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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 45. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1884. PRICE—FIVE CENTS.

NO FOREIGN LANDLORDS WANTED.

Protest of the Irish National League Against Land Grabbing—Presented at the Republican National Convention.

The following protest was read by the President of the Irish National League in America before the Committee on Resolutions at the recent Republican Convention at Chicago—

and most democratic enactment in the whole history of land legislation, and is distinctly American. Another policy in relation to the public lands was, however, inaugurated prior to its adoption. In 1856, and again in 1860 the National Democratic Convention approved a resolution recommending the national government to aid in the construction of the Pacific railroad.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

Mgr. Smeulders Lays the Corner Stone of the New Wing.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.

Large Gathering of Clerical and Civil Dignitaries. The ceremony of blessing the corner stone of the new extension to the college of Ottawa was witnessed by a large number of the patrons and admirers of the institution.

PHILADELPHIA'S NEW PRELATE.

A BRILLIANT PREACHER TO SUCCEED THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WOOD. New York, June 11.—The transfer of Archbishop Ryan, of St. Louis, to the archdiocese of Philadelphia, as reported by cable dispatch yesterday, brings to the east one of the most brilliant orators and profoundest scholars in the Catholic Church in America.

THE FALL OF BRABNER.

The News Continued: Soldiers and Citizens Mauled by the Bombs. The Governor in the Hands of the Rebels.

London, June 12.—The Government has received news confirming the report of the fall of Brabner. The garrison fought with great heroism and kept up a deadly fire on the rebels and their ammunition was exhausted.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE DYNAMITE QUESTION.

ENGLISH PEOPLE GREATLY IRRITATED. London, June 14.—Much curiosity is manifested as to the attitude of the United States Minister, Mr. Lowell, on the subject of so-called American dynamite conspiracies, and as to whether he has received notice of any contemplated action by his Government.

TIPPLERS DOWN IN MAINE.

THEY MAKE THE LAW A DEAD LETTER BY DRINKING AS MUCH AS THEY PLEASE.

Plenty of rum is sold in Maine in spite of the prohibition law. Everybody who wants rum has it. Every stage leaving a town of any size has more or less of it aboard, and the express companies carry thousands of gallons every year.

THE POPE AT HOME.

HOW THE HOLY FATHER SPENDS THE DAY—HIS WORK AND HIS LEISURE HOURS. Here is the latest account of the Pope's day's work, taken from the Germania, the organ of the German Ultramontanes, which ought to know what goes on at the Vatican.

AT DINNER.

The Pope dines at two o'clock; his midday meal lasts not longer than half an hour, and is very frugal, consisting in one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and by the doctor's orders a glass of claret.

THE WILD ROSY OF LOUGH GILL.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

On arriving at Kathleen's residence he surveyed the house with dismay, for its aspect was anything but inviting. As it lay in the close vicinity of the breach, it had been the theatre of one of the incidental combats of the day. The ground in front was sloppy with blood, the door lay flat on the floor, having been forced in off its hinges, and the windows on both ground and second floors were smashed to pieces.

Seeing light shining through the apartments he entered the house and carried the form of Kathleen upstairs to the room where he had spent more than one pleasant evening in her company. He found the apartment in a sad condition—in a condition which caused him a shudder of horror, hardened as he was by the events of the day. A shell had crashed through the roof, in which a large fissure revealed the star-sprinkled heavens, and exploded, doing much damage. On the floor lay the lifeless bodies of two women and a man; the latter he recognized to be a trooper of his own command. Placing the form of Kathleen on the bed, he turned to see whence proceeded the light that had attracted his attention.

Immediately, as if to gratify his curiosity, a dark figure issued from an adjoining room—a figure bearing a long pole to which were appended three lighted lanterns—the figure of a monk. For some moments he watched in silence the movements of the mysterious ecclesiastic, who, unaware of his presence, was the lantern from a window. "The monastery, by heaven!" he ejaculated, under his breath—"tis a signal to the enemy."

Running at once on the strange monk, he seized him by the habit and pulled back the cowl from over his face. The three lamps fell with a crash on the ground below, but not ere their light revealed the villainous features of the murderer, renegade, and treacherous spy, Emon O'Hugh.

"Base and treacherous scoundrel, you are caught at last." "O'Hugh turned with a start of affright, but in an instant his face assumed the look of a demon. Wrenching himself free from the grasp which held him, he drew a knife from his bosom and lunged at the heart of his assailant. But the wrist of the hand holding the weapon was firmly grasped by O'Tracy, and a desperate struggle commenced.

"Hollo, what have we here?" inquired a deep voice—the voice of Sir Phelim O'Neill himself, as the light of many torches fell on the scene, and a number of armed men filled the room. The combatants were instantly parted.

"My poor Ellen!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuinn, one of the new arrivals, as he raised the form of his sister in his arms. The cool night breeze through the broken window helped to revive her, and she awakens if from a long sleep, with a faint inquiry as to her whereabouts.

"Explain, Captain O'Tracy, explain," commanded Sir Phelim. "This false monk—your foster-brother O'Hugh, general—has been signalling to the enemy—catch him!" "Believe him not! believe not the villain!" cried the traitor.

"What have we here?" inquired a musketeer, as he drew a folded paper from the bosom of the false ecclesiastic, and handed it to the commandant, who opened and read it. It was a certificate of taking what was known as the "Oath of Engagement"—the non-possession of such a document rendering any Irishman afterwards, under the Commonwealth, liable to death or transportation to the colonies—and ran in this form:—"I, Edmond O'Hugh, do hereby declare that I renounce the pretended title of Charles Stuart, and the whole line of the late King James, and of every other person pretending to the government of the nations of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions and territories thereto belonging; and that I will, by the grace and assistance of Almighty God, be true and faithful to this Commonwealth, against any king, single person, and house of peers, and every one of them, and thereto I subscribe my name."

"Ha, the Covenanted Oath!" exclaimed O'Neill. "and in the possession of my willful foster brother, for whom the hemp has been in waiting for the last eight years, ever since he murdered Lord Caulfield, Emon, we grew up together in our childhood, we sucked milk from the same breast, and little did I think the day would ever come when my voice should send you to the gallows. But you are a black-hearted ruffian—a murderer—a traitor—a spy—and you shall have swift only while they are rigging you a halter."

"Mercy, brother, mercy!" groaned the wretched man, falling on his knees. "Away with him," was the stern command. Without more ado the soldiers dragged the condemned man out of the house, and in less than a minute his body was dangling from a cross-beam that spanned one of the narrow streets.

The breath had scarcely left the body of the suspended traitor, when bang came the report of the matchlock of a sentinel on the ruined ramparts, and next moment an irregular fusillade, a clashing of steel, and a series of shouts and commands resounded from the direction of the breach. The Parliamentarians, seeing on the prospect signal lately given them by the traitor, were making a night attack. Hoping to surprise the guard, they rushed confidently to the breach; but it had been barricaded by the wise precaution of O'Neill, and they had to retire in disorder under a volley of musketry. One determined hand, however, managed to scale the walls, and now rushed on the Irish, headed by a daring and resolute leader.

"On them, my brave lads!" shouted this officer; "death and destruction to the infernal sons of Belial! Strike for God and the Parliament." "Harrison, by heaven!" exclaimed O'Tracy, and in a moment he confronted his foe—confronted him for the last time.

"Ha, imp of the demon! you again—have at ye!" cried the Puritan. A few clashes of the gleaming swords, a few quick nervous thrusts and glancing lightning-like parries, and Harrison fell. The blade of his adversary had passed between his gorget and breastplate, inflicting on him a mortal wound. As he fell the cheers of the Irish announced the complete repulse of the surprise party. Panting with pain and exhaustion, Edmund leant on his sword and surveyed his prostrate foe. A he did so the voice of Niall O'Cuinn sounded behind him.

"A neat thrust, Emon; that Roundhead has fought his last fight." The dying Puritan writhed painfully over on the ground from his book to his side, and with a last revengeful effort drew a pistol from his belt, presented it, and fired, the ball passing close by his slayer's cheek. "Nor did it go far to find a fatal billet." "Take that—course you!" were the last

words of black Gilbert Harrison, as his limbs became rigid in death. "A narrow escape," murmured our hero, turning away. "O God, have mercy on me!" moaned a hollow voice from the ground close behind him. "O'Tracy—Emon avic—quick, for the love of heaven!"

"Niall, Niall, my brother!" exclaimed Edmund, in alarm, as he perceived his friend lying prone on the ground. Hurrying towards him he supported him in his arms. "Good heavens, Niall, can this be serious! are you deeply hurt?" "It is all—over with me, my boy—the Roundhead's bullet has done for me—my days are over! I choke, I choke—God receive my soul! O Mother of God—Emon, Emon—"

"Yes, brother, yes." "My poor sister—my poor Kathleen—"

The death-rattle sounded in Niall O'Cuinn's throat, and he lay a corpse in the arms of O'Tracy. A wild and piteous scream pealed through the night—the form of a woman bounded spectre-like through the darkness, and Kathleen Ny-Cuinnin threw herself on her brother's corpse in an agony of grief.

Ere that night passed Sir Phelim O'Neill entered into a treaty of capitulation with the terms of surrender were fair and honorable, viz., that Sir Phelim and his Spartan band of survivors should march out with arms and baggage, and deliver up the place and transport himself beyond sea within three months. So the Red Hand of Tirowen was hauled down from over the last Irish stronghold in Ulster to make way for the Parliamentarian flag, and one Major Reed, "a mere knave," was appointed by Coote, Governor of Charlemont.

Of the latter fortunes of that historic town it may be remarked that the second Charles purchased it from Lord Caulfield's successor for £3,000, and that its historic defence by Sir Tene O'Brian forms one of the most remarkable events of the Williamite wars.

The fate of Sir Phelim O'Neill may be related in a few words. Neglecting to fulfil the entire terms of the treaty—to wit, the condition of quitting Ireland within three months—he concealed himself in an island in a Tyrone lake, where he was captured, being betrayed by another infamous O'Hugh. Taken to Dublin, he was there brutally lugged and quartered on the charge of high treason.

Among the crowd of both sexes who quitted Charlemont after its surrender, and travelled south-westwards into Connaught, were our hero and heroine. The route was a long and weary one, but they halted not until they reached the City of the Tribes.

CHAPTER XXXI. A FRIEND IN NEED—EXILE—A SOLDIER'S LAURELS. "Inter Juvencos, inter Urbem Britannias. Postrema hostili Galvia capta dolo est."

"Of all the Irish or English towns, Galway was the last captured by faithful bravery." "I wish it 'The Bourne.'" "To Spain, to Spain, he now will sail. His destiny is written—An exile from dear Ireland, Nor get his will is broken."

Galway has fallen. Its nine months' siege had been a severe one; great and obstinate the valor displayed by the besieged, notably by Farrell's troop of horse—the only cavalry in the town; and fierce and determined the sorties made on the besiegers' trenches. But Lullin had come with his army to the aid of Coote, who commanded the beleaguering force; the governor of the town, General Preston, often heretofore mentioned, had made his escape by sea, leaving the town to make what terms it might; and now at length the flag of the Parliament flew over the last important Irish stronghold, and the Cromwellian was lord in the fine old City of the Tribes.

