

... bowed down and almost touch the earth with the dead weight of the snow that clings to them. The music of stream and river is hushed. All are ice-bound, and, if they sing at all, it is in a melancholy dirge in the dark of dawn. The departed and summers all too swiftly flown.

... doors the fires burn brightly, dancing and sparkling in the exuberance of their delight. Near them small baskets may be seen in which poor little starving birds—have been taken to die upon the window sills—have been placed by Flo and Gretchen. Some are slowly recovering, and peep out from under their wings in a stealthy fashion. Some, alas! are lying with tiny legs outstretched and brown eyes glazed and dim.

... Brandy and Dandy—who has run down for a day or two—were playing billiards. Dugdale, having changed his quarters, is now an inhabitant of the morning-room, and lies up in his couch waiting with now-horn content on the jolly yellow flames that rush madly up the chimney as the great yule log grows less. Gretchen has written a little note to Kitty explaining everything and touching so sweetly upon her love for poor Kenneth that Kitty, though deeply grieved—cannot but sympathize with her. Of course the letter is read by Jack. If you have any sense, write a letter of a private nature to any woman until she has been married twelve months, and Jack, lounging lazily out of the window, a gleam between his lips, declines to see the sentimental side of it.

... "It is monstrous," declares he between such satisfactory puff "odious!" Then, in a reproachful tone, "Poor old Dugdale! what a handsome fellow he was once! When I think of Gretchen, her age,—her beauty, it seems unnatural."

... "She loves him," pathetically.

... "So she thinks now, and will, probably, until she meets some one else who—"

... "Jack!"—severely—you must not talk so of Gretchen."

... "It is treason, I allow, and I beg her pardon humbly; but she isn't an angel yet, my dear Kitty. There are many who will discuss this marriage unkindly, and say she accepted him for the sake of filthy lucre."

... "No one who knows Gretchen can say that."

... "Possibly. But how many do not know her? They will talk, and no one can prevent them while our laws are in their present imperfect state."

... "There is a certain class of persons who will not believe in any such thing as disinterested love, and who had poor Kenneth been strong and well, would say just the same—that she is marrying him for his fifteen thousand a year, and nothing else. Why,—waxing warm in her argument—"I dare say they said I married you because you were master of Coolmore."

... "Impossible, my dear child," says Blunden, drawing himself up to his full height, which is superb. "What! Do you think when a woman (as in your case) makes an Adonis her husband that outsiders attribute to her any base motive for her choice than pure, pure love? Surely your intellect grows weak. Your senses wander."

... "Conceded by!" replies she, fondly slipping a white arm round his neck; and, as they pass away from Gretchen, let us return to her.

... Off the morning-room where Dugdale lies open the smaller drawing-room, and beyond it stretches another suite of apartments. Gretchen, coming softly in, distracts him and dashes all his "Spanish oastles" to little bits. She is dressed in black velvet, long and sweeping, with a rich balayuse at the tail that helps to define it in the twilight. Round her throat a soft tuck of rich old lace nestles warmly, as though in love with its resting-place, partly at her hands. The same lace falls from the gown contrasts admirably with the cream-like fairness of her skin, and seems to give even a warmer shade to her deep violet eyes.

... "Why, what a charming vision!" says Kenneth. "What a very splendid apparition! I feel honored, sweet madam, by a visit from such a queen of fashion."

... "Ah! I knew you would like it," says Gretchen, pleased. "Velvet"—naively—"is so becoming."

... "It suits you to perfection. Indeed, it harmonizes with you in every respect, being not only lovely to look at but soft and delicate. Now, is not that a pretty compliment, and quite impromptu?"

... "Very. You cover me with confusion. I am glad you admire me."

... "Is that knowledge so new to you? When I wonder, I do not admire you? But tonight my admiration knows no bounds. I like to see you beautifully dressed."

... "I always said you were a most estimable young man," says Miss Tremaine, saucily, "when we were married, you still gratify that amiable fancy as often as you choose, and I for one shall not quarrel with you. I am a perfect baby about dress. I like getting charming gowns, and trying them on, and seeing how irresistible I can look."

... She is standing before a long mirror with her hands behind her back, and is evidently delighted with what she sees therein.

... "You like my frock?"—touching her lace.

... "Tremendously."

... "Kitty sent them from Naples."

