don't you remember? You were the one I most loved, and admired, and looked up to; and now lone wouspeak as one who is with-

and now now you speak as one who is without a heart."

"And that is true," says Kitty, slowly. "I have no heart." It is dead, child, killed. You do not understand. Hew could you? My trust, my prayer, is that ou never may."

Then, after a little pause. "How one maunders on about one's own grievances," she says, with a smile so fright, that it distresses Gretchen more than it she had wept aloud. "Tell me of yourself-of Kenneth. Is this new man really doing him any good, or is it a bare hoping against hope?"

seems greater, and his spirits are so improved. You must have noticed that." "You have faith in Blunt, then, so far?"

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"So far, yes. He has certainly been of great service to him. Yet after all, Kitty; of what real use can be be to him unless be can promise him a return to active life? That slone would satisfy Ken."

"Perhaps even that may come to pass." "It may," says Gretchen, brightening wondefally. "I wish I could cheer you, Kitty, as you cheer me. I cannot explain to you why, but I have a strange belief in Blunt's power; there is an intensity about him, an utter lack of all feebleness or indecision of any kind, that compels me, though I do not like the man, to admire his character and put faith in bim."

"How is it you do not like him? I met him once, and thought him absolutely charming in his own curt, distant fashion. So out of the common, so different from the pretty, stupid builders of compliments one meets

"I can't explain," says Gretchen, with a nervous laugh; "but whenever I part from him I feel as though some day he will put a knife in my heart.".

"Metaphorically speaking, I presume," says Kitty, laughing too, lauguidly. "What a fanciul girl you always were! And how unhappy that wretched dark young genius is to have incurred your displeasure l'

Before two days have gone past, Gretchen knows why it is she has so instinctively dreaded the "dark young genius." Coming in one day from her drive, fresh and radiant, she goes to the morning-room, where as usual she finds Kenneth.

He has not been reading. His hands are folded idly behind his head; he has all the appearance of one who has been for a long time thinking deeply on some engrossing and

perplexing subject.

"All that?" says Gretchen, regretfully;

"that is too bad. I had hoped some one would have come in to save you from yourself. Have you been bored to death?

"No; I have not been bored,"-a little absently, holding out his hand to her, while his face lights up with the glad smile that always greets her coming. To-day, perhaps, the smile is not so full, so free from care. as usual. "Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Immensely,"—gayly, "It has cen such a lovely afternoon, and the air so delicious. All the world was out and about, and everything was as sunny as possible. Then, quick to notice any cloud upon his face, she says, "You have been worried about something. Ken: tell me what it is

"Do I betray myself so easily?" he says, slowly, almost, as it seems with difficulty. "To me_yes. Have I not learned to read your heart? But I won't allow you to vex

yourself over trifles. Dr. Blunt says you are getting on very satisfactorily, if you will only forget to think." "It is of him I wish to speak." "What a solemn tone!" As she says this, half jestingly, she slips down upon a low

footstool beside him, still letting him retain her hand. "Well?" "You know he believes my case not altogether hopeless. But he was here to-day, and says I must go abroad for three months to opa of which he thinks hig

and—I am to start next week."

"Is that all? And did you put on that melancholy face about such a mere nothing? Ah. indeed I fear I have spoiled you. It is very good news, is it not? And even if this wonderful man does not effect a complete cure, of which, dearest"-very tenderly,-" I would not have you be too certain, still the change of scene and sir must benefit you. You still look grave. Is it that you dread the trouble of travelling, lazy boy? or is it that you think I cannot get myself ready to start in four days? Were you thinking of me?" "Yes of you only. Gretchen."-with an effort—"Blunt says I must go—alone."

"How? You, in your invalid state, to go alone. "Not quite. He himself has offered to ac-

company me." "I do not understand. Do you mean to tell me that I, your wife, am not to go with you ?"

" Listen to me," says Dugdale, with intense anxiety. " You know how eccentric he is. He says he can cure me, but he will not undertake the task unless he has me completely in his own care. I argued, explained, in vain. He was adamant. He tells me he is willing to give up all his other patients (he has not many, you see, being yet almost unkrown), because he thinks if he restores me to health it will make at name for him. But he said plainly he was afraid you would interfere with some

of his arrangements."