Some months had passed since the surrender of the town, when in the house of an honest burgher and tradesman named Mark Kirwan a wedding party was assembled—a wedding party in the midst of famine, plague, and misery—no gay dresses, no flowers, no bridal favors of any kind—and those who were now to be united in the solemn bonds of matrimony were Edmund O'Tracy and Kathleen Ny-Cuinnin.

As the reader will remember, the eleven years of the war had passed since their first meeting on the shores of Lough Gill, and time had wrought its changes on the persons of our hero and heroine. He was no longer the lithe, agile stripling, but a tall, soldierly man of robust and sinewy frame hardened by the rough toils and usages of warfare; she no longer the slender, pearly maiden of long ago, but a queenly woman of well-developed charms, stately, graceful, and beautiful, though within there were traces of care visible amid the bloom of her countenance. And now, after their long period of courtship and most broken and irregular course of true love, their constancy was about to be rewarded by their being made one. With the money he had accumulated during the war our hero had determined to leave Ireland for Spain, there to take his chance of fame under the banners of King Philip; and Kathleen, friendless, trusting, and devoted, had consented to accompany him as his wife. So they stood there to be married, and a finer looking couple it were hard to find than our soldier and his bride-elect.

Besides the twin, only about half a dozen other persons occupied the apartment. The owner of the house, Mark Kirwan, was in person with his son; but his spouse, a buxom, rosy-cheeked dame, was present, together with her daughter, who acted as bridesmaid, and a few of her younger children. There was also present a soldier comrade of Edmund's; there was the priest, who was surprised and steeled for the ceremony—a venerable, white-haired scoghrath, who died in the prison island of Innisbofin some years later—and in a retired corner of the chamber sat by himself an aged ecclesiastic, clad in the purple soutane of a bishop. This was the guest of the family, the pious Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Killala, of old the celebrated preacher of St. Nicholas, and now a hunted fugitive with the bloodhounds of the Parliament on his trail.

The clergyman opened his book and proceeded with the wedding ceremony. It was soon over; slow but distinct sounded the mystic utterances which united two loving hearts under one or other of them should be cold in death. And as O'Tracy slipped the golden hoop on the fair, plump finger of his bride, kissed her red lips, and knelt with her to receive the benediction of both priest and bishop in turn, he felt supremely happy and blest, despite of the harassing question, "What should be the sequel?"

"My dear children," said the officiating priest, as he closed his book, "your union has been made in the midst of war and persecution, and you go forth hand-in-hand into the country of the stranger, exiles from the land of your birth. But God who witnesses the misfortunes of his Irish children, will, I pray, bless you with happiness and prosperity in your foreign home, and sweeten your memories of old Ireland."

"We will say amen to that," murmured the priest, earnestly, as he gazed tenderly into the dark, love-lit eyes of his newly-made wife, and read in those luminous orbs a world of trust and affection. "Sudden as the chamber door was thrown open, and an angry domestic man-servant, entered and rushed up to the lady of the house. "Come, madam," he gasped, in a voice of dismay; "come quick, for the love of heaven! The soldiers!—the Saturday collection!"

"Good God, preserve us!" shrieked the wife of Mark Kirwan;—"hold them back, good Geoffrey, for two minutes, for heaven's sake. Come, father—come, my lord; to your hiding-places, or we are lost." She touched a concealed spring in the wainscot of the room, and a large panel, sliding aside, revealed a small staircase, which the bishop and the priest immediately mounted.

"There is great danger," murmured Mrs. Kirwan, as they ascended;—"keep close in the private closet on the garret for the present; you may afterwards get out through the attic window, and cross the roofs to Dame Blake's. I will send Geoffrey to help you." The two old clergymen, thus hunted like beasts of prey, disappeared up the stairs, and their protectress drew the sliding panel back to its proper place. Scarcely had she accomplished this when there was a confused noise in the corridor on which the apartment opened—a trampling of many feet, a discord of rough voices, and the clatter of musket butts on the flagged floor. Immediately there was a loud knocking on the door. It was opened by the domestic at the command of his mistress, and instantly nigh a score of armed soldiers, headed by a sergeant, clanked into the chamber. At the same moment the blast of several trumpets, mingled with the roll of drums, resounded through the street without, proclaiming to the Galwegians the advent of their weekly persecution.

This was the infamous Saturday collection. On each succeeding Saturday the pay of the Cromwellian troops in Galway was exacted from the inhabitants by circumstances of the utmost atrocity. "On these occasions," says a writer of the period, "the soldiers entered the various houses, and, pointing their muskets to the breasts of men and women, threatened them with instant death if the sum demanded was not immediately given. Should it have so happened that the continual payment of these pensions had exhausted the means of the people, bed, bedding sheets, table-cloths, dishes, and every description of furniture—nay, the very garments of the women, torn off their persons—were carried to the market-place and sold for a small sum: so much so, that each recurring Saturday bore a resemblance to the Day of Judgment, and the clangour of the trumpet smote the people with terror almost equal to that of doomsday."

"Well, missus," said the sergeant, an ill-favored ruffian, with an insolent and over-bearing air, "so you've let us in at last, have ye? Now, then, we've been waiting long enough, so look sharp. Pay is scarce enough to-day, so turn us out your allowance right cheerly, or fore the Lord Harry, there'll be crutchety work about."

"Have pity, sir," exclaimed the lady addressed, with a mixture of dignity and entreaty;—"in this house we have barely the means of life, though alas! that the wife of a Galway Kirwan should be compelled to say so! My husband and son are in prison, and we are left poor and defenceless. Oh, sir, have mercy—pass us by."

"Tush! the old story. Come, men—the usual thing, you know. Spread over the house, and be not shy in any room from garret to cellar. Take the best and leave the worst, say I. Do the articles as little damage as possible, else they may take a confounded small figure in the counting. Mark me, I'll flay the rascal alive who loses me a penny of my honest pay. So to work." His plundering crew needed not the second bidding. They seized with avidity on the various articles of furniture in the room, and commenced carrying them out into the street. Elsewhere through the house the looters were also at work, while poor Mrs. Kirwan and her family looked through their tears at the ruthless plunder of their property and the demolition or disappearance of their various household goods. As for our bride and bridegroom, they stood side by side in a retired part of the chamber, unable to do ought but look with distress and indignation on the scene passing before their eyes.

"Hallo, comrades, what pretty gimcrack have we here?" cried a tall musketeer, as he emerged from a small closet bearing with him the object of his curiosity. It was a wooden tabernacle, ornamental with gilt mouldings and burnished candlesticks that glittered in the light. This sacred article which Bishop Kirwan had intended for some church, was speedily surrounded by the soldiers, who examined it with ribald jests and laughter.

"Spare it—spare the abode of the Lord!" shrieked Mrs. Kirwan, as she rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before the profane wretches, raising her clasped hands entreatingly.

"Gadzooks, a little Popish Mass-house!" exclaimed the villainous sergeant; "stand aside, my children, and I'll soon make an end of it."

Dashing the tabernacle on the floor, he raised a crash on the object of his wrath, shattering it to pieces and scattering the floor with splinters of the gilded wood—an act which elicited a low wail of grief and horror from the females in the room, while the few male Catholics present blushed with shame and clenched their hands in impotent wrath.

"So much for the habble," continued the sergeant, with a brutal laugh; "and now, my brave ferrets, to the search. There are Popish priests near at hand; come, scent me out the vermin in double quick time. Guard the door, corporal, and let none pass in or out until we have our prey safe in hands. Bustle, my heroes, bustle."

The Cromwellians now instituted an eager and diligent search for the suspected clergymen, and bitter were their outcries of disappointment as they failed to discover any traces of their victims. They scowled fiercely on the other portions in the room, assailing each with threats of vengeance for not disclosing the whereabouts of the "Pop's pedlars," and sought out their prey in every probable and improbable place they could conceive. At length one of them commenced sounding the wainscoting with repeated blows of his musket around the walls, continuing the process until he came to the particular moving panel already mentioned, against which Kathleen was leaning as if by mere accident—though, in fact, her design was to foil, if possible, his investigation.

"Come, my dainty wench, stand aside, will you? I'd fain test the carpentry at your back. Come, hence with you, I say."

He rudely seized her by the arm and dragged her aside, but her place at the panel was immediately taken by O'Tracy. The Cromwellian instantly rushed at the latter with clubbed musket, but our hero, whose blood was now a-fire, seized the up-lifted weapon, wrested it from his possessor, and with one desperate blow of the heavy butt stretched the Cromwellian apparently dead on the floor. All at once the room was the scene of a frightful

uproar. Edmund was promptly seconded by his male companions, but he and they were soon overpowered by numbers, seized and bound. The suspicious panel was now examined by the soldiers, one of whom stove it in with his musket butt, revealing the hidden staircase. Two or three of the men bounded through the jagged aperture, and soon reappeared, dragging with them the old priest who had celebrated the recent marriage. The bishop had providentially escaped his enemies for the time being.

"Bravely done, my heroes," ejaculated the sergeant triumphantly; "I knew we couldn't miss him. Carry him along; and this precious knot of Popists, priest-hiders, and scoundrels of the law, and they are, must go to prison—let not one of them escape or on your heads be it. Take up poor Dobbs and bear him to the barracks; d— a little life there's left in the poor fellow, but this gay bantam cock shall swing for it. Come, step out."

A dreary night was that passed by Edmund in the noisome crowded cell into which he was thrown. His wedding night!—in what might be called his condemned cell, herded with unfortunates situated like himself, breathing a hot, tainted air, parched by a burning thirst, overwhelmed by the bitterness of his lot, and ten times more by the thoughts of Kathleen's misery! He had seen her conducted, like himself to jail, but knew nothing more of her.

He had been nigh two months in prison when one day he was conducted, among a crowd of other prisoners, in the midst of a strong escort, to the court-house for trial. The court-house was the venerable Franciscan monastery on St. Stephen's Island, now converted into one of "Cromwell's slaughter-houses," as the injudicious placers of Puritan "justice" were then termed. His trial was a short one. Thrust into the dock on a charge of aiding a soldier of the Parliament, the proofs against him were deemed indisputable, and he was sentenced to be hanged, and suit sentence to be carried out on the second morning following. He was then taken out of the dock and escorted back to his prison, being spared the agony of witnessing another trial that commenced and ended within half an hour after his leaving the court.

A number of females, both maids and matrons, were placed in the dock in the charge of knowing the place of concealment of a priest and not disclosing it to the authorities. Amongst these unhappy criminals was Kathleen, pale as death. The bloated judge on the bench commented waimly on the gravity of the offence, and then awarded the full punishment which the law prescribed, viz., each of the delinquents was to be publicly whipped, and further punished by the amputation of the ears! A chorus of piteous shrieks and cries for mercy arose from the unhappy culprits ere they were removed to make room for fresh victims.

A strange circumstance happened to our hero on his way back to prison. He was mechanically stalking along in the midst of the musketeers, when the officer in command of the escort, who rode abreast of him, happened to turn his head and gaze in his direction. He at once recognized the English officer and quondam royalist, Captain Willoughby, whose life he had been instrumental in saving in the streets of Galway eight years before, and with whom he had made the fatal voyage which was interrupted by the demoniac Swanley. The way in which his glance was returned assured him that the recognition was mutual, and that same evening he was not surprised to receive a visit in his cell—now lonely, and unoccupied save by himself—from his former acquaintance.

"Well, my friend, so fate has thrown us together again, though for the last time it seems," said Willoughby, on entering; "I never dreamt of seeing you more, and started not a little when I caught sight of your face to-day. Ah, you are surprised at seeing me in this uniform. My faith, I never expected to wear it, but times change, and men and principles change with them. But I grieve to find you in doleful dumps again—tell me, prithee, how comes your present misfortune?"

