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to the bed, glares at it, and rises slowly to its absorbed in one—seeing. The apparition speaks in a muffled whipper to itself,—
"I'll do it! I'll do it if they kill me—if they whip me till I'm dead. I hate her; I always

hated her. I hate 'em'all, but her most. 1 never thought I'd have the chance, and now she's here and asleep, and I'll do it, I'll do it,

She tiptoes to the bed, there is a gleam of blue steel. Is it a knife? She is close—she stretches out one long, thin hand, clutches a handful of fair, floating hair. The malignant face, the gleaming eyes, the wild hair, are within three inches of Olga. Then with shock the child leaps from the bed, rushes frantically across the room, her shrieks rending the stillness, flings open the door, and falls headlong in the passage.

## CHAPTER VII.

SLEAFORD'S JOANNA. Our in the moonlight five hours before the child Josuna hath fled, pale with passion, pain, defianca, ablaze with wrath against all the world. It is a customary mood enough with this elfish child, twelve only in yearsa score if hatred, envy, malice, and ill-will can age a child. To be flogged like a hound, to be sent supperless to bed, to be starved in attic or celiar, to swelter in fierce August noontides, or chiver among the rats on bitter January nights, these are old and well-known experiences in Joanna's life. To be forced to labor from day-dawn until midnight, with every bone aching, to go barefoot through slush and snow, to sleep and live worse than the dogs-for they are cared for-to hear only brutal words, and still more brutal oaths, from her taskmaster's lips, to be jeered at, to go clad in rags—this has been the life of this girl of twelve, the only lite she can ever remember. Lors and Liz are well, gayly clad indeed; they sing, they dance, they idle, work or let it alone as they choose. Is not Joanna there, the household drudge, the homely, redhaired, rustic Cinderella, with never god-mother or other mother, in fairy land or out of it, to come to the rescue with a pumpkin coach and a pair of glass slippers? She knows that lovely legend of happy childhood, this most unhappy little outcast, and sighs bitterly sometimes as she looks at the big golden globes she cuts up for the cows and

There are fairy godmothers in the world, no doubt, and handsome young princesses, but they never, oh never come near Sleaford's Farm. And whoever conceived a Cinderella with fiery-red hair, freckles, and long mottled shins! A cinder-sifter she has been born, s cinder-sifter she must die.

She has these thoughts sometimes, formless and vague mostly, but bitter always. It would have been better if Giles Sleaford had left her to starve in the gutter ten years ago, instead of fishing her out of it, as he says he has done. He makes a great deal of that far-off city gutter in his grumbling way, for she is not his daughter, this barelimbed unfortunate; she is nobody's daughter, so far as she can

He has taken her out of the slime where she was born, he tells her, and slaves early and late to give ber a home, and this is her thanks, dash her! Her mother afore her was good-for-nothin', dash her-what can be expected from the unlicked cub of such a dam -dash her! double-dash everything and everybody, his own eyes and limbs included. Giles Sleaford was an Englishman once, he is a cosmopolitan now; has tramped over the world in a vagabond sort of way, is a man under a cloud, banned and shunned by his neighbors. He has neither bought nor rented his farm, and yet he is in undisturbed possession He does not work; he fishes, shoots, prowls, drinks; fights; is a worthless brute generally. Yet he has plenty of money, his daughrough sors of plenty always at their house. heavily. He is a bit of a prize-fighter, a little of a gambler, a dark and dangerous fellow always. Some mystery shrouds him; he throw out vague hints now and then of the power he holds over a certain very rich man and magnate of the place. He is brutal to all -to his own sons and daughters, but most of all to the hapless creature known as Sleaford's Joanna. That he has not killed her outright in one of his fits of fury is not due to him, one of the Sleaford boys or girls generally interfering in bate nick of time. Their drudge is useful, they do not want her beaten to death, or the prying eyes of the law brought to bear on their rustic household. So Joanna is still alive to scour the woods, and terrify small fair-haired heiresses into fits.

The moon is shining brilliantly as she leaves the house. She looks up at it, her hands locked together in a tense clench, her teeth set, her eyes aflame with the fires of rage and hatred, her shoulders red and welted with the stinging blows of the whip. It is a mute appeal to Heaven against the brutality and cruelty of earth-that Heaven of which she knows nothing except that it is a word to

She wanders slowly on, not crying--she hardly ever cries. The silence, the coolness, the beauty of the night calms her; she does not mind spending it among the dewy clover, or under a tree; she sleeps there oftener in summer than anywhere else. She takes a path well known to her bare feet -- it leads to her favorite sulking place, as the Sleaford girls call it, and is perhaps the ugliest spot within a radius of twenty miles.

