

It was a most shocking affair, and as interesting as any novel you ever read," said Tricky, with the greatest relish. "Murdered blood as she slept, and they don't know to this day who did it."

"His mother—when he was a baby! Tell me all about it, Tricky. One naturally takes an interest in the family murders of one's future second cousin-in-law."

"Well," began Miss Stuart, still with the utmost calm, "you see his father—another Sir Victor—made a low marriage—married the daughter of a common sort of person, in the year 1840, a coincidence to begin with. Now, there's a coincidence to begin with. I'm the daughter of a common sort of person in trade—at least I was."

"It is to be hoped the coincidence will not be followed out after the nuptial knot," answered Edith, gravely. "It would be unpleasant for you to be murdered, Tricky, and plunge all into the depths of despair and homesickness. Proceed, as they say on the stage, your tale interests me."

"You are engaged—the other Sir Victor, I mean—to his cousin, a Miss Inez Catheron—a pretty name isn't it?—and, it seems, he was afraid of her. She was a brunette, dark and fierce, with black eyes and a temper to match."

"A bow of acknowledgment from Miss Darrell. As it turned out he had good reason to be afraid of her. He was a year and a half married, and the baby—this present Sir Victor—was two or three months old when the marriage was made public, and wife and child brought home. There must have been an awful row, you know, at Catheron Royal, and about a month after her arrival, they found the poor thing asleep in the nursery, and stabbed to the heart."

"Was she asleep after she was stabbed, or before?"

"Neither. There was an inquest, and it turned out that she and Miss Catheron had had a tremendous quarrel that very evening. Sir Victor was away when it happened, and she just went stark, starting mad the first thing when she heard it. Miss Catheron was arrested on suspicion. Then it appeared that she had a brother, and that this brother was a scoundrel, and that he claimed to have married Lady Catheron before she married Sir Victor, and that he had a row with her, that same day too. It was a dreadful mixed-up affair—all that seemed clear was that Lady Catheron had been murdered by somebody, and that Juan—yes, Juan Catheron—had run away, and when wanted was not to be found."

"It appears to have been strictly family affairs from first to last—that, at least, was a consolation. What did they do to Miss Inez Catheron?"

"Put her in prison to stand her trial for murder. She never stood it, however—she made her escape, and never was heard of from that day to this. Isn't it tragical, and isn't that day to Sir Victor—his mother murdered, his father crazy, or dead, ages ago for what I know, and his relations tried for their lives!"

"For Sir Victor dreadful indeed. But where in the world, Tricky, did you find all this out? Has he been pouring the family history so soon into your sympathetic ear?"

"Of course not; that's the curious part of the story. You know Mrs. Featherbrain?"

"I'm happy to say," retorted Miss Darrell, "I know very little about her and intended to know less."

"You do know her however. Well, Mrs. Featherbrain has a father."

"Poor old gentleman?" says Miss Darrell, compassionately.

"Old Hampson—that's his name. Hampson is an Englishman, and from Chesholm and know the present Sir Victor, and grandfather. He gets the Cheshire papers ever since he left and, of course, took an interest in all this. He told Mrs. Featherbrain—and what do you think?—Mrs. Featherbrain actually asked Lady Helena."

"It is precisely the sort of thing Mrs. Featherbrain would be likely to do. 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' How copious your quotations this afternoon. What did Lady Helena say?"

"Gave her a look—a lady who was present told me—such a look. She turned dead white for a minute, then she spoke: 'I never discuss family matters with perfect strangers.' Those were her words—perfect strangers. 'I consider your question impertinent, madame, and decline to answer it.' Then she turned her back upon Mrs. Featherbrain; and shouldn't I like to have seen Mrs. Featherbrain's face. Since then, she just bows frigidly to her, no more."

"Little imbecile! Tricky, I should like to see those papers."

"So you can—I have them. Charlie got them from Laura Featherbrain. What could not Charlie get from Laura Featherbrain? I wonder?" adds Tricky, sarcastically.

"Edith's colour rose, her eyes fell on the talking between her fingers."

"Your brother and the lady were old lovers then? So I inferred from her conversation last night?"