Edmund briefly narrated his case, omitting not the story of his marriage and the wretched predicament of his bride. As he concluded, his interlocutor arose and shook his head gravely.

"Your case," he said, "is a serious one, but you saved my life, and believe me, Anthony Willoughby will work heaven and earth to save you from the hangman's cord, if only for the sake of that brave, bonny lass who is now your wife. Coote is terribly strict and relentless, but I am a favorite of his, and I will do my best for you. He is now at Loughrea; I post there to-morrow at cock-crow, and mayhap be back here again at noon—heaven send—with good tidings. Till then farewell."

And the good-intentioned officer departed. After having passed a weary, restless night the captive was aroused at the gray dawn of morning by a long and loud roll of drums under his cell window. The little unglazed and doubly-barred aperture which admitted light and air to his dungeon commanded a view of the jail quadrangle below. On looking down he witnessed a mournful scene—one of the first executions which distinguished the Cromwellian reign of terror in Galway. On three sides of the quadrangle gleamed the steel caps and coislets of sordid ranks of soldiery, and at the dead wall which formed the fourth side of the square stood a tall man, of rich attire and noble appearance, confronting a grim face of musketeers. Scarcely had Edmund's gaze taken in the spectacle when the salute of a mounted officer glittered in the air as he gave the death signal, the volley blazed from the levelled muskets, and the victim lay a corpse on the pavement.

Our hero turned away with a cold shudder from the window. He had witnessed the execution of Lord Theobald Burke, Viscount Mayo, on the charge of participation in an alleged massacre of Protestants at Shrule, on the borders of Mayo, at the commencement of the war.

This execution was followed by others. In a half-hour times, in rapid succession, the loud fusillade that announced the parting of a man's head from his neck, and the mingled shouts of the court-yard—a noble Milesian, Colonel Edmund O'Flaherty, of Moyculin, being amongst those sent to their last account.

The executions being over for the time being, the soldiers marched away to their various quarters, the cart containing the victims' bodies rumbling in their rear. And now the courtyard presented a scene scarcely less pitiable than that just described. Numbers of the slain men's friends and relatives filed the air with the most plaintive cries of lamentation, and threw themselves on the bloody pavement in the frantic violence of their grief. Around each of the lower windows of the prison was collected a crowd of excited people holding converse through the bars with their imprisoned friends. Most impressive spectacle of all was that exhibited in a retired corner of the yard, where several children were kneeling in a group in a garden in the wall. Behind the grating was dimly visible a pale, emaciated and a mild and venerable countenance, while a pair of lean, slender hands, protruded between the bars, resting a while on each little

head as the children, both boys and girls, approached the aperture in turn. It was the venerable Francis Kirwan—the model of a pious bishop, now at length a prisoner, administering the Sacrament of Confirmation!

The day wore on, and shortly after noon the Cromwellian soldiery marched with martial clank and tramp into the quadrangle, and formed a hollow square in the midst of which two or three of their number now set about erecting a strange contrivance—nothing else than the flugging frame of the day, the well-known "halberts." Three halberts, or long-handled axes were bound in the form of a triangle, and held erect on the ground—on which the base of the triangle rested—by two strong men, a fourth halbert being fastened horizontally to the frame at about three feet from the ground.

The arrangement being completed there was a loud roll of drums and flourish of trumpets, and then a pursuivant with stentorian lungs called upon all loyal subjects of the Parliament to witness the punishment of enemies of the public peace and religion. Hardly had he finished his speech when a portern door of the prison opened, and two stalwart troopers appeared, leading between them the first victim of the lash. This was an old man of patriarchal aspect, whose only garment was now a pair of pantaloons, and who blanched and tottered as his conductors thrust him rudely forward. He was immediately bound to the triangle, and a sturdy drummer, divesting himself of his tunic and baring his arms, stood by with the degrading scourge in his hand. The lash whizzed and descended, leaving a long bleeding streak to mark its fall, and stripe succeeded stripe until the old man's back was one red and lacerated wound, the continuous roll of the drums drowning the victim's cries, if there were any. The flogger now took a large pair of scissors from the hand of an assistant, O'Tracy, who from his cell window was an indignant witness of the revolting scene, turned away his head in horror and disgust. When he looked again the victim was being borne back into the prison, and he noticed that where the old man's ears had been there were now only two ghastly, livid wounds, trickling blood! The sentence of the infamous law had been completed.

But now a loud murmur of pity and indignation round the quadrangle, outside the bustling lines of steel, where dense masses of the Galway folk were assembled, drawn by the morbid craving of human nature for the horrible, to witness the barbarous exhibition. All eyes were turned on the portern door, through which the form of the second victim was now emerging—a form almost divine in its exquisite beauty and symmetry. A young and lovely female, her face and neck suffused with a burning blush of outraged modesty, and her dishevelled hair falling in heavy masses over her fair shoulders, was being dragged forward by two troopers—forward into the gaze of the ruffianly array—forward to the fatal triangle.

For a moment O'Tracy gazed, and his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole frame paralyzed by the violence of his emotion.

Blessed heaven! it was his own darling wife! It was Kathleen! It was his own cherished Will Rose of Lough Gill!

For a moment his brain seemed on fire, and he was seized by a wild, fierce paroxysm of madness and despair. He grasped the bars of the window and endeavored with all his frantic strength to tear them from their sockets, but in vain. He rushed to his cell door and battered with his hands on the stout oak panels. Again he rushed at the window like a caged wild beast, and tore at the bars as if with the strength of Sampson, until a large portion of masonry fell from the window-sill into the yard below.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" he shouted, in a voice that rang high above all other sounds. Hearing his voice, Kathleen looked up, recognized him, and uttered a piercing scream that seemed to cleave his heart asunder. Then the whole dread picture without danced for a moment before his eyes, and he fell back insensible on the floor of the cell.

Had he been strong enough to bear the dread scene half a minute longer, he should have seen his beloved snatched from the very jaws of misery and degradation. For a mounted officer, whose horse was steaming and exhausted, rode into the square, leaping from the saddle, and tossed an official-looking document to the provost-marshal who presided.

"Hold!" cried Captain Willoughby, whose arrival was so opportune; the punishment is stopped. Here is the order for this poor girl's release, and also the pardon of her lover—both papers signed by Sir Charles Coote. Water, men, for heaven's sake! The poor thing has fainted."

Great and prodigious was the bustle again on the quays of Galway. Not, indeed, the blithe and cheery bustle of commerce, but the sad bustle of an exodus—the exodus of the Irish soldiers. The home and sign of military Ireland—the fragments of the dashing battalions that had opposed Monroet Benburb, and Cromwell at Clonmel, and Iront at Limerick—were going into exile. In order to get rid of the fighting Irishmen as in peaceable a manner as possible, the English parliament had given permission to the Continental Powers to send their agents to recruit in Ireland for the soldiers whose valor and prestige were so well known and appreciated throughout Europe. France, Spain and Poland had sent their agents, who discharged their duties with such effect, that in the two or three years following the fall of Galway, no less than 34,000 Irishmen quitted their native shores—most of them, poor fellows, doomed to leave their bones on a foreign battle-field.

The number of men now unloading at Galway made up quite an army, being no less than seven thousand strong, and all recruited by a Don Ricardo White for service in the Spanish army.

All along the wharves lay the stately vessels that were to convey the gallant avengers into exile. All along the wharves was a dense crowd of men, women and children—a sad, excited, and tearful multitude. Many unnumbered were the partings—partings of father and son, of brother and sister, of lover and beloved, of loving and devoted Irish hearts now to be sundered forever. A melancholy burden of sorrowful and bitter wailing filled the air.

"Good-bye, Captain Willoughby; good-bye, and God bless you!" "Heaven bless and preserve our benefactor!" "Good-bye, friends. Heaven grant you a safe voyage, and bless and prosper you in the land across the sea!—good-bye!"

The chivalrous English officer shook the hands of our hero and heroine for the last time, and then disappeared in the crowd. With his wife leaning on his arm, Edmund moved along the quays in the direction of the ship which was to bear him to Spain. As the pair quitted Irish soil for the last time Kathleen burst into tears. Tenderly her husband supported her across the connecting gangway, in gaining the vessel's deck. Edmund was greeted by a far voice—the voice of General Philip O'Reilly, of Cavan, who shook him warmly by the hand.

"What, General O'Reilly! You going out, too?"

"Yes, with the relics of my brigade, to serve his Catholic Majesty. Things have gone wrong with our captain; I fear the star of the O'Reillys has set—at home at least. My kinsman, the Slasher, slain Venables' trooper at Hollywell, my son Hugh Roe killed on his own native Breffin soil—and myself attainted by Cromwell's act. Alas for the old blood! Well, thank God, my own good wife is left to me—she is in the cabin just now—and who knows what good luck heaven may send the poor exiles? As I say, I am glad we make the voyage together."

There was a movement in the crowd on the quays as the people drew aside to make way for a melancholy procession. A double file of Parliamentarian soldiers, both pikemen and musketeers, appeared, conducting between them a number of clergy, lay and secular, the two foremost of whom were two venerable prelates, the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Killala. The persecuted victims were thus being conducted like cowards also into exile—a vessel bound for the port of Nantes.

"O God, help us! O God, pity the poor go in sorrow, priests and people, exiles from the sweet and holy land of our birth, Eive of God send we may return—ay, we shall return with the vengeance of heaven in our swords, and our native land shall run red with the blood of the Saxon!"

Alas, for the brave Milesian's prophecy! Scarcely had he served with his brigade three years in the Netherlands when he died, and his remains were laid with kindred dust in the cloisters of the Irish monastery at Louvain.

"Of course you retain your rank—you go out as a captain?" inquired O'Reilly of our hero.

"Yes," responded the latter; "Don Ricardo has made that all right at least, whatever the fortune of war may chance to send me on the foreign battle-field."

Clang, clang, clang, chimed and jingled the bells that summoned the departing soldiers on board their respective ships.

"All aboard! all aboard!" sounded the command along the quay. A wild and pathetic outburst of sobs and cries; a multitude of fervid embraces, "such as press the lips from out young hearts;" a shower of parting kisses on pallid lips; a rending asunder of front and divided bosoms—and in a short time the last Irish soldier was embarked.

(To be Continued.) OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach, which, if neglected, in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGeale's Compound Bile Beans will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes for \$1.00. Mail orders, with a postal note or price in money or postage stamps, to J. B. McGeale, Chemist, Montreal.

The Aurora (Ont.) Borealis office keeps a trained bear.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a powerful and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this remedy in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10-19 cow

The Hudson River Strawberry crop was frozen. CATARRH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby this hitherto incurable disease is eradicated in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. Descriptive pamphlets sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada. 23 ct

Buffalo's June festival has sold \$10,000 worth of seats.

THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX. It was known that a certain smart U. S. young man had studied chemistry for six months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag and mailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch maker before leaving. The clock was found to contain an arrangement of a clock and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroes of the highest order. The official verdict reported 23 samples of Johnston's Fluid Beef, 10,000 circulars, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks.—Hull Budget.

The valedictorian of the Atlanta, Ill. High School is a colored boy.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

ERES'S COCOA—CHEERFUL AND COMFORTING.—By thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will give us more healthy and buoyant spirits. 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, (4c and 12c) by grocers. Beware of cheap imitations. Solely by JAMES ERS &

FANCY.