"It! is intamous-inhuman," declares Gretchen, drawing her hand forcibly from his, and beginning to pace the room with rapid, agit-ated steps. She is altogether unlike the Gretchen he has hitherto known; all the softness, gentleness, have disappeared, and here is a Gretchen fall of fire and passionate grief, and something that borders on despair. " It is more cruel than anything I ever, ever dreamed.or. To separate us, to tear us asunder and you—you—you support this monster who seeks to render me niserable. As And while 1 break my heart weu do hot so much as expressur regret at the thought, of our part-

ing," e.co and an observe some sign and again as "I shall never submit to it never!" to the Dugdale's face is very pale. His eyes are full of tears; there is a world of reproach in his expression. As Gretchen looks at him: her short lived fit of passion dies. (It could not long find shelter in that gentle home, her breast). Her lips tremble, her whole heart files to him. Buking on her knees beside

his couch, she encircles him in her arms. "I am unjust; forgive me," she says, mournfully ... But, oh, my durling, think well before you take this step. Who will nurse you or guard you as I do? Can this stranger understand your smaller wants, your

hours of weariness?" "It is a last hope," says Dugdale, in a curl-

ous tone. "Ay, a last hope, that is the horror of it. You will centre every thought, every dream of future happiness in this final trial, and if it falls you—you will die !! Here in spite of a qeroic effort at composure, a sob escapes her. Yes," she goes on, excitedly, "This man will" prove your murderer; for who could survive the ruination of so sweet a scheme? He

"Why will you take so dark a view," says Kenneth, eagerly. "Why not think of the day when I shall return to you, perhaps strong and well, and "-with a deep breath-"as I used to be?"

work," murmurs she, despairingly. "This so him by an affection no time can kill. "Did man has caught you fast, soul and body. It would sunmistakable pressure of her soft hand, deask you to pause, Kenneth, to weigh everything-all that is with all that may be. Are you not in a measure happy as you now are? Why will you tempt fate? Now at least I can see you, hear you; you are with me"-She hesitates as though some oppressive hoping against hope it not ?"—sadly thought has overcome her "I tell you again," "Yet still at times I cannot help thinking she says, "to beware of disappointment, to steel yourself against defeat. Is this new she says, "to beware of disappointment, to doctor wiser than all the others you have 86en."

"I have seen so few, and none I felt any confidence in except this Blunt."

'He may fail you." "He may cure me."

When a few moments before Gretchen told him he had centred every thought upon this hope, she spoke only the truth. With a longing almost terrible he has grasped it-and is clinging to it as some poor drowning wretch to a frail plank.

"Yes, perhaps -- perhaps," says Gretchen, gloomily. "Oh that I knew what was best to do!" she cries to herself, rising once more to her feet, and gazing with large melanchely eyes through the window, as though striving to read through all the smoke and dust of the city the impenetrable future beyond. After awhile, coming back again to earth, she says, "What is to become of me during these three months-this eternity."

"Your mother, Kitty-" ventures Dug-

dale, uncertainly. "No."-with a faint return of her former warmth and a strong gesture of repugnance-"if I am to be made wretched I stall suffer in secret. I shall neither see nor speak to any one from the day you desert me until I see you again. I shall live alone in the anticipation of your letters; it indeed,"-bitterly-"this new friend will permit you to write to

There is a lengthened pause. The day is dying, fading; a little rosy tint of parting sunlight creeps in and covers with tender glory her face and both her small delicate hands, that lie clasped, as though in prayer or angnigh, on her knees. The skies are darkening, the world without is growing hushed; in all the vast sweet blue expanse of heaven but one star shines and glistens sadly, as though filled with holy grief for the restless hearts and tearful eyes and blood-stained souls of the foolish throng beneath.

