

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 49. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1882. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE VOICE OF EGYPT.

Hark! a sound of awful import... Breaks the silence of the Nile...

Latest Irish Mail News.

(Cork Herald, July 1st) The bazaar held in London in aid of Irish ladies brought to distress by non-payment of rent produced a profit of £3,000.

The Limerick Board of Guardians on Wednesday passed a resolution noting that the organization of the landlords has been established with the avowed object of exterminating the Irish people...

The London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury says it is believed that if the Landlord Corporation attempted to carry on evictions on a great scale, it would produce a great social convulsion in Ireland...

We learn from Dublin that there is a statement in circulation that Lord Spencer had some fifteen or twenty resident magistrates summoned to an audience at the Castle last week with a view of eliciting from these officers their views and wishes as to retiring from active to private life...

The Daily News says the police have discovered that the weapons left behind by the murderers of Mr. Bourke and the Trooper Wallace bear the same mark as those recently discovered in Clerkenwell.

In a letter addressed to the Freeman's Journal, Mr. Arthur Kavanagh, one of the originators of the new combination of Irish landlords, denies that the scheme is a declaration of war against Irish tenants...

SCOTCH NEWS.

(From the Glasgow Herald of July 1st.) David Ferguson, a detective officer in the Edinburgh police force, committed suicide on Saturday night by cutting his throat.

An octopus of large dimensions was captured in the trawl net of the steam trawler 'Daguer,' while fishing in the Firth of Forth.

General Sir Daniel Lyons has issued orders to Colonel Moore, V.C., commanding the second battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, to hold a detachment of that regiment now at Aldershot in readiness for embarkation for the Cape.

At a Court held at Leith on Monday, before Bailie Wilson, Alexander Sandstrom, engineer on board the 'Patriot,' pleaded guilty to smuggling 2 1/2 lb. of cigars, and was fined £1 17s, including expenses, with the effect of fourteen days' imprisonment.

From a Parliamentary paper issued on Monday, it appears that in the year ending Whitstunday, 1881, the income raised under the Roads and Bridges Act in the nine Scotch counties which have adopted the Act was £243,269, and the expenditure £263,542.

Mr J J E Brown, of Rosebank, Kelso, has just placed in the hands of trustees the sum of £1,000, the income of which is to be paid and applied by them for the use and benefit of the poor of the parish of Kelso in such way as the trustees may from time to time direct.

laborers, and domestic servants have left Effe for Manitoba and other parts of Canada, chiefly on the assisted passage system.

Some of the landlords of Forfarshire are attempting to force forehand rents upon their tenants. Any alteration of the system will be strictly resisted by the Scottish farmers.

Ex-Bailie Harris has handed over to the town of Dundee the £30,000 he promised to give for the benefit of higher education.

The sale of the second portion of the Hamilton Palace collection was commenced on Saturday, when over 100 lots were disposed of, the total sum realized being close upon £27,000.

The sale of the second portion of the Hamilton Palace collection was commenced on Saturday, when over 100 lots were disposed of, the total sum realized being close upon £27,000.

At a special J.P. Court on Monday afternoon, at Greenock—before Messrs. Walter Grievie and John Thomson—six foreign seamen named Mahomed Issa, Francis Malcolm, Julius Cesar, Mossa Hassan, Yakan Ali, and Joseph Queen, all firemen on board the steamer 'Cast,' of London, were charged with continued disobedience to the lawful commands of the captain of the vessel.

The Bishop did not reply to the address till the evening at vespers. He first preached an able sermon from words found in the last chapter of St. John; 'Obey your prelates and be subject to them, etc., after which he congratulated his hearers on the truly Catholic spirit shown in the reception, and on their feelings expressed towards him in their address.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The Herald's London special says:—Parnell last night announced his intention to go to the continent for some months and stay among the Swiss Mountains after the passing of the Arrears bill for the benefit of his health.

DUBLIN, July 14.—The Gazette proclaims the counties of Cavan, Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath, Sligo, Roscommon, Mayo, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Waterford, Limerick, Cork, Clare, Kerry, Louth, Dublin, and the cities of Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, Dublin, Londonderry, Galway, Drogheda and two baronies in Monaghan and two in Armagh under the Repression Act.

A FIERY FELLAH! Surgeon-Major Bourke, who succeeds his brother, shot in Galway, commanded the sick transport corps in the Algaba war, and the papers significantly say, 'He not uncommonly led to the use of firearms.'

Harriet Martineau writes: 'I well remember the passion with which W. E. Forster, the ex-Secretary for Ireland, once said to me: 'I had rather be damned than annihilated.' If he once felt five minutes damnation, he would be thankful for extinction in preference.'

CATHOLIC NEWS.

BISHOP CLEARY AT TRENTON.

HE SPEAKS HIGHLY OF THE PROTESTANTS OF KINGSTON, BUT REFLECTS ON SOME OF THOSE OF TRENTON—THE RECENT DIFFICULTY.

(Kingston News) On Sunday morning, 9th inst., the town of Trenton was satir. Evidently the day was to bring us something altogether unusual.

For some time rumors have been afloat in the press and elsewhere, that because of a difficulty between Bishop Cleary and Father Broagh the Catholics of Trenton were disaffected; in fact it seems to have been a full-fledged schism.

Appropriate mottoes were erected at every entrance and innumerable miniature flags floated along the line of procession. Inside the church the decorations were most profuse and tasteful.

His Lordship, having entered the sanctuary and taken his seat on a throne, was robed in his pontificals and immediately commenced the Holy Mass of Ordination. The ceremony being concluded, and the newly ordained priests having made the usual profession of reverence and obedience to their Bishop and his successors, His Lordship graciously assented to receive an address, read by D. Murphy, Esq., Barrister, and signed by almost all the leading and prominent gentlemen of the parish.

The address assured the Bishop of their great devotion, love, obedience and respect, and invoked God's choicest blessings on him, and hoped that He would grant him many years of usefulness in the church.

THE BISHOP DID NOT REPLY to the address till the evening at vespers. He first preached an able sermon from words found in the last chapter of St. John; 'Obey your prelates and be subject to them, etc., after which he congratulated his hearers on the truly Catholic spirit shown in the reception, and on their feelings expressed towards him in their address.

After talking for half an hour after Mass about Lord Leitrim with the people, the curate and I walked back to the boat. I had been profoundly touched by the simple and sincere piety of these people, and knowing the history of Catholicity in Ireland, under the persecuting Church of England, I suppose that, if there is any truth in hereditary or transmitted hatreds, the blood of my own Scotch ancestors, who were persecuted by the same English Church—the Covenanters of the Scotch border—asserts itself in the flesh of these humble believers.

Right Rev. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, sails for Rome this week.

MR. PATRICK EGAN INTERVIEWED. MR. DAVITT'S SCHEME—HOW THE LANDLORD'S LEAGUE IS TO BE FOUGHT.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald writes:—We have heard a great deal about nationalization and the Land Corporation lately, and have been made tolerably familiar with the views held on at least one of these points by Messrs. Davitt, Parnell and other gentlemen connected with the Land League; but hitherto the ideas of one rather important person, the Treasurer of the Land League, had not been clearly given to the world.

CONVERSATION.—Will you oblige me with your views regarding the real objects and prospects of the Land Corporation? MR. EGAN.—I believe that its real objects are to work the farms which have been cleared for non-payment of impossible rents, and to prevent their former tenants from arranging for their return to their old holdings, as they have always been in hopes of

lied in Protestant honor and had proofs of it among the Protestants of Kingston Diocese, and therefore he declared and repeated his declaration that since there must be a goodly number of respectable Protestants in this village whose sense of honor revolts from the indecency of certain of their co-religionists, he did expect, and he did not yet without hope, that they will offer just atonement in the form of apology for the grievous offence perpetrated upon the portion of his flock which constituted the Catholic congregation of Trenton.

Such is the barest outline of his Lordship's discourse, and to give your readers anything like an adequate idea thereof, the eloquence in delivery and expression of feeling, a full report would be necessary. If the happiness of the congregation is to be measured by the general reception given his Lordship, the words of praise heard on all sides, their expressions of gratitude for his having selected their church for the ordination of the young clergyman, then, indeed, must your correspondent truly say they were really happy.

MASS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF IRELAND.

A CONDITION OF WRETCHEDNESS DUE TO LANDLORD TYRANNY.

James Redpath gives the following interesting account of the celebration of Mass in one of the mountain parishes of Ireland: 'There were two or three hundred men, women and children congregated in the cabin when we arrived there. They were in their best dresses. Few of the women had any shoes, nine women out of every ten in the rural districts of the West of Ireland go barefoot all the year round.

'These people at the cabin were all tenants, or rather had been tenants, of Lord Leitrim. Colonel Clemens, his heir, is the present proprietor of their farms.

'After greeting his people, with whom he was very popular, Father Conway constructed, on a small table in the cottage, a little rude altar, and put on his clerical vestments and said Mass. As soon as I could leave the cabin without interrupting the services, I went outside to see the people.

'After talking for half an hour after Mass about Lord Leitrim with the people, the curate and I walked back to the boat. I had been profoundly touched by the simple and sincere piety of these people, and knowing the history of Catholicity in Ireland, under the persecuting Church of England, I suppose that, if there is any truth in hereditary or transmitted hatreds, the blood of my own Scotch ancestors, who were persecuted by the same English Church—the Covenanters of the Scotch border—asserts itself in the flesh of these humble believers.

Right Rev. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, sails for Rome this week.

MR. PATRICK EGAN INTERVIEWED. MR. DAVITT'S SCHEME—HOW THE LANDLORD'S LEAGUE IS TO BE FOUGHT.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald writes:—We have heard a great deal about nationalization and the Land Corporation lately, and have been made tolerably familiar with the views held on at least one of these points by Messrs. Davitt, Parnell and other gentlemen connected with the Land League; but hitherto the ideas of one rather important person, the Treasurer of the Land League, had not been clearly given to the world.

CONVERSATION.—Will you oblige me with your views regarding the real objects and prospects of the Land Corporation? MR. EGAN.—I believe that its real objects are to work the farms which have been cleared for non-payment of impossible rents, and to prevent their former tenants from arranging for their return to their old holdings, as they have always been in hopes of

doing. To effect this English and Scotch farmers will be brought over by the corporation to occupy the vacant farms. These newcomers, will, of course, be boycotted, but the corporation doubtless expects by means of its immense capital to be able to hold its ground till the complete collapse of the Land League.

CONVERSATION.—How do you propose to counteract the influence of the corporation? MR. EGAN.—We shall continue the fight on the old lines. I may mention, however, that Messrs. Parnell, Dillon and others of our friends are now considering the advisability of making a special appeal to the farmers in Ireland, asking them to form an association which could not, like the Land League, be interfered with by the law, and to contribute to a national fund intended to meet present emergency.

EGYPTIAN NATIONALITY CRUSHED BY BRITISH IRONCLADS.

AS WE ANTICIPATED, the Egyptian soldiers and the fortifications of Alexandria have yielded an easy victory to the costly war machines brought against them.

As we anticipated, the Egyptian soldiers and the fortifications of Alexandria have yielded an easy victory to the costly war machines brought against them. It is a victory for England, but scarcely, we think, a very glorious one. Sir Charles Dilke, as the mouthpiece of the Gladstone Government, has declared in the British House of Commons that the bombardment of Alexandria was just and unavoidable.

CONVERSATION.—Do you not sympathize with Mr. Davitt in his dream of universal brotherhood and good will? MR. EGAN.—I am an Irish nationalist and think that my first and only allegiance is due to Ireland. Fraternalization with the English I regard as impossible.

CONVERSATION.—Will you oblige me with your views regarding the real objects and prospects of the Land Corporation? MR. EGAN.—I believe that its real objects are to work the farms which have been cleared for non-payment of impossible rents, and to prevent their former tenants from arranging for their return to their old holdings, as they have always been in hopes of

THE ARREARS BILL—JOHN BRIGHT'S RESIGNATION.

LONDON, July 15.—John Bright stated that the cause of his retirement from the Ministry was the Egyptian policy of the Government culminating in what Bright considered an unjustifiable use of force in Alexandria.

When asked to fix a point where his mind parted company with the minds of his colleagues, he replied that though unable to approve the general course pursued with reference to Egypt, he always hoped they would stop short of the employment of force. He ridiculed the notion that the fleet was seriously menaced by the forts, and dwelt strongly on the statement of the Standard correspondent and one other, that before the bombardment began, but after the expiration of the time fixed by Admiral Seymour, the Egyptian authorities offered to dismantle the forts.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, July 17.—The Arrears Bill passed through committees of the House of Commons to-night.

Mr. Bright, referring to his resignation, stated that he had nothing to explain or defend. The sole reason of his retirement was that he could not concur in the Government's Egyptian policy. He had for forty years held and taught a doctrine that he still believed, and he could not conscientiously approve of the proceedings at Alexandria.

Mr. Gladstone highly eulogized Mr. Bright, saying that he agreed with his principles, but not with the application of them.

JOHN BRIGHT'S RESIGNATION.

LONDON, July 15.—John Bright stated that the cause of his retirement from the Ministry was the Egyptian policy of the Government culminating in what Bright considered an unjustifiable use of force in Alexandria.

When asked to fix a point where his mind parted company with the minds of his colleagues, he replied that though unable to approve the general course pursued with reference to Egypt, he always hoped they would stop short of the employment of force. He ridiculed the notion that the fleet was seriously menaced by the forts, and dwelt strongly on the statement of the Standard correspondent and one other, that before the bombardment began, but after the expiration of the time fixed by Admiral Seymour, the Egyptian authorities offered to dismantle the forts.

Whether this report is true or not he was unable to confirm as a member of the Government sanctioning bombardment. When asked what the fleet should have done after Seymour had delivered the ultimatum and Arabi promised to discontinue armaments and then broke his promise, he answered that he was not only heard one side of the story, and he seemed to discredit the evidence that the electric light showed that the troops were continuing the works.

CONVERSATION.—Do you not sympathize with Mr. Davitt in his dream of universal brotherhood and good will? MR. EGAN.—I am an Irish nationalist and think that my first and only allegiance is due to Ireland. Fraternalization with the English I regard as impossible.

CONVERSATION.—Will you oblige me with your views regarding the real objects and prospects of the Land Corporation? MR. EGAN.—I believe that its real objects are to work the farms which have been cleared for non-payment of impossible rents, and to prevent their former tenants from arranging for their return to their old holdings, as they have always been in hopes of

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, July 17.—The Arrears Bill passed through committees of the House of Commons to-night.

Mr. Bright, referring to his resignation, stated that he had nothing to explain or defend. The sole reason of his retirement was that he could not concur in the Government's Egyptian policy. He had for forty years held and taught a doctrine that he still believed, and he could not conscientiously approve of the proceedings at Alexandria.

Mr. Gladstone highly eulogized Mr. Bright, saying that he agreed with his principles, but not with the application of them.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Stomach, Head, Neck or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Oedema, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heat, as its acting power is wonderful." Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain-Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Linctum in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 1072

RECIPES.

LEMON CAKE.—Duke the yolks of five lemons. Beat them until they are thick and white. Add to them one quart of nutmegs. Wash off the white of milk, and put in it. Add one bar of soap. Put in your fruit oranges. Let it remain in the oven until you remove it.

ONION SALAD.—Get one good strong, healthy onion, and kill it. Get a hammer and a nail and drive it in the middle of it. Soak it in kerosene oil two seconds. Boil the onion in the oven. Pour de salad over de onion until it is soft. Put a little powder in de oil and fire it off.

SAUERBRUT.—Get a small lamb and put it in a salt. Buy one pint of good, large cabbage. Remove de peel. Get von quard off good, small vinegar. Chop de cabbage over de vinegar. Let it remain until it begins to ferment. Den end id ven you have got a cold in your head.

SHORTCAKE.—Get a small boy to pick you two quarts of berries at 1 cent a quart. Roll de berries out mid a rolling-pin. Add de juice of seven lemons. Dake one cup of oatmeal and a pocketful mid rye flour. Stir id mid a lead pencil No. 2. Cook it until it gets to a neat-brown. If you expect your mother-in-law to supper, burn de bottom off de cake a little.

ICE CREAM.—In de first place, you got ten pounds of good, sweet, clear ice. Be sure de ice is not sour or moldy or second-hand. Dake a hot flat-iron and iron it out smooth. Wrap id around a double-spoon full mid cream. Led id stand until it cools off varm. Add hot currant-juice de suit de taste. Stuff id mit milk, and eat id slowly.

BEAN SOUP.—Boll four quarts off vader until it is brown. Bore a hole in de vader mid a gimlet and put in von cub of salt. Den pur in von bean; stir de bean around mid a proom-handle until de bean resolves. Grade in some horde-radishes. If you keep a boarding-house, put in some more vader. Cut it up in din slices mit a hot knife.

FISH.—First, you vas fishing. Dake along a hook and line and a half a dollar, and catch a fish. God your vife to dress it for you. Cook id Friday for dey frey, dey sey, bedder on dat day. Hold an umbrella over it ven id vas cooking, so de flavor will not get away. Get someone to pick de bones out for you. Eat id mid some pineapple doughnuts.

LIQUORIC CHERRY.—You get some skin-milk. Skin it in de morning. Pour id into a tub. Put in two flies. Led id stand until it gets tired. Then led it sit down. Pour de cheese into pails to mould it. (Dot's where mouldy cheese comes from.) Set id out in de yard till id becomes of age. Build a fence around id, so dot id will not get away. Ven de cheese begins to walk around id vas ready to eat.

SPONGE CAKE.—Dake four bounds off demulter sugar. One spoon full mit flour. Bake two eggs, and dake de yolks off de eggs. Pour in four or drez lake, medium-sized small sponges. Add von salt. Add von quart off molasses off you can borrow id. Bake de cake quickly before de children gets home from school. Put id away in a dry place until you vas alone, and den eat id. Sfir de cake will before you begin to comence to cook id.

BEFSTEAK.—Got vone pound off round tenderloin porter-house rack-steak. Pound the steak mit a hammer until it looks like liver. Then run id through de clothes-wringer. Then you led de children play baseball mid id until id vas tender. Put id off de pan. Change id on ids both sides before id vas done. Wipe id off dry mit a wet towel until it vas moist. Add de dowl. Cook id until you vas tired. Serve id de some of your enemies.

MINEPERS.—Get a piece off rubber and cut out de under crust. Scollup de edges mit de shears. Buy four bounds off cows neck at one cent a pound. Chop it up until it vas chopped. Chop von peck off apples, basket and all. Add vone yard off red flannel and a peck of sawdust. Give id two coats off varnish. Cook it vone hour and sixteen inches.

J. F. PARSONS.

New Haven, Ct.

EPH'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, MRS. EPH'S has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. —Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1/2 lb.) labelled "JAMES EPH'S & Co., Homeopathic Chemists London, England." Also makers of EPH'S OBOOOLIN'S ESSENCES for afternoon use.

\$200.00 Reward!

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation Hop Bitters, especially Bitters or preparations of the word Hop or Hops in their name connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as Hop Bitters. The genuine have cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or Receipts of Hop Bitters published in papers or for sale as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

CARRIED BY STORM!

By the Author of "Guy Earlscount's Wife," "A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad Marriage," "The Diamond O'Donnell," etc.

PART III.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

The lamps are lit in the pretty drawing-room of the villa. Dinner is over, and the one guest, the Rev. Ignatius Lamb, sits near Mrs. Ventnor's sofa, talking earnestly. The executor of St. Walbrieger is the incumbent of a beautiful little church in the village now, not so rich or so rare a gem certainly as St. Walbrieger in the days of Mrs. Abbott—still an extremely pretty structure. Gothic as to style, mediæval as to painted saints on golden backgrounds, aristocratic as to congregation, and all that there is of the most rustic as to doctrine.

