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A NICE STATE OF THINGS.

Here's a state of things, now, in this land of the free, Where the people are reckoned the rulers to be...

Here's a nice state of things, in this land of the free, When a few moneyed men say to you and to me...

Here's a nice state of things, I really must say, When greedy moneyed men go to the day...

But there's ominous mutterings over the land, And the wings of our eagle begin to expand...

New Haven, Conn. W. E. PENNET.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued.

The morning was radiantly beautiful—the sparkling waves rose high on tiptoe to kiss the still bosom of the sea...

For now I knew she was dead. Fate had killed her, not I. All repentance as she was, triumphing in her treachery to the last, even in her madness, still I would have saved her...

Wearing the guise of a rough seaman, one who works in common with others, heaving down tough parasites and poisonous undergrowths in order to effect a clearing through these pathless altitudes...

From it, I learned that the Count Oliva was advertised for. His abrupt departure, together with that of his newly married wife, formerly Countess Romani, on the very night of their wedding...

There was much more to the same effect, and I read it with the utmost indifference. Why do they not search the Roman vaults? I thought, gloomily; they would find some authentic information there...

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A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER

The time was the close of a bright, warm day in June; the place a little parlor in the most picturesque cottage to be found on the estate of Brynmar...

There seems at times little or no harmony between nature and man. Outside the cottage, the bonny woods of Brynmar were full of the brightness and beauty of summer...

Inside the cottage was a scene that told of the deepest human woes. The beauty of sunbeam and flower could not touch it. There was sorrow which nothing human could soften or alleviate...

It was a strange scene. The parlor was bare and poorly furnished: no carpet, no pictures, no books, nothing that told of comfort; stern, dread poverty was shown in the few articles of furniture...

Lady Hutton took from her purse gold and bank-notes and laid them upon the table. "The sum was agreed upon by us, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton...

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no light can penetrate it. Let your child live and be happy, as she never could be with you. Do you think after fifteen years spent as my daughter that it would be fair to ask her to return to such a home as yours?

"I know," said the poor mother platonically, "one way or another my heart must break." "You fancy so," said Lady Hutton; "one can bear much, yet live on. Hilda will be happy and well cared for. If she lives she will grow up a beautiful, accomplished lady."

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ment between the two girls. Miss Erskine often left her stately home to roam in the woods with the lovely young girl whose face every one declared resembled a picture. At times Magdalen Burns was asked to the Hall, but her father never wished her to go there; perhaps he had some presentiment of the fate that would overtake his daughter. He heard nothing but her praises, and he did not want her head to be turned with flattery. When gentlemen visitors at the Hall, having heard of the beauty of his only child, called on different pretences at the cottage, Donald Erskine ordered that his daughter should always remain in her room while visitors were in the house.

Miss Erskine had many lovers, but she cared only for one, that was the young Lord Hutton, the handsome, gayest, wildest man in all the Highlands—reckless, careless, dashing, and the prodigal son of a prodigal race. He liked Miss Erskine, and his friends advised him to marry her; she would be rich, and he needed money. Lord Hutton did not decide all at once; he went frequently to the Hall, and on one occasion took his favorite companion, Stephen Hurst, with him.

Stephen found his visit a very dull one; he did not care for the pomposities of Sir Ralph or the inanity of Lady Erskine. Both bored him alike, and, besides, there was no billiard table at the Hall. Lady Erskine disapproved of gambling in even its innocent branches; a game at billiards was something very terrible in her eyes. Miss Erskine never appeared to see or notice any one except Lord Hutton, and the other guests were summoned up by Mr. Hurst in his amiable way as "a mixture of horses and nobodies."

Having no mischief ready-made to his hand, Stephen went out to seek it for himself; he sought and found it in the shape of the gamekeeper's beautiful daughter. Wandering one day through the woods of Brynmar, he sauntered down a broad path to enjoy a cigar. The day was fine and the cigar a good one. Stephen sat on the trunk of a fallen tree in order to enjoy both, and as he sat there a girl, beautiful as a fairy vision, came tripping down the path.

Stephen Hurst saw her with a thrill of delight; he had been idle and listless; here was something to do; here was a beautiful young face, pure, sweet, and happy. He could teach it to blush and to glow. Here was a pure, innocent young heart. He could teach it to love. All that he said to himself as the girl drew near. She did not perceive him until he, to attract her attention, spoke; then Magdalen Burns raised her eyes to his face, and in that one look met her fate. He asked some idle questions as to the nearest way to the Hall, and she replied; and then gradually he drew from her her name and her simple little history. Nothing could be better than the girl herself. There was no one to interfere while he remained at this dull place; it would be a magnificent resource to be able to meet this beautiful, simple girl, out in the bonny woods of Brynmar. He never calculated on Donald Burns' strength of arm or strength of will.

Lord Hutton could not imagine how it happened that Stephen Hurst, who used to complete the whole day long of the dullness of the place and every one in it, suddenly grew attached to it, and absolutely tried to persuade him to prolong his stay.

Brynmar woods could have told him why. There was no day passed that Stephen Hurst did not meet Magdalen under the shade of their tall trees.

What need to tell the story? He wooed as idle men do when they have no other occupation, and she learned to love, as the young and happy love when they are so wooed. She thought him a king among men; no one was so handsome, so brave, so kindly; he was like one of the knights of old.

Who else spoke so gentle and musically? What voice was that which was like his? She never thought of herself; she never asked herself if it were wrong or foolish to spend long hours in these summer woods, listening to the sweetest and fairest words that ever fell from false lips. How true he seemed—how noble, how good. What had she done that this great happiness should come to her, the priceless love of this greatest and noblest of men?

Poor Magdalen! did she ever see him as he was—mean, false, and narrow, without one good instinct, without one noble quality? Did she ever see him as he was—handsome, with a coarse, animal beauty, selfish, cowardly and ungenerous? Never, until the time came when all things were made clear to her eyes. The golden veil of romance had fallen over him; he was a hero, a knight, he loved her, and what could she do to show her gratitude for so priceless a treasure as this love?

So while the warm, bright summer days lasted the met him under the shade of the tall green trees, and she learned to love him as women love once in life, and can never love again.

How it would have ended, no one can tell; but one morning, while the dew still lay upon flowers and leaf, Magdalen went out to her room. They were used for some long time, and down the broad path, forgetting everything save themselves and their own happiness, when all at once the keeper, white with rage, stood before them.

"So," said he slowly, "this is it! I have always said that fatal beauty would prove a curse. Go home, Magdalen; leave your lover with me. Say—do not let me be rash. Is he your lover? Does he profess to love you?" "He does love me," said Magdalen proudly; "and—oh, father, do not be angry—I love him."

She spoke bravely, although trembling with fear. "I am not angry, child," said the keeper gently. "Go home—I will tell this." "You will not hurt him, father?" pleaded Magdalen.

"I will not disturb one of his well-arranged curls," said the keeper grimly. "Leave him to me." Magdalen hastened away, and the two men gazed fixedly at each other. Stephen Hurst did not quite like the strong hands that trembled with eagerness. He was a coward at heart, but thought in this case there was nothing much to fear.

"Well, my friend," he said insolently, "don't act the virtuous peasant. I have seen that kind of thing so often on the stage that I am tired of it." "I tell you what you never saw upon a stage," said the keeper. "You never saw a father who meant to lash his daughter's lover like a whipped hound unless he did justice to her."

There was something in the hot angry eyes that glowed upon him, and in the low, hissing voice, that shook Stephen Hurst's craven heart.

and slay you—your hear me? I say it—I, never broke my word. Now please yourself." He turned away without one word more, leaving Stephen Hurst looking vacantly after him.

"A very pretty price certainly to pay for a summer's wandering in these stupid woods," he muttered. "That all comes from having nothing to do. I must either marry the girl or run the risk of being beaten to death by that energetic and active keeper. Well, I have nothing to keep her upon; I cannot even keep myself; but she is a beautiful girl, and I really like her better than any one else in the world. Let me toss up for it: heads, I will marry her; the reverse I run away. Then he carelessly threw up a few small silver coins: "Heads win," said he with a smile. "I will wait upon the keeper to-morrow."

And that was the man Magdalen Hurst idealized and loved. What passed when Stephen Hurst called at the cottage no one ever knew. When Lord Hutton heard that his random friend was to marry the loveliest girl in Scotland, he advised Miss Erskine to use her influence to prevent the sacrifice.

"Let the girl marry some steady, honest young man in her own station," he said; "she will have an chance of happiness then. If she marries Stephen Hurst, she will be wretched for life."

Miss Erskine tried her influence, and Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine tried theirs, but all in vain; when did love ever listen to reason? Before the summer ended, beautiful, simple Magdalen Burns became Stephen Hurst's wife.

CHAPTER III. The happy, unequal marriage made no sensation. Few knew anything of Mr. Hurst, except that he was one of the gentlemen who visited the Hall. The beautiful girl who lived in the quiet seclusion of Brynmar woods was surprised at hearing that she had married a "gentleman from London." One or two simple, honest young keepers, who wished they had been more favored by fortune, Donald Burns and his wife were divided between sorrow and joy—sorrow at losing the light of their home; joy that their beautiful daughter had married a real gentleman, a friend of Lord Hutton's.

Miss Erskine was the only one who felt keen, unequalled regret; she had done her utmost to prevent the marriage. Lord Hutton spoke in such strong terms of Mr. Hurst, that she knew it would be better for her foster-sister to die than to become the wife of a man utterly reckless and without principle; even high words passed between the two, who had hitherto felt nothing but kindness for each other. Miss Erskine was hurt and offended that Magdalen should marry against her will; Magdalen retorted that the man she was going to marry had long been one of Lord Hutton's closest friends, for which retort the heiress never pardoned her.

Stephen Hurst married the beautiful, simple country girl, and took her to London. He established her in third-rate lodgings in Piccadilly. When fortune favored him he supplied her liberally with money; when it failed he contented himself by abusing her. He was not naturally a cruel man; he would never rejoice in torture for torture's sake, but he was selfish and egotistical, mean and false. As much as he could love anything he loved the fair, sweet young wife whose loving worship never abated, even when poverty and want pressed sorely upon them; and though he cured her in a passionate moment for being a tie upon him, yet he was always to her a king among men. But her dream of happiness was soon ended. She never saw Stephen Hurst as he really was, but she had seen enough to perceive there was no hope of a peaceful or happy life with him. In her sweet, womanly, gentle way she tried to reconquer with him, to persuade him to think of better and higher things, to teach him some of the sweet and holy lessons she had learned in the little church by Brynmar woods; but he laughed her to scorn.

When in good humor he contented himself with ridiculing everything good and pure; when angry he would pour out a flood of blasphemous ideas and words that frightened the gentle girl, who had been taught to reverence all that he scoffed and sneered at.

It was some time before she discovered that he had no source of income save what he derived from gambling and betting. It was a bitter sorrow to her. She implored him to try some honest method of living; she offered to work for him, but he only laughed at her ideas, and told her when he could afford it he should open a gambling saloon at home.

