

know you. If I am not mistaken, you were introduced to me on the race-course by Lord Arran.

The stranger bowed.

"If I recollect aright, Sir, you were introduced to me as Mr. David Fitzgerald, of the County Limerick."

The stranger again bowed.

"Embodied by an introduction to me by Lord Arran, you kept by my side during the entire day, and though I did not offer, by word or look, or gesture, the slightest encouragement to you, still you professed sentiments with respect to me, which no unmarried woman should hear without the approval of her parents."

Again the stranger bowed.

"Is it because you have been informed of my helpless condition—without the protection of my father—with no companion but this poor, good woman by my side, that you have come here to renew those proposals which did not find a willing listener on the race-course?"

"I come here, Miss Lawson, with no unkind intentions towards you; but in order that there may be a proper understanding between us, it will be indispensable that no one be a witness to the interview. The old lady by your side can retire to that room," said Fitzgerald, as he pointed to Judith's sleeping chamber; "she will then be within call, if you require her presence; but what I have to say to you, if said at all, must be said with no one to listen to us."

Judith started as she noted the words which Fitzgerald used; but, whatever the cause of her emotion, she confined it to her own breast for the moment.

"We are captives, and must do as our jailors command. Leave us, Mrs. Gregg, for a few moments."

Mrs. Gregg at once quitted the room, drawing the door close after her, so that the visitor might perceive, she was determined upon not being an eaves-dropper.

No sooner had the widow departed on one side than Fitzgerald proceeded to the outer door of the passage, and bolting it on the inside, he left the inner chamber door open, so as to be sure no one could approach it unperceived by him, nor gain a position in which the conversation between him and Judith could be overheard.

Having done this, he returned to the chair, which he placed in such a position as to have a full command of the door and outward passage.

Judith made no remark whilst Fitzgerald was thus acting. She remained perfectly quiescent until he had seated himself, when she at once bluntly addressed him:—

"Mr. David Fitzgerald, it may be a saving of much time, and of vain discussion between both of us, if, instead of my listening to you, you should, on the contrary, at once listen to me, and what I have to say to you and of you. I will frankly own to you that the great, unlooked for, and unwished for attention paid to me by you, on the race-course, induced me to inquire who and what you were.

(To be Continued.)

AN EXPECTANT MILLIONAIRE.

An Irish Servant Girl Falls Co-Heiress to a Fortune of \$50,000,000—Where She Travels From, and a Sketch of Her Life and Family—Ever Fair Killarney—What She Will Do With It?

The readers of the Post and True Witness will doubtless remember that some few years ago a gentleman by the name of Daniel O'Keefe died in the East Indies worth an almost fabulous sum of money, thirty millions of dollars, in fact, being which, since then, has, by the addition of ever accruing interest, increased to something like \$10,000,000. Heirs for this immense sum were telegraphed for all over the world, and the Rev. Father Dowd announced the matter from the pulpit at St. Patrick's in common with other clergymen throughout Canada and the States. Several claimants appeared, but none of them was found to be the legitimate heir. It now appears, however, that in all probability an Irish servant girl residing in Montreal is—if not the heiress—certainly one of the co-heiresses.

Learning that there was no objection practised in this matter, and that friends of this heiress of the nabob were actually communicating with the proper authorities to establish her claims, a Post reporter, always anxious to furnish the earliest news to the intelligent public, hastened to the store of Mr. James McCormack, grocer, corner of Bleury and Lagache streets, where he was informed the female Monte Cristo's case was employed, and rang the bell at the door adjoining the store, which is Mr. McCormack's private residence. It was answered by a young woman in dusting costume, who on being asked if the proprietor was in, answered in the affirmative with a rich Kerry accent, and led the way to the parlor, when Mr. McCormack made his appearance in a few minutes. "Mr. McCormack," said the reporter, "have you in your employ a woman called Julia McCarthy?" "There she stands in front of you," was the answer, "just as large as life." "I guess you are a member of the press, seeking information, and as I am busy, I shall leave you together, when you can ask her any questions you please." Saying this the gentleman vanished, and our reporter turned a curious gaze on this woman, who in all probability will yet become famous as one of the richest persons in the world.