Within, the minutes, as though weighted lead, fly heavily. Then Kenneth, putting out his hand, draws Gretchen with gentle force to her old position beside him. His color has deepened; his eyes are larger, darker than usual; his mouth is more determined; he is as one who has killed a heart's desire, and

taking a mighty resolve to his undoing. " Darling," he says, and his tone is eager. hurried, as if he feared hesitation and his own strength. "I resign this scheme altogether; I shall not go abroad. By what right do I seek to make you so unhappy? Shall I not encerfully make this small sacrifice for one who has given up all things for me? Besides, as you said a little while ago, am I not happy new? More blessed than most men who are strong and healthy,"-a faint twinge of pain crosses his brow,-" in that I have you? No, let us go down again to the sweet fresh country, and forget all this madness and this wild dream that may never reach fulfilment."

At these words, uttered so bravely, yet with auch suppressed sadness, all Gretchen's generosity rises within her. By laying down his arms he conquers. She presses her cheek softly to his.

"I am not so selfish, after all," she says. You shall, I am now quite determined, try Jais plan. What! do you think I could watch you day by day wearing out your cared but for the crotchet of a silly woman? You shall go. You shall come back to me oured.—a different Kenneth from the one I have known, but not one I can love more tondly. While Ital shall try to be happy in your absence, -tappy and content."

But this last promise is too much for her : niding her face on his breast, she bursts into pitter tears.

The next morning, when Blunt calls, he with white cheeks and determined line and somewhat angry eyes. Cau this loving being, so full of quick reproach and indignation, be the girlish Mrs. Dugdale he has seen, and to reading what we thought was a very nice one capable of helping in the work cut out towards the end it informed us about St. for him?

a You will cure him," says she, turning to aim with sudden fire ; " you must; you have promised." Then, with a passion full of fear, she goes on, in a low condensed voice, "Do not kill him. If you do, you will have not only one but two murders on your soul."

" Madam," says the ugly young man, calmly, " as you know, or as perhaps you do not know, the world is intensely selfish : we all seek our own good, even more than the good of others. It will, perhaps, comfort you to know that I am only rising in my profession, and that therefore your husband's recovery is with me a matter of life or death. Nay, more," exclaims this strang young man, dinging up his left hand with a curiously strong gesture and laying it on his broad forehead, "it' is to me a matter of fame or obscurity. It shall never be obscurity; exinction"-slowly-" will be better than that fet I know I know I shall succeed."

There is that in his tone, a certainty, a selfreliance, that, in spite of all prejudice, comiorts Gretchen. A sense of peace falls upon her aching heart, a little flickering smile ilghts her eyes.

" I give him to you. 'I trust you," she says, simply, with quivering lips, and, going to her own room, talls on her knees and prayans and never prayed before.

CHAPTER XXIX. By every thought I have; Thy face I only care to see.

Thy heart I only orave." -SIR U. SEDLEY. Wirm Arthur Blunden's engagement has ended the calm, the cheerful indifference to that the future may contain on which he we can only admire the ability shown in any so prided himself. There is no longer rest enterprise that can thus compel, as it were or peace for him on earth. Now that he has the attention of people. When it is considalmost lost Fancy she seems to him, if possi- ered that only a short time ago St., Jacobs ble, more sweet and more desirable than in Oil was scarcely known in Canada, and now those happy if slightly trying days when he has so commended itself to the favor of the considered he had some just claim to her. " people of the Dominion as to become the

the root and center of his discontent. She is pains, bruises, chilblains, etc., and all bestill all that can be wished, and as a friend cause of its surprising efficacy in these all-nestimable. Nothing can be kinder than ments, we think it will be regarded by nor own demeanor, nothing brighter or more everybody as a matter of congratulation that amiable than the smile with which she always | we possess, so easily obtainable, such a religreets, him., Yet, seldom does he quit her able means for the cure of disease. Such is side without feeling in his heart some sharp our view of the matter, although we are

alas! he is even less happy in it. To day he tells himself this hateful estrangement between them is not a lasting grievance, it is but a period of probation, a trial of his taith, a working off of the wrong done to her in his . Already this fatal spell has begun to thoughts; she is surely his in mind, bound clare it? At these moments he is feverishly giad, and as a setting to his joyful hopes quotes to himself little passages from songs he tondly believes apply to his own case, or from old-world poems divine in beauty if a rifle rash in sentiment such as

My true love hath my heart, and I have his," or some fond odds and ends from Shakspeare's sonnets, and so on.

