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ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY.

How It Was Celebrated in Quebec.

REUNION OF FRENCH-CANADIANS.

The 24th of June, 1880, will be long remembered in the annals of Canada as the day the French element of this continent held a grand re-union, and showed the world that the spirit of their glorious nationality still lives strongly in their hearts...

The old historic city of Quebec presented a gay and lively appearance on Thursday, crowded as it was with representatives of the old Gallic race from the different parts of Canada, from the States, and even from France...

THE BANQUET

in the Skating Rink was attended by about 500 people. The hall was tastefully decorated. Behind the Governor-General's seat were the words, "Dieu sauve la Reine," while at the opposite end, over the entrance, were the inscriptions, "A nos freres les Acadiens," and "La France."

On the right of the President were the Governor-General, Archbishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers; Hon. Mr. Laurier, Bishop Racine, of Sherbrooke; Hon. Speaker Blouchet, Judges Jette and Taschereau, Hon. P. J. O. Chaveau, M. Claudius Jeannot, Hon. Dr. Ross, Speaker of the Legislative Council; Rev. Mr. Bedard, the Mayor of Quebec, Judge Routhier, Rev. Mr. Hame, Rector of Laval University. On the President's left were the Lieut.-Governor, Hon. Hector Langevin, Bishop Cameron, of Arichat; Archibald Campbell, Senator Fabre, Judge Loranger, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, Montreal; Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Premier of Quebec; Hon. Minister of Public Works; Hon. Speaker Turcotte, Count de Feuille, Judge Plamondon, Col. Duchesne, the Belgian Consul, Mr. Bols; Mr. Watson, the American Consul; Hon. Mr. Langelier.

The first toast proposed was that of the "Governor-General," which was responded to by His Excellency, who regretted the Princess Louise was unavoidably absent. He congratulated the French Canadians on their chivalrous remembrance of the gallant land of their ancestry, their loyalty to the Queen, their vitality, integrity and the preservation of their laws, their language, and their institutions.

His Excellency was followed by Lieut.-Governor Robitaille, who said the celebration of the morning was a proof of their integrity to the British Crown. On the ground where the armies of France and England had met in hostility a French Canadian Bishop raised his voice, in presence of his compatriots from all parts of the Dominion, and from the United States, on behalf of religion and patriotism, and all joined in prayer for our glorious Sovereign. He expressed the pride he felt at witnessing the procession of the day, not only on account of its extent, but more especially on account of the development of arts and manufactures exhibited.

"The Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy" was responded to by His Grace Archbishop Taschereau. The applause which greeted this toast, he said, was considered, given to the institution rather than to individuals. It was said of Old France that it had been formed by its clergy as a hive was made by the bees. The same could be said of New France. (Applause.) He alluded to the labors of Bishop Laval, whose diocese, which he had governed singly, had now become divided, owing to its growth, into sixty dioceses. He paid a tribute to the zeal, devotion and courage of the clergy, and concluded with a plenum on our civil institutions, both moral and provincial, and the expression of his hope that Her Majesty would long wield the sceptre of the Empire.

"The day we celebrate" was responded to in an eloquent discourse by the Chairman, whose glowing periods never failed to kindle the enthusiasm of the audience.

"France—the land of our ancestors," was responded to in eloquent terms by the Comte de Montcalm and M. Claudius Jeannot, both of whom expressed their deep acknowledgments for the kind words the Marquis de Lorne had spoken of France. They also dwelt on the pride and satisfaction which the magnificent celebration of this national festival had given them.

"The United States" was replied to by the

American Consul, Mr. Watson, in a very appropriate speech.

"Canada" was responded to by Hon. Hector L. Langevin, C. B., who pointed out the means which should be adopted to encourage agriculture and manufactures, and urged union and harmony among all nationalities in building up Confederation.

Hon. Mr. Laurier also responded to the toast. In allusion to the speech of the Governor-General on the union of Scotland and England, he said the greatest ally of old France was Scotland; while England had effected a union with Scotland, Canada had gone a step further, and united England, Scotland and France on her soil.