JULIA MCCARTHY.

is about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, stout and comely, a fine specimen of the homespun Irish servant girl; kindly and modest; speaking a rich Kerry brogue, and simple and unpretentious in her manner. After a few prefatory remarks as to the weather, and the perspective good times, the following conversation took place:

REPORTER.—What part of the old country do you come from, Miss?

JULIA.—From the town of Killarney, in the county of Kerry.

R.—Have you any brothers or sisters?

J.—Yes, two of each; they are all in the States, but I have not heard from them since my arrival in Montreal, four years ago.

R.—Are your father and mother living?

J.—Neither. They both died before we emigrated. My father was a boatman on the Lakes of Killarney.

R.—Have you heard of a man named Daniel O'Keefe, who died in India a few years ago, leaving a large fortune to the next of kin?

J.—Yes.

R.—Do you think he is anything to you?

J.—From what I can learn, he was my uncle (my mother's brother). When the Queen was visiting Killarney, nineteen or twenty years ago, he enlisted as a soldier, went to foreign parts, and ultimately to India. He wrote my mother three letters from there, telling her of the immense riches he was accumulating between that country and China after he had left the army, in which he had held some rank, either Quartermaster or Quartermaster-Sergeant, I am not sure which. None of our family were educated enough to read those letters (I myself can neither read or write); and I remember a Mr. Galway, who held some Government situation used to read the letters for my mother. The tenor of them, as near as I can recollect, was that he would send for us all and make ladies and gentlemen of us, give us silks and satins and jewels and diamonds, that we should drink tea instead of buttermilk, and that we should be as rich as Jews.

R.—Were those letters, or any one of them, ever answered?

J.—Never a one; my father was dead after the first letter, and my mother used to take great delight in having them read to her whenever she got a chance, but poor woman, she never once dreamed of replying. She was almost afraid, and thought he must have killed all the natives to get so much money, though I heard her say occasionally she would like to see more of his money and less of his lavish promises.

R.—Where are the letters now?

J.—Faith I don't know; they were kept in a jug and crumbled away in pieces and grew old and withered from the smoke and age.

R.—Have you taken any steps to establish your claims?

J.—Mr. McCormack is seeing after the affair and he will do what is right.

R.—Was your uncle educated to any extent?

J.—I should think he was; he was the cleverest of the whole lot; yes, and could write a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant; he was always about with the soldiers and was continually forming plans to make us all rich.

R.—Do you think he was any good at smuggling?

J.—Well, maybe he was; but at all events I heard from some man in Ireland that he was engaged in it out in China.

R.—What will you do with the money if you get it?

J.—I will give Mr. McCormack a million and the Post a million, and I will give ten millions to free Ireland.

R.—Thank you, on behalf of the Post. I presume your friends are becoming much attached to you of late?

[To this there was no answer.]

It may be mentioned that Julia is a widow, having married a man named Danaher some years ago, but who is now dead.

We were afterwards informed by Mr. McCormack that Julia McCarthy was the very personification of what a good generous-hearted Irish girl should be. She placed very little store upon money except as it might be of use to others. After being in his service a year she offered to surrender her wages and work as usual for her board, lodging and clothing. She became warmly attached to the children and to her, until now they look upon her as a second mother. A great many of her acquaintances are already applying to her for promises of pecuniary assistance; one wants \$1,000, another, more modest, would be satisfied with \$50 to "set her up in business," and still another only demands a black silk dress.

In conclusion it may be stated that she is about the last person in the world likely to practice deception or imposition, that she works away as steady as ever, and that her

greatest difficulty is to properly realize all the wealth contained in a million dollars. "Do you think," said she to our reporter as he was about leaving "do you think I shall be as rich as Sir Hugh Allan, when I get the money?" "Yes, Miss McCarthy," answered our representative, "you will be as rich as Queen Victoria herself," whereupon the eyes of Julia distended themselves alarmingly.

THE WAR IN ZULULAND.

Positions of the Troops.