For a long he did so, and then the rest of her life began for Magdalen Hurst. The change was cruel from the bonny woods of Brynmar, from flowers and trees, from the happy, peaceful cottage life, to the narrow street, and the close, stifling rooms of the little house. When the light was all lighted, and no sound could be heard save the rattling of dice and the angry muttering of excited men, she would sit and dream of the home she had left, of the evening sky with its pale, gleaming stars, of the night wind whispering amid the trees, of the sleeping flowers and birds, of the little brooks that sang all night, and of the beautiful hush and calm that fell upon the woods—that scene so different in its beauty and purity from this.

Still, her love never abated, never wearied or grew less; she hoped against hope. But a greater trial was coming. Stephen Hurst seemed all at once to lose his good luck. He never touched a card without losing; he grew moody and irritable, then desperate, and in an evil hour he fell into the lowest depths. He forged the name of a young nobleman who had frequently played at his house. The forgery succeeded, and the sum of money he obtained was a large one; but as inevitably happens, detection followed the crime closely. He was watched, arrested, and tried. The gay, dashing, Stephen Hurst, who had hitherto thrown off all principle, and hazarded all restraints, found himself now a prisoner for one of those crimes which the law punishes most severely. Then, when the world justly fell from him, when good and bad alike looked with abhorrence upon him, he learned the value of a wife's love.

Magdalen Hurst clung to him still. Others might believe him guilty—he might be condemned and punished—it made no difference to her, he was her king, though a fallen one. Woman-like, she loved him even more tenderly and truly in his adversity than she had done in his prosperity. Others blamed him; she knew how he had been tempted; she made a hundred excuses for him, even while she deplored his crime. When the day of his trial came, men gazed with wonder on the beautiful white face, so full of anguish and despair. Her with every word that told against him. When the sentence of ten years' transportation was given, one long, low cry never forgotten by those who heard it, rang through the court, and Magdalen Hurst fell as one dead.

Something like a sharp quiver of pain passed over Stephen Hurst's face as he saw this; but even the heavy sentence had not power to quell his light, trifling, thoughtless spirit. He loved almost gaily to joke and jest, and his light, cheerful, unimpaired, he

could not even understand the light in which Magdalen viewed his crime. "To him it was a piece of 'unheard-of bad luck'—an 'ill turn of the tide'—a 'misfortune' but he never called it a sin or a bigoted. What could such a narrow and devoid of all honor, understanding of a religious, loving, sensitive nature like Magdalen's?"

She spent every moment with him. There were whole nights when she never left the prison gates—standing there, content to gaze upon the walls that held him. She was of a nature that makes heroines. Her love, in its grand self-forgetfulness, was simply heroic; but his heroism was all wasted upon her; five weeks before Stephen Hurst left England little Hilda was born; he only saw her once. What there was of a better nature in him was touched when his fair young wife, though she had been a better man; but the good impulses vanished almost before he knew the little life. He made his wife promise she should come to him if she could, and she intended that she would keep her word.

Magdalen Hurst never knew how the day passed that took her husband away. It was one long dream of unutterable anguish. Awakening from it she found herself alone in the great city of London—alone, save for her little child. She would not go home, where they would talk continually of the deed against him would pierce her loving, faithful heart; so for three years Magdalen remained in the great city, working hard to maintain herself and her child. During that time Donald Burns and his wife died. Magdalen, who married Lord Hutton, returned with him from abroad, and went to Brynmar. Then Magdalen received a letter from her husband, begging her to go out to him; but she had not the means. She tried to save money, but found it impossible out of her small earnings. Another year passed, and then Magdalen put aside her pride and went back to Brynmar. She found her foster sister, Lady Hutton, in the bitterest depths of sorrow; her husband and little child, to whom she was passionately attached, were both drowned by the upsetting of a boat upon the bank and saw them die before her eyes, unable to render them the least assistance. She saw her little daughter's golden head disappear in the dark, cold water; she saw her husband struggle in vain to save himself and his child.

Many suns rose and set before Lady Hutton saw anything again; and on the very day that her husband and child were brought home to Brynmar to be buried, Magdalen Hurst reached the little cottage, where her simple, happy childhood had been spent. She waited there many long weeks until Lady Hutton was able to see her; then taking little Hilda by the hand, she went to the Hall.

To be continued.

A GENERAL TIE-UP of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes is a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a rapid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are pure, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY. Always buy the best because it is the cheapest in the end, and not only is Burdock Blood Bitters the best medicine known for all chronic diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Blood, but it is really the cheapest, as it needs less to cure and cures more quickly than any other remedy.

How happy is that faithful and prudent man who, in his every fault, does not hesitate to chastise himself by hearty contrition, and exults by a good confession and works of satisfaction.

THANKFUL. Some time ago being very greatly troubled with colds and coughing, I went to the drug store and got Haysard's Pectoral Balm. In a short time I was well. I have found it a sure cure and am thankful that I used it, and now would not be without it. E. A. Schaefer, Berlin, Oct.

Employment, which Gallen calls "nature's physician" is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

PREVAILING SICKNESS. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Influenza and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year. Haysard's Yellow Oil is the best external and internal remedy for all these and other troubles.

We demand that men may have a complete enjoyment of their lives, and we must show by our example that we demand it, not to satisfy our personal passions, but for mankind in general; that what we say from principle and not from passion, from conviction and not from desire.—Theophylact.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged. Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long neglected disease of the nervous system, debilitated, and aged, by combining the best nerve tonic, Cerebrin and Cocca, with other effective remedies, which acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound. It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. The remedy is a pleasant, healthy, and safe preparation, which has been tried by thousands of persons, and has shown that the usual remedies do not meet the needs of the nervous system. It is a pure, safe, and effective remedy for all nervous troubles. It is sold by all druggists. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

WANT OF LEISURE FOR WOMEN. Busy Sundays—Savings Not Earning—Preoccupation—Over-Pastidiousness—The Yearly Holiday.

BUSY SUNDAYS.

Certainly, one of the worst things that can befall a woman is to be so busy on Sunday that she has no time to rest. For working women, leisure for is not the house-mother or the manager of the household, but the woman who is the mother of the family.

SAVING, NOT EARNING.

There is one most distressing thing about women's work in the household. Being non-productive, it is not bringing in an immediate recognition in the shape of a money-acknowledgment of its performance.

PREOCCUPATION.

Cheerful society is one of the best cures for despondency, but it has little chance to do its work where the mind is preoccupied. The immediate pressure of care must be removed before association with the antecedents of our work.

OVER-PASTIDIOUSNESS.

Women add a great deal to their own burdens by being fastidious. Sometimes it is well to be easily pleased, to take comfort in a cottage, if one cannot have splendor in a palace.

THE YEARLY HOLIDAY.

One very good custom is getting more prevalent every year even in the humbler classes—the taking of an annual holiday with their families.

PREPARE YE THE WAY.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; make straight the way of the Lord."—St. John; 23 v.

THE HOUSE-SERVANT SUPERSEDED.

Considering the difficulties experienced by housekeepers in securing competent help for their own use, it is small wonder that the question of obtaining efficient outside help should be fast becoming a most important one.

THE WORKING WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

The multiplicity and complication of modern systems of housekeeping have always tended in one direction, and that is, to broaden the sphere of the activities by adding one department of labor after another outside the limits of the home proper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sib," Carbonara, Newfoundland.—The District of Muskoka comprises an area of 5,300 square miles in the northern part of the Province of Ontario, west and partly north of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay.

IS THERE ANYTHING MORE ANNOYING THAN HAVING YOUR CORN STEPPED UPON?

Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

AN ERONEOUS IDEA.

"But," some will say, "will not the importation into the household of outside help completely destroy the idea so long and sacredly cherished of home as home, as a hallowed circle, inside of which the stranger's step were profanation?"

A BENEFICIAL CHANGE.

After all the change would not be so very radical. The same individuals who are now employed, and a vast number of others would be benefited by the altered conditions under which they would work.

EASTER EGGS.

Can be beautifully colored by Diamond Dye. The expense is trifling, as a small portion of a dye package colors a dozen eggs. Most druggists sell Diamond Easter Dye; four colors in one package. Only 10 cents. The colored eggs can be safely eaten.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.

Health's Defences.—None save the strongest can with impunity pass through the sudden transitions from wet to dry, from cold to muggy weather so prevalent during the autumnal and early winter months.

WOMAN'S WORK.

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she is suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex?

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

Under the patronage of the Rev. CARD LABELLE. To aid the work of the Diocesan Colonization Societies of the Province of Quebec. Founded in June, 1884, under authority of the Quebec Act, 22 Vict., Cap. 38.

CLASS D.

THE ELEVENTH MONTHLY DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAY, 18th of APRIL, 1888, at 2 o'clock P.M.

Value of Prizes, \$60,000.

1st SERIES—VALUE OF PRIZES.....\$50,000 CAPITAL PRIZE: 1 lot worth..... 5,000 \$1.00 PER TICKET.

2nd SERIES—VALUE OF PRIZES.....\$10,000 CAPITAL PRIZE: Real Estate..... 1,000 25 cents PER TICKET.

ORDER FOR TICKETS.

The holder of each winning number will be offered the amount drawn in cash, less 10 per cent. commission. The names of winners will not be published unless by special authorization.

To S. E. LEBEYRE, MONTREAL, CANADA: With Mr. Lefebvre is pleased to send to the undersigned address.

Name..... No.....

Street.....

or Post Office box No..... Locality.....

ADDRESS

REMARKS.—This form of Order for Tickets appears in the Quebec Gazette on Monday and Saturday of each week, and in the True Witness every week, except the week of drawing. Cut it out and enclose it with money addressed to S. E. Lefebvre, No. 19 St. James street, Montreal, Canada.

WARRANTED SEED.

I have founded my business on the belief that the public are anxious to get their seed directly from the grower. Raising a large proportion of my seed enables me to warrant its freshness and purity, as well as its vigor.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE.

For every seed and daughter of Adam. It is a valuable and original introduction of the most valuable varieties of standard seed, you will find in no other catalogue.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

We are intended for another world and another life. It is better to serve God than to rule the world.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.—DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.—BOULANGER'S CANDIDACY.

PARIS, March 30.—M. Laguerre proposed, and M. P. Ellstein supported, the motion for urgency for the revision of the constitution.

THE COMING COMET.

It is fancied by a grateful patriot that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery" inscribed upon it in bold characters.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections.

TURN THE RASCALS OUT.

Now means, turn out the waste which the hearty food and in-door life of winter has left in the blood. Faine's Celery compound will do it.

WOMAN'S WORK.

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health.

WORMS CAUSE FEVERISHNESS, MOANING AND RESTLESSNESS DURING SLEEP.

Worm Extirminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL IS THE NURSERY OF MORALITY AND VIRTUE.

As soon as the child enters the school, the Christian school is the nursery of morality and virtue, as well as secular knowledge.