... "Kitty has always good taste."

... "Exquisite. Yes, it is pretty. I think, this gown,—turning her head a little to one side, the better to mark the effect. "And—yes—extremely becoming."

... "Come here, you vain child, and talk to me. I am growing jealous of that glass."

... "Spare me yet a moment!"—laughing. "It is not often I see anything so nice; and to tell you the truth, this is almost the first time I have really seen myself in this costume."

... "What! you bandaged your eyes when dressing! How self-denying!"

... "How selfish!"—with a little move. "No, but it only came home this morning, all the way from Paris, (don't you know papa for the New Year), and I had no time to try it on until just now; and just now when I got into it, I gave one little hurried glance at myself, and—it was enough!"—throwing out her hands with an affected but charming gesture. "I said to myself, unselfishly, Dear Ken must at once be gratified with a peep at this delicious picture! and I hastened down-stairs regardless of my own feelings, and here I am! Now, do say I am the prettiest creature you ever saw in your life. It is very dark, so you can imagine you are telling the truth."

... "It would be the truth if a thousand lamps were burning."

... "Gratitude alone would make me love you," says Miss Tremaine, who is in her gayest mood. "Ah! I had nearly forgotten. See, I brought you these violets; are they not early? and are they not sweet?"

... As she speaks, she detaches them from the bosom of her dress, where they contrast prettily with the soft black ground beneath.

... "If I rob you of them I shall spoil your appearance, shall I not?"—hastily. "See how well they look in your gown."

... "They will look much better in this little vase at your elbow, and I shall be glad to think you have them. I must run away and write to Kitty while this little despicable gleam of daylight lasts."

... "Don't be long," says Kenneth.

"You must be lonely. I shall write in the next room, quite close to you," says Gretchen, glad at heart that her presence is so necessary to his happiness.

"I am always lonely when my eyes cannot rest on you," replies he, with such unmistakable sincerity that Gretchen, after a faint hesitation (prompted either by her own heart or by something in his eyes), stoops and presses her lips to his.

"I shan't put any postscript to Kitty's letter," she says with a little laugh; "so you may expect me back before you have time to miss me."

"I don't think Kitty gets a very explanatory or a very coherent letter; if one may judge by the way it is scribbled and hurried over. As she is in the act of directing it, the small drawing-room door is thrown open, and Captain Scarlett is announced.

"Just come over to wish you a Happy New Year," says Tom, brightly, yet with a curious excitement in his manner, advancing to clasp her hand. "Knew you'd be at home to-day, you know. Have been rather unfortunate in that respect of late, eh? Well—er—hope your New Year will be happy, you know—happier than the last, and all that; though I dare say that was pretty jolly, eh?"

"I wish you the same, Tom," says Gretchen, sweetly, not taking it in bad part that he seems inclined to discover her arm from her body. "I was just writing to Kitty, and I sent her your love, even without your permission, because I knew you would like me to do it."

"It was uncommon good of you to think of me at all," says Tom Scarlett.

"The conversation grows wider; and presently Gretchen, remembering her promise to return quickly to Dugdale, rises.

"Of course you will dine?" she says. "But will you excuse me awhile? I—I have something to do. Brandy and Dandy are in the billiard-room; go and have a game and a cigar with them before dinner."

"Oh, thank you. I'm afraid I'm hardly fit, you know,—with an expressive glance at his clothes. "If I had only known, I might—But you are sure you won't mind?"

"I shan't mind anything but your refusal to stay," returns Gretchen, with such an amount of mistaken kindness in her tone as buries the young man swiftly to his fate. As she speaks she moves towards the door.

"Don't go yet. Not yet. Not for one moment,"—treats he, following her. "I have something to tell you."

Gretchen, smiling, unconsciously stops to listen.

"I hope it isn't a very weighty secret," she says, with an adorable smile.

"Don't you know what it is?" says Scarlett, eagerly. "Gretchen, I—I—love you?"

"Oh, no! I hope not that," says Gretchen, earnestly. "Do not say another word."

"It is that," goes on Scarlett, hurriedly, and (forgive me, but I must speak) all last winter I kept silence, because I had nothing worth offering you; but now, by my poor cousin's death (as you know) I am heir to eight thousand a year, and a title (though only a small one, I allow; and—"

"Why will you go on?" says Gretchen, greatly distressed. "If I liked you, Tom, it would be nothing to me whether you had eight thousand or eight hundred a year; and as for a title, that would never count. No, I cannot listen to you."