The past week, in common with the whole period which has elapsed since the disaster at Isandula, has been characterized by virtually complete inaction upon either side. Interest now principally attaches to the fact that Colonel Pearson, who remains cooped up at Ekowe with a force of nearly 1,000 men, of whom 700 are combatants. His position is impregnable, but the fort is provisioned for so short a period as to make relief a matter of present necessity. The manner in which this object will be accomplished has yet to be determined upon, but probably it will be after the same fashion as did Havelock, and consequently Lord Clyde, relieve "Lucknow," by cutting straight through the enemy's lines, and drawing away the garrison.

Fort Tenedos is an entrenched post on the Zulu side of the Tugela, five miles above the mouth, and will be the base of the force for relieving Ekowe.

Col. Glyn's column is entrenched in three divisions posted along the main road connecting Maritzburg with Borne's Drift. The total strength of the column does not exceed 2,000 men, nearly all Europeans. In consequence of the privation and exposure, the health of this column is but indifferently good.

At Krantzkop, midway between Fort Tenedos and Borne's Drift, part of the remaining battalion of the Native Contingent are in occupation of a defensive position, and the intervening distance either way is patrolled by volunteers, police and natives.

Within a limited radius of his position at Kambula Hill, on the eastern side of Neabeska Lawane, Colonel Wood is greatly harassing the enemy by constant patrols of mounted men, consisting of about two hundred of the Frontier Horse and fifty Boers. The destruction of the military kraal Raguluni was effected some time ago, but the operations of this column do not generally extend beyond the line of the disputed territory. Colonel Wood's force, a total of 2,700 men, includes 1,000 useful natives raised in the Transvaal, with this force he covers Utrecht. He is anxious to obtain a reinforcement of mounted men, and the Dordrecht Volunteers and Baker's Horse are accordingly under orders for Utrecht. Colonel Rowland is at Derby, in the north, with a wing of the 80th Regiment, two guns, and a small Swazi detachment, but reinforcements from Raaf's Horse and Weatherly's Borderer's Volunteer Corps, raised in the Transvaal, are expected to join his command forthwith.

The Latest News From the Cape.

The *Globe* (London) publishes a despatch from Portsmouth announcing that the naval Commander-in-Chief received telegraphic instructions from the Admiral for the "Orontes" troop-ship to be made ready for sea immediately, to take out about twelve hundred men for the Cape.

BEKOWE TO BE ABANDONED.

A telegram to the War Office from Saint Vincent, dated the 22nd says:—Lord Chelmsford intends to abandon Ekowe, as the roads, which are bad, make it difficult of approach, and will establish a post on the coast road.

DABULAMANI'S PROPOSAL OF SURRENDER.

A despatch to the *Standard* from Ginglelova, the 4th, says:—The day after the battle, Cetewayo's brother sent a flag of truce proposing a surrender. Lord Chelmsford replied the only terms he could grant were that all chiefs and men surrender themselves as prisoners. The proposal was believed to be a ploy to delay the probable advance of the British on the King's Kraal at Ulundi. Lord Chelmsford and the main force have returned to Tugela to await the arrival of the other regiments on the march up from Durban. When he has got his two cavalry regiments—the 1st Dragoon Guards and the 17th Lancers (the "Death or glory" boys)—up, and with the extra artillery sent out, he will make an advance in two columns on Ulundi. The cavalry will be of great use in covering the advance and also in scouting. Great care, however, will have to be taken of the horses until they are "salted." The line of communication from Tugela and Helpmankraal is strong and well watched.

REPORTED FLIGHT OF CETEWAYO.

A despatch from Pietermaritzburg, April 8th, says it is reported that the Boers had surrounded Practoria.

A correspondent at Capetown says it is reported Cetewayo has fled beyond the Black Umfolosi River. This would bring him near Umbelini's Kraal. He is said to be preparing for a grand attack on Col. Wood's column before assistance can reach that officer.

BEKOWE BURNED BY THE ZULUS.

LONDON, April 22.—A correspondent at the camp of Iyzans says that Ekowe was burned by the Zulus on April 5th, after its evacuation. There is strong evidence to show that the Transvaal Boers are tampering with Chief Maphoo, endeavoring to induce him to join them against the British.

The wrecked steamer "Clyde" had on board 120 tons of ammunition and some Gatling guns, but it is not expected the loss will occasion any serious inconvenience.