Nothing helps the memory so much as order and classification.

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth.

The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

There is no knife that cuts so sharply and with such poisoned blade as treachery.

Only the man who has a cheerful and virtuous yesterday can look toward a confident tomorrow.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.

He is not dead who departs this life with high fame; dead is he, though still living, whose brow is branded with infamy.

Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt.

Nature is sensitive, refining, elevating, how cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day in the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly; but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is so calm and pleasant, it were an injury and silliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

The philosopher has much harm to say of trade; but the historian will find that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed Feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace.

GOOD THE YEAR ROUND. At all seasons, when the system is foul and the digestive powers feeble, or the liver and kidneys inactive, Burdock Blood Bitters are required.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN. The well-being of society rests on our homes, and what are their foundations stones but woman's care and devotion?

Our homes, as one well observes, are the support of the government and the church, and all the associations and organizations that give blessings and vitality to social existence are herein originated and fostered.

Those who have played around the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into the gay circles of fashionable life, whose arena is public display, whose nursery is their prison.

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL. A failure to relieve or cure summer complaints can never be truthfully applied to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

THE "ANGELUS." The "Angelus," which Millet's famous picture has made known to many Protestants, is said to be so called because it is the angelic salutation of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary.

ALL SORTS.

Brooklyn has 1,495 lawyers. There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them.

A deserted waste—the old maid's. Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and safe cure.

The "season" has opened at Saratoga. Neglected Colds, Pain in the Chest, and all diseases of the Lungs, are cured by using Allen's Lung Balsam.

Do not suffer from Sick Headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. All druggists sell them.

By some terrible oversight a Kentucky man has been killed in a duel. Thomas Myers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell."

For constitutional or scrofulous catarrh, or for consumption induced by the scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases.

It costs \$18,000 a year to cut the grass from the graves in Greenwood Cemetery. OTHER ODORETS WATERS undergo many variations of aroma as they fade into insipidity.

Past freight trains run three times a day to New York and Boston from Baltimore. The meet of merit for promoting personal aesthetics is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose incomparable Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair.

The city of Boston pays Mrs. Mary E. Blake \$100 for her poem on Wendell Phillips. —The old custom requiring saleswomen in dry and fancy goods stores to stand all day long without rest or relief is being superseded by more humane rules in many of our leading business houses.

Mr. Peter Vennett, Hebechege, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine."

Alcis Cyr, of Grant Isle, Aroostock Co., Maine, writes: "Having used Northrop & Lyman's valuable Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and derived great benefit from it, I take the liberty of asking you for quotations, and also whether you would be willing to give me the agency for this place, as I am confident there would be a large sale for it in this vicinity when its merits were made known."

Mr. A. Fisher, of the Toronto Globe, says: "I take great pleasure in recommending Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure to the public. I have suffered with Dyspepsia for some time, and have tried several remedies without receiving any benefit."

A proposition is being considered in Boston to make Monday a school holiday instead of Saturday. DISEASE GATHERS STRENGTH as it advances. Annihilate it at its birth. When the bowels become sluggish, digestion feeble, or the liver torpid, they should be aroused and stimulated.

There is a rumor in England that the Salvation Army is about to organize a hallelnjah bicycle and tricycle corps. Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the Bowels.—A remedy which has been tested and proved in a thousand different ways, capable of eradicating poisonous taints from ulcers and healing them up, merits a trial of its capacity for extracting the internal corruptions from the bowels.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS, &c.

THE CATHOLIC FIRE-SIDE.—This magazine contains its usual amount of entertaining stories and poems for the younger classes. Its columns are devoted to useful information, pure literature and the interests of the Catholic family.

THE AVE MARIA.—The contents of the May number, which is just to hand,—May (poetry); The First Splendor of Faith; A Heroine of Charity, by Kathleen O'Meara; The "Old House," (continued); The Pedler of Aberdeen, The Rosary; Records of the Past; At Home; The Apparition of St. Michael; A Follower of St. Benedict Labre; Good Reading; Poems, Notes, etc. Notre Dame, Indiana.

ELECTRA.—This popular periodical presents a select and rich table of contents in its June number. Among the contributions are: The Wanderer's Bell, by Mrs. Preston; The Bridge that Eliza Ann Built, by Annie M. Libby; One Hundred and Twenty Bombs of Tobacco, by B. Blythe; Into the Light, by Abby Eldridge; Only Four, by Hannah Gooding; The Doubtful Plantation, by Annie E. Wilson; Pietro Bonattini, by J. K. Bloomfield; Harry Push (continued); Letter Literature, etc. etc. Isabella M. Leyburn, 3 Courier Journal building, Louisville, Ky.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.—The June number has an excellent steel engraving of the portrait of Mrs. Stansons for its frontispiece. It opens with an entertaining article, "Two Centuries of Bath," by H. B. Traill, followed by another, "Drawing-Room Danes," by H. Sutherland Edwards. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," continues "An Unseasonal Journey Through Cornwall," and it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise in this dull country.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—The June number of the Catholic World has been received. It treats on the following subjects: 1. Darwin's Mistake; 2. The New Flagellants; 3. The "Leading Article" in English Journalism; 4. The Very Last Centenary of Protestantism; 5. The Wisdom and Truth of Wordsworth's Poetry; 6. The Isle of Thanet and its Saint; 7. My Espousals; 8. In and Around the Magdalen Islands; 9. Katharine; 10. Religious Liberty as Understood by the Evangelical Alliance; 11. Paul; 12. Honest Protestants and the Public Schools; 13. New Publications. Single copies 35 cents; \$4.00 per annum. Sold by D. J. Sadler & Co., Notre Dame street, Montreal.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.—This is the title of a little work in which the advantages and necessity of frequent Communion are set forth, as asserted and proved from Scripture authority and tradition. This book was first published in the year 1780. It was a happy thought that prompted its publishers to reprint it, since it is indeed very useful for pastors, confessors, and for those who have to give catechetical instruction. The book can never be recommended too much to all good Christians for its piety and solidity and the beneficial effects it is suited to produce in the mind and heart of the reader. Address all orders to L. F. Kirby, publisher, 187 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

THE CURETTE.—The May number of this illustrated Irish-American monthly contains a number of valuable and interesting articles from the pen of noted writers and authors. The frontispiece is a portrait of Hon. S. J. Randall, who has an article on "No Free Trade with England"; The Poor Man's Grave, by T. C.; The Poet's Child, by Rev. Father Ryan; James J. Coogan, by the Editor; Calls Before the Curtain; True Hearts, by Gerald Carlton; The Rising of the Moon, by J. K. Casey; An Irish Hero, by C. Scott; Barry the Painter, by M. Cavanagh; Kitty Khan, by A. P. Graves; The Bridal Wake, by G. Griffin; Sudden Fortunes, by R. C.; Our Dead Comrades, by M. Cavanagh; Irish Genealogy, by John O'Mahony; notes, etc. Celtic Publishing Co., 393 Ninth Avenue, New York.

THE JUNE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY opens with an exquisite steel portrait of Washington from the original miniature painted by Mrs. Sharpless in 1796, never before given to the public. The leading illustrated article is one of great general interest, entitled "Defenses of Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island," it is from the ready pen of General George W. Cullum, of the Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., and gives a complete history of the fortifications about Newport, with a dozen or more excellent maps. The second article gives a breezy and timely account of the "Discovery of the Yellowstone National Park," for which every reader in the country will be grateful to its author, Mr. P. Koch, of Bozeman, Montana. Then follows a pleasant chapter on the curious history of the rare and beautiful Sharpless miniature portrait of Washington, by its fortunate owner and possessor, Mr. Walton W. Evans, of New York. "The Rise of a Mechanical Ideal," by Charles H. Fitch, is an essay of exceptional value and interest on the early manufacture of firearms in the United States, and is illustrated with several interesting portraits. Lieut.-General Charles P. Stone, late Chief of the General Staff of the Khedive of Egypt, contributes a readable and delightfully informing paper, entitled "A Dinner with General Scott in 1801," showing the situation of Washington at that time. The Private Intelligence Papers of Sir Henry Clinton are continued, under Mr. De Lanoy's able editorship. Two Unpublished Letters of Lafayette to William Constable, of New York, are contributed by Mr. Henry E. Pierrpont, of Brooklyn; and the five standing departments of Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices, are unusually entertaining. It is a strong and remarkably valuable number of an excellent periodical. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

DOWN IN DIXIE. The wife of Mr. J. Kennedy, dealer in drugs in Dixie, was cured of a chronic cough by Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. The best throat and lung healer known.

A Brooklyn woman wants a divorce from her husband because "he is not nobly enough." She should have married a living skeleton.

UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE. That preparation is undiscovered which can surpass Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Summer Complaints.

A negro "vigilance committee" of Richmond, Mo., recently ducked and then thrashed a black man who had been beating his wife.

A "SUSPECT" RELEASED. CASTLETOWN, Ireland, June 12.—Murphy, the Irish American, who was arrested on suspicion of being a dynamiter, has been released.

A LESSON.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX. [From the Catholic Herald, Boston.] I walked where the ocean's faint plauding Broke soft on the shingly beach; But few its sweet murmurs were heeding, Few did its words mystic reach.

The voice of a God ever calling, From love of a nightingale heart, On souls cold and hardened is falling, Like waves where these sedges part.

And e'en as they die sadly sighing While few list their music sweet, So Love after men tireless crying Brings few to God's loving feet.

A child of fair promise stood viewing The break of a gentle wave, Then, as a fixed object pursuing, He turned with a visage grave.

A hole in the sand with slight fingers He makes, like a tiny cup; Where a ray of the sunshine lingers He picks a bright sea shell up.

He fills, where a wavelet is breaking The shell from a briny tide, To the hole his way backward making, Pours it out with infant pride.

I watched till the last beams were trailing A glow from the opal West, That seemed, o'er the ocean low wailing To the heaven a pathway-blest.

But still with firm purpose untiring The boy from the ocean brought, A shell full of water; admiring Of his deed I the reasons sought.

"I seek," said the boy, with eyes flashing, "To empty the vasty deep, The sound of its waves ever plashing I hear in my nightly sleep."

"How long 'till thy work shall have ended?" I asked of the comely boy; And he spake with right hand extended, And a look of mocking joy—

"As man on false science relying, Would glut in a halcyon place; So I with hisly all my being, To leave of the sea no trace.

When man God's perfection can number, And gauge His infinite mind, I shall cease from my labor, and slumber, This sea you will empty find."

With a smile like gladness flashing The boy in the ether rose; As westward Night chased Eve blushing To the heavens he swiftly goes.

I knew then an angel had spoken, And lessons of wisdom taught; The pride of false learning was broken; Man reacheth not God's hidden thought.

Halifax, April 25, 1884. H. C. O'BRIEN.

POTATOES IN THEIR JACKETS. Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets, and will state my reasons. From fifty-three to fifty-six per cent of the saline constituents of the potato is washed and probably is an important constituent of blood, so important that it is now, where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has been banished since the introduction of the potato, and, according to Lancet and other good authorities, it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline vegetable food.

AN ERRECT POSITION. A writer on health very justly condemns lounging, which a large number of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: "An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in a sitting, standing, or lying posture, whether sleeping or walking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humped or severely roundshouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit or stand, or walk or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

SUNSHINE AND SLEEP. Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporifics laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They slant the sunshine out of their houses and their hearths, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the sunbeams and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, and strength in their weak backs, and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they are blooming and strong; and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.