WE LEAN ON ONE ANOTHER.

O come and listen while I sing A song of human nature! For high, or low, we're all akin, To every human creature;

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

MR. BALFOUR'S LAND COURTS BILL. LONDON, March 27.—The debate on Mr. Balfour's bill to expedite business in the Irish Land Courts, by appointing assessors to assist the judges was resumed in the Commons to-day.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.

If the traveler could "ride with the sun" he could go around the world in twenty-four hours without losing any time.

A SWEDISH BOY FELL INTO A WELL AT TEMPLETON, CA.

The well was fifty feet deep and it was expected that the fall would certainly kill him. But when taken out he protested that he wasn't hurt a bit.

MRS. GALESTON COON, SYRACUSE, N. Y., writes:

"For years I could not eat any kind of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

A PENNSYLVANIA WOMAN LEFT HER HUSBAND AWAY FROM A CERTAIN SALOON IN A NOVEL MANNER.

She trapped a drunk and flung him into the place, and when the proprietor, who is a great home body, decided to take a week-off.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL IS THE NURSERY OF MORALITY AND VIRTUE.

As soon as the child enters the school, the Christian school is the nursery of morality and virtue, as well as secular knowledge.

THE TRUE WITNESS

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THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., 761 Craig Street, Montreal.

Every paid up subscriber to THE DAILY POST or TRUE WITNES will receive, one of our splendid Litho. Pictures, grouping Gladstone Parnell, O'Brien and Davitt.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1888.

It is announced that the Marquis of Lansdowne will leave Canada about the end of May.

CHAMBERLAIN has got his reward for his services as Fisheries Commissioner—a photo of Her Majesty. Was it a postage stamp? That would be a perfectly fitting expression of the amount of royal favor he deserves.

The craze of Bonapartism excites the sorrow of all true friends of France. It seems that the old passion of hero worship, which gave vitality to the gory gaudiness of Napoleonism, still survives and may again, as in the past, lead the French nation to disaster and humiliation.

Mrs. FLOOD's retaliatory bill, introduced in Congress yesterday, is precisely the sort of reply which we expected would be given at Washington to Sir John's exhibition of bad faith in the House of Commons on a recent notorious occasion. Canadian farmers will now understand how they have been cheated by the Government at Ottawa. Between "Prohibition" at home and "Retaliation" abroad, the Lord help the farmers of Canada.

A MINISTERIAL crisis in France is not usually an event to cause astonishment. Unforunately they have been too frequent of late years. But such which has just occurred and resulted in the resignation of M. Tirard is of unusual importance, inasmuch as it involves a revision of the constitution, which has been found out of accord with the principles of democracy. France appears to be getting more Republican with every change.

COULD anything be more absurd than the contention of the senior Tory organ that because the Liberals desire reciprocity with the United States they are untrue to Canada? The truth of the matter is that Sir John Macdonald has fenced the country round in the interests of monopolies and the bootlickers of the Tory party; therefore they are naturally excited at any attempt to free the country from the system of plunder they have established.

Tory journalists who all along have assumed that Mr. Parcell had no right to take his seat in the Commons, while they insisted on the legality of the six months' limitation in election trials, must feel as if they could crawl into a very small hole since the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in the Glenavary appeal case. They now see how very difficult it is to argue on both sides of a question and keep up an average rate of common sense and consistency.

STUDENTS of American history will find no difficulty in foretelling the ultimate result of the conflict in Canadian politics now gradually coming to a head. Commercial Union advanced by the Canadian party has been met by Imperial Federation, coming from the pro-English Tory party. The struggle is an old one. It was fought out by the thirteen colonies over a hundred years ago, and if it must be renewed in Canada, a like result to that which then was obtained will surely be achieved. This country is too vast, the spirit of American institutions too firmly entrenched to permit the idea of retrogression, subservience and abasement ever taking root on the St. Lawrence or north of the lake.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, after any amount of wriggling, has been compelled to formally surrender to the demands of Manitoba, as expressed by Mr. Greenway. The Prairie Province will not be allowed to have free railway access to the States and Territories on her southern border. The destruction of the monopoly barrier to commercial intercourse thus accomplished, must be accepted as another great stride towards continental free trade. Other barriers must go down in time. There may be a fight over each in turn, but that the final result will be their entire abolition, no one can doubt who studies the situation.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Quebec contemporary takes a sensible view of the questions connected with the improvement of the St. Lawrence route. Among other things he suggests that, if the people of Montreal will give Quebec friendly help in getting their bridge, Quebec people, instead of thwarting them in their efforts to obtain benefits for Montreal, should help them all they can and prove to them they are not jealous of their prosperity, but rather wish them Godspeed. But Quebec must be treated by the Government on as favorable a basis as Montreal. If Montreal is to be made a free port, Quebec must be made the same. The writer adds:—

"The deepening of the canal will benefit Quebec as much as Montreal. We hope the Government will not only deepen them, but make them free after the example of the St. Lawrence. If the Government help us in building

ing of our bridge, let them assume the channel debt, it won't hurt us and the Montreal people say it will benefit them—we have no objection." Grip has an excellent cartoon in his last number. Sir Richard Cartwright is represented holding the scales with the arguments thereon for and against Reciprocity. The interests of 90 per cent. of the Canadian people weigh down the interests of 10 per cent. thereof. Sir Charles Tupper stands blindfolded with a bandage on which is written "Monopoly influence" while Sir Richard exclaims: "Throw off that bandage if you want to see the facts." In the foreground John Bull appears on his knees with a paper in his hands on which is written: "Reciprocity between Canada and the United States would serve Britain's highest political interest and prove to be her material gain as well." In the background Sir John Macdonald is represented in a tree shaking down the nuts to a lot of hogs labelled "Monopoly." A more exactly truthful picture of the situation could not be drawn.

VERY UNGENEROUS, very unjust, is the cry now raised by enemies against the Mercier Government because there is no English-speaking Protestant holding a portfolio in the Cabinet. Is it not a fact that the English-speaking Protestants of the province refused to elect one of their number as a supporter of Mr. Mercier? As a matter of fact he has had no choice. Mr. Ross was the only available English-speaking Protestant, and he was taken into the Cabinet. When the Protestants elect a Liberal supporter of the Government worthy of the position Mr. Mercier will only be too glad to give them the desired representation. But if they persist in their hostility what can they expect? Nevertheless Mr. Mercier has frequently gone out of his way to do things whereby he might assure the Protestant minority that he was anxious to serve their interests in every way possible, consistent with right and justice. In the matter of the Protestant Insane Asylum he has demonstrated his generosity and good will towards Protestants. The attempt to get up the religious cry now is nothing but the wicked device of the disgruntled bootlickers who Mr. Mercier drove from power.

A TORY ANNEXATIONIST. The Gazette was the last paper in which we should look for an article on annexation since it advocated annexation in 1849. But its issue of to-day shows that in spite of itself it still holds to the old idea. In its ashes lies the wretched fire. Every argument it produces in advocacy of the union of Newfoundland with the Dominion applies with double force to the union of the Dominion with the United States. Let us take the latter part of the Gazette's article and prove the case by substituting a word here and there. This:—

"Whatever other effects the admission of Canada into the American Union would have on the population of this important country it would, we believe, modify for good the relations of the two sections of the continent. The presence of representatives of both peoples in the Congress at Washington would have a liberalizing tendency both to them and, indirectly, to their constituents. In an admirable account given some time ago by Dr. Wesley Mills of his observations in a small isolated community, the effects, moral and physical, of seclusion from the rest of mankind were strikingly described. Of course, there is considerable difference between Canada and the States in extent and population as well as opportunities for intercourse with the outside world. Nevertheless, the limitations which dwarf and benumb the faculties of mind and body in the one case are felt to some extent in the other, and annexation would mean emancipation and enlargement. Whoever compares the commercial and industrial classes in the older provinces to-day with those classes as they were before 1857 will have no trouble in arriving at the same conclusion. And if the depressing monotony of provincialism besets small continental communities, the isolation of colonial life is still more paralyzing in its effects. Union is strength from every point of view. The United States will never be complete till the Dominion is one of its constituent parts. The day of its admission has been delayed, but that it is destined ultimately to be comprised in the federation of North America no Canadian statesman ever doubted. There are, of course, serious questions to be settled before the work is accomplished, but neither Catholic nor Protestant, French-speaking nor English-speaking, need have the slightest fear that any rights or privileges which they now possess will be in any way jeopardized by the admission of the Dominion into the American Union."

Selah!

WORKINGMEN'S SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Whatever may be the objections raised in some quarters to the Paris exhibition of 1889, there are some features connected with it which command the attention of the industrialist. The Department of Social Economy is especially worthy of respect, and furnishes a hint which should not be lost on the Government of Canada, which has assumed an attitude of supposed friendship towards the working classes. It has been arranged to show the workingman in all the acts of his life, from infancy, the institutions which guide and protect his first steps, direct his instruction and education, accompany him to the workshop, provide for his feeding and healthy dwelling, aid him in all the different circumstances of his life, assist him in all cases of sickness or accident, sustain and comfort his old age and provide for his last rites, and all this without giving him any trouble or hardship and scrupulously respecting his liberty. There will be a sort of workingman's community where will be united all the institutions belonging to his life. In the centre will be erected a club, which, if the workingmen properly understand their own interests, will be an association of syndicates to discuss questions of vital importance; here and there dwellings of different kinds, showing attempts which have been made to aid him in becoming a householder; in one corner a popular restaurant, in another a temperance café, further a dispensary, and in a large gallery pictures and engravings will meet the eye of the visitor, showing the advantages of insurance and mutual aid and benefit societies. Con-

certs will be given by obnoxious instrumental societies got up by workmen and municipal influence, and, in this aim for amusement, there will be shooting matches and gymnastics for the improvement of limbs, one of the principal aims of this institution. There will be exercises every day, and these amusements will form one of the great attractions of the exhibition of social economy on the "Esplanade des Invalides." The greatest possible number of workmen will be got together and attracted to the exhibition, where the masters themselves will teach and see what others have done towards aiding workmen. This ocular demonstration will be of great benefit and will serve the highest interests of every country.

NEWSPAPER LIBELS.

The petition now before Parliament praying for amendments to the law of libel suggests the following alterations:—

1st. That Plaintiffs be required to give security for costs.

2nd. That newspapers be granted the right to apologize before an action can be taken.

3rd. The venue to be fixed in the province where the alleged libel was published.

4th. Proceedings not to be undertaken without having been submitted to the Attorney-General, who shall decide whether there is sufficient cause to take the case for trial to another province.

All these points are fair to the newspapers and to the public whose interests are to be guarded. The present law is antiquated and actually gives anyone, no matter how characterless, power to persecute the press and put honest journalists to endless trouble and expense. We hope the law will be amended in accordance with the prayer of the petition.