"I don't know about their being lovers exactly. Charlie has that ridiculous flirting manner young men think it their duty to cultivate, and it certainly was a strong case of spoons—excuse the slang. Pa would never have listened to it, though—he wanted his blood and old Hampson's pork merchant. Then Phineas Featherbrain came along, sixty years of age, and a petulant prince. Of course, there was a gorgeous wedding—New York rang with it. I don't see that the marriage makes much difference with Charlie and Laura's flirtation, though. Just wait a minute and I'll go and get the papers from the old, yellow newspaper."

"Here you are, sir," she cries, in shrill voice, "the full, true and particular account of the tragedy at Catheron Royal. Sounds like the title of a sensation novel, doesn't it? Here's No. 1 for you—I've got as far as No. 4."

Miss Darrell throws aside her work and becomes absorbed in the Chesholm Courier of twenty-three years back. Silence fell—the moments were on—the girls became so intensely interested that when the door was thrown open and "Sir Victor Catheron" announced, both sprang to their feet, conscience-stricken, with all their guilt red in their faces.

He advanced, hat in hand, a smile on his face. He was beside Tricky first. She stood, the paper still clutched in her hand, her cheeks redder than the crimson velvet carpet. His astonished eyes fell upon it—he who ran might read—the Chesholm Courier in big, black letters, and in starting capitals, the "Tragedy of Catheron Royal."

The smile faded from Sir Victor Catheron's lips; the faint colour, walking in the chill wind had brought, died out of his face. He turned that lead white whiteness, fair people do turn—then he lifted his eyes and looked at Miss Stuart full in the face.

"May I ask where you got this paper?" he asked, very quietly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I burst out Tricky. I'm awfully sorry, but I—I didn't know—I mean I didn't mean—oh, Sir Victor, forgive me if I have hurt your feelings I never meant you to see this."

"I am sure of that," he said, gently; "it is necessarily very painful to me. Permit me to ask again, how you chanced to come by these papers?"

"They were lent us by—a lady here; her father is from Cheshire, and always gets the papers. Indeed I am very, very sorry. I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds."

"There is no need to apologise—you are in no way to blame. I trust I find you and Miss Darrell entirely recovered from the fatigue of last night. The most charming party of the season—that is the unanimous verdict, and I for one endorse it."

He took a seat, the colour slowly returning to his face. As he spoke, two eyes met, dark, sweet, compassionate, but Edith Darrell did not speak a word.

The obnoxious papers were swept out of sight—Miss Stuart made desperate efforts to ease of manner, and morning call chat, but every effort fell flat. The spell of the Chesholm Courier was on them all, and was not to be shaken off. It was a relief when the baronet rose to go.

"Lady Helena desires best regards to you both—she has fallen quite in love with you, Miss Darrell. As it is a Nilsson night at the Academy, I suppose we will have the pleasure of seeing you there?"

"You certainly will answer Tricky. Edith has never heard Nilsson yet, poor child. Remember us to Lady Helena, Sir Victor. Good afternoon."

Then she was gone—and Miss Stuart looked at Miss Darrell solemnly and long.

"There goes my last hope! Oh, why, why did I fetch down those wretched papers. All my ambitious dreams of being a baronette are knocked in the head now. He'll never be able to bear the sight of me again!"

"I don't see that," Edith responded; "if a murder is committed the world is pretty sure to know of it. It's sometimes not to be ignored. How deeply he seems to feel it too—in spite of his rank and wealth I pity him, Tricky."

"Pity him as much as you like, so that it is not the pity akin to love. I don't want you for a rival, Edith besides I have other views for you."

"Indeed the post of confidential maid when you are Lady Catheron?"

"Something better—the post of confidential sister-in-law. You needn't blush I saw how the lady lay from the first, and Charlie isn't a bad fellow in spite of his laziness. The door bell again. Nothing but callers now until dark."

"All Miss Stuart's masculine friends came dropping in successively, to institute the necessary inquiries as to the state of her health, after eight hours steady dancing the preceding night. Edith's unsophisticated head ached with it all, and her tongue grew paralyzed with the platitudes of society. The guests were lit, and the dressing-bell ringing, before the last coat-lid disappeared."

As the young ladies yawning drearily in each other's faces, turned to go up to their rooms, a servant entered, bearing two pasteboard boxes.

