

people of Ireland—with a true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge our conduct with accuracy and to determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision. Your Parliament has done us no wrong. You have been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that the Irish nation has produced patriots who have highly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America. * * * The tender mercies of the English Government have long been cruel toward you. God grant that the iniquitous schemes of extirpating liberty may soon be defeated. That was the echo of the America of the revolution. What is the echo of the America of to-day. Get the *Irish World* and read what that son of Irish parents, Senator Logan, says; what Senators Von Wyck, from Nebraska; McPherson, from New Jersey; Hale and Frye, from Maine; Hoar, from Massachusetts; Sawyer, from Wisconsin; Blair, from New Hampshire; Vest, from Missouri; Miller, from New York; Stanford, from California, and others, many others, on the Irish crisis of to-day.

What a storm of indignation England has brought about her ears, and it looks as if she will get more of it before she relaxes her grip on our people. But she should, because of

"The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

THE DAILY STAR WANTS A CROMWELL TO DRIVE THE IRISH TO H—L.

MORE extraordinary things could happen than that Prince Bismarck's campaign against the Poles in Prussia should give England a precedent for the "pacification of Ireland." He demands \$75,000,000 with which to buy out the Poles and replace them with Germans, and the Poles won't sell him without paying them anything. This is a big transaction, nor as well able to afford such operations. But England's Bismarck lived two hundred and forty years ago, about the time of the battle of Naseby. —*Montreal Daily Star, Jan. 29th, 1886.*

And this is the sentiment entertained and the language used towards Ireland and her people by the *Montreal Daily Star*, which owes much of its prosperity to the support of the Irish people of this city and of the Dominion. The writer in that polluted sheet who could gleefully propose that Bismarck's tyranny and brutality towards the Catholic Poles, in forcibly expelling them body and bones out of their native land, should serve as a precedent for England to follow in the "pacification" of Ireland, is a black-hearted wretch and coward. His endorsement of Bismarck's iniquity and his proposal to apply it to Ireland are worthy of a sheet which was born and bred in filth and infamy. The *Star's* sentiments of to-day are the *Star's* sentiments of yesterday, when it falsely and maliciously asserted in its columns that the Catholics, both French Canadians and Irish, of St. Jean Baptiste, poisoned the wells of their Protestant neighbors!

If the Irish or the Catholic population wanted any further evidence of how the *Daily Star* would treat them if it had the upper hand, they now have it in the ferocious lament that Cromwell of "glorious" memory is not alive to drive the mere Irish clean to h—l without even the option of going to Connaught. And Irishmen read and patronize the rag that thus insults them to their very teeth!

Now, as to England adopting the suggestion of the *Star*, we do not think she is likely to try the experiment. It would be a very dangerous undertaking for her. In fact England has not the power nor the strength to do anything of the kind. If she was able we would not put it past her to entertain the suggestion, but she is not able; she never will be able, and the Irish people are strong, all over the world, to tell her so. Let the *Star* make no mistake about this. Let it understand that there are Irishmen here, and that they have friends in the French Canadians here, who would resent, in this country, an attempt on the part of England to play the game of "To h—l or Connaught" over again. And now, particularly that Sir John A. Macdonald has declared in favor of Imperial Federation, the resentment of the Irish in Canada and their friends might assume a very grave form if Sir John's schemes in that direction were successful. Bismarck does not flourish on this continent, and when the *Star* insinuates the possibility of their coming into existence in England and treating the Irish as the "Man of Iron" proposes to treat the Poles, then our contemporary had better look around and ask itself if it would be wise in presence of half a continent full of men who have more or less Irish blood in their veins? The less the *Star* talks about the expulsion of the Irish and getting another Cromwell to try it, the better it will be for itself.

UNITED AND ORGANIZED LABOR.

Individual effort counts for very little in this world where there are so many contending elements and conflicting interests; organized effort and concerted action are the great factors which secure success for the accomplishment of one's purpose. Organizations at the present day play an important part in every department of life, particularly in commercial and industrial circles.

Those who have been and who are most in need of organization are the workmen. They have neglected it much to their own detriment. The time has come for them to coalesce and to stand united in the broad and noble field of labor. They should work to establish a confederacy of interest and brotherhood, as broad and as noble as the labor field, through which they could become related and allied, and thus form a complete system of mutual, not competitive, co-operation, by which each member

of the compact might enjoy an equal participation in the obligations and benefits of their respective industries or callings in life.