It is called Black's Dam. An old disused mill falling to pieces stands there, the water in the stagnant pond is muddy and toul. It is a desolate spot in broad day, it is utterly dismal and dark by night. Some fellow-feeling draws her to it—it, too, is lonely, is ugly, is shunned. Black's Dam is her one friend. The ruined mill is haunted, of course; corpse candles burn there, shrieks are heard there, it is peopled by a whole colony of bogies. But Joanna is not afraid of ghosts. Ghosts never horsewhip, uever swear, never throw sticks of hickory at people's heads—do nothing, in fact, but go about in white sheets after nightfall, and squeal to scare people. The only corpse-lights she has ever seen are lightning-bugs, the only supernatural screams the whoo-whoo of the belated owl. The sheeted spectres never appeared to her; when she is exceptionally lonely cometimes she would rather be glad of the company of one or two. But ghosts are not sociable, they never seem to have much to say for themselves, so perhaps it is as well. On rainy nights she sleeps in the old mill; after unusually bad beatings she has stayed there for days, feeding on berries, and being found and forced back again at last, a gaunt skeleton. More than once she has sat and stared at the green alimy water until the desire to apring in and end it all grows almost more than she can resist. "Only old Giles Sleaford will be glad of it," she thinks; "I'll keep alive just to spite him." And, sad to say, it is this motive that actually holds the creature back from self-destruction many a time.

The tempter is very strong within her tonight, but Glies Sleaford is not the object of toroing the sheriff's officer. her vindictive, suppressed wrath. It, is Olga Ventnor. She has grown so used to his oaths and blows that she looks for nothing else; do you account for bald-headed editors?

but a hundred demons seem aroused within feet. Olga's heart has stopped beating, she her by the sight of the beautiful golden hair-has no voice to cry out, all her faculties are ed richly-robed child. This is the sort to whom fairy god mothers come, for whom magic wands are struck, who go to balls and dance with the handsome prince, and marry him, and live happy forever after. This is what she might have been, but never can be. All the beauty, and the riches, and the fairy gifts are for this little curled darling of the gods; for her—the the lash, the feeding of the pigs, the

rags, the rye bread, the ugly red hair i She has reached the dam, and sits down on I flat stone on the brink. It is unspeakably lonely: the moon shines in a cloudless mid night axy: the water lies black, solemn, still the old mill stands sinister, mysterious, casting long shadows. Hardly a breath stirs; some frogs croak dismally in the green depths

-that is all. She sits in her favorite attitude, her knees drawn up, her chin in her palms, and stares vacantly before her. One thought, one only, possesses her-her hatred of this delicate little beauty and heiress, with her pearl-fair face and long light hair. She would kill her if she could; she has all the will in the world at this moment to be a little murderess. Shocking—unreal! Well, no! think how she has been brought up—think of the records of juvenile depravity you read and shudder at in the newspaper every day. The demon of envy holds her-a passionate outcry against the injustice of her fate, that has given the golden apples of life to this one, the scourings of the pig trough to her. "Unjust! unjust! something within her cries. "Why has she all—I nothing?" It is the spirit that has hurled kings from thrones, wrought revolutions, filled the world with Communismthat will beat the air impotently to the end of time. No savage could be more untaught than this child. There was a Power up there who had created her, but who looked down on this and made no sign. There was a heaven for well-dressed, respectable ladies and gentlemen, and little heiresses. There was a hell for such as she, wicked and poor, where they would go when they died and burn in torment for ever. This much she believes-it comprises her whole theory of religion.

She sits a long time brooding, brooding. She meant to have done something to that girl that would mark her for life-s, oil her beauty in some way-but she had been prevented. No doubt by this time Frank Livingston has come and fetched her home, and her chance is gone forever. Frank Livingston, too, is a lily of the field, a handsome dandy, but he awakens none of this slumbering gall and bitterness within her. He is simply something to be silently admired, revered, and wondered at, a being of brightness and beauty, of splendia raiment, lacquered boots, diamond studs, and a general odor of 103es and Ess. Bouquet. He is the prince to be worshipped at a distance, and not to be slightly touched or spoken to. She wonders sometimes to behold him pulling Lora about in a very unprincely fashion, and to see that buxom damsel slap his face, and frowsel his silky chestnut hair. For him he takes no more notice of this uncanny-looking child, with the eldritch red locks, than of one of the half-dozen ill-condition dogs that yelp about the premises. That he is the object of her silent idolatry would have tickled Master Frank beyond everything.