"But why? At one time I thought—I hoped—"

Something in her face checks him. Then he says, passionately—

"It can't be true what I have heard. It is impossible."

"What have you heard?" asks she, gravely.

"That you are engaged to Dugdale."

"It is quite true," says Gretchen, simply.

"True! You must be mad. Oh, Gretchen, pause—pause before it is too late. Why will you do yourself such an injury? The very thought of it is horrible."

"Hush!" says Gretchen, growing very pale.

"Why should you quarrel? No words can alter my decision."

"Has no one spoken to you? Has no one tried to dissuade you from this insane act?" says Scarlett, losing his head. "Well, I at least shall do what I can; I shall open your eyes to—"

"No, you will not open my eyes," says Gretchen, with a very gentle dignity, "because there is nothing to see. I am not blindfold. I know all you would tell me; it has been said to me many times. You think it, perhaps, a terrible thing that I should, comparatively speaking, give up gaiety—that is, a London season, a few operas, a little amusement, here and there. But to me that was nothing. I like the fun of this world as well as another, but I think I prefer a country life to any other, and there I shall have my poor people always—and always—my poor Kenneth!"

In her expressive eyes there is a sweetness, an inexplicable satisfaction, that maddens Scarlett. As she moves towards the door and enters the next room, where Kenneth is expecting her return, he follows her, hardly knowing what it is he intends doing, until at length they both stand by Dugdale's side.

It is impossible to misunderstand that something onward has happened. Gretchen's eyes are full of anxiety; Scarlett is pale, and his lips are firmly compressed. Dugdale, after a brief study of both their features, fixes his gaze earnestly on Gretchen.

"Let me speak," says Scarlett, in a tone impossible to translate. "Is it true what she says, that she is going to marry you? If so, I think you ought to forbid what—"

"Tom, do not say another word," says Gretchen, laying one hand suggestively on Kenneth's shoulder.

"I should like to hear him," says Dugdale, quickly, his breath coming a little hard.

"What is it, Scarlett?"

"I too love her," says Scarlett, recklessly.

"That is nothing to wonder at, is it? Before she met you I had some chance, I think, but you have supplanted me. And—what is it she is gaining?"

"It is all a mistake," interrupts Gretchen, hurriedly. "I could never have married you,—never."

"So you think now; but I might have won you; I cannot forget that. Do you think"—addressing himself passionately to Dugdale—"the life she has chosen will give her happiness? Dugdale, your selfishness will be your ruin. The day will come when she will demand reparation for all—"

"Be silent," murmurs Gretchen, with some indignation. But Dugdale detains her.

"You are unjust. Let us hear him," he says, quietly. "It is all quite true." As he speaks, he covers his face with his hand.

"It is all untrue, every word of it," exclaims Gretchen, pale and trembling. Stooping she presses her lips against the back of the hand that shields his face. "It is cruel. It is unmanly. Go on, sir," (to Scarlett); "we shall listen; although you have insulted us deeply as even you can desire."

This coming from the gentle Gretchen, is terrible. Scarlett is sobered.

"Perhaps I have said too much," he says, hanging his head and forgetting nervously with his watch-chain; "but"—with an appealing glance at Miss Tremaine—"when I think of all I have lost I feel half mad and cannot measure my words."

"One must possess a thing before one can lose it," says Gretchen, coldly. "If you have nothing else you wish to say, it will be better to leave us. Go, sir." Pointing to the door.

"Forgive me Gretchen. Surely I have not sinned past all forgiveness!" says Scarlett, desperately. Going nearer, he actually falls upon his knees before her, oblivious of ridicule, and attempts to take her hand.

"I shall never forgive you,—never," replies she, for once in all her kind sweet life most cruelly unrelenting. Her tone is low and calm; but her eyes betray her. It is clear she cannot pardon the pain inflicted on the man she loves. "I bid you go. Obey me," she says, still with hand outstretched towards the door.

Rising from his knees, without another word, he does obey her, and presently she and Dugdale are again alone. With gentle force she compels him to look at her.

"Why should I see you?" he says, gently.