In this the workmen would only be following the example set them by employers and capitalists. These are successful in piling up wealth only according to the amount of competition they can kill and to the measure of combination they can establish to advance their commercial or industrial interests. Thus we see the railway magistrates, of rival as well as friendly roads, combine on a fixed tariff for freight rates and on the classification of freights. They join hands and fix passenger rates where the Government charter does not provide for that important factor in public business, and sometimes pay an arbitrator a big salary to superintend a "pool in rates" for the benefit of the stockholders, but never out of consideration for the employees.

Telegraph companies combine or buy one another up to secure heavy dividends. The wholesale grocers have an organized association through which they establish selling prices and terms of credit for staple articles, thus protecting the interests of their craft. Then the retail grocers have their combination for mutual benefit, and, as is well known, the manufacturers of boots and shoes have their organization, the wholesale clothiers theirs, the shirt and collar men theirs. The cotton mills are trying to put their heads together on prices and limiting the production, not that their workmen, workingwomen, boys, girls and even children, may be lifted up from the verge of want, but in order that the banks may secure their advances, and the proprietors roll up their wealth; the same may be said of the principal woolen manufacturers and the rope makers, who sell on combination prices only. In fact the whole upper crust is surrounded by combinations, it is through the organization of capitalists that governments are kept in power and forced by manufacturers to arrange the tariff where their interests will be protected.

Look at what the organization of a few capitalists has done in leading the Federal Government of Canada to enrich the men who formed the Canadian Pacific Syndicate. It seems monstrous that a few men should thus control a whole body of legislators who, when asked to pass a simple factory act, framed to a limited extent only, in the interest and for the safety of working classes, voted in such a manner that the bill was simply snuffed out. How long will independent workmen bear with this arbitrary style of treatment?

They have the remedy in their own hands, and the remedy is as simple as it is effective, —union and organization.

THE LOTBINIERE CONTEST—A WARNING.

THE election in Lotbiniere county on Saturday last, was from all accounts, a warm and close contest. It was for the return of a member to the Quebec Local House, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. Mr. Joly, who had represented that county for twenty-five years. The result was favorable to Mr. Laliberte, the Liberal candidate, and the Conservative standard bearer may thank the Dominion Government for his defeat. It had been decided and agreed to by both parties, Liberals and Conservatives, that the issues of the election would be purely local, and that no reference would be made to the merits of the Northwest and Riel questions, as the Provincial Legislature was not called upon either to discuss or settle them. The compact was faithfully adhered to up to the eleventh hour, when the Dominion Government sent in an army of carpet baggers, and other men prominently connected with Sir John's Cabinet, to capture the county, and then proclaim the victory as an approval of the Ottawa Administration. Up to the appearance of these agents on the scene the Quebec Government had admittedly secured the support of the vast majority of the county.

But when it looked out on Friday that the Ottawa Government was interfering in the contest and that Ottawa Tories had come to snatch the prize, there was an instant revolt in popular feeling in the two or three parishes where the facts could be made known. It was sufficient to turn the Conservative candidate's assured majority of two hundred into an actual minority of fifty-three. If all the parishes in the county could have been made acquainted with the game of the Ottawa Tories, which was to steal or forge a certificate of character for Sir John and his government, the Conservative candidate would not have got one in fifty of the votes.

The Quebec government may well cry out "Save me from my friends," for the Ottawa government's interference and officiousness in the Lotbiniere election were the direct cause of Mr. Beaudet's defeat. If the Quebec Government, which deserves well of the people and is entitled to their confidence by its prudent, honest and economic administration, consult its own interests it will out loose from the Tory party at Ottawa. In fact their very existence as a party is at stake, and it would be more than endangered—it would be hopelessly crippled—if it could be established that the Quebec Government was in alliance with Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa. If the Conservative party of this Province have not comprehended that before now, the Lotbiniere election should open their eyes wide to the fact that there can be no alliance between Ottawa Tories and Quebec Conservatives, without resulting in defeat and disaster for the latter.

Our advice is as friendly as it is independent, and the Quebec Government would do well to follow it. Let them stand on their own merits, let them aloof from Sir John Macdonald and his equally administra-

tion, and above all let none of their support or sympathy go to Ottawa; and then they will be heartily sustained in Quebec.