Mrs. Ventnor, pallid, languid, graceful, reclining on her couch, listens with weary interest. She has a paw at St. Chad's, and is especially anxious about the success of Mr. Lamb's latest project—that of founding a convent and an orphan asylum, on a grant of land recently presented to the church by Colonel Ventnor. The order is quite a new one, the Sisters of the Suffering—Mr. Lamb himself the founder, and to establish the mother house in Brighton, with an asylum and a day-school, is a project very near to the reverend gentleman's heart.

"I saw the Reverend Mother last week," he is saying to Mrs. Ventnor, "and it was she who proposed this concert. For obvious reasons, it is more convenient at present than either a picnic or fair. Mother Bonaventura knows this singer—this Miss Jenny Wild—knew her before she entered religion, you understand, and speaks of her in the very highest terms. Her moral character—Miss Wild's, of course—is perfectly unexceptionable. And she is more than willing to assist us by giving a concert and donating the proceeds. She is said to excel in charities indeed, and is especially interested in orphan children. In addition to her concert she promises two hundred dollars. All this, with the noble donation of your excellent husband, my dear madam, will enable us to start work at once, without incurring pecuniary liabilities. Everything is arranged, and the concert takes place on Monday evening. Miss Wild is at present in New York, but will reach Brighton about that day. May I hope, my dear Mrs. Ventnor, that you will endeavor to be present?"

"I go nowhere of late," Mrs. Ventnor responds, languidly, "as you are aware. My wretched health, you know—but assuredly, if possible, I will be present at the concert."

"And Miss Olga—? may I presume, count upon her without fail?"

The door opens as he speaks, and the Rev. Ignatius pauses, and is conscious of a shock—not an unpleasant one. He holds distinct views upon the celibacy of the clergy, and has always advocated them, but at this moment he feels that under certain influence, a man and an Anglican priest may be untrue to the convictions of his life, and yet be excusable.

She comes in, tall, slender, white-robed, her lovely hair falling like a bath of sunshine over her shoulders, her gold and snowy drapery trailing about her, a faint flush on her cheeks, a stary light in her blue, blue eyes. Behind her comes her faithful shadow, Frank, and the Reverend Ignatius frowns slightly, and realizes that handsome distant cousins are a most dangerous and objectionable class of men.

"My dear, how late you are," mamma murmurs, as Olga stoops and kisses her; "we have dined without you. Dr. Gibson, you know, is most premy on the point of my always dining at the same hour."

"Pray make no excuse, mamma—it does not matter in the least," Olga says, gaily, "Frank and I will dine late—a little. We have been quarrelling all the afternoon, and our reconciliation over our soup. Anything new in Brighton, Mr. Lamb? What of the new convent?"

"Olga thinks of renouncing this wicked world, and going in for Mother Abbess. The role would suit her, I think. She has rather the look of this moment of a vestal virgin—a Norma—a Priestess of the Sun. These sort of people never cared for anybody but themselves, and were made of ice-water more or less, I believe."

"My dear Frank, how often have I told you that sarcasm is not your strong point? You mean to be cynical, but in reality I am almost sure I would like it. The habit of the Sisters of the Suffering is in admirable taste—a trained black robe, a white veil, and long black veil are always picturesque and becoming. What of our fair, Mr. Lamb—or is it to be a picnic?"

Mr. Lamb explains. It is to be neither. It is to be a concert—a ballad concert, with Miss Jenny Wild as prima-donna, and Monday next is the appointed night.

"Miss Jenny Wild? Jenny Wild? I do not know the name. Who is she? do you know her, Frank?"

"Never heard her—heard of her though. Sings in character—ballads chiefly, and is very popular. Good contra-tyo say, but seldom comes to New York. It is not to be supposed you would know her, Miss Ventnor—scampering over the face of the earth as you have been for the past five years. Come to dinner. I do not know how it may be with you, but I am considerably hungry."

They go. Frank may be in love with the exquisite face across the table, but that fact does not impair his appetite to any serious extent. If it exists, it is perhaps a love of the eyes, not of the heart, for he is distinctly conscious of being much more comfortable away from his adored one than with her.

Her presence, her triumphant beauty, have upon him the effect of a fever. He seeks to avoid her, but she follows him, and he feels that if he succeeds he will be in a state of unrest and discomfort all the rest of his life. She exacts too much; her ideal is too high; he can never reach it; it is always uncomfortable to dwell on the heights. Still the family expect it of him, and to show the white feather in love or in war is not the nature of a Livingston. In an off-hand sort of way he has been making love to his pretty cousin ever since he can remember, but to distinct proposal he has never yet come. In his pocket, to-night a letter lies from his mother, urging, entreating, commanding him to speak before he leaves Brighton. Business calls him away on Tuesday next, and the Rubicon must be crossed between then and now. He is not a nervous young man as a rule, but, truth to tell, the thought makes his heart beat a little quicker. Perhaps it is not to his discredit that he is a trifle afraid of this regal Olga. He is not the first man who has feared this child, white goddess. This is Thursday evening. He has still one, two, three, four days and nights to screw his courage to the sticking-place, and put his fate to the touch, win or lose it all.

"I will speak to-morrow," he thinks, looking at her across the old flowers and crystal.

"I like you so much, Frank, that I am sorry you have said this. You do not mean

"Praise as you may, when the tale is done. She is but a maid to be wooed and won. But to-morrow comes and he does not speak. He does not feel sentimental as it is called, and the fellow can propose in cold blood, and Saturday and Sunday, and Monday comes, and still golden silence reigns, and his fate hangs in the balance. And Monday evening is the evening of the concert, and there is no longer chance or time."

The whole Ventnor family go. Olga in Indian mullin, with touches of crimson here and there in her pale, crisp draperies and laces, is, as ever, bewildering. A fairly fashionable assembly fills the hall, and Miss Ventnor finds an acquaintance who seems to know all about the musical star of the night.

"A very charming songstress, I assure you," the lady says. "She travels with her guardian and his wife—Gorman, I believe—and has a very sweet and powerful contralto, with an odd sort of pathos in it that most people are captivated by who hear her sing. I have seen her give nearly a whole evening's entertainment herself, singing long after song, in character, with a rapidity and power quite amazing. It is very good of her to proffer her services in this way; but then she is good; it is quite like her. She is the most generous and large-hearted creature in the world—and beyond reproach, I assure you; in all quarters Miss Wild is most highly spoken of."

"Yes?" Olga says, indifferently. She is not much interested, naturally, in Miss Wild or her character. Her glass sweeps the hall, and she is busy acknowledging bows. It is something of a bore to be here at all, after seasons of Paris and Nice abroad. Still, it is for Mr. Lamb, and she is Olga Ventnor—and no noble oblige.

The curtain rises; the stage is handsomely decorated. A slim, dark young man, with great Italian eyes and accent, appears, and sings "Let Me Like A Soldier Fall," in a very fine baritone voice. Then there is a piano solo—Mozart's Rhapsodia No. 2, performed in a masterly manner by Herr Ericson, and then Miss Jenny Wild is before them, and "Love My Love," is ringing through the concert-room, in a voice that makes even Olga Ventnor, difficult as she is, look up in pleased surprise. And looking once, she looks again. The singer, a tall, finely-formed young woman, dressed simply enough, in dark silk, is a person to command from most people a second glance. It is hardly a handsome face, but it is a striking one; the features are good, the eyes dark and brilliant, and with an intensity of expression not often seen. There is vivid dramatic power in her rendering of the song—the voice has that sweet, touching, minor tone Olga has heard of. But something beyond all this strikes and holds Miss Ventnor. "As in a glass darkly" she seems to recognize that face, that voice. She knits her brows, and tries to recall. In vain—Miss Jenny Wild refuses to be placed. She concludes her song, and disappears in the midst of a tumult of applause.

"She is really a very fine singer," Olga says to the lady by her side, "but it is the oddest thing. I seem to have seen and heard her somewhere before."

"You have attended some of her concerts, perhaps?" the lady suggests.

"No, it cannot be that—this is the first concert I have attended since my return to America. Frank!" imperiously, "are you asleep? What are you thinking of, sitting there, with that dazed look?"

"Of Miss Jenny Wild. Somewhere—in some other planet, perhaps—I must have met that young lady before. Ah! she is here—she is again."

Miss Wild reappears, bowing graciously to the hearty call she had received. Her fine dark eyes calmly survey the house, and lift and rest for the first time on the Ventnor party. They fall on Frank Livingston, and meet his puzzled glance full.

A slight flush rises to her face, a slight smile draws about the lips, then her graceful figure is drawn up, and she is singing "With a Mile of Edinboro' Town." The old ever welcome favorite is listened to with delight, and a great basket of flowers is presented to the singer. Olga hands Frank her bouquet.

"Throw it," she says; "she deserves it. She sang that delightfully. Miss Jenny Wild is worth coming to hear. But, oh! where have I seen and heard her before?"

Frank throbs the cluster of white roses with uttering aim—the light as the feet of the songstress. She stoops and picks it up, and again that slight glance and flush and smile rest on Livingston, as she bows and quits the stage.

The Italian sings again, Herr Ericson performs a rousing rondo, and Miss Wild sings the grand aria "Nabucco" from Verdi, quite magnificently, and again is rapturously enticed. Once more she responds with another Scotch song, "Sleeping Magpie," and once more her eyes look and linger with evident amusement on the profoundly puzzled face of Frank Livingston. Then the concert is over, and they are out in the sweet darkness of the June night.

"Who is Miss Jenny Wild?" cries Olga, impatiently; "I hate to be puzzled, and she puzzles me. Frank, I command you! find out all about her, and tell me why her face and voice are so ridiculously familiar. And she has evidently seen you before—she did you the honor to look at you more than once in the most marked manner."

"I go to-morrow," is Frank's answer, "and whether I shall ever return to discover Miss Jenny Wild's antecedents, or for any other reason, depends entirely upon you, Olga, and what you will say to me to-night!"

The hour has come—the two are alone, lingering for a moment before saying good-night and going in. They stand on the piazza; the June stars shine above them; the silence of midnight is around them.

She glances at him in surprise, she is humming "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town."

"For I cannot, cannot—cannot wunnot—wunnot buckle to!" she sings, and then breaks off to laugh.

It, do you? We have been playing at fiction all our lives, and by mistake, you have fancied the play earnest—to-night. You are not a lover with me—you do not want me to be your wife. You would be miserable if I said yes, and you know it. But fear not. I am not going to say yes."

"Say it and try? I will risk the misery. All my life will be devoted to you—every thought of my heart, if you will marry me, Olga."

"Marry you?" she repeats; marry you, Frank! There is that in her tone makes Livingston redden angrily and throw back his head. She laughs a little in spite of herself. "I never thought of such a thing in my life," she says with cruel coolness.

"Do you mean to tell me," the young man demands, in no very tender tone, "that you do not know it was a compact made and agreed to years and years ago?"

"Never!" she answers, with energy, "never! In such compact I had no share—of such compact I never heard. Oh, yes!" contemptuously, in reply to his indignant glances; "I have heard hints, unnumbered, seen smiles and wistful glances; but do you think I heeded them? They are the impertinences relatives seem to think they have a right to. There is but one person on earth who has a right to speak to me of such a thing—my dear father—and he has been silent. And I do not care for you, Frank—in that way. I am very fond of you, I think; she says, and a time when I was not, I think; she says, and holds out her hands with the sweet, alluring smile that makes men her slaves, there never will come a time when I shall not be. But not like that. There is not a friend I love in this world I would not sooner lose than you; so shake hands, and forget, and forgive all this. Let us say good-night and good-by, and when you return—say in three or four weeks—you will have forgotten the fancy of to-night. Do not look cross, Frank, it does not become you—and come in."

She slips her hand through his arm, and half laughing at his moody face, draws him into the house. The gas burns low in the drawing-room, the piano stands open; she strikes the keys as she stands, smiling over her shoulder, and sings:

The fairest rose blooms but a day— Good-by! The fairest spring must end with May, And you and I can only say: Good-by, good-by, good-by!

CHAPTER III.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

The morning that follows this night of the concert is bleak and raw for June. A drab sky frowns on a sunless world; the wind is as much like November as the month of roses, and the weather-wise predict rain. But in this threatening state of the weather Miss Jenny Wild hires a pony carriage, and starts all by herself for a drive. Not for any aimless drive—she seems to know very well where she wants to go. She is very plainly dressed in black, a straight dark figure sitting upright in the little carriage, a black straw hat, with a blue veil twisted round it, on her head. She pulls this veil over her face as she drives through the village, and glancing hardy to the right or left, taking the woodland road, and pulls up at the Red Farm, erstwhile Sleaford's.

Here she sits and gazes for a long, long time, with darkly thoughtful face and brooding eyes, at the dreary and deserted house. There her most miserable childhood was spent; working in that kitchen her most miserable girlhood wore on; in that attic-room how many supremely wretched nights of cold and pain, and isolation, and heart-break the child Joanna struggled through!

In that adjoining chamber her motherless task-master had met his fate, and passed to his death. In that parlour, with its shattered panes, how many a jolly revel that bent his head, in which her part was only additional drudgery. And yet she had liked them too, there were lights and music, and laughter and dancing, and youth, and at one of them she had first seen Frank Livingston's gay, handsome face—the same face, older, madder—she had looked upon again last night. Out of yonder broken gate she had watched him come one never-to-be-forgotten morning, with his fair little cousin in his arms. Last night he had sat by that fair young cousin's side, and listened to her singing. Always these two are associated in her mind, and always with a sense of dull morbid pain. In that gloomy kitchen she first saw Geoffrey Lamar, the true, noble-hearted friend who had done all in his power to lift her out of her misery, and out of herself. Here wild Joanna suffered and slaved, was beaten and girded at; from here she fled out into the world, with George Blake! And to-day she might have been George Blake's wife, if chance—or Providence—had not thrown in her way Frank Livingston, and so in a moment changed her whole life.

She turns from the eerie spot at last, and goes on to Black's Dam. Here, too, time and decay had lain their ruinous finger. The old mill, her shelter and solace so often, has fallen to utter decay; the pond is almost dry—silent desolation reigns. She turns from it with a shudder, and drives away. Great drops of rain are beginning to patter, but she cares almost as little for a wetting now as in the old days. She drives to Abbott Wood—the old gate-keeper lives still in the wretched gothic lodge, but he can give her no news of his missing mistress.

A lawyer from the city does everything that is to be done in these latter days. Of Mrs. Abbott or Mr. Geoffrey no one seems to know anything. The rain falls heavily as she drives through the lovely, leafy avenues, up to the grand, silent, sombre house. It looks as if some mourning for those it had lost. She does not go in, though she is invited to do so by Mrs. Bill. She feels she cannot look at those fair, empty apartments, filled by the haunting faces of half a dozen years ago. Her own is among them, the restless, unhappy, aimless Joanna of seventeen. She is neither aimless nor restless now. She has found her niche and work in life, and they suit her well. But happy? Well, she is hardly that, and yet a very different, a much wiser, gentler, nobler Joanna than the dark, discontented protegee of Geoffrey Lamar. Softened and good, she has grown, through years of kindness and affection given to her lavishly and loyally by the Herr Professor and Madame Ericson. All that is best in her has its day at last. Of friends she has many; of lovers she has had her share; of admirers more than she cares to remember. And love has redeemed her, and Miss Jenny Wild is all that they say of her, and more, giving of her abundance to all who ask and need.

That afternoon Professor Ericson and his family, as he calls them, leave Brighton. By the morning train Mr. Frank Livingston has gone up to New York, and while Miss Wild is recalling the days of her youth, he is spinning along, a cigar between his lips, the morning paper in his hand, far from the scene of his despair. Truth to tell, he looks anything but despairing this morning, in a most becoming English suit of the very roughest grey tweed, fresh vigorous, good-

looking, alert. Broken-hearted at his rejection he has a right to be, and may be, but a broken heart is becoming to some people, and Livingston is apparently one of them. In his secret soul there is rather a sensation of relief, that as the train bows along it bears him in its throbbing bosom a free man! He has done what destiny and his Maker and the united houses of Ventnor and Livingston expected of him, and she said no, and there is no appeal. And when Mr. Livingston dies, and worms eat him, whatever the immediate cause may be, he is comfortably convinced it will not be love. So, in a fairly cheerful mood, he surveys his fellow-passengers, untolds his Brighton paper, and reads what the musical critic of that sheet has to say about last night's concert. Miss Wild is lauded, and Livingston is disposed to laud also. She sang remarkably well, and looked very imposing. That grand aria from "Nabucco" is still ringing in his ears, and it occurs to him once more to wonder why her face should be so oddly familiar. Not a pretty face, he decides, but a good one, a striking one, and once seen not easily forgotten. And then he turns to another column and subject, and forgets all about it.

He spends three or four days in New York, among old friends and old haunts. His principal object in coming to town is to tell his mother the result of his proposal, and so make an end of that business once and for ever, but his mother has gone on a visit. He proposes to follow her, for he knows it is a subject on which she is more than anxious, but it is now that will keep, and he does not hurry himself. On the evening of the third day he sees by the bills that Miss Jenny Wild is to give one of her character concerts, and makes up his mind to go.

"Perhaps I shall be able to place her this time," he thinks, "and so get rid of her altogether. I believe I was dreaming of her half the night last night."

So, a little after the commencement of the concert, Mr. Livingston saunters in, and finds a large and fashionable gathering. Many of the faces present are familiar; one lady in a private box bows, and smiles and looks on, and in a few moments he is shaking hands with Mrs. Van Rensselaer and her daughters.

"So glad to meet you once more, my dear boy," that great and gracious lady exclaims, "and looking so extremely unshorn and well. We heard you had returned with the Ventnors, and were staying with them at that charming villa. And how is dear Mrs. Ventnor, and the lovely Olga, after their prolonged European tour?"

"Mrs. Ventnor is much as usual, and Olga is rather lovelier than usual," says Frank. "And when are we to congratulate you, Mr. Livingston?" says the elder Miss Van Rensselaer, a dashing and daring brunette, but quite so young as she used to be. "Ah! we hear more than you think, we stay at home. We expected Olga would have captured a duke at least, so many rich American girls are making brilliant matches this year. And yet there she is, la belle des belles, back again, and—as we understand—unattached! But you can open the mysteries, no doubt?"

"I only know Olga refused half the peerage," says Livingston, with calm mendacity. "As for your very flattering hints, Miss Van Rensselaer, you do me too much honor in inferring I have anything to do with it. I might as well love some bright, particular star, and so on, as my beautiful cousin Olga. Such daughters of the gods are not for impetuous artists like myself. Ah! here is Miss Wild, and as Marcelline, singing the famous 'Jewel Song.' How well she is looking, and in what capital voice she is to-day!"

"You have seen her before?" Miss Brenda Van Rensselaer inquires.

"Once before, at a concert last Monday night. Her voice has the ring of mountain bells and what pathetic and dramatic force she has! She would make a fine actress. It strikes me Miss Wild grows on me. I like her better now than I did even then."

"Oh! she is lovely," cries Miss Brenda, gushingly. "We are the greatest friends. She is received by the very best people. She is perfectly charming in private life, and unlike most artists, always so willing to sing. She comes to us to-night after the concert; mamma has a reception. I think her drawing-room songs are even more beautiful than her stage singing."

"Come and make her acquaintance," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer graciously.