THE COMING COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

Mr. Lecouture, writer on political economy in France, contributes in the Journal d'Agriculture Politique a strong article on the question of duties and commercial treaties, which has attracted much attention, and commends itself to the consideration of patriotic and practical legislators. In tracing the evils his country is suffering from over production in industrial departments, and from foreign competition, especially in agricultural produce, to the unjust and unworkable system of duties so long established, and which in reality protects foreign, to the detriment of home agriculture, the author sets only one way of putting an end to this abnormal and disastrous state of things. The measures he would adopt are drastic. He calls upon the Government to cancel all existing commercial treaties upon their expiration in 1892, each country being at liberty thereafter to choose whatever system it pleases, and considers most advantageous; protectionism, free trade, or a modification of present treaties to meet the requirements of the times. On one point all nations agree; commercial treaties must cease; the question then arises, if the 1857 general tariff is to be adopted, what alterations must be made in it?

Considering the many various and important national and private interests at stake, the question is a serious one, and the conflict, when it comes, will rage fiercely, for it will have to settle the most important political and economic problems of the day, the relations between capital and labor, and the adjustment of the balance of production and consumption, so long disturbed by protective regime. Excessive industry, with all its attendant evils, over production, crises, stoppage of works, etc., cannot be continued with impunity, and ominous symptoms of people protesting against laws that enrich some and impoverish others, are visible everywhere. Mr. Lecouture thinks the main evil of the present state of affairs is the want of markets for surplus production; this, added to universal competition and consequent reduction of prices, chokes the home trade, and the result is depreciation of capital, reduction of wages, and general discontent. He says as long as a manufacturing country exports all the manufactures it can find markets for, and imports such agricultural produce as it cannot raise itself (for climatic or other reasons), all well and good; but when it opens its ports to the surplus of the agricultural produce of other countries, which it raises, or can raise at home, it is a wrong policy, for it lowers the value of such produce and impoverishes the cultivator of the soil.

To maintain the prosperity of the country, agriculture and industry should co-exist; other wise countries burdened with taxation, high rates of wages and heavy cost of production must succumb to those where the production is abundant, and its cost insignificant. M. Lecouture contrasts the economical policy of Peel, Cavour and Rouher with that of Bismarck, who understood that "duty" was the mainstay of a nation's prosperity, and so consummated the unity of the German Zollverein by one general system of protective duty throughout all the territories of the German Confederation; it was by the sword, by the abolition of commercial treaties in 1802, and by imposing upon France the insertion in the treaty of Frankfurt of 1871 of the clause granting to Germany all the concessions accorded to the most favored nation, that he completed the security of the Fatherland. It is impossible to foretell what 1893 will effect. Neighboring agricultural countries will demand the free, or all but free, importation into France of their surplus agricultural produce of every kind. France on the other hand will demand similar facilities for the exportation of her manufactures. Hence conflicts will inevitably arise, and in that war of tariffs Europe will lower herself before the New World, and the latter can but gain whilst laughing at her dissensions.

JAY GOULD.

Legal proceedings are now in progress to compel that man of infinite recalcitancy, Jay Gould, to disgorge some of the many millions of which he has plundered the public. But the way he is catching it from the press which is not under his control is joyful reading to all who abhor triumphant villainy and wish to see it exposed and punished. The New York Herald styles him "the enemy of every American who respects himself from the Rio Grande to the frontier of Canada." It also refers to him as "this ghoul in human form, this Satan of the modern world of business," and then

gives him the following certificate of character:—"Jay Gould has done more to disgrace the fair name of the United States and injure American credit than twenty Benedit Arnolds. Arnold was a disgraced and defeated traitor. Gould is rich and thus far successful. Arnold was a traitor for revenge, ambition, disappointment. This mercenary wretch in human form menaces the nation's good name for money—dollars, only dollars, not even ambition or revenge."

The financial press, thus not inaccurately described, is reported as saying the other day:—"My principle through life has been to give one cent for blackmail, but millions for defense." Commenting on this utterance the Chicago Herald observes that, in the vocabulary of such thieves and bootlickers as Gould, Tweed, Shepard, Harper and Bartholomew, blackmail means restitution, and adds:—"Jay Gould should talk of this life-long principle to people who have short memories. His one conspicuous, life-long principle has been to crush the weak, to despoil and deceive the masses, to corrupt legislators and courts, and to betray and rob his friends."

Reflection on this lurid portrait of a man who is the product of modern business evolution forces us to the conclusion that crimes the most devilish and detestable can and are committed under the name of business. Robbers and burglars, whose methods of plunder require personal skill and courage, are infinitely better in a moral sense than the scoundrels, who, under the mask of speculation, accumulate wealth after the manner of Jay Gould; or who, within a less extensive sphere, betray confiding friends, and, with business respectability, appropriate to themselves the earnings and savings of others.

Evidently the list of crimes punishable by law must be enlarged. The system which allows the vast interests of a continent and of millions of people to be manipulated by a Margrave like Jay Gould must be reconstructed. The thief who steals a dollar is sent to jail, but the rascal who steals a railway and, by financial juggling, destroys or enhances values to suit his own selfish purpose is called "a Napoleon of Finance."

There is consolation, however, in the reflection that, the evil having become gigantic beyond measure, the omnipotent forces of the commonwealth are coming into play for its overthrow and destruction.

"THE STANDING OFFER."

Sir John Macdonald's extraordinary conduct when Hon. Peter Mitchell raised the question of Canadian reciprocity on all articles placed on the free list by the United States Government has been widely commented on by the American press, and, we believe, closely observed at Washington. The section of the Customs Act to which Mr. Mitchell referred reads as follows:—

"Any or all of the following things, that is to say, animals of all kinds, green fruit, hay, straw, bran, seeds of all kinds, vegetables (including potatoes and other roots), plants, tannin and shrimps, coal and coke, salt, hops, wheat, peas and beans, barley, rye, oats, Indian corn, buckwheat and all other grain, flour of wheat and flour of rye, Indian meal and oatmeal and flour and meal of any other grain, butter, cheese, fish (salted or smoked) and meats (fresh, salted or smoked) and lumber, may be imported into Canada free of duty, or at a less rate of duty than is provided by this act, upon proclamation of the Governor in Council, which may be issued whenever it appears to his satisfaction that similar articles from Canada may be imported into the United States free of duty, or at a rate of duty not exceeding that payable on the same under such proclamation when imported into Canada."

Sir John's contention that this clause known as "the Standing Offer," is only permissive not obligatory, is as shallow as it is dishonest. Everybody who has given an attention to public discussion knows that the Premier, his supporters and his organs have never failed to cite this clause whenever the question of reciprocity was raised. Can it be that all these years since the Act was passed, they were sheltering themselves behind a sham statutory provision created to deceive the Canadian people and mislead the United States Government? If Sir John's contention be sound, an affirmative answer is the only one that can be given to this question.

But there is another explanation which annihilates Sir John's argument. Statutory verbiage has its laws. The clause quoted has reference to action by the Crown under the Statute, and whenever such is contemplated the word "may" is invariably used, because the word "must" cannot be legally used to direct the action of the Crown in any case. Whenever an act says the Governor-in-Council "may" do a certain thing, provided some other thing is done, the word is understood as imperative. It is a limitation of the power of the Executive till certain understood events have taken place, whereupon the limitation is removed and the Executive is bound to carry out the expressed will of Parliament. It is sheer folly for Sir John to attempt to put any other construction on the words of the Statute, and the Minister of Justice only stand up to be laughed at when he declares the false reading of his chief.

PUNIC FAITH.

Never was the saying, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," more clearly demonstrated than in Canada at the present time. In the days of a universal commercial depression the people of this country turned from the safe and truly Conservative policy of the Mackenzie Government—a policy aptly termed "Incidental Protection" by Sir Alexander Galt when he first propounded it—to adopt the artful theories of a disgraced Tory minister, hungry for office. After nearly ten years of practical experience of the working of those theories in practical life, the people have awakened to consciousness. They see that, under the specious plea of restoring prosperity, they were induced to surrender their liberties, and instead of a government of guaranteed individual freedom, they have erected over them a system of robbery, which, in the parlance of the vote market presided over by the Aemodan spirit of cynicism, is called Protection.

We all remember the plausibility of Sir Leonard Tilley when he made his famous budget speech introducing the N.P. The new tariff, he declared in his ungrammatical impressive way, was intended to compel the United States to agree to reciprocity. From that speech came the formula:—"Reciprocity in trade, or retaliation in tariff." It tickled the ears of the groundlings; the avowed

plator nursed his phallic nose and pruned at the gullibility of people who implored him to increase their taxation in order to increase their prosperity. Verily he has taxed them and given his henchmen power to tax them, ill, like old Lo Loose, whose grief was tolled so often by the miller and his men, he was glad to get his bags back. So it is with the Canadian people. Sir John has taxed them, Tupper has taxed them, the C.P.R. has taxed them, the Combines have taxed them; the ruck of the so-called Conservative party has taxed them, till they are glad to hope there will be any thing left when the miller and his men get through with the grist these Canadian fools have brought to the Macdonald's mill.

Mr. Mitchell, in calling attention in the House to the failure of the Government to fulfil its statutory obligation to place on the free list all articles admitted into the United States from Canada free of duty, exposed the insincerity of the pretences on which the protective tariff was launched. The neglect, apparently intentional, of the Government to implement the statutory resolution referred to has naturally aroused a strong feeling of disgust in the United States. To our neighbors it appears, as it truly is, repudiation tinged with trickery—a style of conduct quite natural in Sir John Macdonald, but utterly foreign to the character, spirit, intention and dignity of the Canadian people.

But the Premier sought a loop-hole of escape by saying that the resolution was "permissive not obligatory"! Such disingenuousness was simply petty fogging.

At a time when the people of Canada are showing an earnest desire to enter into close relations of trade and national friendship with the great kindred people alongside them, the Premier tries by studied offensiveness to recreate ill-will and add to the barriers of commerce, erected on lines of Tory exclusiveness and bad faith, the more dividing line of international dislike. By so acting, Sir John lays himself open to the charge of perfidiousness. Having broken faith with the people who trusted him, is it any wonder he should act like a Carthaginian towards the United States and invite a modern Punic war?

THE LATE EDWARD DWYER GRAY.

In the death of Edward Dwyer Gray, M.P., proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, the Home Rule cause loses one of its strongest, most earnest and experienced members. For many years he has been prominent as a representative of the more conservative element of the Nationalist party. His capacity and energy were principally displayed in 1880, when, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, he formed a committee of relief and strove, not without success, to prevent the recurrence of famine in Ireland. Deceased was a son of the late Sir John Gray, who figured prominently in Irish affairs in the last generation. He was born in 1846. Brought up from his earliest youth in the opinions of his father, whose favorite son he was, he attained at an early age a correct judgment of political affairs. He succeeded his father in the management of the Freeman's Journal, and soon raised it to double its previous circulation. Becoming a member of the Dublin corporation, of which his father had been the guiding star for many years, he soon attained to the position of its leading figure, and took a keen interest in advancing the hygienic improvements of the city. He was returned to parliament a short time after the death of his father and though not a frequent was a ways one of the most ready and influential debaters in the Irish party. An episode in his career will ever render his name famous in Irish annals. While the agrarian trials were in progress, Lord Spencer and the bureaucracy decreed that no voice should be raised in protest or in criticism. Mr. Gray admitted into the Freeman's Journal some comments on the notorious packing of juries and on the misconduct of a jury who spent the night before they sent a man to the scaffold in a drunken debauch. Judge Lawson summoned Mr. Gray before him, and although he was at that time High Sheriff of the City of Dublin, known as a man of moderate views and careful expression, sent him to prison for three months and inflicted a fine of £300.