To the toast of "The Province of Quebec," Hon. Mr. Chapleau replied in a speech which fairly carried away the audience with enthusiasm. He likened the French-Canadian race to the oak tree, whose roots take so firm a hold of the ground that the tree cannot be uprooted. He was not inclined to regard the emigration of French-Canadians with the fear with which many regarded it. It was due to the expansive vigor of the race, which must find an outlet for its energy. He passed a high eulogium on the merits of Mr. Bameau, the French writer whose works had contributed so greatly to make Canada known in Europe, and who predicted a great future for the French-Canadian race. He dwelt earnestly on the advantages of our present position, expressed the loyalty which all Canadians felt towards the British Throne and Constitution, and quoted the words of Lord Dufferin, that the last gun on this continent would be fired by a French-Canadian. He advised Canadians not to make a parade of their sentiments of nationality and patriotism, but to keep the exhibition of those pure feelings for festival days, just as they preserved their precious ornaments to be worn on days of festivity.

He was followed by Hon. Mr. Langelier who enlarged on the necessity of being united and forgetting political differences on occasions like the present.

"Our brothers the Acadians," was responded to by Hon. Mr. Landry, Commissioner of Crown Lands, New Brunswick, in a brilliant speech.

Other toasts followed, until a late hour, when the dinner broke up. Several letters of regret at non-attendance were read, among which was one from Mr. Bameau. Two bands played alternately choice selections during the dinner. Hon. Mr. Chauveau and the Hon. Mr. Justice Plamondon also replied to the toast, "France, the land of our ancestors."

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Thirty to Forty Lives Lost.

New York, June 28.—Another terrible steamboat disaster occurred this evening near Hellgate, by which it is feared that between 30 and 40 lives have been lost. The steamboat Sewashaka, which runs from Peck Slip to College Point, and makes several landings in the Sound, left her dock in this city shortly before 4 p.m. to-day, with between 300 and 400 passengers aboard, two-thirds of whom were women and children, who were bound for some country resort on the Sound. Nothing unusual occurred until passing through Hellgate, when a sudden cry of fire below sent a thrill of terror through the passengers, who almost immediately became panic-stricken, and rushed about almost wild. Every effort was made by the officers to extinguish the flames, but without avail, and in less than five minutes after the first alarm flames shot up from the cabin about the paddle wheel. The scene on board at this time baffles description. Women with children in their arms jumped overboard and were lost; men in attempting to escape jumped into the river, and were carried away by the current, while others who were in the cabin, being unable to escape, were burned to death. When all hope of saving the vessel had been abandoned she was beached near Ward's Island, where she continued to burn to the water's edge. Captain Smith, who had charge of the ill-fated boat, with his officers, tried all in his power to save the lives of the passengers, and was badly burned before leaving the vessel. Nothing definite as to the cause of the disaster can be learned from any of the officers of the vessel, but nearly every one agrees that the fire originated in the furnace, and spread in all directions. Captain Smith states that he made every effort to run the vessel ashore as soon as he found the flames were beyond control. He also says that his signals of distress were responded to by the Sylvian Glen, the Morris, and other steamers. A large number of rowboats also came to her assistance from Kentucky and Long Island shores, and took a large number of passengers off the burning vessel, the majority of whom were taken to their homes. After every one had been removed from the vessel, search was begun for the dead. Several bodies were taken from the vessel, almost burned to a crisp, and almost a dozen taken from the water drowned. Among the dead were two children drowned, and one woman and child burned beyond recognition; a young woman burned to death; two women terribly burned; an old lady burned; Mary Reed drowned; Mrs. George H. Colton, 1350 Pacific street, Brooklyn, drowned; Mr. Debovis, 392 Pacific street, Brooklyn, drowned; two men drowned off 109th street; a child drowned. A large man with one leg burned off, and one P. Skidmore, of Coleman house. All these bodies were taken to the morgue. Several other bodies were picked up and taken to Randall's and Ward's Islands. The Sewashaka was built at Keyport 16 years ago, and valued at \$75,000.

SOME ADVISE ONE REMEDY, AND some another, to cure rheumatism; but there is a specific for this almost universal malady—BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Linctant. It seeks out the disease, and insures relief from the agonizing dolor, which all who suffer know so well.

Lord Beaconsfield is said to be desirous of resigning the leadership of the Opposition.

BRADLAUGH.

THE GREAT ICONCLAST MAKES AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

HE RESISTS AND IS IMPRISONED BY THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

IS RELEASED AND TAKES HIS SEAT AMID SENSATION.