She rises at last, shivering in the bleak night wind. She is as nearly nude as it is possible to be in a state of civilization, and the chill damp plerces through her tatters, Why she does not go into the mill until the morning, the never knows; she turns instead, and walks slowly back to the farm.

The house is all dark and silent. The dogs fly at her, but a word quiets them; they, too, know Joanna's witch-like ways. Jud Sleaford swears she : pends half her nights riding the air on a broomstick—she comes and goes like the night-wind, where she listeth.

She goes to the parlor window, and flattens ters dress in expensive finery, and there is a her nose against the pane. Her eyes are keen as any ferret's. Yes, there she is-she is of horses horsey, and bets and loses has not gone home—asleep—alone in her nower! The girl's eyes light: they glitter in the dark. There she is, asleep, alone, in her | power!

She goes round to a sije window, opens it and enters! Dogs, guns, and men are plentiful at Sleatord's; bolts are scarce; there is no fear of burglars. She enters, drops lightly to the ground, goes straight to a shelf in the kitchen, takes down something bright and steely, and steals into the parlor without a sound. Instead of going straight to the bed, she crouches in her corner, to brood, perhaps, over the deed of darkness she is about to do. or it may be to count the cost. She will be blamed in the morning, no doubt -- is she not blamed for everything that goes wrong? -- she will be beaten nearly to deoth, quite to death, perhaps, by Giles Sleaford.

## (To be continued)

SATISFACTORY RESULTS IN MONT-REAL.

Whilst Montreal is a model city in many respects, it is not exactly a quarter section of Paradise, as Capt. George Murphy, Chief of Government Police, can testify. A reporter of a Montreal journal waited upon this gentleman a short time ago, and put to him the following query:

"Chief, do you find the duties irksome and dangerous in your strange calling? "Irksome," replied Mr. Murphy. "I seldom find them; but that they are attended with danger is very true. There is danger to be faced, of course, from wind, weather and criminals, and the least of these dangers is not those of exposure and bad weather. The heavy, moist atmosphere that gathers over the water is very conducive to rheumatism. and many of my men suffer from that com-

plaint more or less. I believe that our danger from exposure from this time forward is past, as St. Jacobs Oil, if applied in time in cases of rheumatism, has a wonderful way of certainly relieved me of a severe pain in my shoulders."

THE LATE MR. McCONVILLE, M.P.

The many friends of the late Mr. McConville, M.P., will regret to learn of his death. which took place at Joliette on Tuesday evening. The deceased member returned home but a few weeks ago from the capital to undergo medical treatment. He was but thirty-three yearsot sge when the hand of death had fallen on him. He was well-known among our French Canadian journalists, having been connected with the editorial staff of the Nouveau Monde and other papers. In 1880 he was elected member of Parliament for Joliette County in the place of the Hon. Mr. Baby, who left the Cabinet to become a Judge. Mr. McConville was fast gaining distinction in the House of Commons, the members of which held him in high esteem.

THE ISLE OF SKYL CROFTERS.

LONDON May 10. - Six Liberal members of Parliament have signed a protest against the trial before a judge, without a jury, of the the trouble was in the knee; and two or three Orofters on the Isle of Skye accused of de-Lapplications completely cured him.