"There was reason in everything he said. The time may come when you will regret it."

"Now let me speak once for all!" says Gretchen, with some quickness of manner, which in her denotes irritation. "If you do not wish to marry me, why then it is all over, and I shall be miserable. But I can bear it. But what I cannot bear is to be doubted every day. You believe I can't be happy with you and I believe I can. It is for you now to decide."

"No, not for me. The advantage is all on my side. I am only a—"

"Oh, hush!"

"You can't bear to hear the truth, yet you think you can witness it daily without repugnance. What right has a fellow in my position to gain the affection of any one, least of all—"

"I know,"—impetuously—"a goddess among women, such as I am. You are nearly as silly as Tom Scarlett. I appreciate myself fully, I assure you, but yet"—with a short laugh that is full of petulance—"I suppose even a goddess has a heart, and may bestow it where she pleases, either on king or on peasant. I have bestowed mine on you. If you do not care for the poor thing, why, return it; but at least do not abuse the gift. Return all, Ken, I don't believe you had love me."

At this he laughs too, as at a speech too foolish to be taken seriously.

"Yes, I am quite in earnest. Surely now you ought to be convinced that I know my own mind? Here comes Captain Scarlett (I don't think I shall ever call him Tom again), lying at my feet a title, and yet I prefer you."

"You might have liked him, if—"

"I might, of course, but I don't think so. Tom has a temper. Why, his love is a sort of whirlwind; it quite takes away one's breath."

"When your people hear of this last proposal they will be more averse to our marriage than they are now."

"Then my people shall not hear of it," says Gretchen, with decision.

CHAPTER XV.

"Such a mad marriage never was before,"—*Terminating the Shores.*

So on a dull sad day in early February they are married. The skies are overcast; the earth has lost a heart, and holds not up its head; the rain falls with dismal patterings upon gravel and terraces outside. A fair day for a corpse—a sorry one for a bride.

On the bride—Gretchen—is dressed in light blue velvet, and looks absolutely lovely—so much so that her father, regarding her with unavailing sorrow, almost grows blind. Mrs. Tremaine is flushed, and appears harassed and ill at ease, as one might look whose night had been sleepless and filled with troubled thoughts. Brandy and Dandy, who are both present, are unusually silent, and hardly even exchange glances. Indeed, it is the one occasion on record on which they remain speechless when they might air their valuable opinions.

Every one seems more or less depressed, except Gretchen herself, who, though pale, is happy, and in whose downcast eyes lies an expression of tender satisfaction not to be mistaken.

The ceremony takes place in the drawing-room at Laxton—to which place Dugdale returned a week ago—and the old rector who christened Gretchen now marries her—sorely, though secretly, against his will.

Dugdale is quite composed, but grave and silent, and singularly free from all appearance of the joy that should crown a successful lover. Only once, as the words "till death do part" fall upon his ears, does anything like gladness show itself in his face. Involuntarily his fingers tighten upon Gretchen's, and a faint smile curves his lips. Remorse and relief are both expressed in this smile. It is as though he would assure her that, if in the present he wrongs her, reparation will shortly be made. But Gretchen, with her serious eyes fixed upon the old priest's face, sees nothing of it.

Then it is all over, and the blessing is pronounced, and the clergyman closes the book slowly, and Gretchen Tremaine is no more, and Gretchen Dugdale stands beside her husband.

They all tenderly embrace her; and, though the word "congratulate" is not heard, they wish her happiness—in tones that falter, but that are at least sincere. After which the carriages are ordered, and the moment of parting comes.

Perhaps at the very last the poor child clings to her father, and as his kind arms close around her members, with a little faintness of the heart, all the good days gone by, all the tender love and warmth of her home, nay, even the little angry squabbles that now seem so dear to her. As she recalls these past hours, sobe rises within her throat, but by a supreme effort she subdues them, and but for the tears that enlarge her eyes, gives way to no emotion.

(To be continued.)

That marvelous purifier, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, will speedily change the sallow face to one of freshness, health and beauty. It regulates the Bowels, acts promptly on the Liver and Kidneys and strengthens the system when broken down by Nervous or General Debility. Ask your Druggist for a Trial Bottle, the cost is only 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.