LONDON, June 25.—The House of Commons was crowded to-day in expectation of a scene. Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself at the table, but the Speaker informed him that in consequence of the resolution of the House yesterday he must retire. Mr. Bradlaugh wished to address the Speaker, but was met with Opposition cries of "Withdraw." The Speaker informed Mr. Bradlaugh that he must withdraw. Mr. Labouchere moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be heard at the Bar, which motion was agreed to. Mr. Bradlaugh eloquently combated the resolution arrived at against him. He said it was unprecedented to condemn anyone unheard. He argued against being accused of atheism. He said he would not forgo either his opinions or his claims to his seat. The House might afterwards expel him, but until he had taken his seat it had no jurisdiction over him. The House could not override a law which permitted him to take the oath. If appeal was necessary, as he hoped it would not be, it must be made. He asked the House to give him the justice which judges would give him if he appealed to. He was loudly cheered. The Speaker asked whether Mr. Bradlaugh should be called in to hear the pleasure of the House. Mr. Gladstone thought that last night's resolution was illegal, but he submitted to it as the decision of the House. Mr. Labouchere asked leave to move that Mr. Bradlaugh be allowed to take the oath, but this was ruled out of order. Subsequently a motion of Mr. Labouchere to rescind last night's resolution was discussed, but at the request of Mr. Gladstone it was withdrawn. Mr. Bradlaugh having been called in, advanced to the table, and was informed by the Speaker of the decision of the House and was requested to withdraw. He twice respectfully refused to withdraw, whereupon Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the Speaker be authorized to enforce his withdrawal. The House divided on the motion whilst Mr. Bradlaugh was standing at the table, and Sir S. Northcote's motion was adopted by 328 to 23. Mr. Bradlaugh refused positively to obey, and he was, therefore, removed beyond the bar. He returned twice, declaring that the House had no right to exclude him—that it could only imprison him. Sir S. Northcote moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be given into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Gladstone, seeing no other means of giving effect to last night's resolution, seconded the motion. M. Pinnigan (Liberal member for Ennis) moved the adjournment of the House, which was rejected by 345 to 5. The debate on Sir S. Northcote's motion was continued, and after Mr. Parnell had spoken, the motion that Bradlaugh be given into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms was adopted by 274 to 7. The Speaker then called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove Mr. Bradlaugh below the bar, and that officer approached and touched Mr. Bradlaugh on the shoulder. Mr. Bradlaugh moved away, but turned back and shouted, "I claim my right as a member of this House." The Sergeant took a more forcible possession of his prisoner and moved him to the bar, from which Mr. Bradlaugh again advanced, reiterating his claim. He was brought back again by the Sergeant, who held him by the sleeve. At last Mr. Bradlaugh stepped forward and said:—"I admit your right to imprison me, but I deny your right to exclude me, and I refuse to be excluded." The House then adopted a motion to commit Mr. Bradlaugh to custody, and he is now confined in the Clock Tower of the House of Commons. There was no excitement outside of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh's speech at the bar was eloquent and impassioned, and is considered a splendid effort of oratory. The Standard says that Bradlaugh's friends in the House will move that he be discharged from custody. When he was taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms he made enough resistance. He resented his authority. He walked to the room assigned him in the Clock Tower between the Sergeant-at-Arms and his deputy, followed by three policemen and a procession of members of the House. Parnell and others visited Bradlaugh and tendered their sympathy. Bradlaugh stated to an interviewer that he did not yet contemplate legal proceedings. He received numerous offers of aid. The Daily News understands that his principal supporters in Northampton are petitioning the expediency of applying for permission to be heard of counsel at the bar of the House. The members who have been most active in supporting Bradlaugh's right to take his seat have decided to wait a few days before taking further action. The Times says Bradlaugh complains bitterly of the attacks on him by a few Irish members, particularly O'Donnell. He says this is his reward for standing up for the Fenians in 1865 and 1866. Bradlaugh expresses admiration for Parnell and Labouchere, the latter for his generous support.