THE YOUNGEST CATHOLIC BISHOP. HIS CONSECRATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE THIS MORNING. MANCHESTER, N. H., June 11.—The Rev. Denis M. Bradley was today consecrated as the first Catholic Bishop of New Hampshire, at St. Joseph's Church in this city. This State was formerly a part of the diocese of Portland, Me., under charge of Bishop Healy. It is now an independent see, with cathedral at Manchester.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS. WASHINGTON, June 11.—The returns of the Department of Agriculture show that the general average condition of cotton is 87 against 86 in July last year. There is an increase of 4 per cent in the area planted, and an increase in the area of spring wheat appears to be nearly 900,000 acres or 9 per cent. The condition of spring wheat averages 101 per cent, being up to the standard in nearly every district. The condition of winter wheat continues higher and the average is 93 against 94 a month ago. The increase in area of oats is 4 per cent; the average condition 92. The general average of rye is 97, but the barley average has fallen to 98.

Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

Mahon, of Hartford, Conn., who is at present in Rome. The sermon was delivered by Bishop Hoaly of Portland. From New York there were present: The Rev. P. S. Rigney of St. Andrew's Church, Rev. John J. Keane of St. James Church, Rev. P. Malone, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Joseph F. Mooney of Newburg, Rev. Wm. N. Penny of Piermont, Rev. Charles R. Corley of Yonkers, Rev. Henry P. Baxter of Haverstraw, and Rev. Bernard H. Goodwin of Ellenville.

CONVERSION OF GEORGE BLISS. THE NOTED NEW YORK LAWYER AND PUBLIC LEADER ABANDONS THE PROTESTANT CHURCH—MGR. CAPEL CREATES A GREAT SENSATION IN SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CIRCLES.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Col. George Bliss has become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. On Monday morning he was baptized by Monsignor Capel and in the afternoon went to Washington. The majority of his friends are ignorant of his change of faith, and although he saw his law partner, Mr. William M. Schley, just before he left the city, he said nothing to him about it.

Col. Bliss comes of Puritan stock. When quite a young man he joined the Unitarian Church. Of late years, however, it is said that he worshipped with no particular sect, and if he had any particular leaning it was speculative and toward liberalism.

When Col. Bliss married, his wife was a Episcopalian. Several years afterward she embraced the Catholic faith and became a most devout Catholic. In her residence at 41 West Thirty-ninth street she has a private chapel. Special permission from the Pope is required before Mass can be said in a private chapel, and many years ago Mrs. Bliss received this permission. Many great Catholic dignitaries have officiated in this chapel, and Cardinal McCloskey himself has performed several occasions. For many years Col. Bliss earnestly desired that her husband should be of the same faith as herself. Monsignor Capel undertook to convert him at Mrs. Bliss's suggestion.

"What was not a matter of position," a person high in the Catholic Church said yesterday, "and a matter of habit and custom. Monsignor Capel suggested that after much labor, in convincing Col. Bliss, who thereupon joined the Church."

The ceremony of baptizing the Colonel, and even the fact of his intending to join the Church was communicated to a few friends only, and to avoid publicity the ceremony was conducted in Mrs. Bliss's private chapel.

A reverend and distinguished Monsignor Capel, in convincing Col. Bliss, who thereupon joined the Church. "What do you want to torment me about?" he asked pleasantly.

"I should like to know something of the circumstances of the conversion of Col. Bliss." As far as Col. Bliss is concerned, Monsignor Capel answered: "I have no information to give. Whatever concerns my professional duties I decline to be questioned about."

Almost everybody knows Col. George Bliss. His tall figure, abundant gray hair, prominent nose and piercing eyes are familiar to all court attendants. He was born in Springfield, Mass., about fifty years ago. His father was wealthy and engaged in some extensive railroad enterprises. There were only two children, Col. Bliss and a daughter, who married Mr. George Walker, now Consul-General at Paris. Col. Bliss came to this city after graduation from Harvard College. He began the practice of law, and soon became private secretary to Gov. B. D. Morgan. It was on the Governor's staff that he met and fell in love with a young girl, the late President Arthur, who was then Quartermaster-General, and has since been one of his warmest personal friends. He was a law partner of John L. Cadwalader, who was afterwards Assistant Secretary of State under Fish. Col. Bliss was once Paymaster of New York State, and was also United States District Attorney. He has been a leading politician in the Republican ranks, and has for many years been a leader in the Eleventh Assembly district. He is a stalwart Republican, and strongly supported Gen. Grant for President four years ago. He was employed by the Government to assist the prosecution in the Star route cases.

Mrs. Bliss called on Cardinal McCloskey yesterday to express her thanks to His Eminence for the assistance he had rendered in the conversion of her husband.

The news has caused no end of gossip, and is even a greater sensation in social and religious circles than the conversion of the millionaire widow.

IMPOSING RELIGIOUS CEREMONY. ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 10.—The corner stone of the new Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, corner of Grand and Lindell avenues, was laid yesterday afternoon, in the presence of 30,000 persons, by the Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, Archbishop of St. Louis, at present coadjutor to Archbishop Kendrick, of St. Louis. Addresses were made by Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Gross, of Savannah, Ga. The most notable feature of the occasion was a parade preceding the ceremonies. It consisted of all the Catholic societies in this city, and embraced from 10,000 to 12,000 persons dressed in handsome regalia and gay uniforms, with bands of music, banners and garlands of flowers. The church belongs to the Order of Jesuits, who, for four years, have been located at the corner of Ninth street and Washington avenue, where they own the large property upon which their present church and the St. Louis University buildings stand.

HAGYARDS' PECTORAL BALSAM. CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882. Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:— 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair. 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color. 3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully, Wm. CUFFY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

Prepared and Sold by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

HAGYARDS' YELLOW OIL. CURES RHEUMATISM.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Curative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

KIDNEY-WORT. DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Liver diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous disorders and all Female Complaints. IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND RHEUMATISM. By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING THE BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been cured by its use, and the patients PERFECTLY CURED. PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists. Druggists can be sent by mail. WELLS, BIGGINS & CO., Washington, Vt. Send stamp for Directory Atlantic U. S.

KIDNEY-WORT. Includes a portrait of Lydia E. Pinkham.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. IS A POSITIVE CURE.

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORMS OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, PAINFUL DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE. IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUBERCLES FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CARCINOMAS OF THE UTERUS IS CHECKED VERY EFFICIENTLY BY ITS USE. IT REMOVES FAIRNESS, FLATULENCE, DESTROYS ALL GRAYING OF THE HAIR, AND BELIEVES WEAKNESSES OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION. THAT FEELING OF HEAVY DROWZINESS, GAINING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BAGGAGE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE. IT WILL ACT IN ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES AND IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM. ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE BENEFIT OF HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RESTORATION OF FAITH, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IN RELATION TO THE RESTORATION OF LADIES' OWN GLADLY BELIEVED. FOR FURTHER CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNDISPUTEDLY THE BEST. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND IS PREPARED AT LYON, MASS. PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE BY MAIL. Sent by all Druggists. Sent by mail, enclosed in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free for the sending of a 3-cent stamp. Send for a free copy. No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. They can be obtained at all Druggists.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1884.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, 19.—Octave of Corpus Christi. St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin. St. Gertrude, Martyr. St. Mary Magdalene, New York, died 1810. FRIDAY, 20.—Sacred Heart of Jesus. Alois, Prince of Liechtenstein, died 1858. Wood, Philadelphia, died 1883. SATURDAY, 21.—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor. SUNDAY, 22.—Third Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. 1 Peter, v. 6-11; Gosp. Luke xv. 1-10. MONDAY, 23.—Vigil of St. John Baptist. TUESDAY, 24.—Nativity of St. John Baptist. WEDNESDAY, 25.—St. William Abbot, Confessor.

MENTIONING the amount of presents given at a wedding is now considered to be in very bad taste to say the least. It tickles the fancy, however, of the nouveau riche, who like to let the world know the extent of their means.

A VALUED correspondent from Quebec says: "Eno is still at the hotel, and the lawyers fighting, and will continue as long as there is any money in the case." Let the legal fraternity alone for knowing how to pluck a fat goose when they get hold of one.

ENGLISH capitalists are not throwing away their capital on Canadian and American railroads as they did in former days. We are over building in railroads and must cry halt. An Englishman says that Canada consists of two railroads with a fringe of land on each side.

FORGOTTEN capitalists own over 20,000,000 of acres of land in the United States. The people object to this attempt to introduce landlordism among them. The remedy is in their own hands. Tax the land and introduce measures into each State Legislature similar to those which prevail in New York, prohibiting aliens from holding land.

Several of the merchants and thieves. It would be as if this deity had many worshippers in the present age. John Bright says that commercial dishonesty is the besetting sin of the religious world. When a merchant is a little crooked in his transactions he is called in Montreal "A worshipper of Mercury."

In a recent report on the law's delay in the Post, it was stated that "getting the lawyers together was as rare as a conjuring of the planets." There is this important difference in favor of the planets. A conjuror can tell when such a conjuring will happen, but who can tell when these great legal lights can be brought together?

Judging by present appearances it would almost seem that the raven of defeat has perched on the Republican banners. The Electoral College this year contains 401 votes of which 201 are necessary to an election. The Republicans at the outside can hardly obtain more than 182 votes. It is admitted that New York with its 36 votes is lost to the party.

So Tilden has declined the Democratic nomination for the presidency. A presidential race is a terrible strain even for a man in the prime of life, and it would be certain death for an octogenarian about to crawl into the grave. The strain killed Greeley and Harrison. Tilden, however, is exceedingly wiry and could endure so much fatigue that the reporters dubbed him "Old Rawhide."

TILDEN in his letter declining the nomination, gives this slap at the monopolists: "Powerful classes have acquired pecuniary interests in official abuses, and the moral standards of the people have been impaired. To redress these evils is a work of great difficulty and labour, and cannot be accomplished without the most energetic and efficient personal action on the part of the chief executive of the republic."

THE United States have 600 Consuls abroad and 13 Ministers at the various courts. Its consular service is more than self-sustaining, yielding a surplus last year of \$50,000. Mr. Thomas White fears that Independent Canada will "be burdened with a consular service." The United States Consuls act as (unpaid) agents and the promoters of trade, sending monthly reports to the State Department, showing what articles of produce or manufacture can be profitably introduced into the countries where they are located. The sum we pay for that figurehead, the Governor-General, and the amount our shipping gives in

fees to British consulates, would handsomely support 200 Canadians abroad as consuls who would promote our interests and find a market for our products and manufactures. A short time ago our cotton lords, finding they had a surplus, endeavored to find a market, but no information could be had in Canada, and they were compelled to apply to the State Department at Washington. They manage these things better on the other side of the line.

THE Toronto World says it would like to know:—"If Father Chiniqui is really a humbug. If French evangelization isn't a fraud. Or rather a waste of good money for a poor result."

Our esteemed contemporary need not have the slightest doubt on any of the three points. The ex-priest is a real humbug, and nobody knows it better than himself. French evangelization is a pure fraud. It is throwing good money to the winds.