"With Sir Victor Catheron's compliments, Miss Beatrix, and brought by his man."

Each box was labelled with the owner's name. Tricky opened hers with eager fingers. A lovely bouquet of white roses, calla lilies, and jasmine, lay within. Edith opened hers—another bouquet of white and scarlet camellias.

"For the opera," cried Tricky, with sparkling eyes. How good of him—how generous—how forgiving! After the papers and all! Sir Victor's a prince, or ought to be."

"Don't gush, Tricky," Edith said. "It grows tiresome. Why did he send you all white, I wonder? As emblematic of your spotless innocence and that sort of thing? And do I bear any affinity to La Dame aux Camellias? I think you may still hope, Tricky—if there be truth in the language of flowers."

Three hours later—fashionably late, of course—the Stuart party, swept in state into their box. Mrs. Stuart, Miss Stuart, Mr. Stuart, junior, and Miss Darrell; Miss Stuart dressed for some after "reception" in silvery blue silk, pearl ornaments in her hair, and a virginal white bouquet in her hand. Miss Darrell in the white muslin of last night, a scarlet opera cloak, and a bouquet of white and scarlet camellias. Charlie lounging in the background, looking as usual, handsome of face, elegant of attire, and calmly and up-liftedly unconscious of both.

The sweet singer was on the stage. Edith Darrell leaned forward, forgetting everything in a trance of delight. It seemed as though her very soul were carried away in the spell of that enchanting voice. A score of "double barrels" were turned to their box—Beatrix Stuart was an old story—but who was the dark beauty? As she sat, leaning forward, breathless, trance-bound, the singer vanished, the curtain fell.

"Oh!" it was a deep drawn sigh of pure delight. She drew back, lifted her impassioned eyes, and met the smiling ones of Sir Victor Catheron.

"You did not know I was here," he said.

"You were so enraptured I would not speak. Once it would have enraptured me too, but I am afraid my rapturous days are past."

"Sir Victor Catheron speaks as though he were an octogenarian. I have heard it is 'good form' to outlive, at twenty, every earthly emotion. Mr. Stuart prides himself on having accomplished this feat. I must be stupid, but I confess being *blase* doesn't strike me in the light of an advantage."

"But if *blase* be your normal state? I don't think I ever tried to cultivate the *amias contemta* style of living, but if it will come, I think I shall be near normal state."

"She came back, and held out both hands to the audience, and the pretty gesture and the charming smile redoubled the applause. Then silence fell, and softly and sweetly over that silence floated the tender, pathetic words of "Way down upon the Swane River." You might have heard a pin drop. Even Sir Victor looked moved. For Edith, she sat scarcely breathing—quivering with ecstasy. As the last note was sung, as the fair songster kissed hands and vanished, as the house arose from its spell, and re-rang with enthusiasm, Edith turned again to the young baronet, the brown eyes luminous with tears, the lips quivering. He bent above her, saying something, he could hardly have told what himself—carried away for once in his life by the witchery of two dark eyes.

Mr. Charles Stuart, standing in the background, beheld it all.

"Bad hit," he murmured to his mistake, "but his face, as he gave his mother his arm, and led her forth, told nothing."

An old adorer escorted Miss Stuart. Miss Darrell and her camellias came last, on the arm of the baronet.

That night, two brown eyes haunted Sir Victor Catheron's slumbers—two brown eyes sparkling through unshed tears—two red lips trembling like the lips of a child.

For the owner of the eyes and lips, she put the camellias carefully in water, and far away in the small hours went to bed and to sleep. And sleeping she dreamed, that all dressed in scarlet, and wearing a crown of scarlet camellias, she was standing up to be married to Sir Victor Catheron, with Mr. Charlie Stuart as officiating clergyman, when the door opened, and the murdered lady of Tricky's

story came stalking in, and whirled her screaming away in her ghostly arms.

Too much excitement, champagne, and lobster salad had engendered the vision, no doubt, but it certainly spoiled Miss Darrell's beauty sleep that night.

CHAPTER VI.  
ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

The pleasant days went on—April went out—May came in. On the tenth of May, the Stuart family, Sir Victor Catheron, and Lady Helena Powys were to sail from New York to Liverpool.