"Thanks—I will," Livingston responds. He is exceedingly taken by Miss Wild; he loves music almost more than he does art; and her voice, her look, are so sympathetic that they draw him irresistibly. Besides, he wants to discover what is that familiar look about her that so perplexes him now.

"Who is Miss Wild?" he asks, as, in the midst of hearty applause, she quits the stage.

"Ah! who, indeed?" returns the elder Miss Van Rensselaer. "Find somebody to answer that, if you can! No one knows; she arose first a little pale star out West, and went on shining and enlarging until she is the star of first magnitude. You see her now. Hark to the clapping—she will return in a moment—they always adore her songs. Flattering; but rather a bore, I should think. Here she is; what will she give us now, I wonder?"

An hour later he stands in the Van Rensselaer drawing-rooms, and awaits his introduction to the cantatrice. He cannot tell why he is so vividly interested in her, unless it is caused by that puzzling familiarity. But interested and impatient as he is, and as he has never been to meet any artist of the kind before.

"Mr. Livingston, Miss Wild," says simply his hostess, and he looks down into two dark, jewel-like eyes, into a smiling face. He is conscious of bowing and murmuring his pleasure—another moment and some one else has claimed her, and she turns—is gone. He looks after her with knitted brows and ever deepening perplexities. That tall figure, that gentle, earnest face, those great gem-like eyes—they are in some mysterious way as well-known to him as his own face in the glass. He tries to approach her more than once as the evening wears on, but she is always surrounded. The charm of her manner evidently carries all before it, as well as the charm of her voice.

Presently, when he is about to give up in despair, he hears her singing, and makes his way to the piano. The words she sings he has never heard before—the air is tender and very sweet:

"My darling! my darling! my darling! Do you know how I want you tonight? The wind passes, moaning and snoring, Like some evil ghost on its flight; On the wet street your lamp's gleam shines red, You are sitting alone—did you start? Ah! I spoke? Did you guess at this deadly Chill pain in my heart?"

Out here where the dull rain is falling, Just once—just a moment—I wait; Did you hear the old voice that was calling? Your name, as I passed by the gate? It was just a mere breath, but I know, dear, Not even Love's ears could have heard; But, oh, I was hungering so, dear, For one little word.

Ab, me! for a word that could move you, Like a whisper of magical art!

I love you! I love you! I love you! There is no other word in my heart—"

She looks up; her eyes meet his. Has she been conscious of his presence there all along? Her hands strike the wrong chords; there is a jar and discord; a flash rises over her face; she laughs, and suddenly breaks off. "Oh, go on!" half a dozen voices cry; "that is lovely!"

"I sing it from memory," Miss Wild says. "It is a little poem I lit upon the other day in a magazine, and it seemed to fit some music I had. I will sing you something better instead."

She sings "Kathleen Mavourneen," and looks no more at Frank Livingston. He stands wondering, and of his wonder finding no end. He turns over absent some sheets of music bearing her name, and as he does so, from one of them a written page falls. It is the song she has broken off. Instantly he commits petty larceny, and puts it in his pocket.

"It will serve as an excuse to call upon her and restore her property," thinks this "artful dodger." "Find out who she is! Hunt her! I shall perish miserably of curiosity!" "Kathleen Mavourneen" is finished, and she makes a motion to rise; but her listeners seem insatiable.

"Only one more—one little, little one, dear Miss Wild," a young lady says.

She pauses, glances at Livingston's absorbed face, smiles, and begins "My Ain Highland." And then, in one second, like a flash, a shock, the truth darts upon him. He has heard that song before! In the drawing-room of Abbott Wood he has heard the same voice sing it! He stands petrified, spell-bound, breathless, his eyes on her face. Sleaford's Joanna! Yes, yes! it is the reddish, unkempt hair, shining, dark, becomingly dressed, the sweet voice perfected, womanly, sweet, but still—Sleaford's Joanna!

How it comes about he does not know, but five minutes later he is standing with her alone, both her hands clasped close in his.

"It is!" he exclaims; "I cannot be mistaken. It is Joanna!"

"Sleaford's Joanna," she answers, and then slowly fill her eyes, though her lips are smiling. "I saw you knew me, puzzled as you looked, and thought the old song would put an end to your evident misery. Yes, Mr. Livingston, after all these years, it is Joanna."

"And I am the first to find you," he says, triumphantly; "that's a good omen. Tell me where you live. I must come to see you and talk over the old days. You shall not make a stranger of so old a friend, Joanna."

"So old a friend!" she draws away her hands and laughs. "Were you and I ever friends? Ah, yes, come and see me. It does me good to look at a Brighton face. And I am glad—yes, glad, that you're the first."

"And that is Sleaford's Joanna," Livingston thinks, going home through the city streets, feeling dazed and in a dream, "fair, stately, famous! What will Olga say when I tell her this?"

CHAPTER IV.

"CARRIED BY STORM."

When Frank Livingston carries his blighted affections away with him from Brighton and his fair, cold cousin Olga, it is, as has been said, with the intention of seeing his mother and making an end of that, and then starting off for a summer sketching tour through Canada and British Columbia.

"That was his

of asking any such thing. The present is delightful; it is charming to be with her—delightful. To-day is good—why lift the veil that hides to-morrow? To be with her is one thing, to ask the lady to marry one is another.

And so to-night is your last appearance for the summer? he says, and you will go for your Newport cottage to-morrow? Well, New York is no longer habitable, of course; but what an elysium I have found it for the past month! I, too, shall go to Newport, Joanna?

And that sketching and hunting tour in British Columbia? And that visit to your anxious mamma? What of them? she asks laughing.

They sit alone in the cool, green-shaded parlour, Joanna doing lace work, Frank on an ottoman more or less at her feet, with the Browning he has been reading aloud tellingly, on his knee.

"I must see my mother," he answers, frowning impatiently, "but it will be a flying visit. As for British Columbia—well, British Columbia will always be there, and other summers will come. But the chance of going to Newport—in this way—may not occur again."

"I think it had better not occur now. Start on that visit to Mrs. Livingston to-morrow, and take train for this to Montreal. It will be best, believe me. You have had a surfeit of Newport and surf bathing, I should think, before now."

"Neither Newport nor surf bathing will be novelties, certainly. But I do not go for them, you know that. Do you forbid me to follow, Joanna?"

"Why should I?" she says, and her dark eyes rest on him a moment. "I like you to be with me. No, do not say anything complimentary, please—I was not angling for that; I mean what I say. It brings back the old times, and the faces I seem to have lost out of my life. That past is a dark memory enough, and yet it holds good things—Mrs. Abbott, Geoffrey, and dear little Leo. I can never regret its pains when I think of them."

"And does it hold no one else?" he asks jealously.

"Ah you were no friend of mine in those days. Do not deny it—I have an excellent memory for the few who cared for me in that desolate time. And you were not among them. Why should you have been? I was only an ugly uncouth creature, rude in manner, and look, and speech. I was not of your world then, I am not now. No, the gap is not bridged over yet. Do you think I do not know it?—do you think I do not know it never can be? I am a singer, I am popular, I never can be that is all-fashionable people like Mrs. Benseeker ask me to their parties, and I sing and amuse their guests. But I am homeless, homeless, a vagabond and a wanderer. And to know who I am is the one unattainable desire, the one ceaseless longing of my heart. Surely I must have a name—surely in some veins the same blood must flow. There were the Sleafords—I do not know to this day whether they were related to me or not."

"A little more than kin, a little less than kind," Livingston quotes. "What does it matter Joanna? You have hosts of friends who love you for yourself. You have made a name the world honours. Why regret what you may be better without knowing?"

Her work has dropped, her hands clasp her knees as she leans forward, in the old fashion he remembers; her great eyes look remny, and wistful, and far off.

"I would give half my life to know. I will never rest until I know. The Sleafords I have lost sight of; even Lora had left, and gone west before I had reached Brighton. For the boys it is doubtful if they could tell me anything even if I found them. The secret of my life Giles Sleaford alone held, and he carried it with him into the grave. I would give all I possess to know. You cannot understand this—you who have always had name, and home, and relations, and love—this ceaseless heart-hunger for some one to whom we belong. Ah, well! it is folly to sigh over the inevitable. But all the same, it leaves me to-day what I was six years ago, and you—you had much better be wise, and go to Canada, and shoot moose! The past weeks have been pleasant—yes—but they are over. Say good-bye to-morrow, and do not come to Newport."

"I shall never be wise if that is wisdom," he says, coolly. "I am always happiest when with you. Let me be happy in my own way. I shall make that final visit, of course—that cannot be postponed—but I shall return and spend my summer at Newport."

She smiles and says no more. She resumes her work, and he his Browning. If Livingston cannot understand her, neither can she understand herself. All her life he has been in her eyes something different from other men. In her ignorant youth he was the "Prince Charming" of her fairy tales. In her dreary girlhood a slight, word from him could stab her as no other power to stab. She does not understand why this should be—she only knows it is so. There is no reason why she should care for him. There are a hundred good and sound ones why she should not. The fact remains—she does care for him; she will care for him possibly to her life's end.

That night is Miss Wild's last appearance for the season, and that night the house is thronged with her admirers and friends. That night she is brilliant as she has never been brilliant before, as she will never be again, for it is the very last time she will ever face an audience! But, though she does not know it, some thrilled, excited feeling sends a streaming light into her dark eyes, a deep flush into her too pale cheeks, a ringing sweetness and power into her very sang before.

She sings as she has never sang before. She bears her audience away—she is recalled again and again, flowers are flung at her, the theatre rings with excited applause. For-moore—wholly carried away—Frank Livingston. Always excitable, the success of to-night turns his head. She is bewitching—she is a very queen of song—she is radiant in her triumph—she is irresistible! Head and heart are in a tumult—this is love, and he will win her—this bewitching woman, who turns the brains of all men!

It is all over—it has been an ovation—and they are in her rooms—Mrs. Ericson and madame his wife, the Italian baritone, and Frank. In her trailing silk and lace, with sapphirine ornaments, she looks absolutely handsome—she looks like a goddess in Livingston's dazzled eyes. They are alone in one of the softly lit rooms—her piano stands open, but it is he who strikes the silvery chords, looking up with eyes that flash in her smiling face. It is he who sings, in an excited, exultant voice, the little song he parloined, the song he first heard her sing at Mrs. Van Benseeker's party:

"Do you think I am ever without you?
Ever look for an instant your face,
Or the spell that breathes always about you,
Of the smile, the smile, the smile,
From the light of your eyes though I stand,
I feel in I linger and pray, dear,
The touch of your hand."

"Ah, me! for a word that could move you
Like a whisper of magical art,
I love you I love you I love you!

There is no other word in my heart.
Will your eyes that are loving, still love me
Will your heart, once so tender, forgive me?
Ah! darling, stoop down from above me
And tell me to live."

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" he cries, and raises both her hands in his feverish clasp. "Joanna, I love you! I always have from the first, I think, but to-night you have carried my heart by storm!"

She does not speak. His flushed face, glowing eyes, and ringing voice hardly lowered as he speaks the passionate words, tell her of the wild excitement within.

"My darling, stoop down from above me; tell me to live!" he repeats; "do you hear, Joanna?—I love you! I tell you, you have carried my heart, as you do your audience, by storm!"

She stands silent. But the hands he clasps are not withdrawn; the sweet, dark tender eyes do not droop—they are fixed on his face.

"Silence is consent!" he gaily cries. He draws a ring off his little finger, and slips it on one of hers. "I bind you with this," he says, "for to-night. To-morrow I will bring you a better."

He tries to clasp her, but she draws suddenly back.

"Oh, do not!" she exclaims, almost in a voice of pain.

They are the first words she has spoken, and there is a tone akin to terror in them. But she smiles a moment after, and looks down at the ring.

"You are all my own," he says; "I love and I claim you. Wear that until to-morrow. My darling, you sang and looked like an angel to-night!"

"Supper is waiting," says the stolid German voice of stout Madame Ericson; "you had better come."

They go, and Livingston quenches his fever and excitement in iced champagne.

Somewhere in the small hours the little party breaks up, and he goes home through the summer moonlight full of triumph and exultation, still humming softly to himself the haunting words of the song.

But long after he is asleep, long after she is forgotten, even in his dreams, Joanna sits in her room, and watches the slender yellow July moon lift above the black, silent streets, full of troubled pain and unrest.

"Carried by storm," she repeats to herself; "carried by storm!" Ah! Frank Livingston, is it your heart, your fancy, your exalted imagination—what? But whatever it is, my love—my love, I love you!"

CHAPTER V.
"LITTLE LEO."

"Night brings counsel," says the adage, and "colours seen by candle-light do not look the same by day," says the poet. Both are exceedingly true. Livingston rises the next morning, and his first thought, as he recalls all that passed last night, is one of simple, utter, intense consternation. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, by the charm of her eyes, her voice, the appearance of the crowd, he has asked Sleaford's Joanna to be his wife. The memory absolutely stuns him. All the fever of his throbbing pulses is allayed now, and he knows he no more is in love with her than he was with his cousin Olga. Once again, as often before, his heated, hot-headed recklessness has played him false, his fickle fancy led him astray. He has asked the last woman in the world he should have asked to be his wife, and she has said no. She has said nothing, he remembers that now; but in these cases saying nothing is equivalent to saying yes.

Will, his fate is fixed—he must be true to her he has asked; she must never know of this revelation of feeling—Sleaford's Joanna must be his wife. It is thus she forces herself on his imagination—no longer as Jenny Wild, the singer, fair and stately, but wild, ragged, devil-may-care, she rises persistently before him. He does all he can to banish the memory—in vain. The image of the little baronet's father, the druggist of the Sleafords, is the only image religiously recalled will bring up. And last night he told her that he loved her.

With a very gloomy face, a very impaired appetite, Mr. Livingston sits down to breakfast. He is not much of hero, this fickle Frank—less of a hero than usual, even at this crisis of his life. But unhappily—or the reverse—the world is not made up of heroes, and Livingston goes with the majority. What will his mother say, his fretful, ambitious, fastidious mother? What will the Venturers say? What will Olga—Olga, who has always especially disliked and distrusted Joanna—Olga, who has pride of birth—enough for a royal princess. He can see the wonder, the incredulity, the scorn of the blue child eyes.

But it is too late for all such thoughts; what is done cannot be undone; he has chosen and must abide by his choice. He must keep faith with her, and she deserves a much better man. She shall never suspect that he regrets. He will inform his mother—the sooner the better; he will accept her wrath and her reproaches; he will marry Joanna out of hand, and hurry her away with him to Italy. That will look like flight, and flight will look like cowardice, but he has not much trust in his own moral courage. In Italy they can live as artists live—be certainly has nothing very brilliant to offer his bride—he will cast off the idleness of a lifetime, and go to work with a will. Of course, Joanna must go on the stage no more; poor he may be, but not so poor as to compel his wife to work for her living.

"In Rome I can keep her on black bread and melon rinds!" he says with a rather grim laugh, "until fame and fortune find me out. She is the sort of a woman, I think, to whom love will sweeten even black bread and melon. Though why she should care for me Heaven knows! She is worth a million such wank-minded, vacillating fools as I am!"

He takes his hat, and tries to clear the cloud from his brow, and to look like his natural self, as he hurries through the sunlight, hot streets, to Joanna's cool, green-shaded up-town bower. He is not very successful, perhaps, or her eyes are not easily baffled, for in one long, grave, steadfast glance, she reads all his trouble in his tall-tale face, then turns slowly away. The rooms are littered with trunks, bags, boxes, and all the paraphernalia of a fitting.

"You find me in the midst of my exodus," she says, dropping his hand, and going on with her work. "I always oversee my packing myself. So many things are sure to be left behind. Find a seat if you can, although it is hardly worth while to ask you. In ten minutes we start!"

She is putting on her hat, and twisting a gray tissue veil around it, before the glass, as she speaks. Except that first earnest, searching look, she has not turned to him once, although there is not the slightest change in her pleasant, friendly manner.

"Joanna!" he begins, impudently, a touch of remorse stinging him, "you must still wear the ring I gave you last night. I protest I forgot until this moment all about the other."

He does not think of all that his words imply. It is early hours for a lover to forget.

She says nothing—her white slender hands are uplifted, arranging the hat. He glances at them, and sees no ring.

"What! he says, 'you have taken it off already?'"

"Your ring?" she says, quietly. "Oh, yes, it was too large. Take it back, wear it again—pray do; it is of no use to me. I may lose it, carrying it about, and indeed I cannot wear it. It is greatly too large for anything but my thumb."

She laughs and holds it out to him. He can do nothing but take it.

"Very well; as you say, it must be too large; I will send you a more suitable one before the week is out. I, too, am off this morning, Joanna, to hunt up my missing mother, and tell her all!"

She turns a little pale, but her eyes are fixed on the glove she is buttoning.

"Pray do not," she says, earnestly. "Oh, pray do not—just yet. Give me time, give yourself time. You are not sure of yourself—wait, wait! There is no hurry. Truly, truly Frank, I would much rather you did not. Promise me you will not speak to your mother."

"Carriage is waiting, Jenny, my dear," says Professor Ericson, popping in his bald head, "and not a second to lose. Good-morning, Mr. Livingston. Time and trains, you know, wait not for any man."

"Promise," she exclaims, looking at him with those dark, intense, serious eyes.

But he only smiles and clasps her gloved hands.

"I will write to you," he says, "and send you that ring. You will wear it, will you not? I promise you it shall be pretty, and not too large. And do not let your countless admirers nor the disapprovals of Newport make you forget me during my enforced absence. I shall not be a day longer than I can help, and I shall have much to say to you of my—of our future plans when next we meet."

Nothing more is said. He places her in the carriage beside Madame Ericson, and leans forward to talk until it starts. It has not been a very low-key meeting or parting, and he notices that Joanna is very pale as she leans out with a smile to wave her hand in adieu. Then they were out of sight, and he is thoroughly stalling along to the depot to take the train to his penitential destination. It is a long, hot, dusty, disagreeable ride. Livingston sits in the smoking-car, and plays euchre, and gets through unharmed cigars and newspapers and the grimy hours as best he may.

Twilight is falling, misty and blue, as he reaches his journey's end, and glad to stretch his legs a bit, he starts off briskly to walk to a hotel. The streets are crowded; the lamps are lit, and twinkle through the summery gloaming. Suddenly there is a commotion, a shouting, a scattering and screaming of the crowd. A pair of horses have taken fright at something, and started at a furious pace along the sidewalk, upsetting everything and everybody, and lashing out at all obstacles. "Stop them! stop them!" shout a score of hoarse voices. They flash past Livingston like a block whirlwind, and he is barely in time. A young girl beside him is less fortunate. The carriage-pole strikes her directly at her feet. The excited crowd dash by, heedless of the prostrate figure, and Livingston, stooping down, lifts her in his arms, and finds her insensible, and bleeding freely from a cut in the head.

(To be Continued.)

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

J. Werts & Son, Freedomville, Ohio, writes:—

"This informs you that we have sold all those BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS you sent us. We sold the last three bottles to-day. Two of our customers disputed about which should have the last bottle, and we decided the matter by promising to send for more at once. The BITTERS give universal satisfaction to all who have tried them. We want you to send us twelve dozen forthwith."

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS never fail to cure all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Most great singers are accused of taking some slight stimulant, but few know how much it takes to prima donna.

Teacher to a prima donna—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy—"Pull down the blinds!"

"Young man," said the master, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new apprentice replied—"Just so; I am leaving it for you."

It is rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one road, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

Dio Lewis says that raw turnips will sustain human life and strength far beyond corn or potatoes; but if you are a spring chicken don't be afraid of going out of fashion, for all he says.