MR. WHITE thinks that if Canada had independence we should be saddled with the cost of an army and navy and a foreign consular service. Our volunteers are sufficient for our defense and we want no navy, not being an aggressive power. Our tonnage is the third largest in the world, and all the consular fees paid by our shipping goes into the British Treasury. For this so-called consular service we have to pay a quid pro quo in the shape of \$30,000 salary to a Governor-General, and about \$10,000 to a commander of our forces.

CANADA, in the past, has been well victimized by land owning companies. Landlordism restrained the growth of Prince Edward Island, the Hudson Bay Company laid its main claim on the North-West and kept it a wilderness for centuries; the clergy reserves caused much trouble in Upper Canada, and the seigniorial system was the bane of the Lower Province, while the British North America Land Company, in the townships, kept vast tracts a wilderness until they obtained their own prices. History is repeating itself, as this style of landlordism is now being introduced into the North-West.

MR. THOMAS WHITE, M. P. for Cardwell, has been giving his annual lecture to his constituents. Mr. White is not in favor of Sir Richard Cartwright's policy of Independence, announcing that "He desired to live and die a British subject, and he sincerely prayed that he might be permitted to do so." If Mr. White intends to commit Hari Kari—a kind of aristocratic suicide common among the sentimental Japanese, the day Canada achieves its Independence, we are afraid he will die in the prime of life. Since Sir Richard's speech a large number of newspapers in the Dominion have wheeled into line on the Independence question and many have leanings that way.

New York is progressive. America is the land of impromptu oratory, and now the metropolis is to have an American Conservatory of Dramatic Art, and the Lyceum Theatre will be devoted to this purpose. One feature of the system will be a series of fifty lectures by prominent artists and professors on physical training, dramatic literature, criticism, costume, the theatre methods of different nations and the fine arts. The school, the prospectors hope, will combine the best features of the various European schools, particularly those of the "Paris Conservatoire" and the German "Theatre Schulen." This school and theatre opens about November 1st. Young aspirants for the histrionic profession will find an opportunity of treading the boards without begging a manager's permission.

A WRITER in giving his first impressions of Montreal in comparison with an old country town says: "The people here are exceedingly polite, and in this respect they fairly put the old country to the blush. They are genial and sympathetic, and generally in a happy humor. We at home are gruff and sour, but only in the prosecution of our selfish plans. With us politeness is a waste of time. We wrap ourselves up in a garment of beastly selfishness. We push doggedly on. We could not afford to tell an angel the name of the next street. We are reserved, surly, self-contained. The stranger is agreeably surprised to find here that a general courtesy pervades all classes." The best thing the new comer could do is to adopt our customs and not attempt to introduce English manners and habits of thought as many Englishmen would like to do who think everything British must therefore be perfection.

MR. DRINKWATER, of the Canadian Pacific, with much effrontery, says that Canadian correspondents have been in collusion with the American press to decry Canada and Canadian interests, and hopes those wicked correspondents will reform their ways. This reminds us of the considerate prompter who whispered to one of the actors, "Lay on lightly, Macduff, Macbeth's as full as a tick." Mr. Drinkwater is not doing the company any service by assailing correspondents and then begging them to desist. Correspondents have to do their duty, and when dry goods merchants and fancy financiers try to run railroads and make serious blunders, it is surprising that correspondents should make uncomplimentary remarks and write about shock-makers that should stick to their lasts?

ANOTHER Irish constituency has fallen into line and helps to swell the ranks of the Nationalists. The contest, which was made as hot and bitter as Tories could make it, was over the election of a successor to Sir John James Ennis, the late Liberal member for Athlone, who died last month. The borough has always been an exceedingly close one. In 1878 the vote was a tie and the election had to be determined by the House of Commons, and in 1880 Sir John was elected by a major-

ity of one vote only over Edward Shell, Home Ruler. To fill the vacancy the Parliamenter put forward Mr. Huntley McCarthy, a son of Justin McCarthy, M.P. for Longford, Ireland, and he was during the progress of the campaign made a target for all sorts of abuse from both the Liberal and Conservative parties. The meanest device of his opponents was the publication of a circular or pamphlet which was widely circulated in Athlone and other parts of Ireland, and which sought to prove that the McCarthys, both father and son, were enemies of the Catholic Church and professed nothing but rank infidelity. This device proving a failure, his opponents threw up the sponge, and young McCarthy was given the vacant seat by acclamation.

THE question of female suffrage has received a very ungalant handling by the British House of Commons. In the House last evening the amendment to the Franchise Bill in favor of woman suffrage was rejected by a vote of 27 to 135. This small vote of 27 for the affirmative is puzzling, considering that only a few days ago over seventy-five members of Parliament had gone to the trouble of signing a petition and presenting it to the Premier for at least some concession on the same question of female suffrage. Mr. Gladstone opposed the demand, on the ground that it might interfere with the successful passage of the Franchise Bill through the House of Lords.

FOR a number of years past the Liberal party in Belgium has been making strenuous efforts to rival the French radicals in prosecuting the Church and in making things as disagreeable as possible for the Catholics who form the great bulk of the little nation. The patience of the Catholics has, however, been exhausted. They have turned upon their would-be oppressors and have routed them at the polls. The elections for the renewal of half of the members of the Chamber of Deputies took place on Tuesday and resulted in the defeat of the Liberals and the triumph of the Catholics in the chief cities. Even in Brussels, where none but radicals have been returned for forty years, two ministers were among the defeated. This will cause the resignation of the Government and put an end to their undue oppression of the people.

It has been said that if the world were suddenly to come to an end the English would meet somewhere and have a dinner over the event, while the Americans would appoint a committee to inquire into the cause, and the Canadians would look around for a Governor-General to present him with an address. For instance, the Mail says: "So far as our people are concerned, they find no easier, more decent, more graceful or more satisfactory way of 'receiving' a Governor-General than by a formal meeting, a formal address, and a formal reply." How much sincerity is contained in these cut-and-dried addresses, and how much do Governor-Generals learn of the real feelings of the people from expressions of sentiment framed to order, and which have no spontaneity about them?

COMMENTING on the rumor that the notorious Bradlaugh had written to the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the Freemasons, asking His Royal Highness to take the necessary steps towards an elimination of the idea of a Supreme Ruler from Masonry, the Toronto Telegram says:—"The idea of putting forth an atheistical propaganda, so far as Masonry is concerned, is simply absurd. If the Supreme Ruler were abolished from Masonry, Masonry would tumble to pieces." Such an idea is not so absurd as our contemporary endeavors to make out, for it is already an accomplished fact in many of the European Lodges. French and Italian Masonry have not only put forth, but they have accepted and are living up to an odious atheistical propaganda. They ignore the Divinity, and have officially declared "God to be the Enemy" of whom they must get rid. They have, as far as their infidel potency will allow them, abolished the Supreme Ruler. It seems rather strange if the Telegram should be ignorant of these facts, but it must have been a written such fallacious, of which the above quotation is a specimen.

AUSTRALIAN letters received by Bradstreet indicate that an unusually severe calamity has befallen a large part of that country, in the form of drought and famine. The districts especially afflicted are New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia and Tasmania. It is estimated that 8,000,000 sheep have perished, the losses of individual "runholders" or ranchmen being in some cases as high as 60,000 to 100,000 head. The air in the droughty districts is foul with a taint of putrifying carcasses, as fully 50 per cent of the stock has perished. In a portion of Queensland no rain has fallen in seventeen months, and generally speaking, the drought is described as the most disastrous known in forty years. The cereal districts were less unfortunate than the grazing, but the yield of wheat in South Australia is reduced to eight bushels per acre. In Victoria, however, the yield was relatively large, averaging 14.09 bushels per acre. The total product in the latter district was 15,499,148 bushels, indicating an increase of 6,747,689 bushels.

CONSERVATIVES and Nationalists have already commenced campaign arrangements throughout Ireland upon the calculation that a general election will take place before another session of Parliament. The Irish National party claim that, as a result of the passage of the franchise bill, they will carry every constituency in Leinster, Munster and Connaught, and that in Ulster they will return representatives for Armagh, Monaghan, Tyrone, Donegal, and possibly Derry, Down and Fermanagh. It is fully conceded that

the franchise bill will give Ireland 800,000 voters, against the 228,082 she now has, that in round numbers 300,000, or three-sevenths, of the new electors will be of the laboring class, including 200,000 agricultural laborers proper, 50,000 rural factory operatives in Ulster and elsewhere, and 60,000 mechanics in the small towns and villages; that of the newly enfranchised 150,000 will be landless laborers in the rural constituencies, and that in 25 of the 31 towns and boroughs the new bill will place the political sway in the hands of the artisan and laboring classes, since more than one-third of the present constituencies will be composed of householders rated £4 per annum and under. The coming election is destined to mark a memorable epoch in the political history of Ireland. A solid and united representation of eighty or ninety Irish Nationalists will constitute a condition of things to which neither the Government nor the House have ever been accustomed, but to which they will have to prove submissive and respectful.

THE DOMINION REVENUE.

According to returns received up to the 31st of May, the revenue on account of Consolidated Fund of the Dominion during the month amounted to \$2,925,175.55, distributed as follows:— Customs \$1,735,778.92 Excise 438,754.13 Post Office 166,804.41 Public Works, including Railway 248,421.40 Miscellaneous 315,416.60

The revenue up to the 30th of April reached \$25,602,237.37, making a total revenue for the eleven months of the fiscal year 1883-84 ending on the 31st of May, of \$28,527,433.12.

The expenditure for the month of May amounted to \$3,093,745.21, and for the previous ten months of the current fiscal year to \$22,608,503.46, making a total for the eleven months, to 31st of May, of \$25,792,338.67.

Deducting \$25,792,338.67 expended during the eleven months from the \$28,527,433.12 collected during the same period, we find a surplus of \$2,735,094.45. This figure will probably be reduced by the expenditure of the present month, so that at the end of the fiscal year the total surplus will not be much over two and a half millions.

BLAINE'S RELIGION.

In its issue of last evening the Daily Witness, speaking of the religious standing of Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate, and of his family, says:—

"Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate for the Presidential chair, is declared by some papers, principally those that are opposed to his nomination, to be a Roman Catholic. This is an error. Mr. Blaine's mother was a Roman Catholic and he has a respect for that religion, but professes no leaning whatever toward it. His father was a Presbyterian, and he also is a member of that denomination."

This is both an inaccurate and incomplete statement of the facts. The Rev. Father Lambert, the author of the now famous work "Notes on Ingersoll," which has silenced the notorious infidel, was a neighbor of the Blaine family and a schoolmate of the Blaine boys, and, as a consequence, knows a good deal of their early life. Father Lambert sets at rest the controversy over Blaine's religion by the following statement based on personal knowledge: "I knew the Blaines well. I grew up with them and have always been friendly with them. Ephraim Blaine, James G.'s father, married a Miss Gillespie, whose family were intense Catholics. Their children were all brought up in the mother's faith. John Blaine, Jim's brother, and I used to serve Mass together in Elizabeth. His mother made the assocations were during her services. As regards James G., I have not the slightest doubt that the parish register at Brownsville will show him to have been baptized a Catholic. I am told on what I consider good authority, which I do not care to divulge, that he made his First Communion and was confirmed by Bishop Kendrick. I have been told that if he were asked to-day whether or not he was a Catholic, he would say yes or refuse to answer. He is not a knave. No one with the Gillespie blood could be a knave. With the spirit of his family to prompt, and its traditions to guide him, he would rather, I am sure, forfeit the Presidency than his self-respect. With reference to James G. Blaine's father, he died a Catholic, having been converted about five years before his death." As will be seen, this statement of the facts by an acknowledged authority does not coincide with the Witness' version of the case.

