laws that deprived him of the subjects who turned the tide of battle on the field of Fontenoy. And well he might. For between the siege of Limerick and the crowning of the first George—a little over half a century—more than 450,000 Irish soldiers died in the service of France. Not long ago I stood in the Church of the Invalides, in Paris. Along its sides and around its roof are ranged the battle trophies of the nation. They are highly prized, for they were won on fields of fame in many lands. Among them is a single English standard—only one. It was captured by the Irish brigade at Fontenoy. Time passed on. For ages these red laws brought blight and death. But Ireland held her flag and faith until the great O'Connell came to set her free.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL COMPLAINTS of the American colonies were that the king had cut off their trade, waged war against them, excited domestic insurrection among them, quartered large armies in their towns and cities and houses in times of peace, deprived them of the right of trial by jury, and transported them beyond the seas for trial of pretended offences—these and other things it was that caused the revolt, drew forth the immortal declaration of independence and gave victory to the American arms.

And those same things and more than those it was that drew O'Connell to public life. His country was not alone enslaved, it was crushed with gaping wounds. Great as were the grievances of the colonies, the wrongs of Ireland were tenfold greater. Not only had her commerce with the world been swept away, her right of trial by jury destroyed, her fairest places filled with foreign troops in times of peace, her clans and chiefs incited to war with each other, and her most honored sons sent to London for trial and execution, but the very source and fountain of her national life was stopped. The schools were closed and education destroyed. By far the greater portion of the people were Catholics, inheriting the faith of Rome, but no Catholic could be educated in Ireland, and no priest could perform the holy offices of the Mass without becoming a legal felon worthy of death at the nearest gallows. All offices of emolument and trust, all the learned professions were closed to the Catholics.

The state of Ireland in the memorable year 1775, when Daniel O'Connell first saw the light of day, and I regret to say, that many of those bad laws were enacted in Ireland by men who laid claim to the Irish name. People complain to-day of the

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE of Germany—of the oppression of the Jews in Russia. Either one is a paradise of religious freedom compared with the Ireland of 100 years ago. In 1793 the statute excluding Catholics from the bar was abolished, and O'Connell adopted the profession of the law, and was called to the bar in 1798, that most bloody of all the bloody years in Irish annals. The people, still enslaved and still consoled with the hope, and I think the promise, of aid from France, made the desperate struggle under the lead of the good Lord Edward Fitzgerald. O'Connell witnessed its course, its failure, and its terrible termination—Lord Edward's cruel death, Wolfe Tone's untimely end, and soon after the sad and mournful fate of Emmet, and he made up his mind that the way of Ireland's salvation was not in the way of war, but rather in the way of peace, not by the mailed hand of the soldier, but by the force of the agitator, the fiery tongue of the tribune.

The debt Ireland owes him is best told in the glorious words of the gifted Wendell Phillips:—
"O'Connell found her a mass of quarrelling races and sects, divided, dispirited, broken-hearted, and servile. He made her a nation, whose first word broke in pieces the iron obstinacy of Wellington, tossed Peel from the Cabinet and gave the Government to the Whigs; whose colossal figure, like the helmet in Walpole's romance, has filled the political sky ever since; whose generous aid thrown into the scale of the three great British reforms—the ballot, the corn laws, and slavery—secured their success; a nation whose continual discontent has dragged Great Britain down to be a second-rate power on the chess-board of Europe."

As Lord Bacon, marches down the centuries he may lay one hand on the telegraph, and the other on the steam engine, and say, "These are mine, for I taught you how to study nature." In a similar sense, as shackle after shackle broke from Irish limbs, O'Connell may say, "This victory is mine; for I taught you the method, and I gave you the arms."

And after more than thirty years of untiring labor he had the satisfaction of wringing from Great Britain by his matchless energy and eloquence one of the greatest victories ever won by mortal, the emancipation of the Catholics, or, in other words, of the Irish people. Surely if eloquence consists in the power of speech to produce its effect, then O'Connell was the greatest orator the world has ever known, for no man ever spoke to such large masses of men, and no man by the charm and force and play of the

human voice ever produced such results as he produced. And if, to wisely teach a race and safely guide it to liberty, be statesmanship, then he was the first of all.