Singular fact: If the good die young, how

EDGAR ALLAN POE. HOW THE UNFORTUNATE POET CAMEBY HIS DEATH

Dr. John J. Moran, of Falls Church, Fairfax county, Va, who was resident physician at the Washington University Hospital, now the Church Home and Infirmary on North Broadway, from March, 1849, to October, 1855, visited the institution the other day for the first time since the dissolution of his official connection therewith. Dr Muran pointed out the room occupied by Edgar Allan Poe, and related the circumstances of his death, which occurred October 7th, 1849. The doctor states that on the 6th of October Mr. Poe was brought to the hospital in a hack driven by an Irishman, who said that he had found his passenger on Light street wharf. In reply to an enquiry whether the gentleman was intoxicated, the hackman stated that there was no smell of liquor about and that he had lifted him into the carriage like a child. Dr. Moran did not recognize his patient until the hackman presented a card bearing Poe's name. Mr. Poe was unconscious and very pale. He was placed in the third-storey room of the turret at the south-west corner of the building, about 7x10 feet in size. A nurse was stationed at the door with instructions to call Dr. Moran when his patient awoke, which occurred in twenty minutes. The doctor, being much interested in his patient, went at once to his side. A glance sufficed to show that Mr. Poe was extremely iii, and he was so informed. In reply to a question, he said he did not know how long he had been sick, and could give no account of himself. He was much surprised when informed that he was in a hospital. He stated that he had stopped at a hotel on Pratt street, where a trunk containing his papers and manuscripts had been left. The trunk was sent for, but the owner made no further reference to it. Dr. Moran proceeded to make a diagnosis of the case. The patient was very weak, but there was no tremor of limbs, no agitation of the body, no smell of liquor on the breath or person, nor any symptom of intoxication. Owing to the weak condition of his patient, Dr. Moran decided to adminster a stimulant, and so informed him. Mr. Poe said :- "If I thought its potency would transport me to the Elysian bowers of the undiscovered spirit world, I would not touch it." Dr. Moran then proposed an anodyne, when Mr. Poe rejoined :-Twin sister to the doomed and crazed in perdition." Mr. Poe continued to converse intervals of sleep. As his body grew weaker his mind retained its force, and conscious appearance has not agitatated, to the extent it would a curattee of the constitution of the constit most despondingly, but was relieved by short moments were marked by vivid flashes of his characteristic genius. Nearing the end, Mr. Poe became as gentle as a child. He died an hour past midnight, sixteen hours after his arrival at the hospital. The cause of death was exhaustion of the nervous fluids, the result of exposure, hunger, and other causes acting upon a sensitive organization. The remains were laid in state in the large reception room of the rotunds of the college, a matter of concern to all of them. There where they were viewed by many persons. Fully fifty ladles secured locks of the greater forces latent within it, which must dead poet's hair, which fell in jet black ringlets about his brow. The funeral took place on the afternoon of October 8, 1849, the remains being interred in the burying ground of the Westminster Presbyterian church, where the monument has since been Dr. Moran unhesitatingly and emphatically pronounces false the stories that have been published of Poe's death having been caused by drink. In compliance with requests from Poe's mother-in-law and Mrs. Sarah E. Shelton, of Bichmond, Va., the original of Anabel Lee, less, share the deep emotion with which the Poss movements previous to his arrival great majority of our fellow-citizens in this at the hospital. It was ascertained that he left Richmond on the 4th of October for Philadelphia and New York, and arrived in Baltimore by boat on the 5th. He registered at Bradshaw's hotel, which stood on the site of the present Maltby house. After a short stay there, he took a train at the depot, then standing on the opposite side of the street, for Philadelphia. The train proceeded to Havre-de-Grace, where the passengers were then transferred by ferry across the Sugquehanna. The river, however, was so turbulent that Mr. Poe declined to cross and returned to Baltimore, arriving in the evening. This was tha last seen of him by his friends. He was attired in a suit of broadcloth, as was his custom, and the neatness which marked his person is supposed to have aroused the cupidity of certain low characters who infested the neighborhood of Light street wharf. The theory is that he was seized and dragged into some resort for thieves, where he was dragged and stripped of his clothing, cast-off apparel being substituted for it. He was then disposed of by being placed on the wharf, where he remained all night in a stupor. Dr. Moran, from his knewledge of the subsequent condition of Mr. Poe, firmly believes that he was drugged. Mr. Yoe bimself was unable to account for the events of the night, and declared repeatedly that his condition was the result of no conscious act of his own. The story of Poe having been made drunk by politicians and forced to vote repeatedly at an election, Dr. Moran states, is absurd, as the election took place on the 3rd of October, and Mr. Poe did not leave Bichmond until

THE ASSASSINATION IN DUBLIN.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of Sherbrooke, held on Wednesday evening, the following resolutions were passed :-

That this Society has learned with regret and abhorrence of the dastardly murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, which took place at Dublin on Saturday last. That we hope that the ruffians who, in de-

knocking that mainty out of people. It | fiance of all human and divine laws, have so brutally murdered two distinguished men who were, from the nature of their mission. evidently disposed to do their utmost to advance the just cause of Ireland, will be speedily brought to account for their fiendish act, and receive the punishment they so richly deserve.