THAT CABINET SECRET.

How the *Irish Canadian* is prostituting its name. There was a time when it was the faithful exponent of Irish Catholic interests in the Dominion. It was fearless, honest and outspoken. It neither yielded to the pleadings of the Reformers nor the seductions of the Conservatives. In those days it placed Irish Catholic interests before both. Its policy was limited to the programme—"What is best for our people." But how it has changed. First its independence was surrendered to party influences. Then came jobs, the spoils of office, the rubles of politicians, and the shadow, the subtle shadow of that prince of tricksters, Sir John A. Macdonald. And now of all the Irish Catholic papers in Canada the *Irish Canadian* is the only one that stands by "the chieftain" and hides his treachery, and cries dumb when he betrays the sacred promises he made in the name of the Irish Catholics of Canada. Now we tell the *Irish Canadian* that it knows Sir John A. Macdonald has betrayed our people. We tell it that it is in possession of a political secret, which, for treachery to the Irish Catholics, has no parallel in the history of Canada. We remind it that it, or those connected with it, are making themselves a party to that treachery by remaining silent. The *Irish Canadian* knows what we mean, and, allowing that it has scruples about exposing the secret to which we refer, the least it can do is to denounce the man who was the chief author of the fraud. Would the *Irish Canadian* remain silent if Sir John A. Macdonald was out of power? And it may as well remember that he will be out of power some day and it will be too late then to tell the truth.

THE CROSS.

An "objectionable" occurrence to some people has happened in Ontario. The Catholics have become so powerful in one or two places there that they have put crosses, or at least one cross, on the roadside! And this emblem of "Popery" has, it appears, hurt the feelings of some people who call themselves Christians and they write to the papers and tell the world, in cold type, about the "Jesus" and all the other ecclesiastics with which we are familiar.

The *Montreal Daily Witness* almost throws up the sponge at the thought of it. This is what the "only religious daily" says:—

A letter in this paper shows that the process which has long been going on in this Province, and will soon be capable of setting up monuments to mark the triumphal footsteps of Roman Catholic dominance, has commenced in Ontario. The first of these "Eleanor's crosses" is at a place hitherto known as Beaver, in the county of Prescott, which is hereafter to be addressed as St. Anne de Prescott. If this process goes on as it is doing, Ontario will have less reason to treat Quebec as an alien Province, or to consider our Province as foreign to its own.

Mark the words—that if any more crosses are raised in Ontario that Province will come to be considered as alien as the Province of Quebec. We should say the only thing alien in Quebec is the fanaticism and ignorance of which the *Daily Witness* is the worthy mouthpiece. If it was the likeness of Her Majesty, or the late John Brown, or a ballet dancer, or an indecent poster, it would pass muster with an admiring smile, or a leer, from the men who "protest" against the "innovation" of a cross! a "Popish" cross! that is something not to be "tolerated" without an indignant rejoinder. It is all right these people think to daub the walls of the road side with advertisements about loathsome diseases or pictures of such artistic excellence that they "lose half their vice by losing all their grossness," but the emblem of man's redemption must not meet their eyes along the highway. The cross may stand on the lofty steeple of the English Cathedral in this city, and it may here and there be placed, as the most becoming emblem, on other Protestant churches in the country, but it must not, these people say, be brought down to solid earth, and remind the passing wayfarer of the God-Man who was crucified on its outstretched arms. The Turk may have his Crescent, the Chinese his Joss, the Indian may "see God in clouds and hear him in the wind," but the Catholics and liberal Protestants, it is said by some people, headed by the *Daily Witness*, ought not to have their crosses on the highway. The man of business, fresh from the marts of commerce, in which he has perhaps cheated his fellow man, the libertine who, with honeyed words and "false vows," made some Eve line weep in her bower—these and others of this kind must not have this scheme of gain and lust interfered with by a cross which reminds them that there is a God to punish the wrong doers. Now, if we search the causes of the objections to the cross at home, is it not likely that we would find they originate in that "conscience that makes cowards of us all."

CUT THE CABLE.