It is said at Capetown

THAT CETEWAYO WITNESSED

the attack on Wood's camp on March 19th, which determined the nature of the fighting, Umbelini commanded 20,000 warriors. Cetewayo was much impressed with the rapidity of fire of the "Martini-Henry," and the "raining fire" of the white soldiers has greatly cowed him. The loss of the Zulus, in the two engagements with Col. Wood, is put down at 5,000 to 6,000 killed and wounded. The Zulus displayed great bravery, charging Wood's camp repeatedly; but were mowed down by the hundreds at every volley fired by the British.

59th; Private R. Marshall, 91st; Private J. Pratt, 60th Rifles; Doctor Longfield, H. M. S. "Tenedos," dangerously wounded; Major Barrow, 19th Hussars; Captain Hinxman, 57th, slightly wounded; twenty-nine soldiers and sailors wounded.

THE PEDESTRIAN FEVER.

A Gathering of the Mass, and what Distance was Covered for \$5.00.

The scourge which passed through New York, devastating so many homes and numbering its victims by the hundred, like the direst pestilence which ever swept the continent, has infected the peaceable citizens of Montreal with all its malarial influences. Men will go mad; women will leave the track broken down in body and soul, boys and girls bereft of their senses, will continue to throng the lunatic asylums, until the vitiated taste of the public is satiated with the display of human endurance and agony.

THE WAVE OF NOVELTY.

has wafted to us the pedestrian mania and our citizens have not retired unscathed from the fight, but an entire novelty was an hour's contest, heel-and-toe match, which took place yesterday afternoon at the Windmill Point wharf. Noticing the numerous crowds who were betaking themselves to this point yesterday, our reporter's instincts were aroused, and we joined the moving masses which thronged the road leading from Black's Bridge. In a few minutes we had reached the objective point of the vast crowds and only then became aware that

was about to take place. A half-mile track had been measured on the plank wharf and properly marked off with blocks of stone to designate the turning point. All the salient points of the surrounding locality from which a good view of the track was obtainable, were occupied some time previous to the start. At three by the Custom House clock time was called, and the competitors, three in number, stepped forward. They were known as Slim Jack, a tall, lanky individual, unburdened with a superfluity of obnoxious matter; Squat Tom, a man whose appearance indicated an outward instead of an upward growth. The name of the third contestant we were unable to ascertain, but we will style him Harriman; he was splendidly built, handsome physique, muscular arms and legs and a well developed chest constituted his claims for the favors of the surrounding crowds.

A GRAND PEDESTRIAN CONTEST.

were composed of a heterogeneous mixture of cloths from the looms of all nations. Pennants and streamers fluttered in the breeze from every available point, thus affording the distant spectator a gay and pleasing sight standing out in bold relief to the dull and uninviting aspect of the monotonous surroundings. At the start Slim Jack led off, at a long, loping pace, which told well, and gave him a good lead; Squat Tom followed next, at a good pace, "Harriman" brought up the rear at a passable walk. It was apparent from the start that he was discounted, but notwithstanding, he stuck pluckily to the track, occasionally varying the circuitous by taking

THE COSTUMES.

to the other side of the track when he thought his competitors not looking. On the third mile Squat Tom was at the heels of the leader, and could not be shaken off by the best efforts of his opponent. As the hands of the Custom House clock marked 4.15 the referee declared the race finished, and awarded the stakes to Slim Jack, he having completed 6 1/2 miles in the required time. Squat Tom covered the same distance in one hour and two seconds, with "Harriman" out of the race, owing to his short cuts and foul walking. The scorers marked the laps by notching a pick handle.

This closed what proved to be the closest, fastest and most interesting contest ever witnessed in this city. Were it not for the presence of one of our ubiquitous representatives the above display of pedestrian powers would be lost to the surrounding world, and would have been buried in the depths of obscurity unnoticed and unknown. The bottle-holders, judges, referees, starters, lap-scorers, trainers, and all others who took an active interest in the exhibition, adjourned to Joe Beef's canten to revive their drooping energies by partaking of refreshments.

HANLAN AND HAWDON.