Mr. John Costigan, M.P., says that masons or bricklayers earn six or seven dollars a day in the Northwest.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Much watchfulness must be exercised at the present time, and the earliest evidences of ill-health must be immediately checked, or a slight illness may result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, diphtheria, quinsy, cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved by rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as near as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, so simple and effective, is admirably adapted for the removal of these diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids have brought round many such sufferers, and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.

THE SHAMROCKS IN NEW YORK.

A CORDIAL WELCOME.

International Courtesies and Rivalry—New York vs. Shamrocks—Our Boys Win the Championship of America—An Interesting and Exciting Game—Incidents.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

New York, Oct. 23rd, 1881.

The journey from Montreal to the American metropolis was accomplished without having any mishap to chronicle. The arrangements for the pleasure and comfort of the team and accompanying friends were all that could be desired. After enjoying a hearty and opportune supper at Plattsburg, the general inclination was towards early rest, and soon all were stowed away in diminutive couches as comfortably as railway travel would permit. The silent hours of darkness quickly passed and sleep vanished with the dawn of day. The train was now running along the bank of the Hudson, off whose blue waters the breezes came pure and fresh. The scenery through which the Delaware and Hudson Railroad passes is of unrivalled beauty and enchantment, and makes railway travel on this line both pleasant and charming. The green verdure and neat little cottages on the one side, and the rippled waters and the snow white sails of the over-craft on the other, were the objects of constant admiration until the sun rose above the eastern horizon with every indication that the brightness would last throughout the entire day. The prospects, as far as the weather was concerned, were decidedly satisfactory and the whole party felt happy. The train was punctual and we arrived at the Grand Central Depot sharp on time. A deputation from the New York Lacrosse Club were on hand to receive and guide the visitors, who were driven to the Grand Central Hotel on Broadway. The arrival of the Shamrocks in New York had been looked forward to for some time with the most pleasant anticipations, and their visit was made to assume all the features of an unusually important event. The entire Press had devoted leading articles and columns of its space to the brilliant and honorable record of the Shamrocks, the merits of the National Game of Canada and its superiority over every other outdoor sport, and to the desire, if not the possibility, of seeing the home team wrestling the championship from the visitors. The admirers of Lacrosse expected a good deal from the New York Club, which had not met with a single defeat since the opening of the season, but with its unbroken series of successes had carried off the championship of the United States. What the Americans wanted them to do on the present occasion was to extend the title to that of all America. The New York team, though but of recent organization, is composed of players who pluck, energy and fair share of skill gave their friends a good commencement of confidence. With the importance thus attached to the forthcoming international struggle, the result, it was not extraordinary to find the Polo Grounds crowded when both teams gathered on the field. The grounds which belong to the Polo Club, and are situated at the western limit of Central Park, are all that could be desired for a fully developed game of lacrosse. The grand stands, which held the largest concourse of Americans who ever witnessed a lacrosse match, were graced with the presence of numerous representatives of the fair sex.

The rival teams were now drawn up in line and the blue and yellow uniforms of the home men made a splendid contrast with the scarlet and dark of the Shamrocks, who were conspicuous for their superior size and weight. After the referee had given the usual instructions, the players branched off to take up their respective positions in the field, at which movement a ringing cheer was set up. The umpires were Messrs. A. P. Montant and F. H. Potter. The referee was Mr. Hermann Ehrlich, President of the New York Lacrosse Club.

The following were the players:—

F. Lally, Goal	J. R. Flannery
J. H. Hootin, Point	C. E. McGregor
M. Moran, Cover Point	W. E. Journeay
T. Butler, 1st Defence Field	H. Balch
C. J. Maguire, 2d Defence Field	E. Morrill
D. Meahan, 3d Defence Field	J. C. Gerard
E. Hare, Centre	T. Marston
J. O'Brien, 1st Home Field	P. B. Herring
F. J. Murphy, 2d Home Field	J. A. Nichols
T. Daly, 3d Home Field	A. D. Ritchie
J. Healy, 1st Home	A. Leprohon
P. J. Tucker, 2d Home	E. Cluff