To Edith, fresh from the twilight of her country life, these days and nights had become one of the most wonderful of excitement and delight. Opera, theatre, dinner and evening parties, shopping, driving, calling, re-creating—all that goes to make the round of that sort of life, had been run. Her slender wardrobe had been replenished, the white Swiss had been reinforced by half-a-dozen glistening silks, the corals, by a set of rubies and fine gold. Mr. Stuart might be pompous and pretentious, but he wasn't stingy; and he had insisted upon it for his own credit. And half-a-dozen "spanny new" silks, fresh from Straws's counters, with the pristine glitter of their gloom yet upon them, were very different from one half-worn amber tulle of Tricky's. Miss Darrell took the dresses and the rubies, and looked uncommonly handsome in both.

On the last night but one of their stay in New York, Mrs. Featherbrain gave a last "At Home," a sort of "P. O. C." party. Tricky called it. Miss Darrell was invited, and said nothing at the time, unless losing the card of invitation contemptuously out of the window can be called saying something; but at the last moment she declined to go.

"My head is whirling now, from a surfeit of parties," she said to Miss Stuart. "Aunt Chatty is going to stay at home, and so shall I. I don't like your Mrs. Featherbrain—that's the truth—and I'm not fashionable enough yet to sham friendship with women I hate. Besides, Tricky, you know you were a little—just a little—jealous of me, the other night at Roosevelt's. Sir Victor danced with me once often than he did with you. Now, your dear old love, I'll let you have a whole baronet to yourself for this night, and who knows what may happen before morning?"

Miss Edith Darrell was one of those young persons—happily rare—who, when they take a strong antipathy, are true to it, even at the sacrifice of their own pleasure. In her secret soul she was jealous of Mrs. Featherbrain. If she and Charlie carried on their imbecile flirtation, at least it would not be under her disgusted eyes.

Miss Stuart departed—not the lilies of the field—nor Solomon in all his glory—nor the Queen of Sheba herself, ever half so magnificent. Charlie went with her, a placid martyr to brotherly duty. And Edith went down to the family sitting-room where Aunt Chatty (Aunt Chatty by request) sat dozing in her after-dinner chair.

(To be continued.)

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—Graphic.

AMERICAN SOCIALISM.

HENRY GEORGE INTERVIEWED RESPECTING HIS ALLEGED RAPID SPREAD—PROPERTY IN LAND TO BE ABOLISHED.

Mr. Henry George, the Socialist and author of "Progress and Poverty," was interviewed while in Toronto by a *Globe* reporter, and in the course of the interview the following conversation occurred:—

What are your views with regard to the land question?

I do not believe in the ownership of land. The land is a free gift to all mankind, like the air we breathe or the water we drink. No man has a right to own land, and the time is coming when every owner will be dispossessed.

Is Socialism spreading in the United States?

It is advancing with astonishing rapidity. People there are just beginning to see the effects of landlordism and monopoly, and they are joining the Socialistic ranks by thousands. This is not confined to any particular locality, but is general throughout the whole country.

What effect would this have upon the country?

The effect will be seen in the next Presidential election. The Democratic party in the United States is dead. The Republican party is disintegrated. The candidate they put forth to fight will be the man put forward by the socialistic labor party of the United States. The Socialists will ultimately triumph, and the revolution will be ended so far as the United States is concerned.

What do you propose to do with the land-land?

The landlord must go. I do not say that the landlord is a thief and has stolen the birthright of the other men, but I do say that landlordism is a curse to any country, and must be abolished. The question of landlordism is at the bottom of the labor difficulties. The agitation in Ireland does not concern that island alone. It affects the whole civilized world.

What compensation do you propose to give the landlord for the loss of his property?

I do not propose to give him any compensation at all.

The above report is given with a view to disclosing a phase of thought which has obtained many adherents in the United States. The rapid spread of Socialism has no doubt been accelerated by the marvellous accumulation of immense individual fortunes under the operation of a protective tariff—which, like all similar tariffs, tends mainly in its operation to create a few capitalists by impoverishing the multitude. It is little wonder that in their indignation against the existence of such a state of affairs many intelligent persons are mistakenly led to suppose that a remedy for the evil is to be found in a radical change of the social relations.—Globe.