TORONTO, April 17.—The *Mail* this morning contains the following special cablegram dated Newcastle, April 16:—The past few days have been bleak and windy, and decidedly unfavorable to training for a big boat race. Still both Hanlan and Hawdon have been doing a fair amount of work, and beyond the fact that their practice has not been as comfortable as it might have been had the clerk of the weather been in a little pleasanter mood, they do not appear to have suffered much. Both are in good health and rowing well. Hawdon has shown considerable improvement within the last day or two, and greatly increased the confidence of his principal supporters, who from the great reports they had heard of the Canadian were at one time a little disposed to fear for the result. Now, however, they are very sanguine. Hanlan is working with the greatest determination and evidently will not succumb without a tough struggle. He says very little but appears calmly confident. There can be no doubt but that he is very fast and can stay over a long stretch, but still *concoisseurs* outside his immediate friends do not fancy him very much for this race. They think he requires time for development, and that in another year or two he will row behind no sculler living. But at present they seem to be of the opinion that Hanlan has him well in hand. The Canadian, who is now under the personal supervision of Messrs. Ward and Davis, of the Toronto Hanlan Club, also shows some improvement, but Tyndesiders are still somewhat dissatisfied with his leisurely method of moving, and think that if he is to be ranked in the first-class, his stroke should be more rapid, though even with the present rate he makes his shell travel quickly through the water. His use of the slide and the way in which he balances his boat are greatly admired. The one defect, in the eyes of Englishmen, is his slow movement. On Monday he tried the new shell received last week from Judge Elliott, of Greenpoint. He expressed himself pleased with her, but did not seem altogether satisfied. To-morrow he will have another new boat launched from the yard of Messrs. Swaddle and Winship, at Scotswood, and next week the craft Mr. Robert Jewett is building will probably be ready.

The *Globe* this morning contains the following special cablegram, dated London, April 16.—Edward Hanlan is doing well, and is engaged in daily practice and shows good form. He is now in fair condition, the trouble caused by the cold and boil from which he was suffering having passed away. Messrs. Ward and Davis have arrived at Newcastle, and are paying all attention to the training of the champion. There is no betting.

The Elliott-Courtney Match.

LONDON, April 17.—In the Elliott-Courtney negotiations for the sculling match in America, Elliott says he will abide by any terms assented to by ex-Mayor Liddell, of Pittsburgh. He is not particular as to what water he rows upon in America, and should an agreement in this matter be reached by Liddell and Courtney, the match may take place at the end of August or early in September.

Financial Affairs in Turkey.

LONDON, April 17.—Latest advices from Constantinople show that there is great financial depression. The Caisse paper money has depreciated to an alarming extent, falling 400 per cent in one week, the rate now standing at 900 per cent, or ten dollars paper for one of gold. The Government has been endeavoring to withdraw the paper, but cannot do so without obtaining a loan for the purpose, and this it seems an impossibility to do. The country is represented as being in little better than a bankrupt condition.

An Action Against Insurance Companies for \$10,000.

Mr. Adam H. Bell, importer of foreign wines and liquors, has instituted actions in the Superior Court against the Citizens' Insurance Company, the Royal Canadian Insurance Company and the Canada Fire and Marine Insurance Companies for \$3,333.33 each. The suits have been taken to recover policies amounting to \$10,000 on the property of the plaintiff on St. Antoine street, which was damaged to the extent of \$12,222.28 at the fire of January 21st last, and which these companies have, for some reason, showed some disinclination to pay. Messrs. Judah & Co. are the counsel for the plaintiff.

Funeral Obsequies of the Late Rev. Father Lenoir-Rolland.

On the morning of Tuesday, 22nd instant, crowds of the faithful were wending their way towards the French Parish Church of Notre Dame, to assist at the Requiem Mass over the remains of the Rev. Father Charles Octave Lenoir-Rolland, who had been director of the Montreal College for a number of years, and who, for his piety and devotion, had won the respect and love of all who knew him. His Lordship Bishop Lavoie was present and assisted at the throne, also by chanting the "Absoute." Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Dalle, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Deguire and Troie, as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Parent was master of ceremonies. Priests and ecclesiastics to the number of 400 were on the altar, and the ceremony was most impressive and solemn. The Montreal College students to the number of 300 were present; also the students from the Normal School, and the children from the Christian Brothers' Schools, and Sisters of the various Orders. In fact, nearly all of the Catholic institutions of the city were represented.