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl in a pretty little way, "it's too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: I have tuk your paper for seven years, but if you kant spell any longer than you have been doing for the last two month you may jest stop it.

A man went out to kill fish with explosives at Metamora, Ind. He made ready to float an inflated cork in the trout stream, but held it too long, and it blew off his hand. The Fisherman's Club of Indianapolis has resolved that the accident was "a severe yet not undeserved punishment."

Jos. Beaudin, M.D., Hull, P.Q., writes:—"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocation. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

THE WAR IN EGYPT.
WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE CRISIS?

The present position is the creation of the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. From the time of Mehemet Ali Pacha onward, the suzerainty of the Sultan over Egypt had come a very vague and shadowy matter, carrying with it very little effective control. However, the Turkish Government had by no means lost the hope of reasserting its rights, and Sultan Abdul-Aziz intended to do so, but was kept in good humor by Ismail Pacha, who spent a good part of the enormous loans which he raised in Europe in bribing the Sultan and his Court. When the deposition of Ismail was resolved on by the Western Powers, the authority of the Sultan was invoked to effect it, and this at once brought back Turkish claims to the realm of practical politics. Even the Conservative English Government which was then in power did not much like such a recognition of the Sultan's sovereignty, but they thought it less evil than the direct interference of an English and French army, and therefore accepted it. The Sultan saw now how he had gained, and watched eagerly for the next opportunity of reasserting his rights. He had also become possessed with the idea that he might recover that vast and undefined half-spiritual, half-temporal authority which the office of Khalif carries with it over the Mohammedan world, and fancied that through the use of his Khalifal pretensions he might recover in a new direction more than all the prestige which his defeat by Russia had taken from him. The conquest, for so one may call it, of Tunis by France has lately embittered him against the Western Powers, and made him the more anxious to tighten his grasp on other Mohammedan lands.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH PROTECTORATE.

Meanwhile the financial protectorate of England and France, acting jointly, was going on. Many Englishmen, especially Liberals, regretted its establishment. As it was due to the action of France, and as the action of France was taken in the interest of the holders of Egyptian bonds, it seemed to them tainted in its source. What are these French speculators to us, they said, that we should, for their sakes, involve ourselves in responsibilities in a Mohammedan country, make ourselves parties to a system which squeezes taxes by cruelty out of a wretched peasantry, and enter into a partnership with France which is almost sure to end in a quarrel? Far better to have annexed Egypt at once, which Lord Beaconsfield might have done in 1875, when France was in no condition to resist. We should then have become masters of the situation; might have governed Egypt so as to make it pay its way and yet improve the condition of the peasantry; might have had the Suez Canal all to ourselves instead of being merely the holders of some shares in it. It is indeed a little odd that Lord Beaconsfield, who was fond of bold schemes, did not try this one; but probably he feared the vehement opposition which would have proceeded from Mr. Gladstone, and was held back by Lord Derby and other timid or cautious members of his own Cabinet. Anyhow, he was content, concealing it absolutely necessary not to let France get alone the mastery of Egypt, to act in company with her, and thus he left matters when he resigned office in 1880.

THE GOVERNMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE accepted and maintained the status quo. They could not retire from Egypt, because to do so would be to leave France able to work her own will, and would seem to throw the Canal, our route to India, through which a vast trade now passes, at France's mercy. Therefore they kept things going, and hoped for the best, endeavouring to maintain a friendly concert with the various French Governments, which unfortunately change so fast as to increase the difficulties of a steady and consistent diplomacy. Last September the revolt of the Colonels seemed for a time to threaten a complete breakup of the system, and ever since it has been clear that our position was extremely precarious. Those who know Egypt have been warning us to prepare for a catastrophe; but unfortunately they have not had many useful suggestions to give as to the course we must pursue, and even now, when the storm has broken, it is wonderful how little prepared public opinion is to arrive at definite practical conclusions.

A Flag of Truce—Arabi Bey's Device to Gain Time for Repairs—Arabi Bey's Remonstrances—Resumption of the Bombardment by the British Fleet—No Reply from the Forts—Roughness of the Sea and Uncertainty of the Firing.

ON BOARD H. M. S. "INVINCIBLE," ALEXANDRIA, July 12—11 A.M.

Last night when we retired to rest it was anticipated that the events of to-day would be as momentous and exciting as those of yesterday. The Marabout fort and batteries near it had to be silenced. The Moncef battery at Ras-el-Tin was still capable of giving trouble, and when these were silenced there remained the serious work of dealing with the inner forts. Our calculations have, however, been entirely upset, in the first place by the weather, in the second by the hoisting of a flag of truce by the Egyptians, and it is probable that the day will be altogether wasted. After daybreak the wind rose and a long, heavy swell got up, causing the iron-clads to roll considerably at their anchorage.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

At eight o'clock the Admiral summoned the captains of the fleet to a consultation on board the "Invincible," and the result was that it was decided that the sea was too heavy for serious operation. The rolling of the iron-clads would unseat the service, and the town lying behind the fort might suffer severely from the shot and shell flying too high. Admiral Seymour therefore deferred the intended attack upon the Marabout forts, but directed the "Temeraire" and "Inflexible" to watch the Ras-el-Tin and Ada forts. At half-past ten the "Temeraire" signalled that parties of soldiers were at work at the hospital battery, near fort Ada, which was armed with guns on the Moncef principle. The "Temeraire" asked: "Shall we fire upon them to prevent repairs?" The Admiral signalled his consent and the two iron-clads opened fire. Only six rounds of shot and shrapnel were fired. All took effect, the practice being excellent. The troops engaged upon the work at once abandoned it and the firing ceased.

A WHITE FLAG.

A white flag was now hoisted at the light-house and the "Bittern" gunboat was sent inside to inquire as to the intentions of the government. We are now waiting anxiously for the answer. After she had steamed off the "Temeraire" made the following signal:—"The body of men whom we saw working at the hospital battery dispersed after our last shrapnel shell was fired and took refuge in the casement near by. We saw about one hundred and sixty men armed with rifles running towards the lighthouse fort. They carried bags. We saw also an Egyptian general, apparently Arabi himself, surrounded by his staff."

THE NEWS OF THE NIGHT.

The telegraph steamer "Chiltern" is moored seven miles away from our position. A gunboat is stationed near to protect her from any eventuality. Last night I took my telegram to her for despatch and on my return this morning I noticed two of the 18-ton guns of the "Alexandria" disabled, shots having passed through her portholes. Throughout the fleet the performance of the Egyptian gunners is considered creditable. During the night the fire at the Harem palace continued and the flames rose high. Another great conflagration is also raging in the town.

AN EGYPTIAN RUJE.

At three o'clock the "Bittern" was seen steaming out of the harbor. As she came out she signalled:—"Negotiations have failed. Have accordingly informed authorities on shore that you will engage batteries by half-past three." From this it seemed as if the officers and staff observed in the hospital battery, finding themselves in a dangerous position and unable to escape, had hoisted the flag of truce in order to get out of the fire. There was great indignation that five hours should have been wasted in such abortive negotiations, and meantime the swell had increased so much that our fire, if we resumed hostilities, would be ineffective.

LEUTENANT LAMBTON'S REPORT.

At half-past three the "Bittern" arrived alongside. Lieutenant Lambton on coming on board reported that the evident object of the hoisting of the flag of truce was to gain time. The "Bittern" went in large bodies of troops were evacuating the barracks behind the forts, going out in full marching order. The Ministers had no proposals of any kind to make. Lieutenant Lambton informed them that he had not come to offer conditions, but to receive proposals. He also informed them that we did not consider ourselves at war with Egypt, but that the Meks fort must be occupied by our troops and the Marabout fort destroyed. They replied that Fort Marabout was already evacuated, but they could give no definite answer to the Meks fort. Finding that no agreement was likely to be arrived at, and unwilling to waste further time, Lieutenant Lambton departed.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S TERMS.

Louhi Pacha, the Military Governor, conducted the negotiation. He was in command during the action yesterday, and admitted that the troops suffered heavy losses. Lieutenant Lambton, on the part of Admiral Seymour, informed Louhi Pacha that should he agree to the terms the troops would be allowed to evacuate the forts with their rifles and the honours of war, but that unless the terms were complied with no negotiations whatever could be entered upon. As the "Bittern" steamed off the Egyptians hoisted down the flag of truce. Orders have been given to the "Temeraire" and the "Superb" to fire two rounds each at Fort Pharos. We shall do the same at the Meks fort. If there is no reply we shall anchor for the night and resume operations to-morrow. There will probably be fighting to resist any attempt on our part to occupy the Meks fort. At present the place looks deserted, but the enemy are now aware of our intention.

ARABI'S INTENTIONS.

According to his statement to myself as to what his course would be were he driven from the forts, Arabi is preparing to evacuate Alexandria and to resist in the interior. It is a pity we have not two or three thousand troops at our disposal, for it would be easy enough then to occupy the town and save it from destruction, which, judging by the increasing conflagration, the mob are preparing for. If the sea gales were to continue, and a storm party will be landed at Fort Meks to burst the numerous guns lying there and in the neighboring batteries, which the small party who landed yesterday had not time to complete. If the sea continues too high for carrying this into effect the work will be taken in hand to-morrow morning.

MEKS DESTROYED.

The "Invincible" has just fired a nine-inch shell at Meks. The atmosphere was clear, and we had the exact range, therefore, although the ship was rolling heavily the shell struck on the exact point aimed at and in a short time flames broke from the building. There was no reply, nor was there any sign of life in the fort. It is strange that the enemy should so stubbornly refuse to allow us to occupy the abandoned fort. As for the sailors, notwithstanding the warm nature of yesterday's fire and our fortunate escape from serious casualties, all are eager to be at work again and longing for another bout before the soldiers arrive. However, it is very fortunate that all the conical shot missed the vessels yesterday, for had we been struck on the water line by them, the ship would certainly have been obliged to go out of action, and not improbably would have been sunk, for her armor would hardly resist the ten-inch rifle shot fired from the harbor. Alexandria appeared in the distance, and the "Invincible" there is a large gap caused by a shell. The Harem palace is completely gutted. The bombardment had evidently produced a great moral effect upon the military and officers with whom he conversed.

THE BURNING CITY.

9 p. m.—The conflagration in town is still extending. The flames are rising in various quarters. The spectacle is grand, but anxiety is felt on the fleet, lest there should be a general destruction of the town. The weather is moderating, the wind has abated and the sea is calmer down. The "Chiltern" is endeavoring to obtain replies to the Queen's message about the wounded by signaling with the electric light the various vessels of the fleet. The signals are read with perfect ease, and could be so were the "Chiltern" lying several times her present distance away. The Turkish yacht is still lying near the Khedive's palace, at Ras-el-Tin, close in shore. It is supposed that her object is to save the Khedive and his family in case of need. The Sultan, Spurb, Temeraire, Inflexible and Achilles were lying off the New Fort in readiness for action to-morrow. The Messageries steamer said came this afternoon, and after communicating with the "Chiltern" and obtaining an account of the situation, sailed again in the direction of Port Said. The Admiral, being anxious as to the state of things prevailing along the canal of which he has no news, is sending the gunboat "Decoy" to Port Said to-night.

IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

London, July 12, 1882.—The Times Paris correspondent reports that M. Goblet, Minister of the Interior, replying to M. Gambetta in regard to Egyptian affairs, said France had not co-operated in the bombardment because England's conduct did not seem to her justified and because France did not desire to emerge from the European concert. The correspondent adds that it is at least three weeks since England proposed to France to

Join in the occupation of the Suez Canal, but as France raised objections England gave up the idea of French co-operation in the direction and trend her attention to Alexandria. Since then she constantly urged France to co-operate with her, and until the last moment she had not given up hope.

REPARATIONS FRANCE.

Paris, July 12.—Paris papers this morning are very reserved for the most part in their comments on the bombardment. The feelings expressed in the French mind are certainly surprise and irritation. The situation, however, is too critical for indignance in much as they are only waiting and sulently waiting. So long as the English Admiral confines his attention to Alexandria there is little likelihood of a rupture between the two Western Powers; but should any attempt be made to take forcible possession of the canal there is no knowing what might be the consequence. French pride has been wounded and stung by the withdrawal of the fleet from the point of danger. Little has been written on the subject, but it is talked of, *ad hoc*, with deep exasperation. "This is the one grave point," a paper says this morning, "war may be good policy and peace may be good policy, but what can be said of a policy that makes war manifestations and makes off at the hour of combat?" A despatch from Constantinople to the *Figaro* says that a secret understanding exists between Turkey and England. The French naval preparations continue.

"WOMEN NEVER THINK."

If the crabbled old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicine to keep their families well, and would note their exactness and wisdom in selecting the best of the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Lyceum*.

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

In the light of recent news, the latest foreign opinion on Egyptian affairs received by mail is of peculiar interest:

The *Nationalist* of Paris says: "We are in no means sure that the English press means its full talk seriously. John Bull often gets angry without striking. Let England fire the first cannon shot, and we believe she will resort to her energy than we of our indifference." The *Telegraph* is convinced that M. de Freycinet will not put a single soldier in motion without the formal consent of the Chambers. It describes the English military preparations as a melodramatic sham. The *Courrier du Soir*, commenting on the isolated English action, wishes it had luck, doubts if England has troops enough, and suggests that the campaign may provoke a general rising of Islam, a closer union of the Latin races, and an accord between France, Germany and the Porte. The *Liberte* pronounced against any co-operation with England. The *Union* suspects that if France follows England to Egypt it will be to expand French money and French blood in her favor, and only to be a spectator of her triumph. The *Republique Francaise* alone of the Paris papers holds that it is the interest of France to act with England.

The *Vieille Presse* of Vienna, commenting on England's policy in Egypt, remarks that when in former times the British lion shook his mane the world trembled from one end to the other. When it raises its voice now there is not a child that pays attention to it. Mr. Gladstone is neither a politician nor a statesman. He is upright, honorable, and all else, eloquent; but when did that suffice to govern England? Things have come to that point that even the degenerate fallah on the Nile is not afraid of British ships. That is the result of two years of Mr. Gladstone's administration. The *Tagblatt* is of opinion that if the English Government had listened to M. Gambetta's proposals Anglo-French policy would have spared a heavy defeat, and England would not now be compelled to resort to ambiguous measures in view of protecting her interests. The *Presse*, on the other hand, attacks M. Gambetta, and expresses the opinion that by his policy in the Egyptian question he has finally closed his political career. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* agrees with the *Tagblatt*, and considers that he took a right view of the question, which Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville and M. de Freycinet misapprehended, and Prince Bismarck feligned to misunderstand.

The *St. Petersburg Golos* maintains that if England land troops in Egypt it will be necessary for the other Powers to protect their own interests by also sending a force for landing, it being understood that the Powers forming the so-called European concert possess equal rights. The idea of propitiating the Porte should be abandoned without delay.

The *Opinion* of Rome thinks that the establishment of tranquillity in Egypt is impossible save by a European concert. Europe knows well that the security of the canal is vital for England, but will permit no occupation without a preliminary accord. The *Journal de Rome* says the accord between England and France threatens to be changed into animosity. Nobody doubts that the conduct of the English Ministry throughout has been vacillating and inconsistent to the last degree; but from that to duplicity is a long way.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Few persons are so favoured by circumstances, or so fortified by nature, as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of an inclement season. With catarrhs, coughs, and influenza everywhere abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment, diligently rubbed upon the chest, checks the worst assaults of these maladies, and secretly wards off more grave and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living witnesses, who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this treatment when their present sufferings were appalling, and their future prospects most disheartening. Both remedies act admirably together.

Portland, Oregon, has made astonishing progress in the past ten years, and real estate has now attained a speculative value there that is regarded by prophets of evil as sure to result sooner or later in a disastrous crash. The city is full of life and bustle. Important railroad lines terminate there, and twice a week steamers arrive from San Francisco heavily loaded with passengers and freight. Many passengers go on to Washington Territory, where they settle, but they stop for a time in Portland, and leave money there. Considering the great strikes made in Oregon and Washington Territory, it is not strange that there should be a great deal of the country in which the inhabitants are more confident of a great future than in this northernmost western corner of the republic.

There is no other word in my heart.
Will your eyes that are loving, still love me
Will your heart, once so tender, forgive me?
Ah! darling, stoop down from above me
And tell me to live."

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" he cries, and raises both her hands in his feverish clasp. "Joanna, I love you! I always have from the first, I think, but to-night you have carried my heart by storm!"

She does not speak. His flushed face, glowing eyes, and ringing voice hardly lowered as he speaks the passionate words, tell her of the wild excitement within.

"My darling, stoop down from above me; tell me to live!" he repeats; "do you hear, Joanna?—I love you! I tell you, you have carried my heart, as you do your audience, by storm!"

She stands silent. But the hands he clasps are not withdrawn; the sweet, dark tender eyes do not droop—they are fixed on his face.

"Silence is consent!" he gaily cries. He draws a ring off his little finger, and slips it on one of hers. "I bind you with this," he says, "for to-night. To-morrow I will bring you a better."

He tries to clasp her, but she draws suddenly back.

"Oh, do not!" she exclaims, almost in a voice of pain.

They are the first words she has spoken, and there is a tone akin to terror in them. But she smiles a moment after, and looks down at the ring.

"You are all my own," he says; "I love and I claim you. Wear that until to-morrow. My darling, you sang and looked like an angel to-night!"

"Supper is waiting," says the stolid German voice of stout Madame Ericson; "you had better come."

They go, and Livingston quenches his fever and excitement in iced champagne.

Somewhere in the small hours the little party breaks up, and he goes home through the summer moonlight full of triumph and exultation, still humming softly to himself the haunting words of the song.

But long after he is asleep, long after she is forgotten, even in his dreams, Joanna sits in her room, and watches the slender yellow July moon lift above the black, silent streets, full of troubled pain and unrest.

"Carried by storm," she repeats to herself; "carried by storm!" Ah! Frank Livingston, is it your heart, your fancy, your exalted imagination—what? But whatever it is, my love—my love, I love you!"

CHAPTER V.
"LITTLE LEO."

"Night brings counsel," says the adage, and "colours seen by candle-light do not look the same by day," says the poet. Both are exceedingly true. Livingston rises the next morning, and his first thought, as he recalls all that passed last night, is one of simple, utter, intense consternation. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, by the charm of her eyes, her voice, the appearance of the crowd, he has asked Sleaford's Joanna to be his wife. The memory absolutely stuns him. All the fever of his throbbing pulses is allayed now, and he knows he no more is in love with her than he was with his cousin Olga. Once again, as often before, his heated, hot-headed recklessness has played him false, his fickle fancy led him astray. He has asked the last woman in the world he should have asked to be his wife, and she has said no. She has said nothing, he remembers that now; but in these cases saying nothing is equivalent to saying yes.

Will, his fate is fixed—he must be true to her he has asked; she must never know of this revelation of feeling—Sleaford's Joanna must be his wife. It is thus she forces herself on his imagination—no longer as Jenny Wild, the singer, fair and stately, but wild, ragged, devil-may-care, she rises persistently before him. He does all he can to banish the memory—in vain. The image of the little baronet's father, the druggist of the Sleafords, is the only image religiously recalled will bring up. And last night he told her that he loved her.

With a very gloomy face, a very impaired appetite, Mr. Livingston sits down to breakfast. He is not much of hero, this fickle Frank—less of a hero than usual, even at this crisis of his life. But unhappily—or the reverse—the world is not made up of heroes, and Livingston goes with the majority. What will his mother say, his fretful, ambitious, fastidious mother? What will the Venturers say? What will Olga—Olga, who has always especially disliked and distrusted Joanna—Olga, who has pride of birth—enough for a royal princess. He can see the wonder, the incredulity, the scorn of the blue child eyes.