The *Gazette* says that Canadian interests are as well watched and protected by the British Minister in Washington as they could be if we had a resident minister of our own at the capital of the republic. We doubt it; in fact we do not believe it. The British Minister in Washington is paid by the British public to look after the interests of Britain, first, last and all the time. Anything that clashes with these interests becomes in his eyes something to oppose. He owes us but a secondary and passive duty. He may help us in making treaties, but he can never forget that he is a British and not a Canadian official, and no matter how friendly he may appear to be to us officially, he will take very good care that the instant our interests clash with those of England that instant he will give us the cold shoulder. And it is right that he should do

so. That is what he is paid for, and in that direction his ambition and natural instincts bow. But we are the sufferers. What Canada wants is a minister of her own in Washington; a man charged with all the dignity of representing an independent nation; and one who will place Canada first on his note book and make all intense subservient to those which affect the people of the Dominion. To do this, however, Canada should become an independent nation and incur additional expense. Well, that is nothing. Sir John always knows where to get "another \$10,000" when he wants it, and for such a purpose Canada would cheerfully look at his uplifted paws and admit that "these hands" were "clean."

THE INDIANS.

Up to fifteen years ago the Indians of what is now called the Canadian North-West were among the happiest people in the world. The great outside world was to them little more than a dream. They were masters of all they surveyed. Their prairies were full of buffalo, antelope, and many horned animals; the lakes and ponds of that great land were the breeding ground of the wild goose, the duck and myriads of water fowl; the woods were dotted with "yards" of deer in the winter, and the moose, the caribou and the elk furnished the wood Indians with all that was necessary to them for health and subsistence. Their tepees were made of the hides of the animals they killed, and inside piles of robes of many animals made luxurious and warm sleeping places for the members of the lodge. Of the business of civilized life they knew nothing, and what the eye did not see the heart did not care. If they had their tribal wars that was their own business. We have our wars too, and some philosophers think that war has its good, as well as its bad, effect on mankind. But, how is it now? Civilization has gone into the Northwest, and the Indian's tepees are no longer made of the hides of animals, it is of canvas; his bed is not now made of buffalo robes, but of leaves and brushwood; the good supply he looked on as inexhaustible has gone, and he subsists on the charity of the Government; he is defrauded by Indian agents, who debauch his women after demoralizing himself. From being independent he has become an abject beggar, and is it any wonder that the old fire of independence breaks out now and again, and as he sees the last of his race gradually sinking into the tomb. Let us make it our own case and what would we do?

A CONTRAST.

The abolition of slavery cost England \$100,000,000. That amount of money had to be paid to the slave owners in the West India Islands as compensation for the loss of their "property." Commercially the "speculation" was a losing game for England, but no matter, she did it with her eyes open, like Count Fresco's gift to the organ grinder's monkey, "in the sacred name of humanity." But if England could then afford to pay \$100,000,000 for the abolition of slavery in the West India Islands, how is it that she cannot now, with all her increased fortunes and prosperity, invest the same amount of money, if necessary, in securing the happiness of her Irish subjects by purchasing out the landlords? In the one case it was a gift. England had no hope of ever getting one cent of that \$100,000,000 back again; in the other case it would be an investment, the repayment of which would be in her own hands, and not one cent of which would be lost to her exchequer. The negroes did not build her empire, win her battles, govern her colonies, or contribute to her intellectual, commercial or military power. The Irish have done more than their share in making England what she is, and yet she made a big sacrifice for the slaves by name, and she hesitates to make a simple commercial investment for her own slaves in practice! The only explanation we can offer is that England, as England, is insane on the Irish question, and prejudice has become a part of her nature. But it is all useless. Ireland is day by day becoming stronger; England is day by day becoming weaker, and one of these fine mornings she will find herself beaten to her knees; and it may cost her more than \$100,000,000 to win the support of these Irish subjects whose prayers she now affects to despise.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN CANADA.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, of anti-Irish fame, takes a correct view of the present political situation in Canada, in an article in the *Toronto Week*. We don't know if The Post has had much influence over him on the great question of the day. He declares there would have been no rebellion but for the grievances created by the incapacity, jobbery and corruption of the administration. He also maintains that it is useless for the party press to attempt to raise a false issue through the Riel agitation. The question before the country is not at all the execution of Riel, but the causes that produced the rebellion he headed.

Do the *Toronto Mail* and *Montreal Gazette* understand?