The deceased was 54 years of age. His studies terminated in 1846, the year of his ordination. After Mass the funeral procession formed and moved slowly out of the church, and was viewed by a very large number of people on the streets. The following gentlemen were pall-bearers: M. M. Kacicot, Bernard, Brissette, Maillet, Brouillette and Charpentier.

The St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Beneficial Society.

At a special general meeting of this society held in their room on Sunday, the 13th instant, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas—This society believing that thirteen (13) taverns, as we had last year, were too many to be granted in this village; and

Whereas—A petition signed by our director, the Rev. Father Salmon, P.P., and about (60) members of this society, a large number of whom are ratepayers and voters, and some of whom rank among the largest property owners of this village, was laid before the Council at their monthly meeting, on Monday evening, the 7th instant, praying that the number of tavern licenses be curtailed and suggesting that five taverns would, in their opinion, be quite sufficient in this village; and

Whereas—The Mayor and Councilors (with the exception of Mr. J. J. Ellis, who moved that the number be reduced to six, but whose motion fell through, as he could get no second, Mr. Wall being absent) treated our petition if not with contempt, at least with indifference, granting licenses not only to all those who had licenses last year "wishing to apply for them," but also to two new parties who are coming into the village this year.

It is resolved,—That this society do unanimously disapprove of the action of the Council in granting so many tavern licenses in this village.

It is further resolved,—That this society do hold the Mayor and Councilors of this village, "two or three of whom are Justices of the Peace," responsible to a certain extent as encouraging drunkenness and vice in this locality by granting so many tavern licenses.

It was unanimously resolved that the above resolutions be entered on the minutes of the society, and also be published in the *Evening Post* newspaper.

Honor to Montreal.

Our American neighbors have always shown a marked respect to such of our Canadian brethren as those who have chosen a home amongst them. This fact is exemplified by the citizens of Toledo, O., who have unanimously tendered their suffrages to Mr. T. H. Wright, a Montrealer by birth, and who by intelligence and industry has gained for himself independence and respect. His brother, Mr. Frank E. Wright, is also candidate for Prosecuting Attorney of the same place, where he, too, holds a foremost position. Both gentlemen were brought up in this city, where they received their education. We clip the following from the *Toledo Review*:

MR. T. H. WRIGHT.

For the Eighth Ward, Mr. Thomas H. Wright is the Democratic candidate for Councilman. Mr. Wright is well and favorably known in this city, where he has been engaged in the Fire Insurance business for the past twelve years, having, at his office, corner of Summit and Jefferson streets, built up an extensive and profitable business. Thoroughly reliable as a sound Democrat, public spirited, energetic and persevering, we predict for him an overwhelming victory. In the present instance, it can be truly said the office sought is the man, for in no sense is Mr. Wright a politician.

MR. FRANK E. WRIGHT.

Mr. Frank E. Wright, the Democratic candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, is well calculated to give a tone and prestige to our ticket, which will insure success. He is a young man of quick perception and bright legal talent, qualified in every respect to fill the office of Prosecutor.

The Brooklyn Regiment.

We glean the following from our morning despatches:—"The Thirteenth regiment held their Montreal review at their army last night. Dodsworth's band was in attendance. The officers present expressed themselves highly pleased with the bearing of the men and the correctness with which they executed the various field manoeuvres." This exhibits plainly the great interest manifested by our United States brethren in arms, and our boys will have to look sharp not to be outstripped by their American cousins.

Party Haunts.

Telegram.—A short time ago, when Mr. Macdougall took an independent stand on the Letellier question, the *Mail's* correspondent at Ottawa attacked him tooth and nail, and called him all sorts of names. Now that Mr. Macdougall has come out frankly in favor of the Government's National Policy, the correspondent cannot find words to express his admiration of him. "This is the way it always is with the party hacks. When you are on their side and vote with them they laud you to the skies. But once venture to show a little independence, and they fly at you like so many mad dogs."

Anniversary.