The shipbuilding establishment of Scheld at Flushing has been totally destroyed by fire. Elder & Co., of Glasgow, are greatly involved in the disaster. Loss estimated at 400,000 guilders.

Jim Offutt had taken several lives in the course of a lawless career. Therefore, when he took a seat on the porch of William H. Current's house, at Paris, Ky., laid a gun across his lap, and announced that he was going to kill Current on his return from work, nobody doubted that he would keep his word. The wife of Current begged him to go away, but he refused. Then she managed to surreptitiously send a warning to her husband; but the fright and excitement caused her own death in a few hours.

MR. O'DONNELL, M. P., IN OLDHAM.

(From the Oldham Evening Chronicle.)

On the 8th instant a meeting was held in the Co-operative Hall, King street, Oldham, to hear addresses upon the Irish land question. The chair was taken by Dr. M. Howard, whose appearance on the platform, accompanied by Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, M. P., was hailed with cheers. Amongst the other gentlemen on the platform were—Father Walsh, Father White, Father Brady, Father Reay, Dr. Neville, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Gleeson, Mr. Sheedy, (of Mossley), and Messrs. James M. Cooney, (of Mossley), M. J. Kenny, Peter Reynolds, J. Kinsane, and P. A. Murray, a deputation from the City of Manchester branch of the Land League of Great Britain. The chairman having addressed the meeting, Mr. Patrick Gleeson moved, and Mr. James Milloy seconded, a resolution asserting that the Land Bill would prove a failure unless the amendments recommended by the Irish bishops and the Dublin convention are accepted by the Government.

Mr. O'Donnell, M. P., who was received with loud cheers, supported the resolution. After attacking the Parliamentary action of the members for Oldham, Mr. Lyph Stanley and Mr. Hibbert, Mr. O'Donnell said—When the Government brought in a Coercion Bill they told them what the consequences would be. Let them bring in a Coercion Bill, let them assure to the evicting, rackrenting landlords of Ireland the power to exact their unjust rents, and when they brought in their remedial measure the Tory party would bring in their amendments to prevent its becoming law. They had done so. There were now 1,500 amendments down, and they had lately heard the leader of the Tory party, Sir Stafford Northcote (groans) in merry mood announcing to the Conservative audience that the progress of the Land Bill was about as great as the progress of Pharoah's chariot at the bottom of the Red Sea with the chariot wheels off (a laugh). Well, what was the counsel of Charles Stewart Parnell? (Loud and repeated cheers). Even in this hour of exasperation and provocation the member for Cork sat still, refusing to give the word "Pay no rent at all," but still continued to say "Pay no unjust rent" (hear, hear). But he could not close his eyes to the fact that events were marching rapidly. He could not close his eyes to the fact that his fellow-countrymen, though they evinced wonderful patience, might not be trusted to be patient eternally (cheers). It might be as easy to refuse to pay any rent whatever as to refuse to pay an unjust rent, especially as her Majesty's Government declined to see any difference. The Irish peasantry came forward to say, "We are ready to pay all we can, and we are ready to pay a fair rent, and any reasonable terms of composition pending the passing of the Land Act; and the Government replied, 'The offer to pay as much as you can is as criminal an act as to refuse to pay any at all.' What must be the answer of the Irish peasantry if this course was persisted in? Would it not be this? 'Since it is as criminal to pay as much as you can as not to pay at all, then we will not pay at all' (loud cheers). Now, when Mr. Parnell intimated as much as that in the House of Commons, as he was bound by his duty to intimate it, for he was bound above all things to speak the truth upon questions, as to which the legislature should be informed—when, as an Irish representative, qualified to speak above all other representatives on behalf of the people of Ireland, he warned the Government that by their refusal to draw any distinction between the payment by the tenant of as much as he could and the refusal to pay any rent whatever, that the Government was driving the tenant into the refusal to pay all rent—and when he warned the Government that in letting loose the military and naval forces of the Crown against the peasantry the Government was running a most imminent risk of a deplorable breach of the public tranquility, how was that judicious and necessary caution received? My Lord Harrington got up and declared that the member for Cork was menacing the Government, and he presumed to intimate that he was bounding on the Irish peasantry to wanton insurrection.