Irishmen all over the world will mourn his decease at so early an age as 42 years. But he crowded into that short span actions that would do honor to a long life, and his name will be enshrined forever among the illustrious sons of Ireland.

A GREAT VICTORY.

Mr. Meigs, the Liberal, Unrestricted Reciprocity candidate for the House of Commons, in Missisquoi County, was elected yesterday over Mr. Baker, the Conservative, Restrictionist, Combines' candidate.

This victory is the most remarkable on record for many years.

For the first time since Unrestricted Reciprocity was made a direct issue in the region of practical politics, a French-Canadian county was given an opportunity of declaring for or against the policy of the Government. Mr. Meigs took his stand squarely as an Unrestricted Reciprocity candidate, and went to the polls on that issue alone. The county had a Conservative record, having given the party led by Sir John Macdonald an undivided support from Confederation until the last general election, when it returned a Liberal in the person of the late Mr. Cloyse, who only secured the seat by a very narrow majority. Since then the question of Commercial Union, as it is sometimes called, has been fully discussed in the press and on the platform. Since that time also the Liberal party has formally adopted Unrestricted Reciprocity as its leading principle in its policy. And while the campaign in Missisquoi was in progress, Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution for the adoption thereof by the Government has been, and is still being debated in the House of Commons. Thus this great question was fully before the people to be judged on its merits. Mr. Meigs was put forward by the Liberal

Mr. Baker, by the Conservatives, to test the feeling of the electors of Missisquoi.

Now we have their answer in the splendid majority rolled up for Mr. Meigs.

The Government had all the usual advantages of power and patronage, wielded with true Tory unscrupulousness, but it was defeated, horse, foot and artillery.

Impossible it would be to over-estimate the importance of this victory. It proves beyond peradventure that the policy of restriction, high-pressure taxation, "combines," and monopoly, has lost its charms for the people. The extent of the revolution in popular feeling may be estimated from the figures of the last election in February 1887, which were:—

Table with 2 columns: Name and Votes. Clays, Liberal: 1,590; Baker, Conservative: 1,410; Gilmour, Conservative: 285; Total Conservative vote: 1,695; Total Liberal vote: 1,590.

Conservative majority: 105

Therefore it appears from yesterday's result that the Liberals, carrying the county by 162 majority, must have utterly swamped the old Tory majority on an issue of the highest political and national importance between the two parties.

All over the country the result in Missisquoi will be accepted as an unmistakable indication of popular opinion, and a sign that the Government must face inevitable defeat whenever the country is called upon to decide whether the old, bad system of commercial bondage shall continue, or the new policy of freedom, friendship and reciprocity shall prevail.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Mühlbauer & Behre, publishers, 41 La Salle street, Chicago, have sent us a superb new picture for Catholic households. It is entitled "God Bless Our Home"; a chromo on carton, size 14 1/2 x 19 inches, varnished and suspended by an eyelet, which makes glass and frame unnecessary. The chromo represents, in a group of 10 pictures: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary and St. Joseph, The Birth of Christ, Christ Crucified, Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, Matrimony, with suitable prayers for each picture.

BABY BUNTING AGAIN.

One of the greatest literary hits of the season is the story of "Baby Bunting; or, the Alphabet of Love," by Laura Jean Libbey, which is at present being published in the columns of The New York Family Story Paper. The paper containing the opening chapters of this wonderfully popular romance appeared on the news stands of New York for the other morning. The tremendous success of this story clearly shows that the young ladies of the town are showing clearly that the publishers have struck a bonanza. The New York Family Story Paper is for sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address four months, postage free, for \$1.00. Norman L. Munro, publisher, 24 and 26 Vandewater street, New York.

HIS VICTORY. By Christian Reid. Notre Dame, Indiana. Ave Maria Press. Here we have a charming Catholic story in the well known "Ave Maria Series." The price, only 10 cents, places these valuable home stories within the reach of all.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

This is the best eclectic magazine published in America. The March number before us contains 352 pages of the cream of English and American current literature. In this publication those desirous of having a knowledge of the thoughts of the times gathered into reasonable space at a reasonable price could do no better than read the Library Magazine. John B. Alden, publisher, 333 Pearl street, New York.

THE HEALTH AND HOME LIBRARY.

The April number of this excellent periodical is to hand, replete, as usual, in all its departments with the best information on matters of human comfort and happiness. Health and Home Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Perhaps there is no periodical issued in either hemisphere more powerful than this Review has become under the able management of its present editor, Mr. Allen Thornydale Rice. In its pages we are always sure to find the cream of American thought on religion, politics, political economy and all subjects of great public interest as they arise. All sides of every question are discussed without reservations by writers intimate with the questions of which they treat. The April number is a good specimen of the high character of the Review. The contents are: "The Hohenzollern-Kaiser" by John A. Kasson, ex-U.S. Minister to Germany; "Why am I a Moslem?" by a writer whose name is written in Arabic; "The Tur-Sal Fishery Dispute," by Frederick Schwab; "Barricade of Columbia," by Capt. A. E. Wood, U.S. Army; "The Hohenzollern-Kaiser," by Martin J. O'Sullivan, President; "A Pious Balance," by Rossiter Johnson; "A Defense of Paganism," by Dudley Osborne; "The President's Panacea," by a number of writers, each dealing with a different industry; "The Eleventh Commandment," by A. E. Coakley; "Taxing Land Values," by W. L. Alden; "The Suffrage Paradox," by W. L. Alden; "Halls for Public Meetings," by J. F. J. Jameson; "Communion and Protection," by Benj. Dobson; "The Holy-Hallucination," by Joel Benton; "Land Nationalization," by Edith Sissons Tupper; Book Reviews and Notices. Address, No. 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

THE OSMOFOLITAN.

The February number of this magazine, sent in as a sample copy, contains an article on "The Ballet in Paris," by Theodore Child, profusely illustrated in color, the frontispiece being a picture of the Ballet School, from a painting by V. Palmorli. The other contents are: "The Villain Bargain," by Alex. L. Kinkead; "A Tariff Tea-Party in the Desert," by David Kerr; "Are Women Companionable to Men?" by Josiah Henry Browne; "Mountain Life in Tennessee," by Lu Marivether; "Hunting and Trapping in Canada," by J. Macdonald Oxley; "The Campaign of Philip MacRoy and Others," by Richard M. Johnston; "Understood," by Edith Sissons Tupper; "Wintering in the White Zone," by Frederick Schwab; "A Defense of the Eighth Commandment," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "Soylla and Churybda, a lesson for Husband," by Fenillet; "The Crown Prince," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "An Ode to Coney M. D.P.W., Esq.," by John Paul Schick and Field Co., publishers, New York.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

The American Public Health Association have issued four prize-essays in pamphlet form, each essay repays which are worth

public interest to all classes. No. 1 is entitled "Healthy Homes and Foods for the Working Classes," by Victor C. Vaughan, M.D., Ph.D., of the University of Michigan. No. 2 is entitled "The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of School Houses and School Life," by F. Lincoln, M.D., of Boston, Mass. No. 3 is entitled "Dietetics and Individual Propensities Against Infection," by Joseph Desrosiers, M.D., Major and Surgeon U.S. Army. No. 4 is entitled "The Revue Canadienne de Médecine, Hygiène et Santé Publique, en Amérique," by Georges Tremblay, M.D., of Springfield, Mass. Address: Republican Press Association, 22 North Main Street, Concord, N.H.

REVUE CANADIENNE.
The March number of this, the oldest and best of French-Canadian publications, contains the following interesting literary bill of fare:—"Le Cardinal Pie," by B. E.; "Les Météores," by Chas. M. Ducharme; "Le Nord-ouest," by L. A. Prud'homme; "Orestes d'Antonioli," by Alphonse Desrosiers; "Une Nuit de Noël," by Joseph Desrosiers; "Naturalisme et Réalisme," by Charles Thibault; "Marie Marie," by St. Joseph Endor; "Chrysanthème et Bulletin Bibliographique," by Chr. de la Rivière; "Revue Canadienne."

THE AVE MARIA MAGAZINE.
As a repository of current Catholic literature, the Ave Maria, issued in weekly and monthly parts, is not unrivaled on this continent, rich as it is in Catholic publications. It would take more space than we could possibly spare to give the contents of each successive number to give the choicest, purest and best of the continent. It is a magazine that can be taken into any house. The reading that is devoted to the honor of the Mother and fulfills a mission of the highest importance to the temporal and eternal welfare of all who have the good fortune to read its pages. Address: Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
The April number of the English Illustrated Magazine will contain an article on the "Spaniards," by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, with reproductions of John Pine's engravings after the tapestry hangings in the House of Lords. The English Illustrated Magazine, which has been revised by the late Mr. Pine, is now published in the historical and geographical series. The first time published.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Philadelphia) has taken another new departure. Besides the "Illustrated Varieties," it added a few pages, devoted to an American tale complete in the number. This is promised four times in the year for the present, and every month another year, if success warrants. This is in the line of the secular magazines, which are abandoning the religious for the complete short story. Success ought to warrant the continuation of this increase of the Messenger, if all the tales are to be like the one now given, "Barbara, Grandfather," by Mr. Joseph E. Barnaby, deals in the most realistic way with an American country village, where the life of Catholics who have settled there is gradually influenced by the "convert painter," the illustrated article of the number gives an interesting account of the spiritual side of the life of the celebrated Christian painter, Overbeck. A good portrait and excellent reproductions from the Gospel are given. These are the life of the artist, and the life of the painter, which are of the greatest interest to the Catholic colony of St. Petersburg (a good portrait accompanies), and Father Weinger's "Account of the first published of the American Miracles of St. Peter Claver." In the special work of the Messenger, the Acta S. Petri in connection with the League of the Sacred Heart, are given.