When an Irish laborer was asked how coal was, he replied: "It is as black as ever." The present government of Ireland is as black as ever. True, it is not so bloody, but it is quite as brutal. "Power resting on armed force," said Charles James Fox, "is inviolable, detestable, weak and tottering." It still rests on armed force. There are 15,000 quartered in the island.

"Better to hang or drown people at once," said Doctor Johnson, "than by an unrelenting persecution to beggar them." This is what Cromwell did. He put them to the sword and out of misery. Now their cabins are battered down and they are left to die by the wayside. Nearly two millions emigrated in fifteen years, and those years long after the famine of '48. That tells the story.

"When the people of a country leave it en masse, the government is judged and condemned," said John Stuart Mill. English misrule in Ireland has been judged and condemned. And now Ireland asks for aid. And why not? She asks for less than she has given. Every civilized land has her footprints. She has given them soldiers and scholars, orators and poets. She has upheld liberty everywhere, and now she wants a little for herself. And she means to have it, for she has never lost the

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

An Englishman once accused the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, when an Irishman wittily and truthfully replied that—"It ought to be otherwise, for the Irish meet with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth." And so she has, and those same rubs came to her because of her fidelity and devotion to the spirit of liberty. And this spirit has ever preserved Ireland's identity as a nation. In the bygone centuries Plantagenet and Tudor, and Stuart, and Cromwell, have rained blows upon her, and with fire and sword have waded through seas of blood, and pillaged church, shrine and tomb, and still she lives, while Plantagenet and Tudor, and Cromwell have perished from the earth. It is this spirit that preserved her when, having failed to crush her, she was attacked in a more vital part, and England, enlightened and mighty England, sought to shut the source of education from her.

The pen of the historian has told us that it is the Roman Emperor, Julian, whom the early Christians feared, hated, and dreaded the most, and it is he that has left the blackest record behind. What was his crime?—he was a mild and amiable emperor, he gave no man to the cross, no man to the wild beasts—why, he simply shut up the schools of his day and stopped education, and in that way put the people farther back into barbarism than all the wars of the empire had ever done before. It is this spirit that has made her treasure the light of learning. It is this spirit that told her more than a hundred years ago that there was freedom in the west, when she listened by the waves of the sea to the patriotic shouts and battle blows of American independence as they crossed the storm billows of the Atlantic—when her Malone, and Flood, and Grattan and the volunteers heard the cry and echoed it through College Green, and never let it die away until, in 1782, she was raised to nationhood and crowned with the star of freedom. It was this spirit that gave to her and to this world the unmatched Daniel O'Connell—that gave to song and story the young soldier whose life was without fear and without reproach, whose grave is unknown and whose epitaph is unwritten—Robert Emmet, a name that was not born to die—that gave to a later age that antique Roman of a modern world, John Mitchell, whose love of Ireland never knew a change. And this spirit led her to resist the slave traffic at a time when it was at its fullest, when even America had soiled its virgin flag and when London merchants were filling their coffers by the sale of their black fellows. When Cook, the actor, was once hissed by a Liverpool audience he exclaimed: "Miserables! there isn't a brick in your town that is not cemented with negro gore." The strength of the assertion was in its truth. An attempt was made to introduce the traffic among the merchants of Belfast, but no sooner was the meeting opened than a venerable man arose and said in slow and solemn tones: "May the lightning of God Almighty's anger blast the arm of the man who first attempts to sign that document!" It was not signed, and Ireland took no part in the traffic. And O'Connell, when tempted by this same slave interest in the British parliament, said: "Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if, even to save Ireland, I bind the shackles on any human being, no matter what his race, creed or color. And later he refused the American planter's gold and said that the temple of Irish liberty must not be cemented by the sweat of the slave.

They say Ireland is too small, too factious, and too near England, for self-government:—
"A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres—
"One master mind is worth a million hands."