That the bereaved families of the murdered gentlemen have our deep and heartfelt sympathy in the great affliction cast upon them in such a sudden and terrible manner.

That Ireland and the patrio:ic Irish representatives who were so carnestly and effectively working for their country's interests, have our sincere sympathy on this occasion, and that we trust that the zeal and courage accomplishment of their noble object-the amelioration of their country's position by constitutional means.

P. M. Markell, West Jeddore, N.S., writes:

township on the Isle of Skye, numbering one | eventful Pontificate, has so administered the hundred, have decided to emigrate to Canada, lifty and ardnous trust committed to him as Cool and collected—A paid lee bill.

THE LATE POPE PIUS IX.

Substance of a sermon preached by the Rev. Gavin Lang in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, on 10th February, 1873. the and none of them is without signification" -1 Corinth, 14.10.

This declaration of St. Paul is eminently applicable to these days of ours. We live in solemn and critical times. Wars and rumors of wars, plague and famine, death and destiny are all busy, weaving and working out problems which, to us, are both minful and perplexing. Events march with strange and startling rapidity. We scarce know when or where troubles are to begin, and we as little know when or where they shall end. No one of us can safely predict what is to come "next and next." All of which we are quite certain is, that the confusion which, at every step, becomes more confounded is not the result of any wild same of chance, and that the interests, public and private alike, in which we are bound up are not the sport of every wind that blows around us. Everything that is and happens is under the eye and control of Him who holds, in the hollow of His divine hand, all His creatures and all creation-"Man proposes but God disposes." Does not this sublime truth invest each movement and occurrence in the history of nations or persons with a most real and profound meaning? Every beat, every throb in the pulse of humanity is weighted with momentous issuesworld, and none of them is without signification.' But there are voices which speak more

loudly, and to a larger number, than others-

of some it may even be said that " there is no

speech nor language where their voice is not

heard; their line is gone out through all the

single out one such, which, in the death of the acknowledged Head of the Church of Rome, has been lately sounding far and near. It seems almost impossible that we could have read without unusual notice, without something more than the notice we give to ordinary items of news, the announcement that he who has, for upwards of 30 years, filled the Papal chair has, at last Bourse or Exchange, and the question of his successor may not arrest the same universal or absorbing attention as it did on former and similar occasions. But, as the foremost British Journal has said, "nothing can alter the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is the most powerful and most venerable of Christian communities, at dits government is are forces still active in it, and perhaps even exert a potent influence on thought and civilization; and neither statesman nor philosopher can look with indifference upon the election of the principal Bishop in the Christian world. Such an estimate of the influence of the Pope," the Times emphatically adds. will be recognized as much by intelligent Protestants as by Roman Catholics. The day is long past when we could shut ourselves up in our Protestant antagonism, and treat the Roman Catholic world as if it were something beyond the pale of our sympathies.' We cannot refuse to enter into and, more or city, and fellow-subjects in this Province, regard the circumstance, that the most prominent actor on the Ecolesiastical stage anywhere has now ceased to play his part on the 5th. He registered and accomplished his day. Last week he was "the most important personage in the he owns no earthly portion save "the paste and cover to his bones." His career, full of stirring incident, has come to a close and never again will he speak to men. The spell which lingered around his sayings, and made many of them all but oracular, has been broken. New and ambitious echemes will, doubtless, be raised upon his ashes, but he is powerless to unmask them. He has gone beyond both work and warfare, and the hands, which he was wont to warm by his own simple and artless contrivance, are cold and rigid as the clay. His has been a tremendous struggle between nature and natural decay, but, to use his own expressive words while in the final agony, "Death wins this time." The King of Terrors is King over even him, as he is over all. No one can withstand the spproach and summons of the last enemy. He takes the life of the loftiest as well as the lowliest-the peasant or the potentate, the palace or the cottage, it is nothing to him! He can hurry a Pope into the eternal realities, as easily as the babe from his cot or cradle. The sentinel at the gate of the Vatican, during the last days of its illustrious occupant, barred the entrance of all but a favoured few, but, when so commis-sioned, no bolts or guards could bar his entrance, who, with or without leave, comes eventually to every man and woman in every rank and clime. He is no respecter of persons! Not many weeks have elapsed since he struck down, in that same city, another man-plucking him from his throne and the crown from his brow. Not content with that trophy, he now deals a blow at one no less powerful in his own sphere, and flings his mitre and tiars among a crowd of aspirants. Both King and Pontiff he wraps in a slumber, from which nothing but the trumpet call of the resurrection can awake them. What mockery does death stamp upon mere human greatness ! "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" when it comes to that mysterious wind-up of mortal life—" all are of dust, and all turn to dust again " But, as Christians, it behoves us to give