"A Voice—It's a lie."

Mr. O'Donnell—His friend in the audience said the truth—it was a lie (loud cheers) Were they and he to advocate or to encourage the unskilled, unarmed peasant in Ireland to rush with his bare breast upon the arms of the British Guards? Those who said so ought to know that to such Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell one drop of the blood of the Irish peasantry was more precious to him than all the blood of the House of Lords (loud cheers) And yet this titled hypocrite pretended to believe that the Irish members were anxious to promote the slaughter of their fellow-countrymen, and their Lyph Stanley cheered the cowardly assertion to the echo ("shame"). The Irish Land League were doing their utmost to keep their constitutional agitation alive in spite of the provocation and the backshot of a Liberal Ministry (hear, hear, and "shame"). It was not their policy to expose the unarmed masses of their countrymen to the deadly rifle shots of the heroic runaways of the Transvaal (loud cheers). But bloodshed there might be, and a dark and a dreadful hour might be impending over Ireland, and for a time it might seem that coercion had asserted itself, and that "British order" ruled supreme as Russian order had reigned in Warsaw; but the Irish nation of to-day was not the Irish nation of '48 or '98. (Cheers). A generation or a century ago they were cooped up within the confines of their own island. To-day they were a world race of tens of millions of people, and the shores of distant continents were peopled with their sons—people with a strong arm, members of the old fibernian stock (cheers). And if ever they were in a mood to revenge a mortal insult to be to revenge the mortal insult of a Government of pretended Liberal legislators that split the blood of the Irish people, and exported unjust rents that the leaders of the Liberal Government were the loudest in condemning twelve months ago (cheers).

MEETING IN MIDDLESBROUGH.

(From the Daily Exchange.)

On Wednesday evening, the 8th June, a large and enthusiastic audience assembled in the Temperance Hall, Middlesbrough, for the purpose of hearing addresses from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P.; Mr. John Barry, M. P.; Mr. Redmond, M. P., and other well known gentlemen in connection with the Irish Land League movement.

The chair was occupied by Dr. McGuire, and he was supported by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. (Galway), Mr. John Barry, M. P. (County Wexford), Mr. Redmond, M. P. (New Ross),

Mr. Gibbon, of Middlesbrough, trades' council; Mr. John Welsh, and others.

The chairman having addressed the meeting at some length,

Mr. John Welsh, secretary of the Middlesbrough branch of the Irish Land League, read a letter from Mr. Crawford of the Durham Miners' Association, in which he expressed his regret at being unable to be present, but expressed his hearty and thorough sympathy with the work and aim of the Irish party, and denouncing as unjust the present state of the law.

Mr. Gibbons, secretary of the Middlesbrough Trades' Council, read the first resolution, which asserted that the true remedy for the present state of things in Ireland is not coercion but the suspension of evictions until the Land Bill has become law.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who rose to second the resolution, was received with loud and continued cheering. He wished, he said, to address the reason of his audience, not their passions, and to convince Englishmen who might be present, and who had been hostile to them. With reference to the poor Irishman who had been killed in the accident to which he had referred, why was it he ever left Arramah? Because he and landlordism could not live together, and this teaches the lesson that so long as Irish landlordism is permitted to exist as it does at present the Irish peasant would be a slave. The results of this evil and injustice to Ireland is evident even in Middlesbrough. Irishmen are driven from Ireland, and have to seek a living in England, and thus, by increasing labor, makes it cheap and more difficult for Englishmen to earn good wages. The land question not only affected Ireland, but England also. Men from Somerset and other counties were working in Middlesbrough. Why was this? Chiefly because they were unable to till the ground of Somerset, and labor had to be sought elsewhere. He had been travelling through Somerset, and had looked upon most beautiful spots—some of the most beautiful in the world—green fields, hills, and dales—but nowhere could he see the cottages of the peasantry. This was altogether different from what should be, and in France or Belgium if he or anyone else had been travelling through those countries he should have found the country filled with happy and contented peasantry, but in Somerset he did not see a single cottage to gladden the eye. The men should be there to till the soil, and landlordism is the cause why it is not tilled; but men from Arramah and other parts of Ireland, as well as English and the towns.