SCENE IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

(From the Dublin Irishman Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 9.—Once more the member for Cavan must form the chief subject of my swelling theme. The first real scene in the new Parliament was the creation of Mr. Biggar's hands. A word or two as to the general preliminaries to the combat. It was on Tuesday night, and the Naval Estimates were the subject under discussion. The House of Commons, at certain hours of every evening, is as dreary as the desert of Sahara; but, whenever the Estimates are on, the great desert itself would, in comparison, be a populous and electric-lighted city, and Timbuctoo a pleasant abode. The Tories, of course, never care one pin how the money goes, or how much—except, of course, that the more that's spent the merrier for them, and their cousins and their aunts, who are living on the public purse. The majority of the Liberals, too, shrink back appalled before the spectre of the annual oration of Mr. Seeley, and the melancholy moan of Mr. Cavendish Bontinck; and thus the House would be empty, except for the officials and crochets-mongers, were it not that the

IRISH KEEP GUARD over the English money—not from any particular love of the Briton or his purse, but by way of keeping up that healthy feeling of obstructive possibilities, which will always tend to keep the Ministerial mind in order. Well, the member for Cavan and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, with Mr. Finegan and Mr. Dawson in flank, were on guard on Monday night, and, in spite of the haste of the House to be through with the business, had subjected every vote to severe scrutiny. Things went on thus smoothly for many a weary hour, when, at last, a storm, sharp, wild, and sudden broke upon the scene. With very sarcastic observations, the member for Ennis bore down upon the salary of one of

THOSE GERMAN PAPERS who live on English money, the Prince Leiningen, who, for the trouble and danger of commanding the royal yacht in the Solent, varied occasionally with the drowning of a few innocent people, receives the salary of £2,000 per annum. Mr. Finegan was gulled up by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who stated that the salary disputed was not in the vote then before the House. The correction of the Chairman of Committees was afterwards corrected by Mr. Parnell, who, aided by Mr. Arthur O'Connor, had sounded statistical depths in the thick Blue Book which the ordinary understanding could not even venture to fathom. Mr. Biggar thereupon rose up and suggested in that insupportable manner of his—which leaves the hearer in doubt whether he is on joking or on mischief bent—that Dr. Lyon

PLAYFAIR SHOULD APOLOGISE for the mistake he had made. It is impossible to give anything like an adequate idea of the scene that followed. The 350 Liberals who sat on the Ministerial benches howled, yelled, bellowed, and raged, while Mr. Biggar, with that splendid insensibility, which is his chief characteristic, proceeded to continue his observations in his usual business-like style. At last, Sir James Fogg, the very portentous person who sits as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board, got up in all his dignity, and undertook to rebuke the peccant member. Half-a-dozen others of the tyrant majority were quite willing to take upon themselves the pleasant office of flagellators; but as Mr. Gladstone stood up himself to wield the whip, the others subsided. The Prime Minister was in a towering rage, and he became worse as he went along, for he was

INTERRUPTED BY MR. PARNELL'S

"No, no." He turned upon the member for Cork with a lofty scorn, and gave him a piercing glance; but the man has vet to be born before whose face Parnell would blench. This little scene lasted for but a few seconds; but anyone watching it attentively, and seeing it in its true significance of a mortal shock between two strong natures, would have estimated the time as of the duration of slowly-footed hours. Mr. Biggar then rose; but they counted without their host who imagined that he was about all at once to fall upon his knees and beg their lordships' pardon. Amid a thunderous cry of "withdraw, withdraw," and after a scene, the elements of deep passion in which I have but just lightly suggested, there stood Mr. Biggar as easy in his mind, as cool in his demeanour, and as ready with his tongue as if he were at the Home Rule rooms in King street. I don't think I have ever read any speech with deeper amazement than the reply of the member for Cavan. "There are two or three points," he calmly said—as if he were discussing some quiet proposition. "Then the cussing broke out afresh; and so he went on in his own interjectional way, keeping his apology to the last moment, arguing position after position, and, finally, showing that if he did ask the pardon of the chairman, it was not because of the Ministerial howls, but because he had convinced himself that he should do so. It was, indeed, a strange scene, and taught many a lesson to the clearest observer.

The Irish party will have to play

A CAREFUL GAME

with the men that are now in power; for the Liberal majority will, I am convinced, be ready to pounce down upon them with greater propititude than the Tory party. And secondly, I saw that there came into deliberative assemblies passions quite as wild as on the battle-field; and that there are in the Council Hall occasions that try the nerves and test the heart quite as sternly as the shock of opposing spears. The action of the Irish party on the Land Bill of Mr. O'Connor Power is worthy of approval. No one had imagined that the measure would come on; but fortunately, the Tories not having given notice of opposition, it did not matter at what hour its turn came

on the paper. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when the time came, and there, even at that unearthly moment, sat a solid phalanx of the Irish members, covering almost completely three benches.

THE MINISTER WERE NONPLUSSED.