which, for our instruction, God addresses to us in the removal of this highest priest from the ranks of the visible church. for one, think that much can learned by our regarding him in his individual capacity. That, as a man, he was remarkable for the possession of good qualities, none but the hopelessly intolerant will refuse to concede. Whatever may be our idea as to the system of which he was the chief representative and embodiment, we canwhich has sustained them amid so many trials not deny him personally the respect will carry them successfully through to the which is always due to indomitable energy and unswerving consistency. If he was, according to our view, erroneous in some of his opinions and principles, it is surely something, and more than we often care to own where our prejudices are strongly I wish to inform you of the wonderful quali- enlisted, that he was singularly blameless in tles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I had a his work and conversation, and scrupulously horse so lame that he could scarcely walk; honest in his adherence to word and conviction. In a world so full of shams and incincerity among even loud professors of religion, who could withhold admiration from LONDON, May 12.—The people of an entire | the man who, during a prolonged and most

eed to, to try to clearly understand the voice

to disarm, at its conclusion, hostile criticism of his life and character, his verscity and straightforwardness. His official claims and titterances we cannot, of course, altogether endorse, but his purity and confirst Sunday after the death of the late | scientiousness we dare not question. From Pope, from the text: ' There are, it may our standpoint, we are fain to protest against be, so many kinds of voices in the world, a part of the interpretation of truth and the are right and he was wrong, but he also believed that he was right and we are wrong. He has already, and we will by and bye, are wrong. Meanwhile, agreeing to differ on Station, where they purchased

blessed." also bearing the Master's voice behind and lower than that of the Saviour who died, not at Rome but at Jerusalem. There be many voices in the world's history, and none of them without signification, but there never for all time. The signification which attaches there are so many kinds of voices in the to the transaction of Calvary is as real to day as it was 1845 years ago. Not many years, and even the good Pius IX will by many be forgotten—Jesus shall be held in everlasting remembrance! The blessings pronounced with great fervour and kindness by "the old-man-cloquent" at the Vatican, can no more be repeated. But the blessings earth and their words to the end of the of the precious and adorable Redeemer are world." I will not be misunderstood by you | perennial and endless-day by day they drop if, for our consideration this morning, I like dew upon human hearts. Let our closing thoughts this morning be fixed upon Him above every name! Without Him we salvation in anywise. If we do not accept Him offered to us in the Holy Gospel, it will have spoken this morning. Nay! every moment spent without His fellowship and the light of His countenance and presence is a cruel loss to our souls—a loss for which crowns and thrones, treasures and possessions could not compensate. Losing Him, we lose everything. Having Him, we have everything; for "all things are ours if we are

> THE ORANGE EXTENDS THE HAND OF BROTHERHOOD TO THE GREEN.