W. Snow, Secretary of the Shamrocks, in the absence of Mr. Polan, captained "the boys" and E. Merritt was the captain of the New York players; the latter won the toes and chose the goal at the west end of the ground. There was a general hush as Marston and Hart stooped and placed their sticks for the first draw. The word "go" was given, and immediately the whole field was on the qui vive, whilst the spectators evinced the greatest anxiety. In a second the ball was surrounded by six struggling players, each bent on getting it first towards their respective goals. Hart, however, forced it away a short distance, and, notwithstanding the steady checking of Marston, got a throw for home. The rubber was stopped in its flight by Maguire, who made it fetch up in Tucker's stick. The road was open for a straight shot, and it seemed that the first game would be taken in less than 30 seconds. Such was not to be the case, for although the rubber came whizzing to the New York goal, it was beautifully stopped by Flannery, and passed by him to McGregor, who handed it into the less dangerous quarters of the Shamrocks' defence field. This piece of play at once gave the friends of the home club the assurance that victory was not to be purchased without a struggle, and the game was therefore of the most exciting nature and creative of enthusiasm never before experienced in American Lacrosse circles. Each piece of play, directed by good judgment and skill, was both warmly and impartially applauded. Butler, who was shadowed by Balch, was now in possession of the covered sphere; he amused and delighted the spectators by his unequalled dodging, so remarkable for its ease, grace and safety, and after passing Merritt, Gerard and Marston he threw high into the New York goals. Flannery, however, who played a safe and pretty game throughout was ready for the flying visit of the ball; he received it well, but slipped it back to the outskirts of the Shamrocks' defence. The team play of the latter was much admired and a conspicuous point in their play was their readiness to go and meet the ball no matter in what direction it came from, a point which the home men had to learn, and which gave them the most of the checking to do in the first two games, after which they picked up equally with their rivals. On several occasions when the ball came flying from the home defence Maguire brought it down in a beautiful style, much to the surprise of his opponent who was waiting for it behind, and to the delight of the spectators. His numer-

ous catches on the "fly" were extremely brilliant, and elicited general applause and admiration, for the Americans never imagined that a ball could be caught and held with equal dexterity and skill on a lacrosse as by the hands of a base ball player. Meahan, who had now received the rubber, successfully dodged two rivals, but in attempting to pass Marston lost it, the latter distinguishing himself by effective checking and a good throw. Murphy followed the ball and made a fierce overhead shot for the goals, by which it passed dangerously close. Daly, Heelan and Tucker now played into one another's hands and an exciting scrimmage took place in front of the goals; but the defence put forth by Balch, Journeay and McGregor was equal to their combined efforts. McGregor by a high throw sent it home, where it was captured by Ritchey, who, aided by Leprohon, passed Hoobin and then tipped over Marston's head to Cluff, who now stood within a few feet of the Shamrock goals. It was a magnificent chance for the first game, but unfortunately Cluff slipped and lost control of the rubber, which was at once picked up by Lally, who threw it amid thundering applause from pole to pole. Flannery had now all he could do to block his goals, but the end was at hand and Heelan scored the first game after fifteen minutes' play.

The second game, which was characterized by better team play on the part of the home men, lasted 14 minutes. Their defence play was really excellent, Merritt, Journeay, Balch and McGregor showing that they had a thorough knowledge of the game. Immediately after the ball was faced Hart got in a splendid overhead shot, which was only stopped by striking Flannery in the breast. Balch secured the rubber and passed it to Gerard, who made it speed homewards. Maguire stopped its career and changed its destination. O'Brien, who had been doing excellent work, coaxed it along and confided it to Murphy, who was sharply checked by Merritt and deprived of his throw. Through the good play of Leprohon and Ritchey the Shamrock goals were for some time in danger, but Butler removed it. The play had now waxed very warm and it was evident that the visitors were not to meet with a walk over. They had to settle down to hard work with which they finally won the game, Daly tipping the ball through.

The third game was commenced after a few minutes rest, the New York men taking their positions, determined on not being white-washed. They played all through with admirable pluck and were repeatedly rewarded by applause. Their home men seemed to excel themselves, Leprohon, Ritchey and Cluff accomplishing some admirable tipping and dodging, which won the game for them in less than five minutes. As the ball passed through Lally's legs, cheer after cheer went up and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. From the beginning, the New York men seemed to play a stronger and better game after each successive face; so that the last game which was of twenty-three minutes duration was the most hotly contested one of the match. Twilight came on soon after it was started, and it was quite dark before Meahan secured the game and the match for the champions of the Dominion, thus giving them the honor of the championship of America.