The whole thing having been sprung upon them; and neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Forster having the wildest idea of what the bill meant; for the Chief Secretary for Ireland never does seem to know anything about Irish questions until he has been wet-nursed by somebody behind the scenes. The contest arose on the point of getting a definite answer for the Bill; and to gain even this concession required more determination, a firmer front, and sterner talk than you can imagine. There was, I am glad to say, scarcely a falter, each member who spoke insisting that the matter should be pushed to the bitter end, in case the day was not given; and the result was that Mr. Gladstone—whom it must in fairness be admitted, acted throughout in a very conciliatory manner—had to yield. It is not yet known what the Prime Minister will do in the matter—that is to say, on the merits of the bill itself, for the very good reason that the Prime Minister does not know himself. Mr. Albert Grey, the Liberal member who proposed the reply to the Address, has helped the Tories, who were ashamed themselves to take up the "dirty work," and has given notice of opposition. There are some Irishmen in Northumberland—are there not? I commend Mr. Albert Grey's attempt to stop a bill for the relief of a starving peasantry to their favourable attention.

LAST DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

His Illness and Death—The Queen's Great Trial.

On the 29th of November the Prince dragged himself through a review of the Eton College volunteers, looking very unwell and walking slowly. Though wrapped in a coat lined with fur he felt as though cold water was being poured down his back. "Unhappily I must be present," he wrote in his diary, and these are the last words he ever wrote. Nights of shivering and sleeplessness, the Prince lying on the sofa and the Queen reading to him; visits from the ministers, from foreign ambassadors. Lord Palmerston especially became uneasy about the symptoms of the Prince's indisposition. Sir James Clerk and Dr. Jenner assured her Majesty on the 3rd of December that there was no cause for alarm. Still further nights of wakeful restlessness and distaste for food. "He would take nothing," says the Queen, "hardly any broth, no soup, no bread, or anything. My anxiety is great, and I feel utterly lost." The Prince liked to be read to, but hardly any books suited him. They tried him with the "Dodd Family," but he did not like it. One of Sir Walter Scott's, "The Talisman," was substituted. It was read by the Princess Alice, "the Prince listening in a very uncomfortable, panting state, which frightened us."

On the night of the 5th of December, Dr. Jenner sat up with the Prince, who complained of his wretched condition—weak and irritable and unkind himself. In the evening the Queen found Albert most dear and affectionate, and quite himself when I went in with little Beatrice, whom he kissed. He quite laughed at some of her new French verses which I made her repeat. Then he held her little hand in his for some time and she sat looking at him." December passed to the 6th, the Prince still looking weak and exhausted, his wife thinking it was overwork and worry. "It is too much," he said. "You must speak to the Ministers." Then he said, says the Queen, "when he lay awake there he heard the little birds and thought of those he had heard at Rosenham in his childhood. I felt quite upset."

Dr. Jenner, on December 6th, informed the Queen in the kindest, clearest manner, that the Prince's disease had now assumed its office, and was gastric or low fever, and must have its course a month, which dated from the 22nd of November. "Albert," says the Queen, "was not to know it, as he had unfortunately a horror of fever. What an awful trial is this—to be deprived of my guide, my support, my all. My heart was ready to burst, but I cheered up, remembering how many people have fever. When the Prince retired for that night his pulse was good. Next morning the symptoms seemed to be improving, and the Prince desired to be moved to a larger room. "When I returned from breakfast," said the Queen, "I found him lying in the new blue room, and much pleased. The sun was shining brightly, the room was fine, large and cheerful, and he said, 'It is so fine.' For the first time since his illness, he asked for some music, and said, 'I should like to hear a fine chorale played in the distance.' We had a piano brought into the next room, and Alice played 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' and another, and he listened, looking upward with such sweet expression and the tears in his eyes. He then said, 'Das riecht bin (that is enough)'. It was Sunday. The Rev. Charles Kingsley preached, but I heard nothing," says the Queen.

There were fits of listlessness and irritability of mind, when the Queen read 'Peril of the Peak,' which the Prince followed with interest. When the Queen came in from dinner one day, the Prince was so pleased to see me, stroked my face and smiled, and called me 'Liebes fraulein!' (Dear little wife) 'Precious love! His tenderness this evening when he held my hand and stroked my face touched me so much and made me so grateful!' On the 9th the other two doctors came in, Sir Henry Holland and Sir James Watson. The symptoms seemed to be the same, the Prince's mind occasionally wandering—the strong constitution struggling with the fever. On the 11th there was an improvement and the Prince was changed into another room. Going through the door he turned and looked at a beautiful picture on China of the Ma-

donna, a copy of the Madonna and Child by Raphael, known as the Colonna Madonna, which he gave me three years ago, and asked me to stop and look at it, even loving what is beautiful. 'It helps me through half the day,' he said.