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE, COTE DES NEIGES.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:
Sir,—On Thursday, March 22nd, a very pleasing entertainment was given by the students of Notre Dame College, Cote des Neiges, in honor of Very Rev. J. Lezard, C.S.C., P.O., of Canada. The programme was long, but so varied that the attention of the large audience was held until the very close. Vocal and instrumental music, declamations and dialogues, and a neat little drama, entitled "Le Fils Adoptif." All were received with such applause as usually testifies the greatest interest on the part of the listeners. The little fellows of Notre Dame did, indeed, deserve the encouragement which greeted them during the whole course of their sabbath. They had, evidently, received the most careful training; and the excellence which they attained, due, no doubt, to the indefatigable efforts of their professors, reflects no less credit upon the little ones than upon the self-sacrificing spirit which has always prompted the members of Holy Cross to labor most industriously for the education of the young.
Among those who particularly distinguished themselves, mention should be made of Messrs. Gerard, M. Gaudet, Ferras, Deneau, Moisy, Enard, L. Amieux, Rinfret and Knapp. Messrs. Enard and Knapp deserve special praise for the self-possession, unusual in one so young, which marked his rendition of his part in the drama. Not only was his acting true to the character which he personated, but so thoroughly did he enter into the feelings of his young listeners that one could scarcely refrain from thinking him an infant phenomenon. Messrs. Knapp, in his personation of the Negro, showed himself thoroughly conversant with the humor of the Southern "daddy," a most entertaining character who is portrayed with fidelity to the latter's peculiar traits.
During the entertainment several tableaux were presented, the last of which, representing the death-scene of St. Joseph, was especially elaborated in every particular that many a murmured "oh! oh!" was audible in the hall.
I cannot better close my communication (which by an unavoidable accident is somewhat late) than by noting with the many favorable notices from Montreal and St. Laurent thanking the Rev. Father Klein, Pres. of the College, for the rare treat which he afforded us. To his ability as an educator long known to the people of Montreal, and to the assistance of his able staff of professors, we do not give undue praise when we pronounce his school a model of its kind and worthy of the extensive patronage it has secured from all parts of America.
Trusting that you will kindly insert my little note, I remain, Sir, Editor,
Sincerely yours,
Cote des Neiges, March 27th, 1888.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:
Sir,—Your little picture came to hand. They are splendid. They were a little damaged. They will be a welcome guest wherever received. What will the present champions of Ireland think of them? It is a pity to see Ireland and the Irish in

general to hear such a recitation read by her Majesty the opening of Parliament.—That the conclusion of the results tested by short experience, is satisfactory. Think of it, Irishmen, from the four points of the earth! That sending poor unfeeling priests to prison is satisfactory! Ireland that is, and was, and will be the fatherland of priests. The spirit of the English government towards Ireland possesses at the present moment the same character which it had during the most sanguinary period of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth's reign. The power, not the will, is wanted to renew the lists of prescription and to repeat the downfall scenes of their day. But time may yet tell a raddening tale when the English government may wish to recall those shameful insults to the Irish name. The enemies of Ireland through the past ages have had the malignant triumphs of their short space of life against our people. They are all now dead, and Ireland yet lives. Their lives were counted on the narrow scale of years, and Ireland is reckoned on the endless revolving circle of ages. Ireland yet enjoys a perpetual spring of youth. They are now sealed in the frozen winter of death. Their forgotten ashes are now incognito clay. The grave worms sleep in their black hearts and bring forth her young in their diabolic brain, while Ireland and her millions of sons spread all along the nations from the golden gates of the east to the western twilight, proclaiming their loyalty to God, to themselves and their Queen. I beg, therefore, to offer to those few members, whose picture I received a few days ago, my warmest acknowledgments, and assure them that they command the liveliest gratitude of Irish and English Catholics in this Province, and that we all long for some occasion to testify to them that we love them as much as we abhor the English Tory Government.

J. POWER.
Somerville, P. E. Island, March 23d, 1888.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Interesting Debate in the House Yesterday.

OTTAWA, March 28.—In the House of Commons this afternoon, after several bills had been introduced by members, Mr. Mitchell called attention to the resolution on the Statute Book stipulating that when certain articles from Great Britain are admitted on the free list for introduction into the United States, the Canadian Government would reciprocate. He called attention to certain important communications in the Free Press of last evening, from Washington, stating that there was a feeling in favor of a resolution against Canada, and that the Government was willing to admit articles from Canada free, which the United States Government had placed on the free list. He was not a bit surprised at it, and would like to know what correspondence had taken place between the two Governments, and whether the Government intended to take any action to return the compliment to the United States. It was very important to his constituency, because hundreds of tons of fresh fish were exported from there, and if retaliation ensued the result would be very bad indeed for the people. The retaliation would affect the food of the people, and he wished to know whether the Government were going to allow a heavy tax to be placed upon the necessary article of life, or to comply with the demand of the people. He wished to know whether there had been negotiations complaining of this breach of faith or for the extension of the present trade relations.

Mr. Mitchell asked the Government had made any effort to comply with the resolution in the Statute Book.

Mr. Mitchell asked the answer would be given in full when the question came up in full. He repudiated any breach of faith.

Mr. Mitchell.—You would repudiate anything.

Mr. Mitchell asked for the protection of the House from such insolent and unparliamentary language. He further stated that there had been representations to the Government for articles produced by them to be placed on the free list.

Mr. Mitchell rose to ask further questions, when a point of order was raised. Mr. Lezard, in his reply, said that the Government had made no effort to comply with the resolution in the Statute Book.

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A BLACK FRIDAY!

Behind the Penitentiary Bars

JOHN FAHEY IN HIS NEW HOME.

His Arrival and Reception.

THE FIRST NIGHT AND DAY.

Convict No. 2,107 in Cell No. 2.

A WALK THROUGH THE GLOOMY PRISON.

OLD FACES TURNED PALE.

It was a gloomy Friday yesterday at the Penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul (or ex-Detective John Fahey, who entered that institution shortly after six o'clock the evening previous on his long term of fourteen years. Though the sun shone gaily on the outside, its rays did not penetrate the cheerless cell in which the once bold officer of the law and widely-known detective lay, his face resting in his hands, thinking over his past life and no doubt trying to realize the awful position in which he is. Many of those who have known Fahey, and who have seen him even lately, would hardly recognize him to-day, with his clean-shaven face, short hair and prison garb, and with his downcast appearance. He has grown ten years older in a few days," remarked an officer who has known him for several years past. Fahey left the city on Thursday afternoon, by the Joliet local train on the Canadian Pacific railway, in company with the other prisoners, seven in number, who have been sentenced at the last term of the Court of Queen's Bench. The party were in charge of Mr. Coyle, of the Montreal jail, and a posse of police. The prisoners were manacled and attracted considerable attention as they reached the train at the Quebec gate barracks, shortly before five o'clock. As is customary they were placed in a second-class car. The train soon started and shortly after stopped at the main station of St. Vincent de Paul in the face of the gloomy prison standing up on the hill, encircled by its huge walls. It had been whispered during the afternoon that Fahey would be brought out by the evening train, and this news had the effect of placing the whole village on the qui vive. The result was that when the train came to a standstill several hundred persons were casting anxious eyes into the cars to catch a glimpse of the man who is now the most famous inmate of our provincial prison. No attempt was made at any kind of demonstration. The authorities, however, had taken their precautions, and when Fahey and his companions had been reconducted to the hold of an institution in which he is to be confined for perhaps the better part of his life. Warden Oumet, Deputy Warden McCarthy and other officers were awaiting their arrival, and the huge iron door swung on its hinges and soon closed behind the little band. As Fahey entered, though his hands were manacled, he extended them towards Mr. Oumet, and, with a smile, said, "How are you, Mr. Oumet? You are, no doubt, surprised to see me here," and he shook his hand. "Well, yes," replied the Warden; "but, then," and here was interrupted by Fahey, who said, "Still you expected, I suppose," and then he bowed to the other officers, with all of whom he is, no doubt, acquainted. According to the custom of the prison, the prisoners were led to the reception room and the inner door closed upon them. Here their handcuffs were removed, as well as their overcoats, caps, etc. During this operation the Warden, in his office, was receiving the commitments and signing a "receipt" by which he accepted the custody of the new-comers. With the exception of Fahey and Lemay, the other prisoners attracted but little attention. Officers next proceeded to take a description of the prisoners. Here is the way Fahey was inscribed on the official records:

John Fahey, aged 39, sentenced to 14 years for larceny—Residence, Montreal; weight, 150 lbs.; complexion of hair, brown; color of eyes, blue; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; nose, right side. He was registered under the number "2,107," which means to say that 2,106 convicts entered this institution before he did. The Warden, speaking to Fahey, said: "If you have any money or other objects on you they shall be remitted to you," and Fahey handed over a \$4 bill, and pencil, and other small objects. In fact, all he had on his person. He was then conducted to the new-comers cell in the north wing and placed in the second tier, and a special guard placed on duty. Shortly after he was given a meal, and he hadly touched it. The guard, in speaking to the representative of THE POST who visited the penitentiary yesterday, said: "Fahey did not close his eyes all night, and hardly ate anything. He would walk up and down his cell for hours and then would sit down. He is a shrewd man and spoke but very few words. He hardly sat at anything at all. He appears to be very much downcast. When he was tired walking he would sit down and bury his face in his hands."

Before being taken to his cell Fahey and the other prisoners were taken before the Warden who explained to them the rules of the prison. Said Warden Oumet: "I do not expect to have any trouble with Fahey who is known to be a very quiet man. In a day or two I intend having a talk with him for the purpose of comforting him in his sad predicament. I will tell him to put up with his fate with resignation and courage. I do not expect that he will serve out his whole term, but I expect that when a few years have passed by his conduct will be good."

It is probable that his sentence will be reduced. What I intend doing with him, prisoners of the calibre of Fahey, Parent and others are always more or less of an embarrassment to us. Parent, the ex-cashier of the Hoopla Bank, is a first-class accountant, and we have found work for him in the office. If Fahey was an ordinary man I would give him work in the stone gang, but with his education and former standing I could not think of doing that. It would be too hard work for one who is unaccustomed to it. I believe I will set him

learning a trade.

As to the trade itself, I will have to leave that to his own inclinations, and also to utilize as advantageously to himself and the institution his own aptitudes. Do the convicts know he is here? Oh, yes; we cannot help that, as the case has been so much talked about. We thought at first that we might experience some difficulty on account of the business he was engaged in, but all those fears have now vanished. I believe he has made up his mind to rough it the best way he can. His family will be allowed to see him twice a

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they like. This is a rule of the prison, but all conversations on their visit through the prison, the party proceeded to the north wing, which is on the left of the main corridor, and which reached after passing through the hall kitchen. Two doors, at each of which stood a guard, were opened on the approach of the party, and then they found themselves in a hallway some 40 feet long in which are situated the new-comers' cells. The most profound silence reigned, and Fahey was pacing up and down, and after a while approached the warden's approach. Pointing to the second cell on the upper tier he said, "That is his cell," and on glancing up Fahey was seen through the massive bars with his back turned sideways from the door and his head bowed downward. At this moment Mr. Oumet said, "I wish to intrude upon the poor fellows' feelings by entering their cells, and they come along. If he is willing to see you I have no objection." The guard ascended the narrow iron staircase, and proceeding along the narrow gallery stopped in front of the cell and said: "Messrs.," ask whether you care about seeing them?" "No," replied the excitedly in a low voice, and without raising his head. "I will see one or two." The visitors remained silent for a moment, and then they given up to his own thoughts, and they passed through the door and stood in the large rotunda of the new tower. "I did not have Fahey's clothes removed until this morning," said Mr. Oumet. When the prison guard had been removed and the side view was given Fahey he donned it without saying a word. As is customary he took a bath and then he was placed in the hands of the barber, after which he was removed to his cell. We generally keep new-comers in their cells for several days before putting them to work to give them a taste of the cell. As Fahey has already worked several months in prison this will not be necessary. On Tuesday he is placed to work, and then follow the regular routine of the prison.