But it is too late for all such thoughts; what is done cannot be undone; he has chosen and must abide by his choice. He must keep faith with her, and she deserves a much better man. She shall never suspect that he regrets. He will inform his mother—the sooner the better; he will accept her wrath and her reproaches; he will marry Joanna out of hand, and hurry her away with him to Italy. That will look like flight, and flight will look like cowardice, but he has not much trust in his own moral courage. In Italy they can live as artists live—be certainly has nothing very brilliant to offer his bride—he will cast off the idleness of a lifetime, and go to work with a will. Of course, Joanna must go on the stage no more; poor he may be, but not so poor as to compel his wife to work for her living.

"In Rome I can keep her on black bread and melon rinds!" he says with a rather grim laugh, "until fame and fortune find me out. She is the sort of a woman, I think, to whom love will sweeten even black bread and melon. Though why she should care for me Heaven knows! She is worth a million such wank-minded, vacillating fools as I am!"

He takes his hat, and tries to clear the cloud from his brow, and to look like his natural self, as he hurries through the sunlight, hot streets, to Joanna's cool, green-shaded up-town bower. He is not very successful, perhaps, or her eyes are not easily baffled, for in one long, grave, steadfast glance, she reads all his trouble in his tall-tale face, then turns slowly away. The rooms are littered with trunks, bags, boxes, and all the paraphernalia of a fitting.

"You find me in the midst of my exodus," she says, dropping his hand, and going on with her work. "I always oversee my packing myself. So many things are sure to be left behind. Find a seat if you can, although it is hardly worth while to ask you. In ten minutes we start!"

She is putting on her hat, and twisting a gray tissue veil around it, before the glass, as she speaks. Except that first earnest, searching look, she has not turned to him once, although there is not the slightest change in her pleasant, friendly manner.

"Joanna!" he begins, impudently, a touch of remorse stinging him, "you must still wear the ring I gave you last night. I protest I forgot until this moment all about the other."

He does not think of all that his words imply. It is early hours for a lover to forget.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY THE

Post Printing and Publishing Company, At Their Offices,

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail - \$1.50 per annum in advance

ADVERTISING RATES: 10 cents per line first insertion.

CONTRACT RATES: 1 Year - \$1.50 per line.

WEDNESDAY JULY 19, 1882.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emilian, Confessor. Cons. Bp. Grace, St. Paul, 1859.

FRIDAY, 21.—St. Praxede, Virgin and Martyr.

SATURDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen. Bishop Egan, Philadelphia, died, 1814.

SUNDAY, 23.—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.

MONDAY, 24.—Vigil of St. James. St. Christine, Virgin and Martyr.

TUESDAY, 25.—St. James the Greater, Apostle. Cons. Abp. Blanchet, Oregon, 1845; Bp. McMullen, Chicago, 1881.

WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Anne, Mother of the B. V. M.

The ascendancy in Ireland is crumbling away slowly and almost imperceptibly, but surely.

The question of paying the Irish Parliamentary representatives is rapidly taking a practical shape.

The abduction of the child of Mr. Melvin Smith, 583 Mountain street, is one of those rare and atrocious crimes which thrill a whole community.

It is a mistake to suppose that the two grand central figures in the Egyptian em-broglio are Arabi Pacha, and the Khedive.

the shock of British marines and sailors; they never could and they never will.

The bombardment of Alexandria and its results have taught the world that the Egyptians can fight like heroes, and that they are bent on a desperate resistance.

Our amiable contemporary, the Witness, is nothing if not a Christian newspaper of the most evangelical type, which, however, did not prevent it defying Garibaldi, one of the most open foes of Christianity to whom this century gave birth.

DUBLIN CASTLE is engaged already in making preparations to administer the Oerclon Act as soon as it becomes law.

exempted from the control of special resident magistrates. These officials will practically rule just as they like in their districts.

While crime did not exist in Ireland we said so, when it does we acknowledge it. The Dublin Nation of July says sorrowfully:—

The most reliable authorities on Egypt, as being the most impartial, American ex-Consul-General Wolf and Lieut. Gorrige of the U. S. Navy, give it as their opinion that there has been no massacre in Alexandria of Europeans.

As a general rule much is not expected in the way of logic from a certain esteemed contemporary, but it does sometimes go into bathe in a manner that excites the admiration of those disposed to applaud anything done well.

of Prisons, and everything is demoralized on that account. But it appears to us that when Mr. McKay was in temporary charge there were escapes and attempts at escape, as also during the reign of Mr. Bedson, who was sound on the goose question.

ARABI PACHA. The latest news from Egypt is not of a sensational nature. Alexandria is still burning; what was spared by British shells has been looted and then set fire to by the Arabs.

As soon as the news of the shooting of a St. Vincent de Paul convict had reached town, the scene of the tragedy. The body of the victim was viewed in the gatekeeper's lodge and there was general regret that young Deragon should have been shot down dead after being given an occasion to make a dash for liberty.

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL TRAGEDY.

As soon as the news of the shooting of a St. Vincent de Paul convict had reached town, the scene of the tragedy.

The inquest was held in the Warden's office, when the following evidence was adduced:—

Francis Patrick McIlwaine, keeper in the penitentiary, deposed—Yesterday, the 12th of July, I, with Francois Couvrette, Magloire Belanger and Oliver Demaire, went out to the penitentiary quarry in charge of 19 convicts.

BURNED TO DEATH WHILE DRUNK.

A frightful accident at a fire last night... A woman in a drunken stupor...

LITTLE ARTHUR SMITH. STOLEN FROM HIS CRADLE.

A Fendal Plot of Abduction—Mr. Melvin Smith loses a Three-year Old Child—An Outrageous Letter—\$10,000 The ransom...

The community at large was more than startled and horrified to learn this morning at the breakfast table that a foul crime with far-reaching consequences of a most heinous nature had been coolly perpetrated during the quiet hours of last night in the city of Montreal.

THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS.

THEIR GOOD FIGHTING QUALITIES, AS WITNESSED BY AN EX-OFFICER OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

Dr. B. S. Johnson, of Tennessee, late surgeon in the army of the Khedive, being on a visit to friends in this city, a Post reporter this morning called upon him with a view of ascertaining a few facts relative to the fighting qualities of the Egyptians.

Dr. Johnson, a handsome man of 37, willingly gave our reporter such information as he thought would be interesting to the readers of THE POST.

Dr. Johnson, who was for some months a prisoner of war among the Abyssinians, left the Egyptian service four years ago, at the same time that most of the American officers did, in account of the financial difficulties of the late Khedive, which rendered it difficult for them to get their pay.

THE HILLSDALE CREW SNUBBED AGAIN.

LONDON, July 17.—The entry of the Hillsdale crew for the Kingston rowing amateur regatta last Saturday was refused.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

SCENES AND ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDRIA, July 15.—These recued seemed to wonder why it was that Admiral Seymour was so sparing of his assistance, and indulged in not a few strong expressions of censure over the unhappy delay of twenty-four hours that has elapsed since the bombardment ended.

WALLACE ROSS' BLUSTER.

COURTING A SECOND DEFEAT.

St. John, N.B., July 17.—Wallace Ross publishes a letter in to-day's Telegraph in reply to Haaland's last challenge. He reviews his negotiations with Haaland, and says the Sporting editor of the Toronto Mail ran away with the \$1,000 he had put up, and concludes as follows: "As Haaland has distinctly named us as one of those he is ready to meet, I am willing to row him five races, on five consecutive days; each race to be for \$1,000 a side; distance from three to five miles; the races to begin on Monday and end on Friday, and no postponement to be permitted on account of the weather."

THE KIDNAPPERS' TRACKS.

It is evident from the manner in which the abduction was accomplished that the villains were thoroughly posted with the ins and outs of the house, and that their plans were but too well laid and that the whole is the result of a dangerous organization, created for the vilest purposes of blackmail.

POSITIVE CLUES.

All the city detectives are on the alert. Mr. Kellert, of the Metropolitan Detective Agency, has special care of the case and is working on a special clue which he expects to have sifted by this evening.

THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

FAREWELL LETTER FROM GEN. DE CHARETTE.

The following letter from Gen. de Charette to the Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, President of the Union Aided, was received by the Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, President of the Union Aided, on July 12, 1882.

THE GUILTEAU AUTOPSY.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The report of Drs. Sowers and Hartigan upon the Guiteau autopsy has been completed. Their report says:—We were not in accord with Lamb in the order adopted by him in making the autopsy.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDES.

A YOUNG SCOTCHWOMAN PUTS AN END TO HER EXISTENCE—HER REASON AFFECTED BY HOMESICKNESS.

TORONTO, July 14.—One of the most distressing occurrences that we have had to notice for many a month happened last night on St. Joseph street, and cast a gloom over the whole neighborhood.

OVER-CROWDING ON STEAMERS.

THE NUMBER OF PASSENGERS LIMITED BY AN ORDER IN COUNCIL.

The following is a list of the steamers which run on our rivers, with the maximum number of passengers which they are allowed to carry in accordance with the regulation adopted in council for the Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers divisions:—

Montreal Division—Manitoba, 294; Beauharnois, 433; Bohemian, 695; St. Francis, 636; Princess, 443; Prince of Wales, 501; Corinthian, 676; Passport, 610; Alliance, 516; St. Anne, 97; Empress, 256; Sir John Young, 373; Resolute, 69; Aylmer, 45; Peerless, 822; Matawan, 52; Walker B., 103; John Egan, 533; Lizzie, 26; Maude, 336; F. B. Maxwell, 461; Edis, 115; St. Lambert, 400; Montarville, 915; L'Assomption, 449; Longueuil, 889; Rigate, 45; John Young, Portneuf, 480; Bippie, 32; Cultivator, 50; Nymph, 98; Thousand Island Rambler, 70; Nymph, 64; Tonle Casse, 809; Chaudiere, Spry, 74; Thos. Casse, 700; Botheay, 794; Prince Arthur, 443; Dagmar, 409; Express, 300; G. Anderson, 468; N. Desperandier, 50; South Eastern, 910; Omo, 200.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Our grief and dismay on reading this letter, you can easily imagine. What should we do; what could we do were questions which

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

Mr. Henry Turner, druggist, on Yonge and St. Joseph streets, and then to Dr. King. Drs. King and Richardson arrived at the same time, and an examination became satisfied that death had occurred under the circumstances before related.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR—As I mentioned in my last communication, I now resume a few further notes on Irish Catholic settlement about Eganville. On the east side of it, distant about four miles from the village, lies Parand's settlement, called after a French Canadian named Parand, who held a splendid timber limit some 36 years ago, and was employed by the late John Egan. The settlement is principally French Canadian, but there are also some prosperous Irish Catholic farmers, the most prominent being "The Powers" (formerly La Poers), from Waterford, Ireland, Thomas and Edward Power being the first settlers, they have a numerous progeny of able sons and fair daughters.

TWO CONSULS GO ON.

THE fire is still blazing furiously in this quarter and lighting up the neighborhood of the Custom House and the Arsenal itself as it were day. The flames proceed from the English and French Consulates, which are now beyond hope of help.

GENERAL STONE'S TESTIMONY.

General Stone bears testimony to the exceeding coolness of the Khedive during the whole crisis. When the danger was at its height and the supreme moment seemed at hand, his courage and cheerfulness never once deserted him.

STANNING REFUGES.

The British force in the city has just come on a number of refugees. Some hundreds are on the sea line, the Marina—on the terrible distress. Their provisions are exhausted, and there are no means of supplying their wants.

THE AMERICANS.

It has excited no little astonishment, not unmixd with ridicule and indignation, that the Americans, who can only at best muster a handful of men, and cannot boast a ship of war worthy of the name, have been invited to land a contingent of marines.

ADAM'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Such an expression of opinion as was contained in the Costigan resolutions, endorsed as they were by both Houses of the Canadian Parliament in the name of the people of Canada, was in no sense an impertinence, and that he should have signified them as such is only another proof of the unfitness of Mr. Gladstone for his position.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

Mr. Henry Turner, druggist, on Yonge and St. Joseph streets, and then to Dr. King. Drs. King and Richardson arrived at the same time, and an examination became satisfied that death had occurred under the circumstances before related.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR—As I mentioned in my last communication, I now resume a few further notes on Irish Catholic settlement about Eganville. On the east side of it, distant about four miles from the village, lies Parand's settlement, called after a French Canadian named Parand, who held a splendid timber limit some 36 years ago, and was employed by the late John Egan.

TWO CONSULS GO ON.

THE fire is still blazing furiously in this quarter and lighting up the neighborhood of the Custom House and the Arsenal itself as it were day. The flames proceed from the English and French Consulates, which are now beyond hope of help.

GENERAL STONE'S TESTIMONY.

General Stone bears testimony to the exceeding coolness of the Khedive during the whole crisis. When the danger was at its height and the supreme moment seemed at hand, his courage and cheerfulness never once deserted him.

STANNING REFUGES.

The British force in the city has just come on a number of refugees. Some hundreds are on the sea line, the Marina—on the terrible distress. Their provisions are exhausted, and there are no means of supplying their wants.

THE AMERICANS.

It has excited no little astonishment, not unmixd with ridicule and indignation, that the Americans, who can only at best muster a handful of men, and cannot boast a ship of war worthy of the name, have been invited to land a contingent of marines.

ADAM'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Such an expression of opinion as was contained in the Costigan resolutions, endorsed as they were by both Houses of the Canadian Parliament in the name of the people of Canada, was in no sense an impertinence, and that he should have signified them as such is only another proof of the unfitness of Mr. Gladstone for his position.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

Mr. Henry Turner, druggist, on Yonge and St. Joseph streets, and then to Dr. King. Drs. King and Richardson arrived at the same time, and an examination became satisfied that death had occurred under the circumstances before related.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR—As I mentioned in my last communication, I now resume a few further notes on Irish Catholic settlement about Eganville. On the east side of it, distant about four miles from the village, lies Parand's settlement, called after a French Canadian named Parand, who held a splendid timber limit some 36 years ago, and was employed by the late John Egan.

TWO CONSULS GO ON.

THE fire is still blazing furiously in this quarter and lighting up the neighborhood of the Custom House and the Arsenal itself as it were day. The flames proceed from the English and French Consulates, which are now beyond hope of help.

GENERAL STONE'S TESTIMONY.

General Stone bears testimony to the exceeding coolness of the Khedive during the whole crisis. When the danger was at its height and the supreme moment seemed at hand, his courage and cheerfulness never once deserted him.

STANNING REFUGES.

The British force in the city has just come on a number of refugees. Some hundreds are on the sea line, the Marina—on the terrible distress. Their provisions are exhausted, and there are no means of supplying their wants.

THE AMERICANS.

It has excited no little astonishment, not unmixd with ridicule and indignation, that the Americans, who can only at best muster a handful of men, and cannot boast a ship of war worthy of the name, have been invited to land a contingent of marines.

ADAM'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Such an expression of opinion as was contained in the Costigan resolutions, endorsed as they were by both Houses of the Canadian Parliament in the name of the people of Canada, was in no sense an impertinence, and that he should have signified them as such is only another proof of the unfitness of Mr. Gladstone for his position.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

Mr. Henry Turner, druggist, on Yonge and St. Joseph streets, and then to Dr. King. Drs. King and Richardson arrived at the same time, and an examination became satisfied that death had occurred under the circumstances before related.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR—As I mentioned in my last communication, I now resume a few further notes on Irish Catholic settlement about Eganville. On the east side of it, distant about four miles from the village, lies Parand's settlement, called after a French Canadian named Parand, who held a splendid timber limit some 36 years ago, and was employed by the late John Egan.

TWO CONSULS GO ON.

THE fire is still blazing furiously in this quarter and lighting up the neighborhood of the Custom House and the Arsenal itself as it were day. The flames proceed from the English and French Consulates, which are now beyond hope of help.

GENERAL STONE'S TESTIMONY.

General Stone bears testimony to the exceeding coolness of the Khedive during the whole crisis. When the danger was at its height and the supreme moment seemed at hand, his courage and cheerfulness never once deserted him.

STANNING REFUGES.

The British force in the city has just come on a number of refugees. Some hundreds are on the sea line, the Marina—on the terrible distress. Their provisions are exhausted, and there are no means of supplying their wants.

THE AMERICANS.

It has excited no little astonishment, not unmixd with ridicule and indignation, that the Americans, who can only at best muster a handful of men, and cannot boast a ship of war worthy of the name, have been invited to land a contingent of marines.

ADAM'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Such an expression of opinion as was contained in the Costigan resolutions, endorsed as they were by both Houses of the Canadian Parliament in the name of the people of Canada, was in no sense an impertinence, and that he should have signified them as such is only another proof of the unfitness of Mr. Gladstone for his position.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

REMEMBER APPEARANCES.

Acting on the theory that even in adversity appearances must be kept up, the diplomatists attached to the Viceroy's Court are endeavoring to establish with the Khedive some sort of semblance of a Ministry and diplomatic entourage.

NATURALISTS' PORTFOLIO.

FISHING IN A CORN FIELD.—In Colorado is a ten acre field which is simply a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle, he will find that it will fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perchlike in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him.

DULCIFYING AND VANITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—There is no creature in the world so cunning as the elephant, and no creature, moreover, so full of duplicity. Its cleverness at simulating attachment to its keepers can only be equalled in the human race by the hypocrisy of a slave toward his master. The elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, never forgave his keeper for having made him ridiculous before the crowd assembled to witness his performance on a penny trumpet, which the keeper had been at the greatest pains to teach him. A note came out in "Petit bon tabac" with a shill scum, when it should have been deep contralto. The creature was vain of its artistic skill, as all artists are, and, flinging down the trumpet, made a charge against the iron bars of its cage, which sent the crowd flying right and left in the utmost terror while the keeper fortunately had time to creep through the opening left at the bottom of the cage for the purpose of escape in time of danger ran out of sight immediately. He never dared enter the cage again, for to be known by the expression of the creature's eye that the grudge was owing still.

PIGMY "PORKER."—At the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park are at present to be seen a pigmy hog and three sows from Nepal which are very important additions to the menagerie. This species is so rare that, since Hodson described these animals, fifty years ago, there has not been a single specimen attainable in Europe, and even the museums have been unable to get more than a single skin. They are very small in size, scarcely bigger than a large wild rabbit, or probably giving their weight as seven or eight pounds each. They are very active on their legs, running very swiftly, and they are very shy. Their skins are well covered with short reddish-brown hair or rather bristles; they are very clean feeders, and also cleanly in their habits. Their flesh is esteemed very good for eating; and thus these interesting little porcines are naturally the subjects of other contemplations than their Zoological rarity. If they can be bred in the gardens, the Society will find profitable results repay the price given for them by disposing of the first offspring to other menageries; and the acclimatization of the subsequent progeny would seem to be well worthy of attempt, as they might be kept seemingly without offensiveness in the yards and gardens of domestic houses, and be used upon potato-parings, vegetables, and debris of food. They are very fond of rice and will eat small portions of meat; but they will not touch the wash or greasy matters commonly given to ordinary pigs.