On the 13th of December, the fever developed a tendency to congestion of the lungs, a symptom which gave alarm to the physicians. It was noticed that on this day, for the first time, the Prince took no notice of his favorite Madonna picture on being wheeled from his room. He would not be turned, as he had previously been, with his back to the light, and remained with his hands clasped, looking silently out of the window at the sky. The Prince of Wales was sent for by the physicians, and while the doctors endeavored to reassure the Queen, they all felt it was a struggle for life. Every hour, every minute, was a gain, and Sir James Clark was very hopeful, only the breathing was alarming, and about the face and hands was a dusky hue. Albert folded his arms and began arranging his hair, just as he used to do when well and he was dressing. These were said to be last signs. While the doctors continually reassured the Queen, it was evident that the life of her husband was ebbing away. 'At half-past five,' Her Majesty writes, 'in the afternoon, I went in and sat down beside his bed, which had been wheeled to the middle of the room. He called me 'Gutes Fraulein,' and kissed me, and then gave a sort of piteous moan. Later in the day she found the Prince bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. Bending over him she said: 'Es ist kleiner fraulein' (is it your little wife), and he bent his head and kissed her.' 'At this time he seemed quite calm, and only wished to be left quite alone, as he used to be when tired and not well.' As evening advanced Her Majesty retired to give way to her grief in an adjoining room.

She had not been long gone when a rapid change set in, and the Princess Alice was requested by Sir James Clarke to ask the Queen to return. The import of the summons was too plain. When the Queen entered she took the Prince's left hand, which was very cold, and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the Princess Alice, while at its foot knelt the Prince of Wales and Princess Eleanor. Not far from the foot of the bed were Prince Ernest of Leiningen, and the Prince's valet, Heibeln General the Honorable Robert Bruce Knelt beside the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps and General Gray were also in the room. In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely felt any deathbed. The clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form, the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn, and that great soul had fled to seek for a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil for which he had yearned, where there is rest for the worn and weary and the spirits of the just are made perfect.—Martin's Life of the Prince.

RUMORED MARRIAGE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—The report of Lord Beaconsfield's marriage with a lady of title is repeated more circumstantially. The lady is the widow of a noble lord some time deceased. She is forty-nine years of age, of agreeable presence, accomplished, rich, and holds a foremost place in society. The ex-Premier did not at first, it seems, make a successful advance, but royally, with whom the lady is a favorite, brought its influence to bear, and the union is now declared to be in train.

A FOOLISH HABIT OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.—Writing to the London Globe, a correspondent says:—The foolish and mischievous habit that is at present so common amongst fashionable ladies of carrying the purse in the hand arises from the fact that their dresses are so arranged that they have no pockets to put them in; they wish to appear so slim that even a small pocket would, they fear, make them bulky! I venture, therefore, humbly to say that I am very fashionable and (my friends always tell me) very well dressed, and I always carry my purse with me, but not in my hand, but in a flat wallet-shaped pocket, securely sewed on to the under jacket, and with a pocket-hole only in the outer skirt. I defy thieves, I have my money safely with me, and yet look perfectly fashionable.

A good family medicine chest with a prudent use has saved many a life; and yet, we think, the idea might be improved upon and reduced to a more simple form. Take some good compound such as Dr. Harvey's ANTIBILIOUS and PURGATIVE PILLS, and we find that the desired end may be obtained without the use of scales and weights, or HUI-mystic-rigorous compartments and enchanted bottles, with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but Dr. Harvey's ANTIBILIOUS and PURGATIVE PILLS, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well, may be set down as the best. 44-3

DOES THE BABY START IN HIS Sleep and grind his little teeth? Nine chances out of ten it is troubled with worms, and the remedy for this is BROWN'S VERMIFUG COMFITS or Worm Lozenges. They are tasty and the children will love them. Dry out the worms and the child will sleep sweetly. Sold for only 25 cents. 44-3

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit. 44-3

TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many years, and never known to fail. It not only relieves the child's pain, but invigorates the stomach and cures wind colic, and gives rest and to the child, and comfort to the mother.