And then comes the morrow and the reaction; and she is kind still, absolutely adorable, yet by a word, a gesture, he feels less sure of her, is pushed, as it were, a whole day's journey from her, and leaves her finally worried, distressed, full of perplexity, and, worse than all, uncertain.

Only yesterday, sitting in her drawingcom, with Arthur somewhere near her, she nad lifted her eyes suddenly, and, as he told simself, with a view to fuller self-torture, without premeditation, and had asked him eweetly, as though it were the most natural question in the world from her to him,—

" Is it true then, Arthur, what I hear, that on are going to marry that pretty Maud Steyne? I always said she had the loveliest eyes I ever beheld. But you might have rold ma!"

Whereupon Arthur, having denied the vile lander angrily and reproachfully, had gone away in a fame of mind the most miserable you could imagine. It she could see no dishonor in his contracting an alliance with another, how could he dare to hope she condered herself anything but free? This hought—need I say ?—is agony.

Just now he is standing on the hearth-rug in her morning room, gazing gravely down upon her as she sits in a low chair, playing idly with some colored silks that lie upon her lap. A little kitten is climbing up and down her knees, reveling in her work, and biting her pretty fingers, plainly to her great amuse-

ment. "Was there every such a bad pussy?" she says caressingly. " Is this my sole thanks for rescuing you from those little Zulus in the nursery? Ob, kitty, you are an ungrateful creature! By the bye," laughing, and glaucing up at her silent visitor, "I had rather a time of it this morning with the children,-talking of the nursery reminded me of it,-they did behave so badly to Miss Walker, their governess."

"I'm not surprised," says Arthur, moodily; I never saw such a nose as that woman has; one can almost see into her brain. Why don't you get some one good-looking to teach them, poor little things?"
"I might be jealous of her. What should

I do it you-I mean, if any of my friends were to compare me unfavorably with her? I should die of chagrin. No, Miss Walker is quite delightful; she is plain, and solid, and wholesome, like their own puddings, and very good to them. But to-day there was such a ispute."

À pause: "Why don't vou ask me what it was?" says Mrs. Charteris, justly incensed. "I can't bear a person who stands staring silentiy at one, and never expresses an interest in

auything. "You mistake me," replies Mr. Blunden, sith sudden energy; "my silence arose not from indifference, but from a burning desire to know. I thought you were going to tell me all about it, and I feared if I spoke I might break the thread of your discourse."

(To be continued.)

[Markdale (Ont.) Standard.] FOOLED ONCE MORE.

MR. EDITOR :- The most of people relish s good story, provided it be a truthful one. heart in the belief that you might have been | Tales of adventures, daring, heroism, dangers of the deep, battles, &c., all have their charms. Who amongst us could read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe half way through and not have a desire to know the end of it? We confess being of this class. Now, the first thing we do when we receive our weekly newspaper is to hurriedly glance through it and pick out what we consider the most important items. These are generally distinguished by their headings; but you don't catch us tiusting any longer to these ands himself confronted by a young woman glaring impositions. We could laugh at being fooled once or twice, but to get caught a third time is our reason for remonstrating. Two or three weeks since we got perhaps admired, but hardly considered as story in one of our Toronto weeklies, and Leobs Oil; we only laughed, and said humbug. The week following we noticed an other heading, "How Mark Twain Entertained a Visitor." Well, thinking we might learn a little oriquette, in case Mark should take a fancy to send us an invitation, we read it, but by St. Patrick, if they didn't finish by making Mark introduce St. Jacobs Oil. Well, confound it, we exclaimed, but they have got another dose of that St. Jacobs Oil on us again, determined not to be caught so simple next time; but now, sir, I admit the corn; along comes out Toronto Mail on Thursday, down we sat, and almost the first thing that caught our eye was the adventures of Capt. Paul Boynton; it appeared quite interesting; it told how he had bumped against sharks, &c. At this point we began to feel a little more incredulous, because, from our knowledge of these gentry, they would relish the captain alive or dead, all the same. However, determined to learn some more of his exploits, we read a little further, when-O, well, it don't matter what we said, you can't find it in any of the dictionaries. I'm—dashed if the captain wasn't oiling himself all over with St. Jacobs: Oil, it may be the more easily to evade the sharks, for we made no in ther search, our curio-ity was satisfied. Now. Mr. Editor, in order to fool us again it will require to be printed wrong end up. We have made up our mind to look out for anything and everything in the shape of St. We are corry for the readers of any journal

or Saint attached to their name. to be thus "taken in," so to phrase it, but what can they expect when we editors are caught in the same storm without any protection. Whilst sympathizing with them, Yet he himself can hardly tell wherein lies household remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia,