THE OSTRICH.—What the ostrich has in legs it lacks in wings, which are ridiculously small for so large a bird (so small that it does not attempt to fly), though it is said that it makes use of its wings to aid in running; and we are told that on a "spurt" it can make sixty miles an hour, though its average speed, when running, is only about twenty-five miles an hour. The general plumage of the ostrich is black, and some of it is so coarse that it is more like hair than feathers. On each wing are twenty-four, and in the tail are several other pure white and graceful feathers, known especially as "estic" feathers. They have the plume part on each side of the quill, and the part of the plume are not locked together, but each is separate and curves in the most graceful manner. It is for these feathers that the birds have long been hunted; they are chased on horseback, and caught with a lamp, or a native clothing himself in an ostrich skin, can get near enough to shoot them. The value of the feathers, which for the finest is about five dollars each, and half that for the poorer ones, has led people in South Africa to tame and keep the birds in confinement, and "Ostrich farming" is now a very profitable business. In the wild state the bird does not, as some accounts state, leave the eggs to be hatched by the sun.

TAKING COLD.—In order to enjoy good health it is not necessary to watch the operations of the system; in fact, that is one of the worst things one can do. Be nervously anxious about the heart, and watch its beatings, and you will be lucky if you escape at least a functional derangement of that organ; and so with the kidneys and other important parts. But if you supply the stomach with a proper amount of wholesome food, avoid all things that are pernicious, and protect the body from sudden extremes of heat and cold, we can safely leave the mysterious operations that we call life to be wrought out in Nature's laboratory. Of these we know but little. We know that when food enters the stomach it passes through a process by which most of the nutritive portion is separated and carried into the circulation. After undergoing other changes, the fluid portions are passed out of the body through the kidneys and the skin, glands and mucous membranes. Now, if the equilibrium is not maintained, that is, if the skin and the kidneys cannot, for any reason, conduct these effects and poisonous matters from the system as rapidly as they accumulate, the health suffers just in proportion to the quantity of this poisonous matter that is retained. Were none to escape, death would result in an hour. To suddenly check perspiration is to check elimination of poison from the system. It is almost always caused by cold, which closes up the pores of the skin at the part affected. A cold in the head checks the flow from the nasal passage. A draught of air on the back often checks excretion at that point, and the matter is thrown back to the lungs, producing congestion or inflammation. If you are where you cannot avoid a draught of air, turn the face to it. If you are compelled to sleep on the ground, sleep with the face down. All the vital organs are attached to the inside of the back, and cold easily strikes through from the outside, whereas they are better protected in the front. People seldom take cold who walk or ride in the open air in every kind of weather, if the feet are kept warm and dry, and the body, particularly the back, is properly protected with clothing. If a cold is taken under these conditions it seldom amounts to

anything serious. But a cold taken on coming out of a crowded and poorly-ventilated room or railroad car is likely to result in pneumonia or typhoid fever, the reason being that a vitiated atmosphere impairs the powers to resist disease. There are two remedies to resist this evil. If one finds himself in a crowded and badly-ventilated room, the best plan is to leave as promptly as possible. If this is not expedient, he should have, on going out, some garment that will completely protect him.

GIAOUR AND MUSSULMAN.

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST—THE REVOLT OF ISLAM. Our Constantinople correspondent sends the following:—Like King Belshazzar, the Sultan Abdul Hamid loves to surround himself with soothsayers and astrologers. Among the satellites of Yildiz Kiosk no Daniel has as yet appeared, but the orthodox section of the ulemas have uttered a warning that troubles the thoughts of Abdul Hamid scarcely less than did the mysterious writing.—Mene, Mene, Tekel, Uphasias!—trouble those of the King of the Chaldeans. The learned doctors of the Koranic law, with their white and green turbans, long beards and flowing robes, sitting in midnight convalescence and discussing a decision in abstract theology, have at last evolved a decision that had the effect of creating a milk and water compromise in Egypt, but which only a few days ago threatened to break the armed truce of Europe. When the Khedive recently asked for Turkish troops to maintain his authority against Arabi the letter was referred to the ulemas, who declared that although perfectly lawful in certain cases for Moslems to fight Moslems, even when belonging to the same sect or creed, nevertheless for Moslems to oppose other Moslems who were resisting the encroachments of infidels was criminal. Arabi Pacha, by his own energy and perseverance, and thanks also to what has been aptly termed the Micawber-like policy of England and France, now poses as a defender of El Islam against infidel encroachments. The Sultan is consequently advised by the religious doctors that if a drop of Arab blood be shed in Arabia's head be harmed, while he maintains his present attitude toward Europeans that then the days of the Ottoman Khalifate are numbered. This information produced the greatest consternation at Yildiz Kiosk. The Sultan in common with the lowest enuch had hitherto believed Arabi to be a sort of professional intriguer who could always be made to act as the conscious or unconscious instrument of the imperial will. They now realize the fact that the party of which Arabi is either the leader or the mouthpiece repudiates not only the temporal power of the Sultan in Egypt, but what is far more serious—is quite ready to throw off the supremacy of Abdul Hamid as the spiritual head of the faith. The truth is now disclosed that Arabi instead of being the tool of the Sultan, has made the Sultan his own tool to eliminate European influence from the Egyptian problem, and is only awaiting Abdul Hamid's divorce from the strict precepts of the Koran to resignate the Arabian Khalifate, and this would be sounding the death knell of the Ottoman Empire. This explains why the Sultan, at first so eager to send troops to Egypt, subsequently categorically refused to do so as the sovereign of Europe. England and France insisted upon the banishment of Arabi and the disbandment of the Egyptian army. Such demands, if made by Abdul Hamid and accepted—as they would have to be—by force, would offer to Arabi and the Arabs of North Africa and Arabia that very divergence from the precepts of the Koran that they would make such fatal use of. The Sultan has seen, and is ever ready to send, any number of commissioners to Egypt; they can talk with everybody and side against nobody, but troops must take a decided stand on one side or the other. If the Sultan had his own way he would occupy Egypt with an army corps and very likely make Arabi Governor of the country until some Oriental means could be found to remove and make disappear below the political horizon the man who instead of being a tool had dared to raise his head as a rival.

ARABI'S PRESTIGE. As England and France persistently refused to allow Turkey to send troops to Egypt except under conditions that would have cost Abdul Hamid his Khalifate, and as England and France feared to go themselves lest Egypt should prove their Schleswig-Holstein, the result has been a general versicherung, which has greatly damaged the prestige of England, of France, of the Sultan, of the Khedive, and, in fact, of everybody except Arabi, who has now more than ever shown himself to be the sole master of the situation. Without Arabi's approval no one can do anything in Egypt. Should the Sultan touch him, then good-by to the Ottoman Khalifate, and rather than run such a risk Abdul Hamid would rather lose all his possessions in Europe and even in Asia Minor. There is a very influential section of ulemas at Yildiz Kiosk, who strongly urge the Sultan to quit the Bosphorus and anticipate the great impending Arabi reformation of Islam by making his capital at Bagdad, the seat of the Abbasside Khalifs during the glorious days of Al Mansour, Haroun al Bashed and Al Mamoon. Abdul Hamid is known to favor these views, and the world may at any day be astonished to see the Sultan withdraw from the contagion of European thought, and at Bagdad wrap himself up within the folds of imperishable Islam. If England interferes with Arabi, then the forty millions of Indian Mussulmans will make an effort for "home rule" in India. If France interferes with Arabi, then the whole of North Africa will be in a blaze. The maxim *Divite impera* can no longer be applied to the various races and tribes that make up the great family of Islam. What happens in Egypt or Tunis is edited with consummate literary skill and in the most spirited manner in the intellectual centers of Islam, the grand old University of El Azhar, in Cairo. Over one hundred newspapers are printed in Arabic, Turkish and Persian, and circulate from Central Asia to Morocco, and in a few weeks the holy city of Mecca will be in telegraphic communication with Cairo, Konstantinople, Constantinople and Teheran. Moreover, the two great sects into which the followers of the Prophet are divided—the Sunnites, who recognize the Sultan as Khalif, and the Shaites, who recognize the Shah of Persia as their spiritual head—are ready to forget their differences under the common pressure of Christian encroachment. Should the European Conference—the invitation to which was most formally refused by the Sultan—take place, no solution of the Egyptian question that they may decide upon will be of the slightest avail, unless the Conference is prepared to accord to Arabi all that he demands, or are, on the other hand, prepared to array against Europe the united impulses of Islam.

An immense corn crop is expected in the States, and the wheat yield is very promising.

THE IRISH IN EGYPT.

An Interview with a Prominent Irish Nationalist on the present Crisis—How Irishmen have injured English Prestige in the East—The Egyptian Embroglio to be Ireland's Opportunity.

One of our reporters lately came across a gentleman from the other side of the border, who has a rather prominent position among the Irish Nationalists in the United States. The statements made by that gentleman seemed at the time so extraordinary that they were considered a mere bravado, and in consequence no reference was made to them through the press. Since then, however, so many facts have come to light and so many of his predictions have been verified, that our reporter has looked up his notes and gives below the following report:—"The Nationalist party," said the gentleman, "is the advanced portion of Irish agitators in Ireland and America. Their aim is total separation from England. To achieve that separation they will spare no effort or sacrifice. Like Hamilton they will swear their sons to an eternal hatred against England. The party itself is divided into two sections; that of the moderates and extremists, the latter led by O'Donovan Rossa and aiming at the destruction by means foul or fair of everything English. The other section is composed of men equally daring but more practical and statesmanlike. They say that they can war upon England more effectively by diminishing her prestige throughout the world, and the blow struck on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges is as fatal and as injurious as if given at home. The ministry of English given at day is the Mahomedan population of her Eastern possessions. To alienate them from England, to show to them that English arms are not always victorious, to raise enemies against her in their midst, has been one of the principal aims of this party. In pursuance of this plan, an Irishman was sent out to be the principal adviser of Ceteaway. Later the Bosis and Basutos had in their ranks Irishmen acting on behalf of Ireland and under an Irish Directory. The English have their final success to the guidance and strategy of Irishmen. But it is principally in India itself, under the very eyes of the law, that Irish propaganda is now going on. They aim not as much at creating a civil war, as indoctrinating the people of India with ideas which will totally subvert the present order of things and destroy forever the autocratic Government of England. The native press, acting under these inspirations, have been teaching for the last few years the doctrine of self-government for India, and the principles of the Land League with reference to the ownership of the soil in these countries in which the natives have ever a more precarious title than in Ireland."

"Especially in Egypt," he continued, "warning up," and among the better educated classes of Egyptians was this propaganda going on. It was continually represented to them, that more than half the taxes of the country, which should have remained at home to enrich themselves and their families, were paid out to foreign bondholders, especially the English bondholders; that the profits of the Suez Canal were paid into the English Treasury, that their own Treasury was managed by foreign comptrollers-general among whom the most influential was an Englishman; and that every year thousands of British soldiers and hundreds of British ships were passing through the Suez Canal to hold down in subjection to kindred races of the East as they would soon subject by the same submission the people of Egypt unless the people would be saved by their natural leaders, forming a young Egypt. These ideas he added, are being universally adopted by the younger element, and more strikingly so by the military party. Events will soon happen which will prove to Europe that Egypt is no longer dyling, and from it will arise a struggle in the Mahomedan world for which everything was prepared and which will sound the death knell of English power in the East. When that time will come, with it will come Ireland's opportunity."

"I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF." Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia, which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—Standard.

WHERE PEOPLE SHOULD GO FOR HEALTH.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post: DEAR SIR,—This time last year I drew attention to the many facilities afforded people in comparatively poor circumstances to enjoy summer holiday recreation without going to the usual watering places, which, though excellent places and means of escape, are still very expensive for many, who can nevertheless afford to spend a few weeks nearer home. At that time I wrote from St. Marks, on the Richelieu river, the surroundings of which are really beautiful. Indeed there are many charming spots within a radius of 100 miles of Montreal, which pleasure and health-seekers are either unacquainted with or ignorant of altogether, among them being Chateaugay, Beauharnois, and several points on the Chateaugay river. I chose Beauharnois this time. It is truly the pretty village of Chateaugay is just as good, or would be only for the mosquitoes. Those little wretches are the most ferocious I have ever seen, or rather heard, for it is in the night they sing their war songs the loudest, and make their fiercest attacks on the stranger. They come on in thousands, and though you may decimate them, they renew the attack with dauntless resolution, again and again repeated, until, in order to prevent one's self swearing, one has to pray. I can say, without fear of contradiction, that if Arabi Pacha and his Egyptian advance with him as much valor as the infernal mosquitoes of Chateaugay, the English may give up the contest and retire from the valley of the Nile, and I have no doubt that in the famous battle of that name the Americans fled as much through fear of them as of the sword of De Salaberry. You can go by the Grand Trunk to Lachine in twenty minutes, and from Lachine to Beauharnois by boat in about two hours, and feast your eyes upon some of the most beautiful scenery in Canada. When the waters of the Chateaugay are placid—as they generally are—it is delightful to view the clouds reflected in a mirror in the depths below. It refreshes the eye to gaze on such charming places as the Nuns' Point, L'Isle Perreault; it soothes the spirit to glide rapidly on the bosom of the lovely Lake St. John;

there is beauty everywhere, above and around, and better still there are lots of fall below. But of this more anon. Beauharnois itself is a handsome town of about 1800 inhabitants, half of whom speak English, though three fourths are of French origin. It has eight hotels which charge moderately, chief and most popular among them being Kelly's, from whose back windows you can, if you please, throw a somersault, head first into the river. It is just at the steamboat landing place, and if you don't like it you can go further and see the famous Father O'Leary said "fare worse" Rodier Point—there are plenty of trees here so close that it will save you from the rain for half an hour. It is nice to get up in the morning—say at four o'clock—and go to the point and see the Sun rise and then catch fish if they allow you; and it is still nicer to bathe your limbs in the limpid waters surrounding. Apropos of fishing in the Chateaugay the most marvellous stories are told. One gentleman assured me most solemnly that he caught 123 black pike, pike and white fish in one day's fishing with the hook and line, and another who was calmly listening told him in turn upon his veracity that he and his wife had taken four hundred and ninety in a few hours last year. I notice that a coolness existed between the two after that. But of good fishing there can be no doubt. It is nothing to see a few curled darlings from Montreal whom, when at home, a ruffled rose leaf under them in their bed would annoy, go in this district with hammock and fishing tackle and camp out, and devour fish and mosquitoes, and be devoured by the latter, and never complain, and return as strong and as brown and almost as savage as so many bears of Labrador. The best way, however, is to accept civilization as it is in the hotels, and hire a boat and a man, if you can't row, and go off after breakfast with a lunch and return for tea or supper or whatever you please to call it, and if you have not caught any fish and are, therefore, ashamed of yourself, buy some of a *habitant* who has, and enter the hotel with all the honors of war, when if anyone is impertinent enough to ask you which is bass and which is pike, throw the lot down and pretend you are tired and will never go fishing any more. There is one drawback about this Beauharnois trip which it is but fair to mention, and that is the laches and delays of the boat. A number of people leave town on Saturday night, and purchase return tickets to and from Lachine by the Grand Trunk, basing their faith on the fiction that on Monday morning the ticket will be good, as the boat from Beauharnois connects with the S.30 train, and hence one can get into Montreal at nine o'clock and appear at his office in good time. Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! You come in by the boat, as a general rule, to find the train started and the boat five minutes late, or four or three, but generally late at all events. Then it is that the disappointment goes forward and form into knots and groups and forget the scenery and pray for long life to the Captain and grind their poor teeth. Loud and deep and many have been the complaints of this state of things, but there seems to be no remedy. The table has been changed by the Grand Trunk time after time to suit the boat, but the boat is a punctual boat and being so is always five minutes late and would be if the train waited for a year and a day. It is one of those things which no fellow can understand, although your correspondent thinks himself able to explain. The Captain is a good, easy soul, courteous to a fault, and exact in collecting your 50 cents. It is the pigs who are to blame. In my experience at least there is never a blessed morning just as the last whistle is about to blow that a farmer does not come along with two enormous pigs for the Montreal market. They are so large as to excite the admiration even of those passengers who hope the boat will connect with the train. As a general rule, one of the pigs—the biggest—always breaks loose and runs, and then there is row. All nature is roused, the birds put their heads beneath their wings to prevent deafness, and the pig says never a word, but runs for bare life with its tail knotted determinedly. There is a rush of *habitants* after the porcine and then begins the excitement. Montrealers on board crowd to the bulwarks and some offer two to one against the capture of the pig. In fact, I regret to say he is almost always captured. But capturing and bringing him back are two different things entirely. It is horrible to hear the shrieks of the pig as one man catches him by the snout and another by the tail and others take hold of a leg each. The noise emitted by the pig is unearthly, it is almost as bad as what a groan out from a hand-organ or a piano tortured by the girl of the period. It is the captain of the boat who always takes possession of the pig's tail, the exercise seems to have a fascination for him. At length the boat starts ten minutes late, five of which are recovered before it reaches Chateaugay, where there is another pig. But why go on harping your feelings? Have I not said the train for Montreal has started just as our first whistle of arrival is sounding and the teeth of the Montrealers are gnashing.

"Captain," said I, on the morning of last Monday week, "do you think we'll connect?" The captain looked at me seriously, the same question having been put to him that morning before a hundred times, but answered as calmly as he could: "Well, not this morning, but then you'll have the pleasure of running the rapids." When we got away from Lachine and had passed Lachine, I went to the captain once more and said: "Captain, are we near the Rapids?" I really thought he would throw me overboard, but he restrained himself and replied: "Is it possible you did not feel yourself going over the Rapids?" "Why, no; I felt nothing unusual (which, indeed, was the strict truth)." "Where were you standing?" "I was lying down on the lounge taking a nap." "Oh!" said the captain, and he walked with a smile half sickly and half diabolical, did this skipper of the Beauharnois boat. But after all, this *contempt* is a slight one, and should not prevent any one enjoying the beauties of Beauharnois.

Mlle. Dorne has found in Paris a portfolio containing a number of notes in M. Thiers' handwriting, forming a history of his time. They include memoranda of conversations, ideas that occurred to him, anecdotes, and sketches of celebrated men with whom he was personally acquainted. There are portraits of Louis Philippe, Sir Robert Peel, Jacques Laffite, Lord Normandy and Louis Napoleon, written after the *coup d'etat*. Mlle. Dorne recalls from publishing these notes, but the literary executors of M. Thiers urge her to bring them out or to deposit them in a sealed packet at the National Library, with directions for them to be printed hereafter.

An asbestos factory is to be established in Lunenburg, Que.

WAS SCOBELLEFF POISONED?

Moscow, July 12.—The belief that Scobelleff was poisoned by Germans has taken firm hold of the popular mind in Russia, though nothing justifies the report. Nothing suspicious was discovered upon the woman in whose company the General happened to be at the hotel at the time of his death.

THE SCOBELLEFF OBSEQUES.

Moscow, July 11.—Grand Dukes Alexis and Nicholas, the Minister of War, all the Generals in the city and over one hundred thousand people attended the funeral mass of Scobelleff yesterday. Scobelleff's family was represented by the General's brothers-in-law, Tchermakoff and Prince Bolosselsky. Among the remarkable floral tributes and wreaths was that of the Academic D'Etat Major, being over eighteen feet circumference and decorated with the ribbons of the order of St. George and inscribed "Scobelleff the hero." The body was taken to Biazan. The Emperor sent Scobelleff's sister the following:—"I am terribly overcome and grieved by the sudden death of your brother. It is an irreparable loss to the army. All we soldiers will weep for him. It is sad, sad to lose a man so useful and so devoted to duty."

GENERAL SCOBELLEFF.