Her people are not more factious than others. She has four provinces, and in the olden time each province had a king, and sometimes the kings went to war with each other. But those wars did not last long, and the people never asked for outside interference. This, too, was long ago, when the ages were warlike and when even the pettiest disputes were settled by an appeal to arms. She never sought to invade her neighbors. While they sat in darkness she was guarding those shrines of religion and learning which have so long made her famous. Now,

HOW WAS IT WITH OTHERS?
From the day of Magna Charta to the field of Marston Moor every English acre was sprinkled with blood. The wars of the roses made England a land of butchery. She embellished her highways with scaffolds, her gateways with human heads, and murdered a dozen of her kings. Germany was a heavy of small states each at the throat of the other. Italy was a cluster of petty duke-

doms and warlike camps. France hurled king and throne to the ground and killed a million of her children. Even in America our own generation has looked on a half million tragic graves. Decidedly the balance is not against Ireland. I know the Irish man is impetuous and rash. "Bravery," said Napoleon, "is an instinct with the Irish—a sixth sense." I know he loves a fight, but not so much as formerly.

Now and then he may tap the head of a gauger with his stick, or hasten the wake of an informer,—but that is in his favor. The only mistake Saint Patrick ever made was in not driving such vermin into the sea with the other vipers. His habits are rapidly changing. He reads more, thinks more, works more. At last he realizes the truth taught by Thomas Davis:—
"Mind will rule and muscle yield,
In senate, ship and field."

And this change is noted by Mr. Lecky, a very thoughtful writer, who says in his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland":—"The old love of boisterous out-of-door sports has almost disappeared, and those who would have once sought their pleasures in the market or the fair now gather in groups in the public house, where one of their number reads a fenian newspaper. Whatever else the change may portend, it is certainly no good omen for the future loyalty of the people." And he adds, significantly: "It is education that helps disloyalty." Ah! no, Mr. Lecky, education does not help disloyalty, but it resists misgovernment and crushes tyranny. It insists that men shall be governed as men and not as beasts of the field. And that, too, is what you mean, Mr. Lecky, but you have not dared to say so. Education places a man's destiny in his own hands—it makes him master of his fate. When the American negro was taught to read and write the slave power was struck to the heart.

IRELAND'S INDEPENDENCE is beyond doubt or peril. She has the weapons to make her free, a press and a public; with these tools her destiny is in her own hands. Constitutional agitation means revolution without blood. It means, in the words of Sir Robert Peel, "the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." It works by the force of reason. It puts the school by the side of the ballot-box. It never goes back. Every step gained is gained forever. It is as resistless as the ocean currents. It makes muskets useless, prevents rebellion, keeps the peace and secures progress. In the hands of Wendell Phillips it was more powerful than a hundred years of government, for it created a public sentiment that finally struck the shackles from the American slave. Let Ireland persist and she will win. "Carthage must be destroyed," was always the concluding assertion of Cato, no matter what the subject under debate, and destroyed she finally was. Misrule in Ireland must be destroyed. It began when Strongbow first set foot on Irish soil. It has been a source of war and misery ever since. It has sown dragon's teeth, and they are springing up armed men. There can be no peace until the whole accursed system is swept away. The remedy may be found in home rule. Give her back her parliament. People say it is impossible, England will not consent. She had to consent a hundred years ago when Grattan and the volunteers asked her. She may have to do so again. "Impossible," said Lord Chatham; "I triumph on impossibilities." "Impossible," said the fiery Mirabeau; "talk not to me of that blackhead word." When Napoleon was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies, he replied: "There shall be no Alps." And when told by an officer that it was impossible to cross the narrow bridge of Lodi, he exclaimed: "That word is not French," and crossed over. Nor is it Irish. England may bully, bluster and bribe; she may persecute the Irish leaders and fill the jails; she may watch with the eyes of Argus, strike with the arms of Briareus, tempt with the gold of Midas—but she can never crush out the firm determination of the Irish to be free. And it will come to her some day. It may be near, it may be far, but come it surely will. Meanwhile let her take to heart the lessons of her Grattan and O'Connell. Let her follow the path way they have marked out, the milestones they have planted,—and when her deliverer shall call,—casting the tear from her eye and the cypress from her brow, and grasping the laurel—she will resume the place that was hers in the olden days. And when that time comes her children will be able to say in the language of Grattan:—
"We found Ireland on her knees; we watched over her with a paternal solicitude; we have traced her progress from poverty to prosperity, from slavery to liberty. Spirit of liberty! Your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation." In that new character we hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, we say,—
Edna Perpetua.

A vote of thanks was moved by Mr. J. P. Nugent and carried amid applause.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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