FEEBLE LADIES.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet, that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and freeful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bittere. 1rregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this ?- Cincinnati Saturday Night.

THE CONVENTION.

N INTERVIEW WITH MR. J. D. PUR-CELL ON THE WORK OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION - THE FEELING OF THE DELEGATES AND HOW THE TIME WAS OCCU-

Mr. J. D. Purcell and Mr. B. Wall, the viegates of the Montreal Branch of Itish National Land League to the Chicago Convention, arrived here yesterday morning, worn out after a week's hard work. Our reporter found Mr. Purcell in his office in the afternoon and amongstother questions, asked him what real practical work had been done at the Convention he had attended. Mr. Purcell said, " The effect of this convention will be to consolidate the union between Iriehmen on this continent. Hitherto there have been differences of opinion as to the means by which the common end might be attained. Now, all have united and will adopt an unanimous line of action.

"What was the most important work done?"

"The most important work done, I believe, was the passing of the series of resolutions conveying to the people at home the expression of the sympathy of the people of America and the assurance that in every struggle for their right they would be fully sustained by their kindred here."

"What about the "no rent" manifesto?" "The unanimous opinion of the Convention was that owing to the peculiar situation in which Ireland has by centuries of oppression been placed, the "no rent" manifesto issued by the leaders of the movement was perfectly justifiable and deserving of the fullest en

dorsation of the Irish in the country. "What was thought of the choice of Dr. Betts, as a Protestant clergyman, to the chair-

manship?" "The election of the Rev. Dr. Betts, as Permanent Chairman of the Convention, afforded proof positive of the harmony existing between all Irishmen in this movement-s harmony which is the surest token of ultimate success. Far from there being any religious prejudice in the matter, the Rev. gentleman on being selected was conducted to his seat by two distinguished Catholic clergymen, one from Massachussets and the other from New York. The feeling of the Irish people in the United States, represented by their delegates in the Chicago Convention, was exactly like to the feeling in United Ireland at the present day, and that feeling was that, in the interest of the common cause, all sectional and religious animosities should be

buried. " How many clergymen were present?" "About one hundred, some of them representing as many as two hundred branches in their different States. They were all earnest and patriotic men."

"Did the Irish delegates take any prominent part in the proceedings ?"

"In the proceedings of the Convention proper they took no part whatever, apparently wishing not to affect in any way the decision to be arrived at by the American people. But in the Committee work, when their aid was solicited, it was cheerfully given and was of much value."

"What about the reception tendered Father Sheehy and the Irish members of parliament?"

" It was a great success. The McCormack Hall, which is over double the dimensions of our Mechanics' Hall, and has a very large seating capacity, was thronged to the doors, hundreds being obliged to stand and thousands unable to gain admission at any price. Mr. T. P. O'Connor gave an able and comprehensive addresson the Irish Question. He is a speaker of great power, appealing more to reason than to the passions, never straining for effect, but always producing it. Father Sheehy is an orator in the true sense of the word, and is capable of swaying his audience as he Pleases.

" Was Canada represented on the Convention ?"

"Yes: Mr. Gallagher from Quebec was elected one of the vice presidents; Mr. Kilroy, of Windsor, and Mr. Maguire, of Kingston, Ont, figured respectively on the Committees of Credentials and Rules. Mr. Wall was elected one of the Secretaries of the Convention, and I had the honor to represent Canada on the Committee on Resolutions."

"What do you think of Chicago?" . During the Convention the time of the delegates was occupied so much that I had scarcely time to see the city at all, but from the little I did see, it is undoubtedly the great metropolis of the West."-Montreal Post.