Scobelleff's personal appearance was thus described by Mr. MacGahan in a letter from Bucharest:—"Among the many officers on the Grand Duke's staff there is one who would attract attention anywhere, and whose career has been a curious and brilliant one. A tall, handsome man, with a lithe, slender, active figure; a clear blue eye, and a large, prominent but straight, well shaped nose—the kind of nose it is said Napoleon used to look for among his officers when he wished to find a general—and a face young enough for a second lieutenant, although he is a general—the youngest in the Russian army. It is the famous General Scobelleff, the conqueror of Ferghana, or Khokand. The last time I saw him was both standing on the banks of the Oxus, in the khansate of Khiva. He was starting on his way to Tashkent, I on my return to St. Petersburg in a boat which was to float me down to the mouth of the Oxus in the Aral Sea, where I was to find a Russian steamer. We were the last two who had seen the city of Khiva, for we were the last to leave it. He was then Colonel Scobelleff and had just returned from a remarkable and daring expedition, for which he afterward received the Cross of St. George. It will be remembered that of the five columns which marched on Khiva only four arrived, and that one, that of Markosoff, was obliged to turn back in the middle of the desert for want of water after having incurred the most imminent danger of destruction from heat and thirst."

AMID WHICH AUNT SUKEY BOWED HER HEAD OVER THE HOT COALS AND STOPPED THE HOE CAKES AGAIN, AS THE ONE THAT SHE CONVEYED A LIVE COAL INTO THE LITTLE CUP, BLACK PIPE IN HER MOUTH, ON WHICH SHE DREW VIGOROUSLY.

The company began to groan, and named the whites of their eyes toward the hoe-aker. Aunt Sukey then said, "I shan't believe in no warnin' till I see de chavrit of Jahmael and de 'bossem dereof." Oh, de good Lawd had mercy on us! What's dat?" (It was a wet stone that some wicked boys on the roof had sent hissing down into the fire.) "It's annuder warnin'," said Uncle 'Slah, with a deep groan.

"Will Brucker Jones lead us in pra'?" asked Aunt Sukey; "de hoe cakes can wait, I reckon."

"The little company got down on their knees and Brother Jones began: 'Lor'-a-mity, we has ex-pe-rienced lots o' troubles, and ain't de afraid of yearbly power comin' to harm us; we kin look de lyons in de face, de de de of Daniel, or shake han's wid de fiery chillions in de tree furnaces; we has not been 'fraid to lit and we has not 'fraid to die—' But at that moment a terrific explosion occurred that shook the old shanty to its foundation, followed by such an awful silence that the wicked boys who had dropped gunpowder down the chimney ran off in a hurry.

After a while, one head, and then another came in sight, and "You dere?" "You's alibe" sounded from among them, and finally Aunt Sukey crawled out, and looking fully on the scraps of hoe cake stuck on the walls, said piously: "I's all rite chillions, tann de Lawd de ole debil can't go any further dan de length of his chain."

At this juncture our reporter left.

A MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE.

OSBURN, N. Y., July 12.—When one of Mr. Beatty's sons went into Howard's room with warm water on Monday evening he was found stretched out on the bed shot in the head and back of the right ear. He was conscious, and to enquire as to how it happened, said: "Oh, I did it myself." Whether the shooting was by accident or design is not yet known. It is not believed he can recover. It is ascertained that his mother resides at Castle, Wroming County, N. Y., and that he was making a tour of this part of the State in his own conveyance. He was intended to visit the Adirondacks. He appeared to be a young man of good habits and strictly temperate. The weapon with which he shot himself is a seven-barreled revolver. He said it was his habit to sleep with it under his pillow.

CARD OF THANKS.

We, the undersigned, for and in behalf of the parishioners of St. Stephen, of Chelsea, beg to tender our sincere thanks to the Rev. Father Hogan and his parish of St. Ann's, of Montreal, for the very noble and generous manner in which they responded to the appeal of our esteemed pastor, the Rev. Father Brown, in aid of our church. The collection amounted to \$175. We now rejoice to convey to our kind friends the information, doubtless gratifying to them, that we are in a position to begin the plastering of the sacred building, trusting to kind Providence for the small sum still required. That the great giver of all good gifts may bless our generous friends and increase their store to the sincere wish of

MARTIN WELCH, Church Warden.
PATRICK MURTAGH,
GEORGE EDMONDS.

The shipments of coal from the port of Pictou, N.S., for the week ended July 10th, amounted to 9,393 tons, making a total this season to date of 48,790 tons.

Two steamers have landed the shore ends of the cable, at Salina Cruz, Mexico, from the coast of Central America States, and leave Tehuantepec on Thursday, laying the cable southward to Panama, thus completing telegraphic communication from Valparaiso northward. The cables will be open to the public in August.

The three prisoners of Auburn, Clinton, and Sing-Sing earned, during the month of June, \$3,571.16 over their expenditures. In June of last year they earned a surplus of \$1,700.43, thus showing that their gains have been doubled. Now if Superintendent Biker could only figure out at what cost to honest laborers these gains have been effected, we should have the whole story.

EARTHQUAKE IN MONTREAL.

VIOLENT SHOCK FELT ON ST. URBAIN STREET THIS MORNING. In a small wooden shanty on St. Urbain street, a little above St. Catherine, lives a respectable old "colored lady," who follows the badly-paid, but respectable trade of "doing gentlemen's washing." Aunt Sukey, for this is the name she goes by, is a typical specimen of the Southern negress, and being known to a reporter of The Post as an inveterate old talker, has sometimes called upon Aunt Sukey for a talk about the times in old Virginia before the "wah."

This morning about 8 o'clock our reporter was passing the "old lady's" house when he heard her well known voice. Pausing at the threshold of her door, he saw a group of "colored folks" sitting in her kitchen, eyeing intently some fragrant hoe-cakes she was baking for breakfast.

"How does you all feel in yer bone? How does you gashtose?" asked Aunt Sukey.

"Passumly! Passumly!" answered Uncle Gollab, an old negro with a broad face and good-natured grin, "but 'us m'ty dry, Anny Sukey."

"Dry, ole man," chuckled the old lady, "yer skin come got 'lighten like I hev, you tink 'lighten like watahmalony, may be?" "Yes, brudder, 'De done got 'lighten, and now I 's not 'fraid of anything; I 's a different woman, I is."

"Dom golden slippers I 's gwine to wear. La de dabb, la de dabb. Dom angel souls I 's gwine to wear, in L'vide dabb, la de dabb!"

"I digem-mah-d words pe-asctly, but dabb de ohnu."

There was a chorus of "Tank de Lawd,"

KIDNEY WORT. HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES. Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of GREEN DOG KIDNEY DISEASE? Use Kidney Wort. It will speedily cure you of this disease and restore healthy action. Ladies: Do you complain of such symptoms as pain in the back and weakness, Kidney Wort is unequalled. It will not promptly and reliably. It either restores the natural action of the back and restores the vitality of the system. It is sold by all druggists.

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and a thousand other diseases that owe their origin to a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, and function of the Digestive Organs, when the use of DR. J. C. WELCH'S... will give immediate relief and in a short time effect a permanent cure. After constipation follows Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to BILIOUS HEADACHE will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they PURIFY THE BLOOD by expelling all Morbid Secretions. PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions. HENRY, JOHNSON & LORR, PROP'S, MONTREAL.

Professional Cards. DR. J. L. LEPROHON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 237 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

DR. KANNON, C.M.D., M.O.P.S. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, etc. 219 St. Joseph Street, opposite Colborne Street.

Marble Working. NOTICE: We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our large and varied stock of MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, &c., &c.

Dye Works. WE RECOGNIZE IN THE increasing patronage we are receiving that we have been successful in doing the BEST WORK in Dyeing and Cleaning Ladies' and Gents' Goods...

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 706 CRAIG STREET. N.B.—We have no Branches or Agencies in the city. Established 1870.

Provisions, &c. McGRAIL & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN FRUIT & PROVISIONS, 341 & 343 Commission Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. \$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly only free. Address TRUSS & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WITH \$5 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE 5 Per Cent. Imp. Austrian 100 fl. Government Bond. ISSUE OF 1880.

60,000, 10,000, 5,000, etc. Florins are drawn. Every Austrian 5 per cent. 100 fl. Bond which does not draw one of the large Premiums must be redeemed with at least 120 Florins.

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO. No. 150 Broadway, New York City. ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

A PERFECTLY RELIABLE ARTICLE OF HOUSEHOLD USE IS THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL—400 NOTRE DAME STREET. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure; Safe Diabetes Cure; Nervine and Tonic Bitters; supply just received at the GLASGOW DRUG HALL.

IRISH AMERICAN COLONY LION COMPANY (LIMITED). Farms of all sizes for sale in South Western Minnesota, on time contracts or for cash.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in a liquid preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

CATARH OF THE BLADDER. Stricture, Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by "Bachupaiba," \$1.

CATHOLIC NEWS. There exists between the Irish and French Roman Catholics of Ottawa a great deal of dissatisfaction concerning the proprietorship of the Basilica, which is now one of the finest churches in the Dominion.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 87. Dame Marie Fortin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Charles Desjardins, of the same place, hatter and furrier, Plaintiff, vs. the said Charles Desjardins, Defendant.

WANTED—FOR PORTAGE du FORT SCHOOL an Assistant Female Teacher. Roman Catholic preferred, holding a first or second class certificate, to commence last August next. Salary, \$150 per annum. Apply immediately to C. J. RUNN, Sec. Treas. Portage du Fort, 27th June, 1882.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS. Woman can sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Is a Positive Cure for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, Dr. Haydock's New Liver Pills are a perfect cure. One pill will satisfy the most skeptical.

Each Vial Contains Twenty Pills—One Pill is a Dose. Price Twenty-five Cents. For Sale by All Druggists.

HAIR'S VEGETABLE SICIALIAN HAIR RENEWER. Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It cures Itching, Eruptions, and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

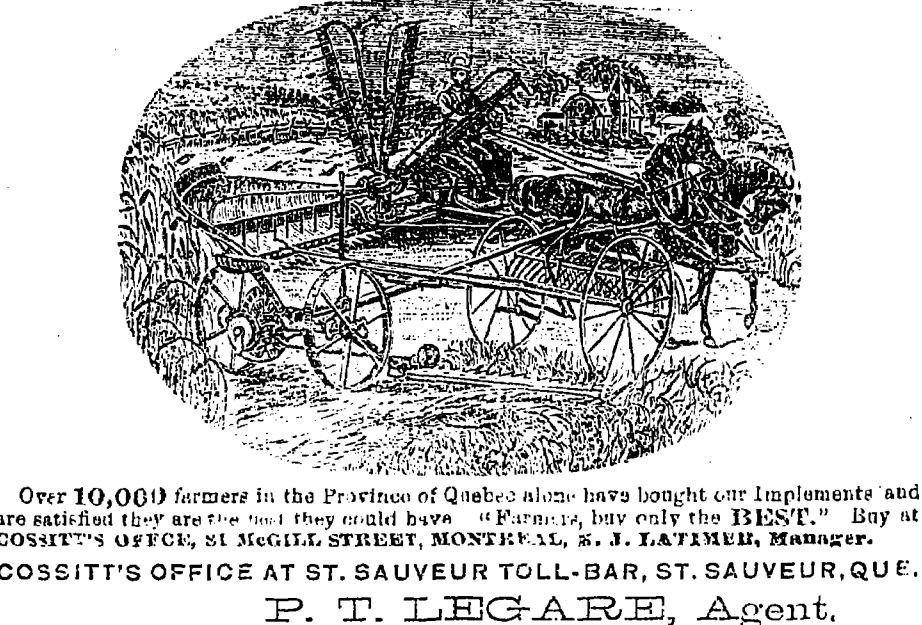
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

COSSITT'S MOWERS, REAPERS & RAKES



Over 10,000 farmers in the Province of Quebec alone have bought our Implements and are satisfied that they could buy no other. Buy at COSSITT'S OFFICE, ST. MEGILL STREET, MONTREAL, S. J. LATIMER, Manager.

P. T. LEGARE, Agent. A Local Agent to be found in every Parish.

MALARIA! MALARIA!! THE CAUSE OF DISEASE IN THE STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND NERVOUS SYSTEM!

The Liver has been known as the great blood-maker and blood-purifier of the circulation. From its size and spongy structure, it plays a most important part in the animal economy, as regards assimilation and nutrition.

Dr. Haydock's New Liver Pill. The People Know Them! The People Use Them! The People Praise Them. WHAT HUNDREDS OF LETTERS SAY FROM PATIENTS ALL OVER THE HABITABLE GLOBE.

Dr. Haydock, your new Liver Pill has rid me of all biliousness. No more noxious doses for me of five or ten pills taken at one time. One of your pills cured me.

Every Pill is Sugar-Coated. If your druggist does not keep them, we will mail them free to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Five vials for \$1. BUY AT ONCE. DO NOT DELAY.

Musical Instruments, &c. THE WEBER BABY GRAND. RECEIVED HOME.



"THE WEBER PIANO" Is generally acknowledged the grandest instrument of music which has ever appeared in the household, or adorned the Lyric Stage.

NEW YORK PIANO CO., ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, SOLE AGENTS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. SEND FOR THE NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Undertakers. CASKETS AND COFFINS. The Casket and Coffin business formerly conducted by G. W. Drew has been bought out by the undersigned. A large assortment of caskets on hand and will be sold at moderate prices.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. Lyton, Sonther, son of the late E. A. Sothorn, is playing his father's parts in English towns, with a view of mastering them for an American tour.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. Lyton, Sonther, son of the late E. A. Sothorn, is playing his father's parts in English towns, with a view of mastering them for an American tour.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS. Lord Conyngham, who died lately, owned 156,973 acres in Ireland.

It is now stated that President Grevy, not wanting to be fleeced in the sum of \$1,500—cost of tea—has declined the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Mr. Cornelius Walford, the London Insurance authority, says that there are few towns or large villages in China which have not their insurance office.

During the first five months of this year no less than 5,000 tons of Italian produce, eggs, butter, vegetables, &c., have been imported into Great Britain.

Some Cornish keepers near Camborne resolved in order to catch poachers, to divide into two parties. During the night a gleam of moonshine revealed to the lurking poachers a fierce conflict, the keepers having mistaken each other's party for the poachers.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rheumatism, as well as relieves the pains of fractures and dislocations.

There were 302 cases in England in which flogging formed part of the sentence for offences during the period between the 13th of July, 1863, and the end of the year 1881.

Sir Curtis Lampson, a Vermonte by birth, who is head of a great fur house, has invented a new method of utilizing electricity in preparing seal-fur.

Persons of weakly constitution derive from Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda a degree of vigor obtainable from no other source.

Bliton Crange, near Rugby, formerly the property of Addison's only child, who died at a very advanced age, having for years before her death been of sound mind, is now in the market.

Referring to a St. Louis paper's comment that American boys do not learn trades which are likely to pay so much better than average clerks' jobs, the Indianapolis Journal remarks that this arises less from false pride than from the extreme difficulty of procuring instruction.

Circulating libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started at St. Petersburg. A society has been founded for the purpose of supplying the horse cars of that city with daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies.

The London hospitals are nearly all suffering from the lack of funds. St. George's, at Hyde Park corner in the very centre of the wealthiest residential district in the world, has of late had an annual deficit of over \$30,000.

The latest census gives the population of Japan as 36,358,994; males, 18,423,274; females, 17,935,720, an increase of 3,000,000 since the previous census in 1873.

That Husband of Mine Is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Hair Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

Lyton, Sonther, son of the late E. A. Sothorn, is playing his father's parts in English towns, with a view of mastering them for an American tour.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. Lyton, Sonther, son of the late E. A. Sothorn, is playing his father's parts in English towns, with a view of mastering them for an American tour.

Medical. JACOB'S OIL. TRADE MARK. Illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

HEALTH FOR ALL HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine Bank Amongst the Leading Necessities of Life.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

HOPE FOR DEAF THE DEAF Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the Natural Drum.

STAMMERING Over 800 stammerers have been cured by us during the past three years. Testimonials, &c. free. Address Stammering Institute, London, Ont.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY. Favorably known to the public since 1855. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells also Chinese and Peak. MENEELY & CO., WEST TROY, N. Y.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO. SUCCESSOR TO MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court. No. 1071. Marie Edwige Dubois, wife of Joseph Martin, saddler, both of the Village of Laprairie in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Joseph Martin, Defendant.

EMACIATED, Haggard Victims of a cough recover health, spirits and flesh, if they are but sensible enough to adopt a remedy which the popular voice, backed by professional opinion, pronounces reliable.

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL.

The city market is dull and unchanged at 5 1/2 to 6 per cent. for call loans on stocks, and 6 to 7 for time loans and prime mercantile paper.

The stock market this morning was irregular. Bank of Montreal advanced 1/4; Telegraph, 1/4; Gas, 1/4; City Passenger, 1/4; St. Paul & Manitoba, 1/4; Toronto declined 1/4; and Bishop, 1/4.

We are in receipt of the following, dated today:—The stock market was strong today, and showed unmistakable signs of recovering from the recent depression.

COMMERCIAL.

As usual at this season of the year many of our city families are out of town and at our wholesale houses business is generally quiet in consequence.

At 2 30 p.m. despatch from Liverpool reported a small business in breadstuffs at lower prices.

The local grain and flour market is much quieter on account of the unsettled condition of outside markets.

On Saturday last a humble funeral cortege wended its way from No. 157 St. Dominique street to the Cote des Neiges cemetery.

When the organs of secretion become inactive by reason of a cold or other cause, the inflammatory material should be removed and healthy action restored.

Col. Amyot, returning officer in the late election in Quebec East, is taking action of damages against L'Esclapart, for charging that he attempted to settle the expenses incurred for poll houses, &c., at less than the law allowed.

FOR CANKER RASH.—Take one teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in hot water, sweetened with syrup or sugar, three times a day, every other day, and a dose of castor oil on the alternate days.

WIT AND HUMOR. If the doctor orders bark has not the patient a right to growl?

The man who was not bred to work will eventually be compelled to work for bread.

"There's another lode of my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine said, after the speculative purchaser had gone his way.

Now that Darwin is gone, we violate no confidence in saying that he always believed Oscar Wilde to be the missing link.

The hides of all the cats in America would be worth 10,000,000 dollars to commerce.

An extreme teetotaler of our acquaintance has declared his inability to sympathize with Turkey, for fear of being accused of an adherence to the Porte.

A gentleman inquired of a new apprentice in a bookseller's shop for "Goldsmith's Greece." "Sir," replied the lad, "we do not keep it here, but you'll get it at the oilman's, four doors off."

An Iowa woman wrote to Queen Victoria asking her if she intended to wear hoops the coming summer, and she has been to the post office over twenty times without receiving a reply.—Detroit Free Press.

All the People of the Dominion of Canada are Concerned. Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Japan, common, 15c to 20c; good common to medium, 22c to 27c; fair to good, 30c to 35c; fine to finest, 38c to 43c; choicest, 45c to 50c. Nagasaki, 20c to 30c; Young hyson, first, 40c to 47c; seconds, 33c to 40c; thirds, 27c to 30c; fourths, 18c to 23c; Gunpowder, low grade, 28c to 32c; good to fine, 35c to 45c; finest, 55c to 65c; Imperial, medium to good, 33c to 38c; fine to finest, 45c to 60c; Twankey, common to good, 40c to 45c; Oolong, common, 33c to 38c; good to choice, 40c to 65c; Congou, common, 20c to 25c; medium to good, 27c to 35c; fine to finest, 40c to 55c; Souchow, common, 28c to 30c; medium to good, 38c to 45c; fine to choice, 50c to 70c. Sugars are easier in tone. Porto Rico is inquired for at 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Barbadoes at 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Granulated, 9 1/2 to 9 3/4; grocers' "A" 9 1/2 to 9 3/4; bright, 8 1/2 to 8 3/4; medium, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2; yellow, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Syrups and Molasses quiet. Antigua is scarce at 50c to 51c. Cienfuegos is quiet and steady at 47c to 48c. There is a good enquiry for Trinidad at 60c to 51c. Sugar-houses, 34c to 35c. Coffees are moving slowly, the trade being fully supplied. Mocha, 29c to 31c; O G Java, 22c to 28c; Plantation C, 19c to 22c; Maracabo, 12c to 14c; Jamaica, 10c to 15c; Rio, 10c to 12c. Fruit is held at full rates. London lyers, \$3.10 to \$3.25; loose muscatels, \$2.95 to \$3.00; layers, \$2.90 to \$2.95; sultanas, \$1.02 to \$1.11; Valencia, 11c to 11 1/2; Samos, 9c to 9 1/2; currants, 6 1/2 to 6 3/4; figs, 12c to 13c; ditto, Malaga, 6 1/2 to 6c.