Next year the Belgians intend to celebrate with all becoming pomp and ceremony the fiftieth anniversary of the independent existence of Belgium as a kingdom. The Chamber of Deputies has agreed, by a majority of 46 against 18, to a vote of 1,800,000 francs, which the Minister of Public Works demanded for the purpose of erecting in Brussels a grand festival hall, in which the jubilee is to be celebrated by the heads of the Belgian nation at a grand banquet and a series of other festivities. The edifice will be subsequently employed as a National Museum of Art, and as a permanent exhibition of the products of art industry.

Deplorable.

Pull Mall Gazette.—"It seems that the late convict Peave, through the sensational accounts published of all his doings, continues to exercise a wonderful influence on the imagination of the rising generation. Not only his burglary conducted with the aid of a revolver become a favorite pastime for youth, but even the hero's execution is imitated—not always without fatal results. Four boys have actually put themselves to death by strangulation while "playing at Peave" as it is termed, since the object of their admiration died for his crimes on the gallows. The latest case is that of a boy, aged ten years, who was found yesterday morning by a policeman, having strangled himself in a street in Lambeth while pursuing this favorite amusement."

Cityways.

When Cityways ceased visiting the English at Greytown his father sent him near the Transvaal, where he formed a friendship with one Giuseppe Diario, a Portuguese, better known as Joseppo, who provided him with all he desired, including brandy and Portuguese beauty. Cityways never paid his debts to Joseppo, but the latter found compensation in being permitted to carry on the slave trade. Thanks, too, to this Joseppo, the Zulus commenced plundering in the Transvaal. He went round on pretence of being a wool merchant to isolated farms, and would make a fire of dead leaves, causing a dense smoke, by the aid of which the Zulus surprised the residents and carried off the booty, except the slaves which belonged to Joseppo. This Joseppo is said to have had much to do with the war. He was once sentenced to be hanged at Maurice, but got off.

Uniforms in Active Pietermaritzburg.

Writing from a place called Pietermaritzburg, a village near Zululand an officer says: The week I left Dublin I bought two large revolvers at Suffolk street. On arrival here I found that when I went to the front I would have to carry a haversack, water-bottle, and field glasses, so on the score of weight I made up my mind to do with one pistol, the other I was asked for by at least half a dozen would-be purchasers, so I placed it in the morning auction room, where, after a spirited competition, it was knocked down to a mild and decidedly peaceable-looking shopkeeper for, I think, eleven pounds. I mention this fact just to show to what a scarce people are in here. Some sensible changes have been made in uniform here. The glaring white helmet has been dyed an earthy brown, and officers dressed exactly like the men. The tunic and the sash are a thing of the past, and helmets, badges, and pikes have been abandoned. Every officer from the colonel to the last inferior second lieutenant, wears a neat serge korsek frock sans lace, star, or crown—an exact *fac simile* of Tommy Atkins' garment, even to the two small patches on the collar.

Decline of the Boat Race Mania.

As for the boat race, of which I made mention as a London landmark at the beginning of this letter, the cable will long ago have told you all you want to know about it, but I should like to say that this year some of the sporting papers have been very much down upon it. One of them says: "We know of nothing much more contemptible in the way of sport than the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The crews come to the Thames, practice on it for weeks, are tried against the same men and the final result left a foregone conclusion. Have the layers of odds at the finish ever been wrong except once, when there was an accident? If the object in rowing is sport, and not notoriety, let the two crews be trained on their respective rivers and then come right away and row their race on the Thames, which is neutral water. They may say that they do not know the course. It is as fair for one as the other, and the coxswains ought easily to be able to master the difficulty." Another paragraph runs thus:—"Nobody seems to care a straw about the boat race this year. Allowing even for the churlishness of the weather, there is a remarkable falling off in London's annual enthusiasm. Perhaps this is on account of the hard times; perhaps it is owing to the Zulu war; perhaps, also, it is because the world is growing older and wiser, and no longer cares to shout itself hoarse about sixteen boys in a couple of boats, either eight of whom could be beaten into a cocked hat by a London or Kingston rowing crew after a week's training." There seems, in fact, to be a feeling that the days of the race on London waters are doomed, and that as the crews themselves complain bitterly now and then of their popularity and urge that the race is a private match the sooner they row it on the calm, tideless stretch of some remote lake in the North of England the better for everybody.—*London Correspondent New York Herald.*

Dr. DEAL, who is a Veterinary Surgeon of great skill, writes from *Barnsbyville, Harrison Co., O.*: "I have given Perry Davis' Pain Killer in many cases of Colic, Cramp and Dysentery in Horses, and never knew it to fail to cure in a single instance." I look upon it as a certain remedy.