The great marvel of healing-the grand climax of medical discoveries is Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures all Ediseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Skin and Kidneys, Female Complaints, Scroiula, General and Nervous Debility, and is a reliable Tonic in all broken down conditions of the system. Sample Bottles 10 Cents. Supplied by all dealers in medicine.

BECEPTION TO FATHER SHEEHY.

Buffalo, Dec. 5-A reception was given to R-v. Father Sneehy to night. The hall was literally packed." Hundreds of ticketland, Moyor elect. Thousands of men es depot on the arrival of the reverend gentleman the streets were lined, and a torchlight pro. fession of members of the Land League was formed.

ABOLITION OF CUBAN SLAVERY

Council of Administration in Cuba and of the Council of State in Spain favorable to the suppression of the iron chains and collars used in Cubs to punish negroes, under the famous regulations of Senor Canovas, and the gradual emancipation law of 1880. The Sagnata Government, in accordance with these opinions, will issue, directly after the Cortes are prorogued for Christmas, a royal decree, prohibiting all corporal punishment of ne-groes in Cubs. It seems that the late Conbarb, honey-tipped, and innocently planted, "fooled," on an average, about five times a servative Cabinet maintained corporal punishno doubt, yet venomous enough to wound and week. Ill St. Jacob can stand it, we've made ment at the request of Capitain General your paper for eleven years, but if you kant. Several new vessels are to be talk in the

CIVIL WAR IN IRELAND

The Chicago Land League Convention has declared civil war in Iroland. The convention was practically unanimous. When Father Walsh thundered forth, "Has Ireland any just cause for rebelling against England? I answer. Yes, and I swear it by the Eternal God," the members sprung to their feet and cheered, and pledged themselves to this sentiment. Under this influence the No-Rent policy was indorsed, and over \$21,000. were at once subscribed to carry out the objects of the convention. The convention has now adjourned, and the members have time to think quietly over what they have done, and what they are going to do. We should like to ask them a few questions to assist their reflections.

Now that civil war is declared, where is it going to begin? Who are going to begin it? Is there to be fighting on this side of the Atlantic or in Ireland? If here, are the conventionists prepared to fight the American Government as well as the British in Canada? If in Ireland, where are the people to get arms and ammunition? Are recruiting officers to be opened here for the invasion of Canada? Are ships of war to be desuniforms and powder? Has the first battlefield been selected yet? A?0 the members of the convention to roll of butter is protty good circumstantial volunteer in person? Will they march evidence that the butter is genuine.—Oil against England on foot or on horse-back? Will they fit out a fleet of ironclads to sweep England's navy from the seas? Are their transports ready to land troops upon the Irish coast? Are their troops ready to be landed? Do they expect the people of Ireland to rise now, unarmed, undisciplined, or to wait until the first de tachment of officers arrive from America? If at the latter date, about when will the American recruits arrive at Queenstown or Kings-

Hitherto the Lan! Leaguers of Ireland have complained that they have been pressed forward too fast by their American allies. Now the pressure has come from Ireland, and the American Land Leaguers have yielded to it. The No-Rent policy is an Irish invention. It means civil war. If the Irish tenants refuse to pay any rents the British Government is determined to support the landlords in evicting such tenents. If the tenants refuse to be evicted they must defend themselves by force of arms against the officers of the law backed by the whole British army. This result of the No Rent policy is as clear as daylight and cannot be explained away by any sophisms. The tenant who declares that he will pay no rent whatever must hold his land by force or be turned out of it by force. In the face of this plain fact, the Chicago Convention has indorsed the No Rent policy. The members cannot claim that they did not understand it. The Star elucidated the whole subject for their benefit and begged them to pause. They knew just what they were doing when they cheered Father Walsh and adopted the No-Bent resolutions. What are they going to do about it now?"