ONTARIO VITAL STATISTICS.

The report for the year 1882 of the Registrar-General for the Province of Ontario, relating to the registration of births, deaths and marriages, which has just been issued, contains much interesting information and shows our sister province to be in a very fair physical condition. The number of births was 42,429 against 40,714 in 1881; there were 13,449 marriages as against 13,106 and 21,800 deaths as against 23,824. Thus there was an increase in the establishment of new households and a good addition to the numbers thereof; while there was an actual decrease of 1,021 or 4.4 per cent. of deaths as against the previous year. This is equivalent to a double gain and ought to prove quite satisfactory to the Ontario population. In the whole Province the birth-rate was one to every forty-five of the population; seven marriages to every 1,000, and 11.3 deaths to every 1,000. In many counties the proportion differed very largely from the general average. Thus in Dundas, Gengarry, and Stormont there was only one birth to every 64.4 of the population, while in York there was one to every 36.2, and in Carleton one to every 25.5.

In proportion to the population Ottawa had, of all other cities and towns, by far the greatest number of births, but on the other

hand its ratio of deaths was double that of any other city. Toronto, exclusive of Yorkville, had 2,800 births against 1,730 deaths. There were five cases during the year in which applications might have been made for the Queen's bounty. The increase in the number of marriages attributed to the "fairly good times" and the consequent ability of the Ontario men to take unto themselves partners for life. The marriage fever was not very contagious in Perth, as this county shows the poorest returns, only having 5.3 per thousand or 1.7 less than the average. Waterloo presents the largest ratio, there being 9.3 per thousand. As a general rule the Ontario boys and youths displayed considerable discretion by refusing to assume the responsibility of the matrimonial state while too young. Only 175 youths under the age of 20 had ventured to become husbands; but no less than 2,908 maidens accepted their fate before they had got out of their "teens." Between the ages of 25 and 30 more young men were married than women; and between 30 and 35 the proportion increases. Widowers seem to have been in fair demand, as 1,434 sought new companions, as against 695 widows. Two couples were married whose united ages in each case were 144. A shoemaker in Bruce aged 70 took a bride of 30. A farmer in Middlesex aged 84 selected a damsel of 45, while the greatest disparity was in the case of a farmer in Lambton of the age of 74 whose heart was captured by a maiden of 20. A blacksmith in the county of York, aged 66, chose a blushing bride of 74, while a farmer in Hutton who had rolled 60 years behind him was captivated by a maiden of 72 summers.

The proportion of deaths also varied very much, according to the locality. Thus, in Carleton, which had the largest birth-rate, it reached its maximum with one death to every 42; and in the most specially favored in this respect, having only one death in every 137.5. The largest number of deaths throughout the Province, 9,001, was caused by what are classed "local" diseases, in which the functions of particular organs of the system were disturbed. Pneumonia and affections of the heart among these created the most havoc. "Constitutional" diseases rank next with a total of 5,715; of these consumption carried off 2,464. "Zymotic" or preventable diseases, such as measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, dysentery, fevers and epidemics have a list of 4,670. The number of violent deaths was 869, of which 74 were from self-destruction and 102 occurred on railways, the latter number being almost double that of the previous year.

RELIGION AND SUICIDE.

A leading paper published in Germany gives some significant statistics with regard to suicide in that country. From exhaustive tabular statistics it appears that the number of suicides per million of inhabitants during the period 1875-1881 was as follows:—Saxony provinces:—Schleswig-Holstein, 287; Saxony, 245; Brandenburg, 218; Westphalia, 95; Rhineland, 83; Prussian Poland, 72. The point that our German contemporary, which is non-Catholic itself, wishes to make in comparing these statistics, is to show that the crime of suicide prevails to greater extent among the non-Catholic element than any other class. It says: "It is acknowledged that, among the population which is almost exclusively evangelical, suicide is far more frequent than among Catholics. The percentage of the evangelical population in the three first provinces is 98.0, 83.2, and 97. The last three provinces show a percentage for the evangelicals of 31, 27, and 46. These numbers are eloquent. From this table it may be calculated that in the Prussian State, with a purely evangelical population, if all other circumstances be alike, the number of suicides is three or four times greater than with a purely Catholic population. The mean numbers per million are 250, or 60 or 70. This is a natural and necessary consequence of the difference of certain preponderating relations of the two religions—principally two. One is, that the Catholic, especially by means of the confessional, is brought nearer to his spiritual director than the Protestant, especially in the country and in small communes, hence the smaller proportion in large towns. The suicide, as a general rule, has been tortured before-hand, often long, long before-hand, with the fatal thought, or at least, with the foreshadowing of it. If religion has not lost all influence over him, he will seek help from his minister. The latter, on his part, if he is able to sound the depths of his penitent's conscience in the confessional, will come to his assistance. Material help, especially indirect, to which the priest, if he has influence, will easily find a way, certainly often plays a part herein. All this is wanting to the Protestant. The second point is this: With Catholics suicide weighs particularly heavy. They very rarely have the opportunity of receiving absolution for it; and all the means of grace in the Church are wanting in them. Suicide is a mortal sin. To enter into eternity with a mortal sin not atoned for is the most terrible fate that can be imagined. Among the simple country people, who form, after all, the greater part of the population, these ideas and relations have their fullest effect."

"BLOOD-MONEY."

A very interesting Parliamentary return has been issued, in which the exact number of the killed and wounded during the land war of the past four years and the amount of money compensation awarded to the relatives of the victims out of the pockets of the innocent people are given. The figures are not so formidable as might be expected for one of the greatest revolutions of either modern or ancient times. The total number killed is given by this official return as thirty-one, of whom only seven were landlords. The Land League, as we all know, got a very bad name; its members were persistently set down by the English press and by the Gov-

ernment as a pack of village ruffians and bloodthirsty savages, to whom there was no greater delight or acceptable pastime than murder. The immense sums in the Land League Funds were said to be expended in hiring and rewarding assassins. Yet in four years of popular upheaval, fierce contention, and party conflict, we have only thirty-one murders for over five million of people,—which is very much less than the average quota during three months for the city of London alone. The record of any of the first-class cities of either Europe or America during one year would surpass that of the whole of Ireland for four years' time. The amount of money awarded to the heirs of the victim, as specified in the return, was \$115,115.00. This money is levied by way of tax on the farmers of the district in which the injury is done, and the sum to be given the relatives of the landlords, agents or bailiffs who may be killed or wounded is fixed by the Lord Lieutenant, who is empowered to do so by one of the Coercion Acts. The theory of British justice on which this most oppressive and unjust law is based, is that the Irish sympathize with the crime. When a murder is committed in Ireland the Government assumes right away that the whole people of the locality know all about it, are at the bottom of it, and could, if they wished, point out the guilty parties. If they will not do so, the authorities think they are served right by having to pay a heavy fine for their obstinate silence. It is clear, at a glance, that this system cannot but operate in the infliction of enormous injustice on the people. Not until the present century and the administration of Mr. Gladstone did the idea of punishing the innocent for the guilty appear to have been seriously entertained by any intelligent and impartial body of legislators. Even in cases where the actual perpetrators are discovered, tried and hung, this iniquitous "blood tax" is enforced, so that the ratepayers of the district, who are as innocent of any complicity in crime as the members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, are also punished by being compelled to pay enormous fines.

This "blood money" is about one of the most infamous institutions and cruel instruments that the English Government has invented and established for the oppression of an innocent people.

NOT ALWAYS IMPARTIAL.

OUR esteemed contemporary the Daily Witness is not always impartial. When its friends do wrong it has not the heart to rebuke them, as it would its enemies, even when these are not clearly in the wrong. Thus, when the Orange rowdies of Belfast or Newry utter defiance against Her Majesty's Government and openly threaten to take the Lord Lieutenant's life, the pious Witness looks on with an approving smile, and instead of condemning their unruly and seditious conduct encourages them on in their nefarious deeds. This is the mild and complaisant manner in which our religious contemporary views the prospect of the Queen's representative being shot or having his head battered in by a brick by Orangemen on the occasion of his visit to Belfast. Earl Spencer, says the Witness, "has, like the man who interferes in a quarrel between a husband and a wife, drawn down upon himself the anger of both parties. He saved the Orangemen from getting their heads broken at Newry the other day, and the Orangemen are therefore determined to break his head, if he goes, as he proposes doing, to Belfast. If he goes to Belfast, he will on his way have to be protected by a body guard from the Nationalists."

In the whole course of its remarks, the Witness has not one word of rebuke to utter against these would-be murderers, and shows no inclination to brand their unlawful conduct as it deserves. It is for this reason we say that our esteemed contemporary is not always impartial.

A CONTRADICTION.

ANOTHER dynamite panic has seized upon the English people. It was, as usual, worked up by the police. Early yesterday morning the peaceful slumbers of the citizens of Greenwich were disturbed by a loud explosion, which did considerable damage in its immediate neighborhood. The police were soon on the spot and a vigorous investigation was instituted without delay. Among the ruins the supposed dynamite was found prostrated and with a hand blown off. After the investigation was over, the police sent word to the authorities that they had made an important discovery, and that the wounded man, who was very reticent and refusal to converse on the subject, was actually engaged in the manufacture of dynamite when the explosion occurred. The police also stated that large quantities of chemicals, such as are used in the manufacture of dynamite, were found on the premises. These minions of the law were positive that the dynamite was being manufactured for the Irish dynamiters, and that within the following twenty-four hours they expected to make a number of arrests. This story was well calculated to throw the town into a state of excitement and panic, and was sufficient grounds upon which to base further tirades and charges against the Irish people. The police had lied and misrepresented the incident throughout the whole proceedings, as the following statement published a few hours later will abundantly prove:—"The man who had his left hand blown off in the explosion of dynamite at Greenwich, this morning, has sufficiently recovered to state who he was and to send for friends to identify him. Instead of being an Irish dynamiter, as was claimed by the police, he turns out to be a well-known scientist and was experimenting with chemicals when the explosion occurred." The English detectives have clearly put their foot in it this time.

REPARATION.

We are gratified to learn that the Life of St. Mary St. Peter, Carmelite of Tours, in English, translated and published in English...

WEDDING BELLS.

One of those pleasing events which from time to time we have to chronicle took place on Tuesday, 10th inst., at St. Joseph's Church, Richmond street, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. John P. Hamill, eldest son of Mr. Patrick Hamill, to Mary Emily, youngest daughter of Mr. John Gillies, a former proprietor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

A PROTESTANT OPINION OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

Referring to the recent conversion to the Faith of Col. R. H. Savage, of the United States Army, and his wife, in San Francisco, and certain similar events in prospect elsewhere, Zax, of the San Francisco, makes the following comments, from his standpoint curiously interesting:

READ THIS.

FOR COUGHS and COLDS there is nothing equal to DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE. Every bottle of it is warranted and can, therefore, be returned if not found satisfactory.

MARY ANDERSON.

The appearance of the great Catholic actress, Miss Anderson, at the Alexandria Theatre, Liverpool, caused a rush for seats never equalled in the history of that popular resort.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

An Answer to the Presbyterian General Assembly—The Calumnies Against Roman Catholic Doctrines.