Mr. John Barry, M. P., who was received with loud cheers, said there was one gratifying phase of the popular movement in England as well as in Ireland, and that was the growth of the democracy, and one of the latest evidences of the akin feeling of the democracy was the fact that on that very day the Cleveland miners had despatched two delegates to Ireland to ascertain the real condition of the people (loud cheering). The Cleveland miners were not going to be satisfied with the grand utterances of the Irish Chief Secretary or the London press, but were determined to have independent reports from men whom they could trust. He (the speaker) was sure that when those reports were received and made public they would verify the worst that had been said in reference to the condition of the people, and would reveal further and more startling facts in reference to them. There was one special reason why he was desirous of addressing a Middlesbrough meeting, and it was in reference to the action of their own representative (bisses). During the passage of the Coercion Bill Mr. Isaac Wilson did not sit up early and late to suspend the Irish constitution, but again and again interrupted the small knot of Irish members who stood up in defence of Irish rights. Mr. Wilson, in conjunction with the member for a neighbouring borough—(cries of Mr. Dodd)—did as much as any member to suspend the Irish constitution and inflict injustice upon the race (bisses and cries of "shame"). What could be expected by working class constituencies if they sent their members to be their representatives? They committed a grievous error in sending such men to Parliament, and if the workmen expected such representatives to vindicate the principles of liberty they were much mistaken. The Irish would continue the struggle until the power of the landlords was swept away forever, and the people were enabled to live together in contentment and peace in their own land (loud cheers).

Mr. Redmond, M. P. for New Ross, who was very heartily received, addressed the meeting at length.

The meeting then dispersed, after the usual votes of thanks were accorded to the chairman and the speakers.

BREVITIES.

St Thomas has a population of over 5,000.

Senator Sessions confesses, under oath to be a professional lobbyist.

Bismarck holds parliaments in contempt. He will do without them, he says.

Canada is becoming famous as the country of weather prophets, and no wonder, "we have all" sorts of weather here.

It is not yet certain that Gladstone's Land Bill will not be defeated. The Ulster tenants do not approve of some of the clauses.

The library of the University of Toronto has been enriched by the gift of a collection of valuable Oriental works by Mr. Henry Roswell.

The skeleton of a man who must have been over eight feet and a half in height, and having a tail, has been dug up in Brazil. This is a comfort for Darwin.

One of the cruelties charged upon Oscar Merritt, of Detroit, in his wife's complaint for divorce, was that he would not let her put her cold feet on him to warm them.

President Barcom of the University of Wisconsin thinks that if we look broadly at the religious experience of the world we shall be led to feel that religion is one of the most obscure, confused, variable, and subtle facts in human life.

It is understood that the Bank of Montreal, at Chicago, has concluded to pay, under protest, on nearly \$50,000, the assessable amount of its capital under the decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and bring suit for its recovery.

At the Wilshire (England) Sessions yesterday the Marquis of Townshend was fined £500 and costs and bound over to keep the peace for 12 months for horsewhipping Lord Edward Thynne. Colonel Nepean and Francis Ellis, who abetted the assault, were fined £100 each. Lord Thynne abducted the Marquis of Townshend's wife.

Gilbert and Sullivan seem to have concluded that their new comic opera, "Patience," which is as great a success in London as "Pinafore" would not make a hit on the American stage, as they have abandoned their dramatic right here by publishing the music, with accompanying words. The theme is the aesthetic craze in England, and it probably would not be thought funny by the mass of Americans.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A grass-widow is any wife but green.

A dentist's sign—Drawize, music and dancing.

When it comes to descending a ladder, the bravest of us generally back down.

In France they say, "Garcon, will you please catch me a piece of cheese?"

Don't judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation.

Indians never drink to drown sorrow. When they can get anything to drink they have no sorrow to drown.

He couldn't raise the mortgage on his building-lots, and so, poor man, without becoming blind lost his site.

In some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

"Oh my," said little shaven head, as he popped into bed for the first time after his hair had been moved off tight, "how it tickles the pillow!"

At a government office—(Bells ringing furiously). Hall porter (chuckling to messenger): "Let 'em ring, Robinson, let 'em ring; they like it. They ain't allowed to ring no bells at home."