The following speech was delivered by occasion of the mass meeting to denounce

Mr. H. Miller at Fancuil Hall, Boston, on the the Phœnix Park murder:-MR CHAIRMAN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. -As has been stated I came here to-night as delegate from the Orange Lodge to offer to you in this hour of sorrow an Irish heart and ts fellow sympathy, and to stretch to you an Itish hand, loyal and true (great applause and cheers). In the past the orange and the green have been apart, there has been discord between the North and South, but under the shadow of this calamity of a nation has not the time now come when, like true sons of Erin, we should stand abresst as brothers, and uphold her fair fame (cheers.) In making this overture of the orange, please understand that I am come not speaking myself alone, but representing the Orangemen of Boston, and I trust of the country (A voice, "Thank God"). cord which has been the curse of our land and stained our country's record with the blood of noble men. Can we not unite ourselves like a phalanx, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, for the redemption of our native land and the resurrection of a nation's hope? (applause). I tell you that with the orange and green blending barmoniously on our standard, there is no English power on earth that can separate us in the struggle for liberty (applause). No; nor can the knife of the assessin divide us, for equally we abhor and condemn its foul use (applause) I have no doubt but what the majority of those before me belong to an organization, the might and extent of which, though I have been in this country but ten months, I recognize and appreciate. I refer to the Land League of America, whose noble efforts in the cause of justice claim my admiration and sympathy. With you, the wearers of the green, I may join the voice of the orange in the declaration of the belief that it was not Irishmen who committed that ghastly murder (loud and continued applause.) I say that act was done by an enemy of Ireland's best hopes. Bight well was William Ewart Gladstone aware that his policy toward Ireland had failed. He had resolved to redeem the errors of centuries past. He sent across the water Lord Frederick Cavendish. A few hours had passed, and a murdered form lay on the green sward of Phonix Park, a sacrifice to what bideous passions we know not. Mangled and bleeding on the grass of Phonix Park, I say, a stain on the Irish soil that must be effaced. On Phoenix Park-is there not a significance in the name? May we, the sons of Erin, not arise again like a phoenix from the imputed shame to cast back the reproach and guilt to where it belongs Quickened to a new life by the blood of the slaughtered lord, may not the orange and green sink their mutual distrust in oblivion? (cheers and cries of "We will.") The true question to ask is not whether I am an Orangeman or a wearer of the green, but whether I am an Irishman (ap plause). Here we may pledge our mutual support. Over this grave we may rear the Irish escutcheon, and on its field of green and yellow write the motto for united Ireland, 'Besurgam' (applause). I trust that our next meeting we may celebrate our union, and henceforth side by side be foremost in the van in the struggle for the glory.

Cramps are immediately relieved by taking teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in a little milk and sugar; it takes about two minutes to relieve the worst cases.

and welfare of Erin. The men of the yellow

extend the hand of fellowship and brother-

hood to the men of the green, and may the

grasp be hearty the world around." (great ap.

olause).

109 2 wa LAND LEAGUE SONGS, by Fanny Parnell, is

published by the Pilot Publishing Company, 597 Washington street, Boston, and contains some very institling verses from the ready pen of this talented young lady. The book is dedicated to "William Buckshot Forster," and is sold for ten cents.

Bugger and Congress

THE ASSASSINATION IN PHŒNIX PARK.

A NEW THEORY OF THE TRACEDY. The Dublin correspondent Star cables as follows:

Dustin, Mond v night .- The tor I learned the following interesting and im. . . at facts in relation to the crime, which constitute the presentation of doctrine, with which he was | basis of the theory on which the colice are identified, but why should we not give him working. Two Englishmen are shift to have credit for singleness of aim and purpose in dogged Lord Frederick Cavendia almost his own line of things? We believe that we since the hour of his appointment. They were evidently to actors in a white fully laid plot for his neassination The dogged his steps from White's Club, to Sc. James come to the full and perfect knowledge of street, London, near the old palace, who and which are right, and who and which and followed him to the Euston Square debateable subjects, let us appreciate all in and took the same train as his Lordship. him that was levely and of good report, and They also took passage on the steamer which rejoice that " he memory of the just is bore him from Holynead to Kingstown. On arriving in Dublin they were joined by two But we cannot hear a voice such as that to confederates, and Lord Cavendish was conwhich we have been listening to-day without stantly under their surveillance. On Saturday afternoon, a short time before the tragedy ocabove it. He who lies in Rome, in cold and curred, one of the men-a well-dressed and ellent state, was known as and called Vicar of | gentlemanly-appearing individual, apparent-Christ—even that office gave him a place | ly the leader in the affair—stepped into the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Photaix Park and inquired of the servants whether Lord Frederick Cavendish was within. He was informed that he was engaged at that moment, was a voice, there never shall be, like that but was expected to be down presently, as he which was proclaimed from the Cross of was going over to the Vice-regal Lodge. The Jesus. The virtue and value of a Pope's visitor then departed in the direction of the death may, at the time of its occurrence, be Semicircle, a favorite walk, being situated creat and salutary, but the virtue and almost in front of the Vice-regal maneten value of the death of Christ are and near the Secretary's Lodge, in the neighborhood of which he probably rejoined his associates, who had been awaiting the result of his inquiries.