At the conclusion, the rival teams cheered each other lustily and then adjourned to the Polo Club house, where with their friends they were handsomely entertained by Mr. Ernest Wiman. After a little feasting Mr. Snow proposed Mr. Wiman's health together with that of the New York Lacrosse Club. In response to the toast Mr. Wiman suggested that next season the Champions of Canada play a match with the champions of the United States, the proceeds to be devoted to the charitable institution of the city to which the victors would belong. The suggestion was warmly received. The toast of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, and that of its absent Captain, Mr. Polan, was given and received with full honors. After a few more toasts the festive gathering was brought to a close, and the party separated. In the evening the champions through the intervention of Manager Thomas, of the Academy of Music, were invited to attend the performance at the Madison Square Theatre. Another invitation was also extended to the party to attend the entertainment at Harrigan and Hart's Theatre.

On returning to the Grand Central Hotel, in the evening, a telegram was received from Toronto bearing the intelligence of the Young Shamrocks' brilliant victory over the Dominion. The news was received with a ringing cheer. This afternoon the party, under the guidance of the members of the New York Lacrosse Club, drove through Central Park and to special points of interest in and around the Metropolis. Every effort has been made by our American cousins to make the Shamrocks' visit to New York a most pleasant and agreeable one, and the entire party confess that they shall long remember the courtesies and honor conferred upon them.

GET OUT DOORS.

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost out a trifle.—*Christian Record.*

LABOUCHERE'S SCHEME OF LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Labouchere advises the legislative independence of Ireland. He says:—"We must eventually recognize that the Irish have a right to legislate for themselves in everything that locally affects Ireland and does not endanger the unity of the Empire. It is not until this principle is fully admitted that Ireland will cease to be disaffected, and it will be admitted, before many years are over, I would not have an Irish Parliament co-equal with the Imperial Parliament, but three Assemblies, modelled upon the State governments in America, meeting one in England, one in Scotland and one in Ireland. These three Assemblies would legislate upon all matters locally affecting the several countries that they represent, and above them and superior to them there would be an Imperial Parliament. To the assertion that it would be impossible to define the line of demarcation between local and imperial legislation I reply that the line is clearly laid down in America, and the United States are as strong as we are, notwithstanding local self-government is being pushed to its extreme point. But even if we are not ripe for this drastic change in our institutions we might establish local assemblies in each province of Ireland, with full power to treat all local matters, and these assemblies might have a joint committee in Dublin with full power to treat all Irish matters affecting the entire island. The powers of these local assemblies and of this committee would, *mutatis mutandis*, be precisely those of the State Legislatures in

America. This, I believe, would satisfy the vast majority of Irishmen, for counsels in favor of absolute separation are only listened to because the Irish do not believe that we shall ever recognize their right to legislate in the way that best pleases them matters that locally affect them." In conclusion, Mr. Labouchere inclines to excuse even the "no rent" proclamation as a set-off to lawless arrest.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticize Darwin's theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The True Witness is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in existence.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under its reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into the Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is so cheap to offer premiums or "chromes" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1882, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add material to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the True Witness between this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of The Post Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig Street, Montreal, Canada.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., 761 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

There is a good deal of encouragement in the report of a German statistician who undertook to find out the age at which the most girls marry. The result was as follows:—Of 1,000 girls 51 married at the age of 19, 66 at 21, 80 at 22, 90 at 23, 99 at 25, 103 at 26, 103 at 27, 102 at 28, 95 at 29, 83 at 30, 68 at 31, 61 at 32, 58 at 33, 57 at 34, 53 at 35, 50 at 36, 49 at 37, 48 at 38, 46 at 39, 46 at 40 years of age during the past twelve months.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough, and a twenty-five cent bottle has cured many a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Throat. It is the grand specific for all throat and lung complaints leading to Consumption.

The evidence against a St. Louis criminal was so conclusive that his counsel made no speech in his defence, knowing that nothing could be said in his favor. This proved a lucky course, for one of the jurors refused to convict, saying that the prisoner must be innocent, else his lawyer would have spoken for him.

HEADACHE.

Why become a suffering martyr to Headache, when BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will surely cure the cause of all varieties of either Sick or Nervous Headache, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone up the Nervous System, and distressing headache will be unknown? Sample Bottles 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.