It is so easy to declare rebellion three thousand miles away from the seat of war, It is so essy to talk war three thousand miles away from Kilmainham Jail. It is so easy to dely the power of England three thousand miles away from the officers instructed to enforce that power. But when the fervor of cratory has passed, the cheers kave died sway, the resolutions are in print, who is to be the first to put all these hot and hasty phrases into action? Nobody doubts that Ireland has just cause for rebellion against England; but the practical question is whether this is the proper time to commence the rebellion. The No-Rent party declare that it is, and adopt a policy which leads as directly to civil war as the most hot-headed Nationalist can desire. The Chicago Convention, in what is supposed o be cool blood three tho that the time for rebellion has really come. are the military operations to begin and who is to find the means?

We put it to the members of the Chicago Convention whether it is fair for them to oncourage some poor farmer in Ireland to inaugurate the war by refusing to pay any rent, and then leave him to be turned out of his holding and dragged off to jail if he resists. Are they ready to back up any Irish farmer who, trusting to their declarations, stands his ground and fires the first shot? Will he see the glitter of the bayonets of an Irish army from America over the hedgerow? Can be see the smoke of a fleet of Irish ironclads from America down the coast? If not, is he to be secrificed, and are all who imitate him in trusting to the Chicago Convention to be cut off by the British Government one by one? See what mischief may be done if anybody in Ireland believes that the American No-Renters mean what they say ! See, too, what mischief will to done if it tures out that the American No-Renters mean nothing by their solemn resolutions and enthusiastic pledges Either way, the Chicago Convention has obviously made a blunder-and, as the lives and liberty of brave men are in jeopardy, a blunder in Irish affairs just now is worse than a crime .- New York Star.

ITS WORK IN STRATHROY.

It often happens that the opinion of an experienced man, an expert, it we so call him, conveys greater force than an aggregation of outside, uneducated testimony. And then, too, personal experience or observation is so much more convincing than mere assertion. Trained to habits of analysis and keenest accuracy, and from the very nature of daily occupation, given to the most include criticism of anything of a proprietary nature, chemists, as a class, hesitate very long before indorsing anything of a remedial nature whose virtues have been announced through the public press. "St. Jacobs Oil, however, holders were unable to gain admission. The lis so universally successful and so unverymeeting was presided over by Grover Cleve- ingly accomplishes all that it promises that land, Mayor elect. Thousands of men est the able chemist, W. J. Dyas, E.q., of Medicorted the carriage of the reverend gentlemen cal Hall, Strathroy, Ont. sends, with his to and from the hall. On the way from the friendly recommendation, the following from David Harrison, Esq., 5th Conc., Township of Caradoc :- Having suffered with inflammstory rheumatism since last July, and bearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I sent for a bottle of the article on the 15th of October.' At that time I was confined to

MADRID, Dec. 7.—To-morrow the Gazette the house, and could not possibly get out will publish the formal opinion of the Superior of bed without assistance. After four applications of the Oil the pain ceased entirely, and was able to go about Strathroy in less than week, I cannot give too much praise to St. Jacobs Oil for what it has done to me, and I believe it to be most reliable remedy in shoumatism. Its wonderful efficacy should be brought to the knowledge of everybody.

phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a of the London Punch all the way into postal card from an old subscriber in the Toronto. takes you from me, never to give you back? He is not happy out of her presence, and, it takes all winter."

The breaks down and gries passionately.

The is not happy out of her presence, and, it takes all winter."

The instigation of the planters.

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" ON THE HIP."

This rather inelegant expression, used popularly to indicate that condition of things in which one person, holds another secure: by some circumstance, word or not, field line eral exemplification in the follo-ing marrative by Mr. John Rouck, of Ottawa, Caunda. Mr. Rourk says : I have been subject to hip disease for 8 or 9 years, and have tried eli-kinds of remedies, but found nothing to give me any relief until a friend advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and effer using bottles I am entirely relieved of pair, and have not been troubled since, now nearly six months. This is "what people would call getting hip disease " on the hip."

WIT AND HUMOR.

" The battle is not always with the strong," said Smithers, as he successfully tusseled with a hunk of Limburger.

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

The Chicago Times thinks that all that is necessary now to prove Guiteau's insanity is patched to Ireland with cannon, rifles, to establish the fact that he has been a bicycle

The corpse of a grasshopper found in a City Derrick.