The article of Goldwin Smith is a perfect resume of what The Post has written on this whole question during the past two months, as can be seen by a perusal of it in its entirety. Goldwin Smith writes in the *Week*:—"Mr. Blake's indictment of the Government in the North-West rebellion is a strong one. If the grievances, being known to exist, had been removed in 1884, Riel's power would not have grown to such a height, and no rebellion would have taken place. The rebellion was a direct outcome of the incapacity, jobbery, and corruption that reign universal in the affairs of the Northwest—perhaps unavoidably incident to the establishment of a wealthy corporation so closely connected with

the Government, and to the patronage the opening of half a continent throws into government hands. Mr. Blake held a brief for the country at the last session of Parliament, and he did his duty; but he could do little more than lodge his plea. It was too late for discussion, because the House was wearied by the protracted session, and unfit to cope with the subject; it was also too early, because no one was well-informed on the subject. It is now for him, with fuller information, to bring his plea before the House and this should be the main business of the coming session. A rebellion against real or fancied injustices has taken place in a part of Canada altogether under the government of Conservative appointees; and whether the charges brought against some of these be true or not, it is impossible for the country in the circumstances to close the page and say it will read no further. The fullest investigation into every circumstance preceding and attending the rebellion must be had before the Conservative party will be purged of the suspicion that now attaches to it; and if this be not accorded promptly and frankly, so much the worse in the long run for the Conservative party. It is useless for the party press to attempt to raise a false issue through the Riel agitation. The question before the country is not at all the execution of Riel, but the causes that produced the rebellion he headed. The Riel case will have, indeed, to be discussed by Parliament, because, as Mr. Blake puts it, his charges of mismanagement against the Government have been declared by the Government to be a defence of the prisoner. They have rested their defence on his condemnation. And perhaps if they had pardoned him it might have been taken as a confession of their own culpability. Therefore, it is most desirable that by the fullest investigation the country may be convinced that the Government have not been guilty of the baseness of punishing Riel to seven themselves. Mr. Blake while deprecating, generally, criticism of the exercise or non-exercise of the prerogative of mercy, yet holds the Riel case to be one for Parliamentary enquiry, for the reason that the trial was for an extraordinary political offence on which agitation has supervened, and because some prominent supporters of the Government declare they have been misled and deceived by the Government, charging that the execution was to punish an old offence, and to gratify the hate of another set of Government supporters. Alleging that the Government have identified their own acquittal with the conviction of the insurgents, he maintains that both may be guilty; the Government for neglect, delay, and mismanagement; the insurgents for rising in rebellion and inciting the Indians to rise. To each, therefore, ought to be assigned their due share of fault; that of the insurgents is known, and it is a fit subject of Parliamentary enquiry to ascertain what extent of guilt, if any, attaches to Government."

A GLENGARRY HOMESTEAD OF THE OLD TIME.

(Part First.)

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

No. 20.

O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where rumour of oppression and deceit of successful or unsuccessful war might never reach me more! Such may have been the prayer of the first settlers in the Canadian Glengarry a century ago, in 1783, as they cast a last and lingering look behind them and bade a farewell adieu to the homes they were for ever leaving in the old English Colonies, the present United States, for their new home, hundreds of miles away in the far North, in the then unbroken forests of Canada.

Every Canadian reader is familiar with the exile of the Acadians, an exile without an example in history. The first settlers of Glengarry were U. E. Loyalists. These men had followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the Royal cause during the revolutionary war, and when the United Jack of England was lowered from hundreds of towers and battlements in the old colonies, they decided to follow, as exiles, the now furled flag and the muffled drum of the vanquished, to that land of promise—in the far north, in this Canada of ours, in which they were promised new homes under the flag they loved and had fought for.

This was loyalty to a lost cause that has no parallel in history—just fancy thousands of able bodied men voluntarily exiling themselves, forsaking their homes on the Mohawk, the Hudson and the far-off Susquehanna, for the ice bound banks of the St. Lawrence, leaving behind them their flocks and herds and their cultivated farms, which they might have retained by submitting and swearing allegiance to the conquerors. This they would not do, preferring exile to the scorn and sneers that would ever attach to them had they submitted and accepted the terms of the victors!

A land of promise! not a land flowing with "milk and honey" but a land abounding in great forests, having a rich virgin soil, inviting the wanderer to make his choice, and here, in the wilds of Canada, in this now Canadian Glengarry, Scotland's exiled mountaineer found a home and glad relief, where, if not under his own "vine and fig tree," he had his own primitive "log cabin," and could sit by his own fire-side, none to make him afraid, and here, too, he could, as in former days, in his other now deserted home, exclaim with true Highland loyalty:—"God save King George!"