The Turf.

LONDON, April 22.—The weather to-day at Epsom was beautiful, the sun shining brightly, and the track was in good condition. The betting at the start was 4 to 1 against "Parole," 9 to 2 against "Elf King," 9 to 1 against "Belle Phoebe," 100 to 9 against "King Boris" and "Ridotte," 12 to 1 against "Attalus" and 16 to 1 against "Wild Prince," "Cradle," "Knight" and "Burnley." There was a long delay in bringing the horses to the post, and the race was not started for nearly an hour after the usual time. An excellent start was made on the second attempt, and the field of 18 horses got off in a bunch. "Ridotte" cut out the running, going to the front, followed by "Rosy Cross," "Parole," "Censor," "King Boris," "Attalus," "Cradle" and "Red Comyn" in the order named. Close in rear was "Parole," kept well in hand and pulled back by his jockey. Before the furies were reached, the Knight of "Burgsley" had taken "Parole's" place, "Cyprus" and "Speculation" were many lengths in the rear; at Tattenham corner "Parole" was urged, and he took a forward place in the race; "Elf King" led, and there was intense excitement; coming down the hill, "Burgsley" took up the running, but only maintained it for a few strides, retiring in favor of "Elf King," and leaving "Ridotte," "Parole" and "Cradle" in front; at the half distance "Parole" drew up to "Ridotte," and the two coming away, had the finish to themselves; 50 yards from the finish "Parole" headed "Ridotte," and came home an easy winner by a length, "Cradle" finishing a bad third. The time of the race was 2:16. It is stated that Pierre Lorillard has won £80,000 by "Parole's" victory.

LONDON, April 22.—In the race at Epsom for the city and suburban handicap, 18 horses ran. The betting before the start continued at three to one against "Parole." There was considerable difficulty in getting the horses off, and the race was forty minutes late in starting. This second victory of "Parole" causes a decided sensation in sporting circles. "Parole" took the lead, and was never headed, winning with ease. Lorillard wins over \$150,000.

LONDON, April 23.—There were only two starters for the great Metropolitan stakes. The course was wet and heavy, and the weather showery. Betting before the start was 5 to 2 in favor of "Parole." Both horses got off together, "Parole's" jockey pulling him. "Castleragh" then went to the front, and led by fully four lengths to the furies, where he attempted to run out; in doing this he allowed "Parole" to get on even terms with him, but went away, and again took the lead. Shortly afterwards Fred Archer called on "Parole" for a spurt, and the latter responded gamely. He waited on "Castleragh" to the centre of the stand enclosure, when he went to the front and won in a canter by nearly a length; time, 4:43. Owing to yesterday's victory, "Parole" to-day had to carry an extra penalty of ten pounds, and will have to carry another ten pounds for the Prince of Wales' prize if he competes in that race.

LONDON, April 23.—Mr. Grotton, owner of "Isionomy," regarded as the fastest colt in England, has proposed a match with "Parole" for £5,000 a side at Newmarket, weight for age. "Parole" recently defeated "Isionomy" in the Newmarket handicap with ease. The match, if made, will excite the keenest interest among racing men in England. Last year, for the Cambridge stakes, "Isionomy" won \$300,000 for his owner. The reason why Mr. Grotton offers this challenge is said to be because, at the recent contest at Newmarket, "Isionomy," four years old, carried 124 pounds penalty, and "Parole," six years old, carried 119 pounds.

Partyman.

There are more independent newspapers in Canada to-day than there ever were before, and there is more independence of thought among the people generally when they come to discuss political questions. Party lines are becoming less and less distinct, and the public journals are beginning to see the wisdom of dealing with public questions not as biased advocates, but as unbiased justices and impartial judges. The party organs are losing whatever influence they had, for everybody sees that they are no honest critics, but mere party hacks, who defend everything their party does, and attack everything done by their opponents.—*Toronto Telegram.*