Wool.—We can make no change. There is still a steady market for fine foreign. Domestic wools dull. Greasy Cape, 19 1/2 to 21c; Australian, 23c to 32c; Canadian pulled, A super, 31c to 34c; B super, 27c to 30c, and unsorted, 26c to 28c.

Ons.—Firm. Steam refined Seal is held at 67 1/2 to 70c, imperial measure. Newfoundland cod is held at about 67 1/2 to 58c.

Petroleum.—About steady. Car lots at 19 1/2c here; broken lots, 19 1/2c to 20c; single barrels, 21c.

Salt.—Spot quotations are 65c for eleven, and 70c for ten; factory filled, \$1.20 to \$1.50, and eureka, \$2.40. Receipts smaller than last year, and moving freely.

Hops.—There is not much reported, but the local market continues steady to firm at 25c to 26c.

Hicks.—Market firm, with a good demand. We quote green at \$5.50 and \$5 for No. 1, 2 and 3; 4c for No. 2; 3c for No. 3; 2c for No. 4; clipped, 25c to 30c; sheep, \$1.35 to 1.75; rough tallow, 52c.

Rice.—Rates are increasing under a steady market, and quotations range from \$3.40 to 3.75.

Fish.—British Columbia salmon are quoted at \$16 per barrel. Canned fish are held at \$1.15 to 1.30; salmon, \$2 to 2.15.

At 2 30 p.m. despatch from Liverpool reported a small business in breadstuffs at lower prices. Spring wheat, 95 to 98 1/2c; red, 98 1/2 to 108 1/2c; white, 98 1/2 to 108 1/2c; club, 108 to 108 1/2c. Weather fair.

The local grain and flour market is much quieter on account of the unsettled condition of outside markets. In Chicago yesterday July wheat fell 1/4c and corn dropped 2 1/2c.

Wheat is quoted here at \$1.38 and Canada white at \$1.30 to 1.32. Oats are at 44 1/2 to 45c, peas at \$1 and rye at 71c to 73c. Ocean grain freights to Liverpool and Glasgow are 45c per qd and London 45c Gd.

The receipts of produce in Montreal since our last were as follows:—Wheat, 23,311 bushels; barley, 1,103; oats, 5,648; flour, 4,791 bbls; ashes, 4; butter, 43 pkgs; cheese, 825 boxes; lard, 63 pkgs, and spirits, 60 casks.

The following are our quotations for flour:—Superior extra, \$3.35; extra superfine, \$3.25; Canada strong bakers', \$5.50 to \$6.00; American strong bakers', \$5.50 to \$6.00; No. 1, \$4.75 to \$4.85; middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.20; rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.75. Ontario flour.—Medium to strong, \$2.00 to \$3.00; spring, extra, \$2.80 to \$3.25; superfine, \$2.70 to \$2.75; city bags, (delivered) \$3.70 to \$3.80.

The local provision market is quiet. In Chicago yesterday pork advanced 2 1/2c to 30c, and lard 25c to 30c. There is little doing in pork here, which is steady at \$25.50 to \$26 for Western; lard is quoted at 15c to 15 1/2c, hams at 14 1/2c to 15 1/2c. Dairy produce is quiet. The sale is reported of 1,200 packages of creamery at 23 1/2c to 24c, and dairy butter ranges from 17 1/2c to 21 1/2c. Eggs are firm at 18c to 18 1/2c. Cheese is excellent. We quote 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c, and 11c is said to have been paid for a large lot to arrive. Large packages have been made in all the leading cheese sections. At Little Falls yesterday 12,000 boxes sold at 10 1/2c to 11c, and at Uxva 8,750 boxes sold at 10 1/2c to 11c.

Wheat in Chicago to-day opened at \$1.10 July, \$1.05 1/2 August; \$1.04 1/2 September. Receipts, 189,000 bushels; exports, 16,000. Corn opened at 7 1/2c August; pork at \$21.10 August; \$21.30 September; and Lard at \$12 5/2 August; \$12.60 September. At 11 1/2 a.m. the market had turned badly. Wheat was at \$1.07 1/2 July; \$1.04 1/2 August; \$1.03 1/2 September; corn at 7 1/2c August; 7 1/2c September; 6 1/2c year; pork at \$21.07 1/2 August; \$21.25 September; lard \$12 1/2 August; \$12.02 1/2 September.

MONTEAL STREET MARKET.—July 18. The threatening state of the weather caused the attendance at Bonsecours and St. Ann's Markets to-day to be rather slim. Prices were without material change from last week, except for some descriptions of coarse garden stuff, which were easier.

Poultry.—Fowls, per lb, 11c; Spring chickens, 80c to \$1 per pair; turkeys, per lb, 13c; geese, 10c.

Fish.—Salmon, 40c to 60c per lb; lake trout, 12c; smelt, 12c; pike and lobsters, 12c; white fish, 12c; halibut, 15c to 20c; haddock and cod, 8c to 7c; mackerel, 12c; black bass, per bunch, 40c to 50c; mackinac, per lb, 12c to 15c; sword fish, 12c to 15c.

Floors, per 100 lbs, \$3.25 to \$3.50; buckwheat flour, \$2.00; oatmeal, do, \$2.70; cornmeal, do, \$2; moule, do, \$1.60 to 1.80; bran, per 100 lbs, \$1.10.

GRAIN.—Oats, per bag, \$1.05 to 1.10; peas, per bush, \$1.05 to \$1.15; beans, \$2; buckwheat, 80c.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bag, \$1.40; new, \$3.25 per bushel; carrots, new, \$1.20 per doz bunches; onions, per crate, \$3.50; Montreal cabbages, new, per doz, \$1; lettuce, 15c to 20c; Montreal turnips, per doz bunches, \$1.50; rhubarb, 30c to 40c; cucumbers, \$1.20 per doz; asparagus, \$2.50 to \$3 per doz bunches; spinach, 50c per bush.

MEATS.—Beef, per lb, trimmed, 15c to 20c; mutton, 12c to 15c; lamb per quarter, \$2.50 to 3; veal, per lb, 10c to 15c; pork, per lb, 14c to 15c; hams, per lb, 15c; lard, per lb, 15c; sausages, per lb, 13c to 14c; dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.50 per 100 lbs.

FOUR.—Apples, per barrel, \$5.00 to 6.00; oranges, \$12.00 to \$13.00 per case; lemons, \$10.00 to 11.00; Florida tomatoes \$1.25 per box; strawberries, 15c to 20c per quart; bananas, \$3 to \$6 per bunch; pine apples, \$2.05 to 4.50 per doz; gooseberries, 55c to 60c per gallon.

DAIRY.—Butter, to choose print butter, per lb, 25c to 30c; tub butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, new laid, per dozen, 18c to 19c.

MONTEAL CATTLE MARKET.—JULY 17. LARGE RECEIPTS AND EASY PRICES.—QUEBEC BUYERS. The receipts to-day were large, consisting of 350 cattle, 250 sheep and lambs and 30 calves. There was a very fair demand, and prices would, no doubt, have been higher but for the large receipts, due to a number of cattle laid over from last week coming on the market again this week.

The quality was poor and graded as second and third class. R. Cochrane, of Guelph, sold 3 cattle for \$125; A. Burrows, of Ottawa, 2 at \$28 each; M. Benoit, city, 10 at \$38; N. Talliffen, 10 at \$3c, and Jas Eakins 1 load at 3c to 5c. P. Ryan, of Compton, sold 30 head at \$20. St. Charles at \$48 each and is shipping 120 head on the S.S. "Hanoverian." Messrs. John Drolet and Narcisse Mac were here from Quebec and bought 34 cattle at 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. John Ryan & Co. of the Eastern Township, sold 1 car of export cattle to Mr. N. Kennedy at 6c. The letter bought 5 or 6 car loads for shipment. Mr. R. Nicholson bought 5 cattle at 5 1/2c, 14 sheep at \$4 each and 10 lambs at \$3 each. A Roy had 2 loads of cattle, but had sold none up to a late hour.

Three to four loads of live hogs were reported sold at \$1.100 lbs. We quote shipping cattle at 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; fair to good butchers' stock, 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c; grass cattle, 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c; sheep, \$4 to \$6; lambs, \$2.50 to \$4.25; calves, \$3 to \$5.

OBITUARY. Lawrence D'Ang, a well-known shipbuilder of Annapolis, N.S., died on July 16th.

News was received in Ottawa, on July 12th of the death of Mr. Herbert Bourinot, barrister, son of Hon. Levi Bourinot, and brother of Mr. J. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons.

Mr. George Ramsay died at his residence on St. Catherine street, Montreal, on Saturday, July 15. Mr. Ramsay was a native of Perthshire, Scotland, and came to Montreal 61 years ago when he was 20 years of age. He was formerly a leading business man in the city, but retired from trade several years ago.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS. It is disagreeable to us that of late we should have so often had to call upon our readers to pay up their accounts, but it is really an absolute necessity we should receive the amounts represented in them. As before explained, there are heavy demands being made upon us, and heavier to come in connection with a great lawsuit. A good many subscribers to the True Witness are in arrears for several years on account of hard times, and other circumstances over which they had no control. If now, when the times are mending, they are not able to pay all at once, they might at least pay a portion and liquidate their indebtedness by instalments. As for those who owe only for a year or two, we are sure it is through carelessness, and that they have only to be reminded in order to get square on our books. Remember that a few dollars is not much to a subscriber, but \$10,000 is something to us.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Bats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, weasels, &c.

CAPTAIN DE LONG. This paragraph is going the rounds of the press:—Vicar-General Quin, of New York, recently mentioned Captain De Long of the Jeannette Expedition, as one of his proteges at the Sunday school of St. Peter's Church in Barclay street, as long ago as 1856. "He and his mother, who was a charming Irish lady," said the Vicar-General, "lived in Beekman street, I think, and he came to the Sunday school quite regularly. He showed signs of great brilliancy, so I took an exceptional interest in him. He passed many hours with me, and I used to take great pleasure in answering the questions of the bright, dear boy. Ben Wood, who was then our representative in Congress for the district, told me that he had an appointment for the Naval Academy, and asked me if I did not know some capable boy whom he could justly recommend. I recommended De Long, giving him a letter to Mr. Wood, who appointed him, after a very satisfactory examination. While he was at the Naval Academy he would always write to me, and visit me in vacation, and seemed to bear me in kindly remembrance. From one of his travels in the Holy Land he brought me the top of a little round table as a pleasant souvenir, and indeed always showed me a great affection. I am grieved at his sad end."

FROM HAMILTON.—A gentleman writes "I have suffered for over four years with night losses and general weakness, caused by a cold. I had tried all the advertised medicines, and a number of eminent doctors, and found no relief or benefit. I have used twelve boxes of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, and am entirely restored." See advertisement in another column.

The gross earnings of the Grand Trunk Railway, from January 1st to July 1st, 1882, were \$5,108,280.

The gross earnings of the Great Western Railway, from the 1st January to 1st July, 1882, amounted to \$2,412,610.

C. E. Miller, one of the largest iron and steel merchants of Middleborough England has failed. Liabilities \$150,000.

Capt. Lord Charles Beresford, of the war vessel "Condor," is brother to the Marquis of Waterford. He is 36, and a favorite of the Prince of Wales. His brother William has the Victoria Cross for gallantry. Lord Charles has rescued many men from drowning.

When the organs of secretion become inactive by reason of a cold or other cause, the inflammatory material should be removed and healthy action restored. Ayer's Pills accomplish this quickly, safely and surely. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by promptly correcting such derangements which often develop into settled disease.

Col. Amyot, returning officer in the late election in Quebec East, is taking action of damages against L'Esclapart, for charging that he attempted to settle the expenses incurred for poll houses, &c., at less than the law allowed.

FOR CANKER RASH.—Take one teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in hot water, sweetened with syrup or sugar, three times a day, every other day, and a dose of castor oil on the alternate days.

WIT AND HUMOR. If the doctor orders bark has not the patient a right to growl?

The man who was not bred to work will eventually be compelled to work for bread.

"There's another lode of my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine said, after the speculative purchaser had gone his way.

Now that Darwin is gone, we violate no confidence in saying that he always believed Oscar Wilde to be the missing link.

The hides of all the cats in America would be worth 10,000,000 dollars to commerce.

An extreme teetotaler of our acquaintance has declared his inability to sympathize with Turkey, for fear of being accused of an adherence to the Porte.

A gentleman inquired of a new apprentice in a bookseller's shop for "Goldsmith's Greece." "Sir," replied the lad, "we do not keep it here, but you'll get it at the oilman's, four doors off."

An Iowa woman wrote to Queen Victoria asking her if she intended to wear hoops the coming summer, and she has been to the post office over twenty times without receiving a reply.—Detroit Free Press.

All the People of the Dominion of Canada are Concerned. Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

Here are some more of the many hundreds of the leading men of the Dominion of Canada who have been cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung Disease by Dr. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

George Willis, Exeter, Ont., Catarrh and bronchitis. J. D. Armstrong, 136 Young street, Toronto, Catarrh and Catarrhal deafness. Thomas Telfer, 12 Melinda street, Toronto, Asthma; cured. Mr. Benjamin A. Drake, St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Also, the no less surprising cure of Mrs. Benoit, 114 Ouellet street, daughter of Mrs. David Benoit, who suffered from asthma and bronchitis for over eight years, and who is now perfectly cured.

Mrs. Adamson, of Belleville, cured of bronchitis, and her sister cured of bronchitis and lung disease.

I have no hesitation in saying Dr. Souville's Spirometer will cure Catarrh and bronchitis. John C. Fleming, editor of Post and True Witness, Montreal.

The above is sufficient to convince the public of the merits of the Spirometer. The instrument will be expressed to any address.

Call or write, enclosing stamp, to M. Souville, ex-Aide Surgeon of French army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal. Physicians and sufferers can try it free.

MARRIED. DWYER-RYAN.—In Pakenham, by the Rev. D. J. Lavin, on Tuesday, 11th July, Mr. James Dwyer, second son of Thomas Dwyer, Esq., of the Township of Wilberforce, Co. Renfrew, to Miss Jane Ryan, youngest daughter of Michael G. Ryan, Pakenham. 10 1

DIED. McSWENNEY.—On the 7th of May, 1882, at the residence of his son-in-law, Robert McGaher, in the Township of Mountain, Co. Dundalk, Ont., Peter McSwenney, 49 years of age, a native of Kiltarron, near Gort, County Galway, Ireland. 12 1

MOYNIHAN.—At Saint au Reocol, on the 12th instant, Katharine Frances, eldest daughter of the late Timothy Fogarty and wife of G. T. Moynihan. 12 1

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION. MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 14TH TO 23RD. Agricultural and Industrial. \$25,000 IN PREMIUMS.

Ample grounds and magnificent buildings for the display of Live Stock, Manufactured Articles, Agricultural Implements and Machinery in motion.

The Exhibition will be open on the 14th September, and will continue until the 23rd of the month, and after which date the Exhibition will be complete in every detail.

Reduced rates are offered by all the principal Railways and Steamboat Companies. Exhibitors will please make entries as early as possible.

For Prize Lists, Blank Forms of Entry and all information, apply to the undersigned. GEO. LECLERE, J. JOINT, S. C. SLEVENSON, Secretaries. 49 76 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal.

WANTED—TWO TEACHERS for a Primary School in the Parish of St. Alphonse de Rouleux, County of Joliette, must be competent to teach French, English, and Arithmetic. Address, NEDERICK LEVESQUE, St. Alphonse de Rouleux, County of Joliette, P.Q. 40 2

MAGNETIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. BEYOND BRAIN & NERVE FOOD. AFTER A SURGICAL PROMPT AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR NERVOUSNESS IN ALL ITS STAGES, WEAK MEMORY, LOSS OF BRAIN POWER, SEXUAL PROSTRATION, NIGHT SWEATS, SPERMATORRHOEA, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, AND GENERAL LOSS OF FORCE. It repairs Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs. The experience of thousands proves it an UNVALUABLE REMEDY. The Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two weeks' medication, and is the cheapest and best. 25c Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address. Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50 cents per box, or 12 boxes for \$5, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold in Montreal by E. E. MOGAIER, St. Joseph street, and all Druggists everywhere. 12 1 G

WOMEN'S CURE FOR HUMOR. I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE a perfect cure for all the worst forms of PILES, 2 to 4 in all the worst cases of LEPROSY, SCROFULA, PSORIASIS, GONORRHOEA, GLEET, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH and all diseases of the Skin and Blood. \$1 a bottle. Beware of cheap imitations. Send to Boston for 25c sample free, showing its wonderful cures. H. D. FOWLER, Chemist, Boston and Montreal.

In case of failure, dealers please refund the money and charge it back to me. 118 sts

MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE, 115 Cadieux St., Montreal, P.Q., Under the patronage of St. Joseph.

An International Business and Collegiate Institution for Boarding and Day Pupils, English and French Courses, and Teachers with Preparatory, Business, Classical and Musical Departments. DIRECTED BY

Prof. T. Russell, For many years Principal Teacher of the graduating Commercial Classes at MASON COLLEGE, Terrebonne, and ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, St. Laurent.

Classics are taught through the medium of ENGLISH—Special short Course. UNPARALLELED SUCCESS for the "OPENING YEAR."

The United States and Canada largely represented. THE COLLEGE is Catholic in Principle and Practice. The Catholic Pupils are required by Rule to attend Regularly to their Religious Duties.

MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE aims to give its pupils, not only a Thorough Preparatory and Helped Social Education, but also a Sound Practical Business one; its founders will constantly endeavor to instill into the minds and hearts of those committed to their charge principles of Honesty, Sobriety, Integrity and Morality. A high standard of Integrity, Punctuality, and Morality will be required of the pupils.

TERMS—Board, per annum, \$100; Tuition, English and French, Junior Department, \$20; Tuition, English and French, Senior Department, \$30; Tuition, Classical Department, \$85. For Prospectus or Catalogue, which gives full information, address,

PROF. T. RUSSELL, MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, P.Q. 11 mt

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Books of Instruction and Devotion for the Month of June. NOW READY. A New Book of Devotion to the SACRED HEART, ENTITLED: A Flower for Each Day in the Month of June, By a Member of the Society of Jesus. Paper Cover, 68 Pages, Beautifully Gotten Up, Price, 10cts

Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Paper 10c. Manual of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus 35c. Manual of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Cloth, gilt edges 40c. Manual of Devotion and Office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus 40c. Hours before the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Cloth, red edges 50c. Manual of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Cloth, red edges 50c. Manual of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus 50c. Scholar's Manual of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Cloth, red edges 50c. New Manual of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Cloth, red edges 65c. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by Rev. S. Franco, S.J. 90c. Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by Rev. F. Arnold, S.J. \$1.50. Glories of the Sacred