It may be well stated here that this is the second anniversary of the outbreak at the penitentiary, and this fact and the coming of Fahey have given rise to considerable talk at the penitentiary. It is supposed that the escape of the famous escapee Fahey declared in the press that it was impossible for him to escape unless he had been aided by some of the officers. This caused a great deal of comment among the officers at the time and is apparently still remembered by some of them to-day.

Mr. Telephone Oumet, the warden of the penitentiary to which Fahey is being sent, was turned in a self-made man. He is the son of the late Mr. Michel Oumet, and the elder brother of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Oumet, Q.C.M.P. for Laval and Speaker of the House of Commons. He was born at Ste. Rose in 1844, and worked on his father's farm until he was 20. In 1863 he went to the military school at Quebec and obtained his commission as a lieutenant. He was present at the famous Lauriat camp with the corps of cadets. In 1867 he went to the United States, and returned in 1870. He is by trade a carpenter. In 1871 he was appointed farmer to the reformatory, then at St. Vincent de Paul. In 1873, at the opening of the penitentiary, he was appointed on the staff, but he did not leave the reformatory until the sixteenth of the Goy, Roy and Fullum street schools. In 1879 he was appointed clerk of the works to the penitentiary. In 1881 he became acting warden, and in 1882 deputy warden. On the 1st of February, 1871, he succeeded Mr. Laviolette as warden. Since that time everything has been running smoothly. He has been a very efficient official and is in every respect a thorough gentleman. He has inaugurated several important reforms and has made suggestions which, if acted upon, cannot but be beneficial to the institution.

The obliging and devoted deputy warden, Mr. Thomas McCarthy, is one of the best-known and highly-esteemed men connected with the Canadian penitentiary. He has brought up to the warden's office, and his father made his mark into before him. Mr. McCarthy was born in 1837 in Kingston, and at the age of twenty was engaged in the staff. For 15 years he was the chief keeper of the Kingston Penitentiary, one of the most responsible positions in an institution of that kind. In December 1881 he was transferred to St. Vincent de Paul, where he filled the same office with great credit to himself. He was acting deputy warden in 1886 and finally promoted to his present position in 1887. At times he has been very severely tested, and when the famous broke broke out he acted with an energy and courage that won for him golden opinions. In appearance he is rather matured for his years, quiet in demeanor, and polite and reserved in the extreme, but when on duty his very looks impose upon the convicts who feel that he is not a man to fool with.

Mr. McCarthy, who is a well-to-do man, will soon move into their new residence in the penitentiary building proper.

The visitors having expressed the desire of seeing the institution, they had an interview with the warden, Mr. Oumet, who explained to them the rules of the prison. Said Warden Oumet: "I do not expect to have any trouble with Fahey who is known to be a very quiet man. In a day or two I intend having a talk with him for the purpose of comforting him in his sad predicament. I will tell him to put up with his fate with resignation and courage. I do not expect that he will serve out his whole term, but I expect that when a few years have passed by his conduct will be good."

It is probable that his sentence will be reduced. What I intend doing with him, prisoners of the calibre of Fahey, Parent and others are always more or less of an embarrassment to us. Parent, the ex-cashier of the Hoopla Bank, is a first-class accountant, and we have found work for him in the office. If Fahey was an ordinary man I would give him work in the stone gang, but with his education and former standing I could not think of doing that. It would be too hard work for one who is unaccustomed to it. I believe I will set him

learning a trade.

As to the trade itself, I will have to leave that to his own inclinations, and also to utilize as advantageously to himself and the institution his own aptitudes. Do the convicts know he is here? Oh, yes; we cannot help that, as the case has been so much talked about. We thought at first that we might experience some difficulty on account of the business he was engaged in, but all those fears have now vanished. I believe he has made up his mind to rough it the best way he can. His family will be allowed to see him twice a

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JOURNALISM and JOURNALISTS

The Lecture Delivered Before the St. Ann's Young Men's Society and their Friends, Tuesday Evening.

The following is the text of the sixth of the series of lectures given under the auspices of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Tuesday evening, in their hall, corner of Ottawa and Young streets. The lecturer of the evening was Mr. M. J. Murphy, city editor of the Post. The article is published at the request of members of the society:—

"Mightiest of the mighty means, On which the arm of progress leans, Man's noblest mission to advance, His woe assuage, his woe enhance, His right enforce, his wrong redress, Mightiest of the mighty is the Press."

Modesty is not generally counted as one of the virtues of the journalistic profession, in fact the reverse is the generally accepted theory. On ordinary occasions the average newspaper man is rather proud of his assurance, his "cheek" if you will, but let the occasion be a meeting in his honor and he is immediately seized with an inclination to crawl under the back seat and hear some one else speak in his stead. At his own death, pencil in hand, with the printing press regularly going on, beneath the journalist is a rumbustious auto who asks no odds of any man. But on his feet before an audience for the first time, he is a veritable fish out of water, or he thinks he is, which is very much the same thing. To the members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, I owe my first and only experience in the generally accepted theory. On ordinary occasions the average newspaper man is rather proud of his assurance, his "cheek" if you will, but let the occasion be a meeting in his honor and he is immediately seized with an inclination to crawl under the back seat and hear some one else speak in his stead. At his own death, pencil in hand, with the printing press regularly going on, beneath the journalist is a rumbustious auto who asks no odds of any man. But on his feet before an audience for the first time, he is a veritable fish out of water, or he thinks he is, which is very much the same thing.

While it is undeniable that everybody but the maning editor knows just how a newspaper ought to be made, it is equally true that people in general know very little about how it is made. There is a common impression, for instance, that everybody connected with a newspaper office is at all times and under all circumstances skirmishing after items. There is scarcely any newspaper man who has not often been annoyed by this determination to regard him always as a professional inquirer. If he goes to a diner he is understood to be exploring the soup for a sensation which will carry a "dippy" head. If he goes to church, the reporter does not, his report of the sermon is looked for with confidence. If he gets married even, it is generally taken for granted that he does so in order to add an item to the department of nuptial notices. There is a large class of people who can never understand that he occasionally surrenders to the purely human impulses which are common to all men. They are in fact for this notion—much more than there is for that other, equally prevalent, that the editor writes everything that goes into the paper or for the other impression that the constant struggle of the newspaper men is to find something to fill the newspaper with. The fact is, on the contrary, that the chief work of the newspaper is to keep the public informed of what is going on in the world. There is no difficulty in filling the paper as long as the editors and paste-pot last. The work which requires the discriminating brain is the filling of the waste-basket, which swallows more so-called items every night than the pages of the paper receive. The average editor is a man with a quick insight of men and their motives, and a broad and comprehensive grasp of affairs. His judgments are of necessity, in many cases, hurried, but they are, after all, pretty frequently correct. This intellectual agility may not be the result of long journalistic training, but it is partly acquired, and a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind. The good editor is a mental athlete with every faculty alert, and always in training. To say that he writes on matters of which he knows nothing is pretty nearly admitting that he is not a journalist. A journalist is a man who has had a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind. The good editor is a mental athlete with every faculty alert, and always in training. To say that he writes on matters of which he knows nothing is pretty nearly admitting that he is not a journalist. A journalist is a man who has had a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind.

be conducted by a friend to Congress. The commissioners followed their instructions faithfully, brought with them a press—the first in Montreal, type, etc.—and a French printer named Mesplet. The party arrived at Montreal on the 29th of April, 1776, but it is doubtful if they succeeded in doing more than an effort to establish a newspaper, as they soon found that their cause was hopeless, and Franklin left Montreal on the 11th of May. A number of addresses to the Canadians were printed and distributed, and these were printed and distributed, and were doubtless the work of Mesplet. When the American left, Mesplet remained behind and established himself as a printer in the market place, "now Customs House square," taking a man named Berger as a partner. The partnership did not last very long, and in 1778 Mesplet published the first number of the Gazette, which was printed both in French and English. The Gazette is now the oldest paper in Canada, and if I am informed rightly the third in age on this continent.

That newspaper work is attractive to those not engaged in it is well known. The child attending the circus is so charmed by the antics of the clown that he is at once fired with an ambition to shine in the sawdust ring. Later, when he is a boy and mischievous on the streets, he is captivated by a blue-coated officer in a power, and concludes that it must be a grand thing to be a policeman. So many of the children of the larger growth, young men and old, know that newspapers are read by all men, become impressed with the idea that a newspaper man is a demi-god, possessing the wisdom of Solomon, the power of Hercules and living like a god, however that may be. To them the editor is a public censor, whose frown to be feared more than pestilence, whose ridicule is even more to be dreaded, and to bask in whose favor is the chief end of man. The reporter is thought by many to be even more fortunate than an editor, a man whose time is his own, who roams about wherever fancy may dictate, who has the entire disposal of all the means of communication, and who is an invited guest at every banquet, and who rides free on all railroad and steamship lines the world over. In short, his position is popularly supposed to be that of receiver general of leaves and fishes and all the good things of this world, and he must be doubly blessed because he is paid for receiving them. The picture is a very attractive one, but there are many young men, and some old ones too, who have just this estimate of newspaper work. The young man about entering journalism as an editorial writer is apt to be greatly disappointed when he finds that the rule by which he must judge is the broad, liberal and impartial one of the world rather than his own narrow and sometimes biased opinion. Had I more time at my disposal to-night, I would be tempted to dwell longer on the power of the press. Its sway over the life of nations and individuals is becoming more apparent, and its consequences are fraught with immeasurable danger or inestimable good. National and political life, social and family life, vibrate to their inmost core under its powerful merism. As a language, whose vegetation, from the minutest blade of grass to the staunchest limbed oak, blooms luxuriantly or withers barrenly according to the purity of its atmosphere, so our modern life, in all its ramifications blossoms or fades under the breath of newspaperism. The daily paper supplies a natural and lawful demand, and exercised within its proper limits, is a source of great and unquestionable good to society. It focuses for the mind the daily panorama of our varied human life; it pictures for us what the human family may be doing on the other side of the globe, what events of importance affecting the destiny of our fellow mortals or our own may be taking place in climes beyond the sea; it bulwarks the nation in the hour of peril, and it is a commodity throughout the world, and so acquiescent the merchant with much valuable information for the purposes of his business. It conveys the news of great political movements at home and abroad; in times of war it brings us tidings of battles and the fate of nations; it reports and values the progress of peace and energy, and more than that, it is a communication of the wants and needs of those of the same or different countries. Through its advertising columns buyer and seller are both benefited, and in a hundred other ways does it respond to the demands of modern social life, until it becomes indispensable.