We are told that the ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. The ancient Egyptians knew when a cat was most to be honored .- Quic. Never despise an old friend because he

happens to have grown rich. Go to him, take him aside, tell him gently of his faults, and ask him to lend you £5.

"This was all written for effect," said Brown, throwing down the paper contemptuously. "Beg pardon," said Fogg, .'it was written for five dollars a column.'

"Madam," remarked a testy old gentleman to a lady who rustled past him in a prodigious mass of silk dress, "madam, you make a great deal of bustle in this world."

If occasionally one may be forgiven for making a pun, we should like to remark that a dinner without pastry makes one sleepy, because it's a sort of no-pic-ate.

Physicians say that it is not healthy to sleep in the day time. The opinion is backed up by all the flies in the community, and they put a stop to day sleeping when they can.

A down-east editor said he was in a best when the wind blow hard, but he was net alarmed, because he had his life insured; " he never had anything happen to him by which he could make any money." An old gentleman from the country stop-

ped recently at one of the highest hotels in New York, and wrote home that his room was six stories high, and his bill was three stories bigher than his room. "Tommy," said his mother to her seven year old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must

wait till we stop and then you can talk." "But you never stop !" reforted the boy. A wag, in allusion to the heavy arm of the law as shown in the punishment of fighters, was the author of the following conumdrum: "It a man bites off another's nose, what will

the magistrate compel him to do? Answer: Keep the peace." "I stand," said a stump orator, "on the broud platform of the principles of 1773 and I will never desert 'em." "You stand on nothing of the kind," interupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I wants the

money." The latest thing in sausages is kept a profound secret. It would be wise to let it remain so .- Boston Star. Is that your dogged endorses the No-Rent party, and announces are content so long as our breakfast does not wag its tall and bark .- Boston Star. Then Ireland and America being thus agreed, when never eat in the Bow-wowery-Montreal Post. Never cat muzzled sausages anyhow.

ELI PERKINS' STORIES. THE ENGLISHMAN WHO COULDN'T SEE A JOKE-GEORGE W. CURTIE' AWFUL MISTAKE. (Special Correspondence to the N.Y. Star.)

THE OBTUSE ENGLISHMAN. The English people are the slowest people on earth to see a joke. Yesterday I was riding over the Grand Trunk, near Toronto, and the ypical Englishman, with eye-glasser, an pera-glass hung around his neck and a bundle of canes and umbrellas under his arm, got on the train.

"There is one of those thick-headed Englishmen who can never see a joke," remarked a bright commercial traveler. "O, I think you could make him see the

point to a joke," I answered. "I'll bet anything," said my friend, " that you can't make that man see the point to an American joke.11 "All right," I said; "I'll try it."

So, after being introduced to the Englishman, I set out to make him smile. I told him the best jokes I knew. He always listened attentively, but, instead of seeing the pracise point, he would ask some explanation, while his face wore an expression as blank as a Chinaman when you've paid him \$5 too much change.

Finally I told the Englishman the old story of the Indian wno wanted a receipt for money paid to a white man. Said I: "The Indian insisted that the white man should give him a receipt."

"What do you want a receipt for ?" asked the white man; "you've paid the money and that's enough."

"But me must have receipt," insisted the Indian. "Why, what for ?" asked the white man. "Because," eaid the Indian, "Injun must

die." "Well, suppose you do die, I'certainly can't collect this money from you then." "But," continued the Indian," me may die and go to Heaven." The Lord he ask Injun if he good Injun; injun say yes. He ask Injun Injun if he pay white mad. Injun say yes, yes. Then the Lord he say where is the receipt? What Injun do then? Injun can't go looking all over hell for you!"

After I got through, the Americans laughed, as they always' will, even at an old joke, but the Englishman looked me straight in the face without a smile. You would think he was viewing the corpse at a funeral. Then

he put his front finger solemnly on the palm. of his hand; and said argumentively: "Now, I don't see why an Indian is not entitled to a receipt as well as a white man ?

But a roar of laughter from the Americans drowned his sentence. This so confused the poor Englishman, to have his honest opinions laughed at, that he turned his back on us and The editor of a newspaper that has adopted molemnly waded through the dreary columns