"Never milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contentment. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say you please 'bout bad neighbors; I have had the worst neighbors as ever was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home with their ears split, and tadder day two of them come home missing."

Scene—Distillery in Banff-shire. Distiller to drunken neighbor, after handing him a large glass of primo Glenlivet: "What do you think of the whiskey, Tammas?" "Tammas: "I canna say that I was over a 'judgo' of the first glass, master!"

Gilboly bought a cigar the other day, and as he lit it, the tobaccoist said, with pride: "That's a fine imported cigar." "Is it?" responded Gilboly. "It has always been a mystery to me why Galveston does not raise her own cigars?"

A bad little boy, upon being promised five cents by his mother if he would take a dose of castor oil, obtained the money, and then told his parent that she might throw the castor oil in the street. He will make a humorous newspaper paragraphist out of these days.

Papa: "That picture shows the story of Prometheus, and the vulture that feasted on his liver. Every day the vulture devoured it, and every night it grew for him to eat it again." Sympathetic Child: "Dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of liver every day!"

The following queries have been propounded by the Concord School of Philosophy:—Why do not cows sit down to rest the same days? Why does a dog turn round a few times before he lies down? Why does a cow get up from the ground hind-end first, and a horse fore-end first? Why does a squirrel come down head first and a cat tail first.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The chiefest wonder of modern times—this incomparable medicine increases the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cleanses the liver, corrects biliousness and promotes fatness, purifies the system, invigorates the nerves, and reinstates sound health. The enormous demand for these Pills throughout the globe astonishes everybody, and a single trial convinces the most skeptical that no medicine equals Holloway's Pills in its ability to remove all complaints incidental to the human race. They are a blessing to the afflicted and a boon to all who labor under internal or external disease. The purification of the blood, removal of all restraints from the secretory organs, and gentle but efficient action, are the prolific sources of the extensive curative range of Holloway's Pills.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

LONDON, June 30.—The weather was beautiful, the water was in splendid condition, and the river was crowded with craft. The first heat for the Grand Challenge Cup, for eight, the Hertford College crew having flocks Station, defeated the Dublin University. It was a good struggle until within a few lengths of the bend of the river, when the Hertford's won easily. In the second heat the London Club, Thames Club and Kingston Club crews finished in the order named. London had the Centre Station and Kingston the Buck Station. London led from the bend of the river and won by two lengths. In the third heat the Leander crew defeated the Eaton College crew. The Henley course is a little over one mile and a quarter in length.

Four of Hertford College crew in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup will form the crew in the race for the Stewards' Cup. The same is the case with the Thames and London Club's crews, whose stakes in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup, will row as number two in the respective crews in the contest for the Stewards' Cup. The London Club crew will also comprise the four who will be engaged in the race for the Stewards' Cup, and the stroke in the Grand Challenge will also row stroke in the Stewards.

The first heat in the Vectors' challenge cup the first Trinity College crew of Cambridge defeated the third Trinity College crew of Cambridge. In the first heat for the Stewards' cup the Thames Club crew, London club crew and Cornell crew finished in the order named. Cornell was a bad third.

DISASTER IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.

A YACHT CAPSIZES AND NEARLY ALL ON BOARD DROWNED.

New York, June 30.—A yacht, with a pleasure party from this city, capsized and sunk during a fierce storm on the Sound, off Bridgeport, Conn., on Tuesday. The following were drowned: H. M. Johnson, aged 20, entry clerk in E. M. Benjamin's silk importing house, Green street; William Sealey, aged 14, errand boy of the same establishment; Herman Eddy, aged 20, book-keeper in the shipping office of Bowling Green; Wm Edmondson, aged 18, ship broker; Miss Fannie Campbell, residing on West Tenth street.

There were two survivors. They state that the whole party managed to keep afloat several minutes after the vessel capsized, but one by one went down. Palmer, one of the survivors, made desperate efforts to save a young lady and almost lost his life in the attempt. Large hail stones fell upon the party as they struggled in the waves. The vessel had been put in trim in expectation of the storm, but the gale was so strong that she could not withstand it.

The United States Minister at Lima has been instructed to recognize the Provisional Government of Calderon should such step seem convenient. Recognition by the United States will doubtless be followed by similar action on the part of other nations.