While it is undeniable that everybody but the maning editor knows just how a newspaper ought to be made, it is equally true that people in general know very little about how it is made. There is a common impression, for instance, that everybody connected with a newspaper office is at all times and under all circumstances skirmishing after items. There is scarcely any newspaper man who has not often been annoyed by this determination to regard him always as a professional inquirer. If he goes to a diner he is understood to be exploring the soup for a sensation which will carry a "dippy" head. If he goes to church, the reporter does not, his report of the sermon is looked for with confidence. If he gets married even, it is generally taken for granted that he does so in order to add an item to the department of nuptial notices. There is a large class of people who can never understand that he occasionally surrenders to the purely human impulses which are common to all men. They are in fact for this notion—much more than there is for that other, equally prevalent, that the editor writes everything that goes into the paper or for the other impression that the constant struggle of the newspaper men is to find something to fill the newspaper with. The fact is, on the contrary, that the chief work of the newspaper is to keep the public informed of what is going on in the world. There is no difficulty in filling the paper as long as the editors and paste-pot last. The work which requires the discriminating brain is the filling of the waste-basket, which swallows more so-called items every night than the pages of the paper receive. The average editor is a man with a quick insight of men and their motives, and a broad and comprehensive grasp of affairs. His judgments are of necessity, in many cases, hurried, but they are, after all, pretty frequently correct. This intellectual agility may not be the result of long journalistic training, but it is partly acquired, and a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind. The good editor is a mental athlete with every faculty alert, and always in training. To say that he writes on matters of which he knows nothing is pretty nearly admitting that he is not a journalist. A journalist is a man who has had a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind.

WOMEN WORKERS.

AN EARNEST APPEAL FOR THEIR WELFARE BY THE KNIGHTS' FEMALE ORGANIZER. WASHINGTON, March 28.—At the international conference of women to-day, the president introduced Mrs. Leonora M. Barry, organizer of the Knights of Labor. The subject of her paper was "The Rights of Women in the Laboring World." Mrs. Barry spoke with perfect ease and great earnestness and effect and was frequently interrupted by applause. She said: "We are building around our working girls a wall of protection to defend and protect them from the indignities and humiliations to which they are subjected by the unscrupulous and unfeeling employers of society. Any movement of society that prevents a woman or child from cultivating or developing these three elements, which humanity is formed; the moral, physical and mental elements, making them fit subjects to do the work for which they are intended by an almighty God, that state of society is a crime. There are no neutral supporters, no more loyal citizens to the laws of their country and to their country's flag than the organized workmen and women of to-day. They do not demand revolution, but they do demand reform. They do not ask it by the power of physical or brute force, but by the power of moral and constitutional law. They do not demand a constitutional and law abiding way present their needs and desires to the law making bodies of their nation. Only four years ago I became a Knight of Labor. Seven years ago I was left without knowledge of work, without knowledge of what the world was, with three fatherless children looking to me for bread. To support these children it became my duty to go out in the army of the employed and in one of the largest factories in Central New York I went, and for four years and seven months I became a factory woman for the support of my little ones. Four years ago this spring I became a mother of five children, and I had only fifteen hundred women, and let me say to you here that, although there was not one amongst them that could boast of more than a minor part of a common school education, yet in that body of women there was more executive ability, more tact, more shrewdness, more keen, commanding power, more to be found in any body of men, than in any body of men. We are instituting co-operative industries throughout the breadth and length of our land. We have co-operative shirt factories in Baltimore and New York conducted toly by women.

patrois; he may be chatting with an assassin to day, but hobnobbing with an archbishop tomorrow; and grave statesmen will sometimes confide to him secrets and plans of serious import. Moreover, a man of spirit may well like the excitement and the varied experiences of a career of this kind. Here he has his own office for linking the work, too, a man may wish to observe and record clearly and truthfully the events of his time, with a view of helping to some extent to bring about reforms that may appear to him eminently desirable, or to assist in some degree towards reaching a reasonable solution of, and remedy for, some of the social ills of contemporary life. I have an ambition which I cannot think unworthy of any honest man. Another point upon which I would wish to dwell is the heroism that has frequently been shown by men in search of news. During the late American war there were numerous instances of bravery on the part of newspaper men. They took every risk to get news and put it on the telegraph wire. They went through all the hardships of the camp and the sufferings of imprisonment. Efforts were made to hang six of them; but to the disgust of their enemies six men lived to write vivid accounts of six hangings that never took place. When people were flying from Charleston last year, they were flying towards it. The only business that the earthquakes did not suspend there was the publication of the newspapers. James J. O'Kelly was an American newspaper man before he settled in Great Britain and became elected to parliament. He reported the Cuban insurrection, and was bound in glove with the insurgents. When the editor of the Spanish Government was asked off to be executed as a spy. His courage never forsook him. In a very matter-of-fact way he made arrangements to write up the full account of his own execution, entrusting the climax to a friend. Catester saw what kind of a man he was, and pardoned him at the last moment. He was not executed, but he had the audacity to remark that a very good deal of news had been spoiled. When the tenants on the Luggacurran estates in Ireland were being persecuted by the agents of an unjust landlord, a newspaper man, one of the bravest, most zealous and patriotic of the present day, came to the rescue. He was the person called Mr. William O'Brien. The Government made against him before he reached Canada, on his mission to expose the conduct of the Governor-General and his agents toward the poor Luggacurran tenants did not daunt him in the least, and he hearded the lion in his den. His visit to a sister city, now disgraced and honored, for the master in which some of its citizens are endeavoring to cry down freedom of speech, will be easily recalled by all of us. But this brilliant journalist and staunch patriot was not a one on his visit to Toronto. He had a little bodyguard with him and this little bodyguard was composed entirely of newspaper men who had secured trouble ahead and who, as usual, wanted to be the chief of the day. They followed Mr. O'Brien from the day of his landing in New York, and there is at least one of them, Mr. Wall, who will not forget for some time to come the acute edges of Toronto's paving stones. When the late North-West rebellion broke out there was also rivalry among our local reporters to get to the scene of action, and we even heard of one of our reporters who had his horse shot down under him. During the smallpox epidemic the full disease had no terrors for the journalists of the city, and in order to give the public correct views of the treatment of patients, they even sacrificed their own health to visit the infected hospitals and there interviewed their unfortunate afflicted fellow citizens.

These are a few, a very few of the heroes of journalism. They are conspicuous because circumstances have favored them, but in the ranks of the same calling there are thousands of men as courageous and indomitable as men ever were. The growth of the press has been accompanied by a corresponding growth in the character and equipment of its writers. They are no longer the scribbles of a few amateurs, but are elements of the greatness of journalism, and because the drift of the times is towards the broader results described by Tennyson, when he wrote in Locksley Hall— "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

This very lack of individual fame is a eulogy to the newspaper man. They work not for the applause of the world, but from a sense of duty and a feeling of pride in one of the most glorious fields of human effort. They see in their profession a perfect democracy; believe that its tendency is the leadership of intellect as well as of enterprise; they find in it a ready appreciation of ability and energy, and more than that, they see themselves in one communication with the busiest life, the highest thought and the most active tendencies of the moving world. There is noble inspiration in such a feeling, and one result of it is found in the unique fact that in all the history of journalism, in all its heights and depths, there has never yet been known a case of one of our reporters who had his horse shot down under him. During the smallpox epidemic the full disease had no terrors for the journalists of the city, and in order to give the public correct views of the treatment of patients, they even sacrificed their own health to visit the infected hospitals and there interviewed their unfortunate afflicted fellow citizens.

These are a few, a very few of the heroes of journalism. They are conspicuous because circumstances have favored them, but in the ranks of the same calling there are thousands of men as courageous and indomitable as men ever were. The growth of the press has been accompanied by a corresponding growth in the character and equipment of its writers. They are no longer the scribbles of a few amateurs, but are elements of the greatness of journalism, and because the drift of the times is towards the broader results described by Tennyson, when he wrote in Locksley Hall— "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

While it is undeniable that everybody but the maning editor knows just how a newspaper ought to be made, it is equally true that people in general know very little about how it is made. There is a common impression, for instance, that everybody connected with a newspaper office is at all times and under all circumstances skirmishing after items. There is scarcely any newspaper man who has not often been annoyed by this determination to regard him always as a professional inquirer. If he goes to a diner he is understood to be exploring the soup for a sensation which will carry a "dippy" head. If he goes to church, the reporter does not, his report of the sermon is looked for with confidence. If he gets married even, it is generally taken for granted that he does so in order to add an item to the department of nuptial notices. There is a large class of people who can never understand that he occasionally surrenders to the purely human impulses which are common to all men. They are in fact for this notion—much more than there is for that other, equally prevalent, that the editor writes everything that goes into the paper or for the other impression that the constant struggle of the newspaper men is to find something to fill the newspaper with. The fact is, on the contrary, that the chief work of the newspaper is to keep the public informed of what is going on in the world. There is no difficulty in filling the paper as long as the editors and paste-pot last. The work which requires the discriminating brain is the filling of the waste-basket, which swallows more so-called items every night than the pages of the paper receive. The average editor is a man with a quick insight of men and their motives, and a broad and comprehensive grasp of affairs. His judgments are of necessity, in many cases, hurried, but they are, after all, pretty frequently correct. This intellectual agility may not be the result of long journalistic training, but it is partly acquired, and a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind. The good editor is a mental athlete with every faculty alert, and always in training. To say that he writes on matters of which he knows nothing is pretty nearly admitting that he is not a journalist. A journalist is a man who has had a special training which is obtained in newspaper work, which involves a close study of mankind.

HAULED OVER THE COALS.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE. WASHINGTON, March 28.—Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, addressed the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce this morning on the Spooner Interstate Telegraph Bill. He detailed the history of the Western Union Company, and said that the company had been organized in a combination, it was not from the efforts of any one man or set of men, but from the necessities of trade. The rates had been cheapened and the business greatly improved in its facilities and promptness of service. He produced a table showing the cost of the average message to the company and to the public every year, from 1858 to 1887 inclusive. In the former year the average expense to the company of handling a message had been 63 2/3 cents. In 1887 it had been reduced to 23 cents. The cost per message to the public had been reduced during the same period from \$1.047 to 30 1/10 cents. In 1858 the profit to the company on a message had been over 40 cents; in 1887 it got a profit of but 7 1/10 cents. The people had an idea that telegraphs could be built for little or nothing. The Western Union Company could demonstrate that since the consolidation of the average message to the company and to the public every year, from 1858 to 1887 inclusive, in the former year the average expense to the company of handling a message had been 63 2/3 cents. In 1887 it had been reduced to 23 cents. The cost per message to the public had been reduced during the same period from \$1.047 to 30 1/10 cents. In 1858 the profit to the company on a message had been over 40 cents; in 1887 it got a profit of but 7 1/10 cents. The people had an idea that telegraphs could be built for little or nothing. 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