Lord Cavendish, after a short interval, emerged from the Lodge. On going down the steps he observed Mr. Burke, who was coming up by the Porters' Lodge, and who turned and accompanied him. They strolled off together toward the Phoulix monument. The murder occurred within the next twenty minutes. It is evident from all the cfroumstances that the assault was intended for Lord Cavendish alone, and that Burke's death Who was crucified for us, and Whose name is had never been contemplated by the conspirators. Finding him in the company of cannot be saved—without His death and re- the peer, they concluded to finish him sise. surrection there could have been no That he made a desporate defence of Lord Cavendish seems certain, for being a man of fine athletic build, he was capable of making be an aggravation of our sin that He was so a strong resistance-and did so. His body willing to save us, when it happens to us was literally carved and the throat horrible as it has happened to him of whose death I mangled by knife thrusts.

The fact that the murder was committed in Dublin and not in London, where there was ample opportunity, leads the investigators now to believe that the purpose was to throw the odium of the crime upon Irish agitators and cover the real nature of the plot and the tracks of the assassins.

THE IRISH ASSASSINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. SUN. -- SC:-It is my hope, nay, it is my belief, that it will be found that no Irish band was concerned in the murder of the two innocent men whe perished in Ireland last Saturday. The deed could only have emanated from persons who felt an equal hatred to Mr. Gladstone and to Mr. Parnell, to the present Government in England and to the Land League. Only two classes of persons fill this bill. One is the Irish Tory landlords; the other is and extremely small section of Irish Nihilists. using the term Nihilist in its worst sense, as

meening the political assassin. The crime, however, was so un-Irish in the manner of its execution that I cannot believe the last-named class was guilty of it.

It is no wonder, though, that the guitt should be imputed to Irish-Americans by pecple who are not "behind the scenes." Wheever reads the pages of the United Irishman, published in this country, would think, if a stranger, that Irish-Americans were capable of all the foulest crimes under the sun. We, who live here, know that the bark of these Let us bury now and here the dis- advocates of political assassination is worse than their bite: we know that the owner of this particular paper has been driven to frenzy by the atroclous cruelties practised on him by his British jailers, and that writing and talking are the only means he has by which to vent his too natural andmosity; we know that he does England no real harm—that England has nothing to fear from him or his party. Unfortunately it is to Ireland that he does the harm. It is our sacred national cause that suffers from him and the rest of his irresponsible friends. In the name of that cause, I emtreat Irish-Americans no longer to dally with this evil thing. Crime is crime and there is never any good to be expected from it. We Irish are no assassins, and it is time that we should no longer allow emy would-be Nihilists, on paper, to take away the fair reputation of our motherland.

I remain, Yours faithfully, FANNY PARMELL Bordentown, May 9.

Brilliant Scientific Triumph IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

It is now recognized by the leading medical men that Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer is the most wonderful invention of the age for the cure of Catarrb, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. After having been used in the leading hospitals, it was proved that The per cent. of these diseases, by many called incurable, can be cured by the Spirometer an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts affected. This discovery is proving a blessing to manking. and a credit to his name. Many persons in the city of Montreal, and all over the Dominion, have been cured of the above diseases.

Below are a few of the many hundreds :-Mr C. Hill, Montreal, catarrh and bronchitie. Mr. DEBOUCHERVILLE, of the Indian Department, Ottawa, catarrh of many years; now cared.

Mr. Geo. Ages, Ottawa, catarrh and lung diseasee; cured.

Mrs. Smith, London, wife of Medical Da tective, cured of catarrh. GEO. MAGUIER, Toronto, 482 Adelaide. street West; daughter cured of asthms.

GRo. WILLIS, Exeter, Unt., catarra and bronchitie. John Dunn, 8 Robert street, Toronto, brem-

chitle. J. D. ARMSTRONG, 186 Yonge street, Toron

to, catarrh and catarrhal deafness. THOMAS TELFER, 12 Melinda street, Toronto, asthma; oured.

Mr. BESJ. A. DRAEN, St. Urbein street. Montreal, for many years suffering from broughltis and asthma, is now cured. Several of my friends have been oured of Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, also a

member of my family, by using the spirometer.-Jno. P Whelen, Manager Ter Post and TRUE WITNESS, Montreal. Thousands more could be given, but the

shove is sufficient to convince the public of the merits of the Spirometer. Call or writer inclosing stamp, to M. Souvielle, ex Aidesurgeon of the Fronch Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. pusie, montreal.

Physicians and sufferers can try it free.

men Full particulars sent free and Instrui ments expressed to any address.

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