Glengarry! this name called forth hallowed associations—buried deep in the recesses of every Highlander's brain. It carried him back to the home of his early days—to the land of the "mountain and the flood"—to that storied land where a Fingal fought and an Ossian sang. Glengarry was to those Scottish exiles the land of promise, such as was the land of Canaan to the Israelites of old, and their hearts yearned within them to reach and take possession of this corner of the British Empire specially set apart for Highlanders.

Canada, land of mighty lakes and noble rivers! land of boundless prairies and far-stretching forests! What other land can compare with this—our country—this Canada of ours!

Breathes there a Canadian—be his present home on some California Pacific slope or far away in Australia's wilds, or some other distant corner of the world, who does not to himself say, in pride of heart, "when I hear the name of Canada named, 'tis my own native land!" The sons of Glengarry are now scattered the world over, many filling high positions in distant parts, from all such the response comes, with pride

o country:—"Glengarry was my childhood home!"

Who can picture the sufferings of our Scotch wanderers? Our fathers have told us—yes, even the writer himself in his young days had met with and listened to the stories of some of the old men then living, who were children when their fathers journeyed through the wilderness to reach their new homes in the Canadian "Glengarry." Women and children, with the infirm and aged, were huddled together in ox wagoons, sometimes through dense forests, over old Indian trails, surrounded, or at least within the howl of savage beasts and within the reach of men not less savage than they.

Onward they journeyed—their faces ever pointed northward to this land of promise! No pillar of cloud by day, nor pillar of fire by night to guide or direct their course; steadily but slowly they moved. Hope was their guiding star, and they had firm faith in the God of their fathers—that His watchful eye was continually on them and that He would, not forsake them in that their dark day of trial and suffering! Those wandering Scotch exiles were God-fearing men. They had their Scotch Presbyterian chaplains and their Scotch private with them to encourage and to minister unto them in holy things.

The first settlers of Glengarry from the old colonies were chiefly, we believe, Scotch Presbyterians, but when the glad news reached old Scotland of this Scotch home in Canada there came, a few years later, a large body of Scotch Catholics under the guidance of that good old priest, the late Bishop Macdonnell. We may here note that the father of the late Dr. Bethune, Dean of Montreal, and grandfather of our respected townsman, Mr. Strachan Bethune, O. C., was chaplain, we believe, in a Scotch regiment which had served in the old colonies during the revolutionary war, came over among the first settlers to Glengarry, and, if we mistake not, settled at Williamstown.

The greater portion of those who came over with Bishop Macdonnell had been soldiers or stock farmers of those who had been connected with the army—many of the other ones had been outcasts from the old colonies, and as a result of the rebellion of 1745, some of the exiles from the old colonies—Scotch, and Glengarry was the nursery and the home of soldiers, and the old county was looked to and relied upon for the defence of Canada in after years, and nobly did her sons do their duty in the Royal cause on many a hard fought field on the Niagara frontier during the war of 1812. Many of these Glengarry boys were laid low on Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and at the evacuation of old Fort George.

Settlements, more than all other men, have great veneration for the land of their fathers. They venerate its bleak mountains and its barren hills above all other lands, and Scotchmen and descendants of Scotchmen, wander where they may—like the Israelites of old, ever point homewards—these to the Holy Land, to the ruined walls of Jerusalem—these to the storied glens and to the hillsides of Old Scotia, rendered almost sacred by separation and distance. Truly has the poet (Campbell) said, in his "Ode to Hibernia":—"And see the Scottish exile's banner, by many a far and foreign clime, bent for his home, 'born verse and weep, in memory of his native land, with love that scorches the lapse of time, and ties that stretch beyond the deep.'"

We repeat what we said in a former article:—"Glengarry! Home of fair women and of brave men! Home of Canada's fairest and bravest! This in their memorial for 'all time!' The bravery of the Glengarry men is chronicled on the pages of Canadian history. Brave men, however, and soldier boys are not so plentiful now in the old county as during the war of 1812 or the rebellion of 1837; but beauty still is there; fair women abound; and we shall endeavor, in a future number, when we have space time, to carry the reader to one of those old Glengarry homesteads, as at the head of this article, and allow him to judge for himself.

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