To the Rev. Moderator and Ministers of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church:

GENTLEMEN: We have reason to think that the vast majority of your venerable body neither believe nor approve of the utterances of some of your body respecting the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

We do not call Protestants idolaters when they fill Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and adorn their highways with statues and busts of their heroes in war, literature, and statescraft, though the morals of many of them were by no means edifying.

The procession was fully as large as in former years, and was indeed a brilliant spectacle. All the windows commanding good views along the route were occupied, and in many instances the tops of buildings were utilized to suit the purpose of the anxious sightseers.

We have had some personal intercourse with gentlemen who professed themselves infidels. They said they once belonged to the Presbyterian Church, but their God was too cruel and abhorrent. They could not believe that predestination, as they understood it, could be in the counsels of a wise and merciful God.

The sin of bearing false witness against a neighbor is greater in proportion to the number of persons that is injured. The Catholic Church numbers throughout the world at present 250,000,000, made up of an immense class of respectable and God-fearing people of all conditions of life.

Mississippi levee builders are packing in Spanish moss, which is said to prevent crawfish boring holes.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

The Annual Procession Sunday Last—A Magnificent Turnout of the People—The Route and Decorations—The Weather—The Attendance, the Music, &c. &c.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright upon the peaceful citizens of Montreal, and many were the expressions of pleasure, happiness and thanksgiving to God for the bestowal of such a fine day upon the many thousands of Catholics for their annual procession in honor of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Cross-bearer with two acolytes. The Parishioners of St. Bridget's. St. Peter's Temperance Society. The Children of St. Charles Band.

The decorations were appropriate and the mottoes were becoming to La Fête Dieu. The Notre Dame Parish Church was decorated in a magnificent manner, with flags, banners, maples and evergreens, and presented a scene of unusual grandeur.

The music was superb. The singing of hymns and psalms by the clergy and the people in honor of our Lord, and the harmonious blending of the musical strains of the different bands present, sounded clearly and sweetly in the air, reminding the faithful of their duty to God on this glorious occasion, and inspiring the Christian with an ardent love to serve more fully and honor the Divine Redeemer of mankind.

A strong force of police accompanied the procession, being stationed at different points in the procession, and a guard from the 65th Regiment accompanied the clergy.

OBITUARY.

We deeply regret to chronicle the demise of Michael Gannon, of Granby, Que., who departed this life on the 9th inst., after an illness of three months, which he bore with Christian resignation, fortified by the rights of the church.

Mr. R. A. R. Hubert, prothonotary, died suddenly at his residence, on east Sherbrooke street, at about one o'clock yesterday morning.

THE SHAMROCKS WIN.

The Toronto Take the First Two Out of the Five Games on Saturday—The Shamrocks Outstay the Visitors.

A very large number of the lovers of our national game assembled on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds on Saturday to see the lacrosse match between the Toronto, of Toronto, and the Shamrocks of Montreal.

Play was started after very little delay and the ball at once sought the western, or Shamrock, goal only to be taken out of danger by Prior, who put it down to centre, where McPherson got it, and some pretty play ensued in the field.

After a short rest the teams again took the field, the Shamrocks now defending the eastern goal. Kennedy got the best of the face this time and danger threatened the western goal, but Hubbell saved it, and some pretty work on his and J. Garvin's part soon left the posts free from danger.

These were first-rate exhibitions, and the Toronto fought hard to stem the tide of defeat, but the veterans were playing their big game and won the last two games in 73 and 91 minutes respectively.

MRS. SNEULDERS AT OTTAWA.

The following address was presented to His Excellency Mgr. Smeulders, on his arrival in Ottawa:

Excelsency.—The French Catholics of Ottawa, at the calling of their Bishop, have come to greet in your person the Sovereign Pontiff, Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth.

Excelsency.—The French Catholics of Ottawa, at the calling of their Bishop, have come to greet in your person the Sovereign Pontiff, Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth.

Ask a Professor of any Medical College what, on the whole, is the best remedy for Kidney difficulties, and his answer will be, the newest and best diuretic. Ask him what is the best for torpid and other Liver troubles, and he will name the best alternative known to and used by the Faculty.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

A great miner's strike is threatened in Pennsylvania. Rochester, N.Y., has concluded celebrating its semi-centennial. The Belgian elections have resulted in a defeat for the liberals.

The Bulgarian guard on the frontier post of Bregova fire nightly on the Serbian guard. The latter have been ordered to not return the fire.

The Brussels religious authorities decided that there should be no Corpus Christi procession, as it was feared it would lead to the renewal of the riots.

The Governor of New York has granted an application for the extradition of John C. Eno, who is now in Canada. President Arthur has signed the necessary papers.

Prince Krapotkin's pardon from Klairvaux prison July 14th is assured. The Princess is permitted free entrance to her husband's cell, and passes the whole day assisting him in his literary work.

A land-lord's political fund for Ireland has just been organized, with Lord Rossmore and Sir Samuel Wilson as trustees. The object of the fund is to supply means with which to contest constituencies against the Nationalists.

At a meeting of the National Artillery Association, the Marquis of Londonderry stated that the association was in hopes the full amount necessary to send a detachment of twenty-three officers and men to Canada would soon be subscribed.

Six prisoners have been arraigned for the murder of Mrs. Smythe at Barbaville, Ireland. An informer named Cole testified that several English, Irish and Scotch members of the Loyal Orange Society formed a special committee to afford a common centre of action for all Orangemen.

ULSTER ORANGEMEN IN COUNCIL.

Lord Arthur Hill Presented with a Testimonial—Impudent Resolutions Passed by the Meeting—The Action of the Irish Executive Condemned.

LONDON, June 17.—At a mass meeting of Orangemen at Belfast, Lord Arthur Hill was presented with a testimonial, Lord Claude Hamilton presided. Several members of the House of Lords and House of Commons addressed the meeting.

The Rev. Father Gangé has been appointed vicar at Lambton, Beauce. The Rev. Father J. A. Penitault has been named Vicar of St. Michael of Bellechasse.

The Rev. Father F. X. T. Laplante replaces the Rev. Father Paradis in the vicariate of St. Joseph de Levis. St. Ephrem de la Beauce has a new stone church, which is almost completed and will be open for worship shortly.

The remains of Sister Ste. Elodie, who died suddenly at Ville Marie Convent on Friday, were placed in the convent cemetery yesterday. The Rev. Father Arthur Gouin, formerly of the St. Jean Baptiste Church of Quebec, has been appointed curate at St. Paul de Montmagny, County of Montmagny.

The Rev. Abbe Louis Laurent Paradis has been transferred from the vicariate of St. Joseph de Levis to St. Roch, Quebec, taking the place of the Rev. Father D. Pamphile, who is unable through illness to attend to the duties of the parish.

Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, is about to send to the various cardinals a copy of the civil and social disorders in Rome and the presentation of the Catholic religion. France will send Cardinal Lavigne to establish an *entente cordiale* at the Vatican as soon as the French cardinals are nominated.

The *Osservatore Romano*, of Rome, publishes an official report of the progress made in the work of the Sacred Congregation in America since 1789. The report shows that since the foundation of the See of Baltimore twelve Ecclesiastical Provinces have been erected in America, with twelve Metropolitan Sees, fifty-four Episcopal Sees, eight Vicariates Apostolic and one Prefecture Apostolic.

GOLDEN FRUIT TONIC BLENTERS. H. HASWELL & CO. Wholesale Druggists, Montreal.

ORANGEMEN TURN TAIL.

COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF KING WILLIAM'S TRUCULENT FACTION AT NEWRY.

DUBLIN, June 10.—The collapse of the Orangemen at Newry yesterday was signal and complete. It was more significant than a collision or defeat would have been, for it was a conclusive confession of weakness. It cannot be claimed that their spirit of hostility nationalism has cooled, for up to the latest moment their leaders were as violently abusive of the leaguers as ever. Nor can it be said that they acted in obedience to the programme of Earl Spencer, for only last night they were blatantly proclaiming defiance, and Secretary Geddes, whom Mr. Biggar has dubbed, "Bombast Geddes," sent his "hold-the-fort" dispatch and announced his departure with 5,000 volunteers for the scene of action. It is now patent that all the violence of talk was what Ex-Minister Schenck would have called "bluff"; that they knew that a counter-demonstration would show their pitiful weakness in numbers, and thus be worse than useless morally, while physically they could not hope to cope with the leaguers, and much less with the police and military forces. The Nationalists to-day are jubilant over the Orange surrender, and Secretary Geddes is the target for unlimited sarcasm and ridicule. The Nationalists held their great demonstration undisturbed. Father McMartin addressed the assembly. He uttered no disloyal sentiment, directing his speech wholly to the cause of landlordism. The meeting broke up with cheers, and the men formed in a procession to return to the town. The Orangemen had been all this time lashing themselves into fury. A man came running into their midst shouting, "The papists are crowding over us all out yonder." The Orangemen rushed off to meet the Nationalists, flourishing sticks and pistols. They met the returning procession, and began hurling volleys of stones. Several men in the procession were injured, and before the police, who were running up, could interfere, the fight was in full progress. Pistols were fired in the mêlée, and four men were wounded. The police rushed in pell-mell, and began besting both sides. Sixty arrests were made, mostly Orangemen, and such of the injured as were not carried off by friends were taken to the poor-house infirmary. The Orangemen gave vent to their impotent rage in a series of "No surrender" "Transter Glanstone" etc. What was thought would be a bloody tragedy had turned into a broad farce. The Orange faction has made of itself a laughing-stock throughout the United Kingdom.

MURDER IN A BARRACK.

TEN ITALIAN SOLDIERS KILLED BY A COMPATRIOT IN MAD FIENZU.

An Italian soldier has recently been put on trial in Naples for wholesale murder of his fellow soldiers. In the barracks at Monte di Dio, after roll call, an altercation took place between some North Italians on the one hand and some Calabrese and Sicilians on the other, opprobrious epithets being exchanged and blows and kicks given. A corporal, Rancoroni, tried to put an end to the quarrel, saying that soldiers were neither Calabrese nor Piedmontese, but Italians and brothers, and ordered the disputants to leave the room. At this moment Misdea entered and the altercation was renewed, Misdea speaking with heat and arrogance as to the rouse the wrath of one Codara, who gave him a box on the ear, to which Misdea replied with a threat. Rancoroni again intervened, reproving Misdea and sending the men to their quarters, and presently all was quiet.

PREPARING THE DEAD.

A short time after Misdea rose, took his gun, cleaned it, and provided himself with forty-three cartridges. Immediately after he loaded his gun and fired at a group of his companions, among whom were Zanolotti and Codara and others who had been concerned in the previous quarrel. Zanolotti fell. At the same time the light was extinguished by the concussion of the air, and then ensued a scene of fright, confusion and bloodshed. The soldiers seemed seized with panic, and acted in the most cowardly manner—a cowardice partly no doubt induced by the surprise and the darkness. Some hid themselves under the beds, others fled into the waterclosets, some jumped out of the window; and Misdea, calmly walking from corridor to corridor, from dormitory to dormitory, and calling out for Codara, and Rancoroni, had time for fire shot after shot. Rancoroni and others had barricaded the door of their dormitory with their guns and broomhandles, but Rancoroni was shot dead through the door. It was in the water closets that most of the victims lost their lives or were wounded. Eight soldiers had fled thither, while two were there already. Misdea followed the fugitives, and calling to all the Calabrese and Sicilians to leave the place, fired several shots, killing two soldiers and wounding four others.

A KISS AND BETRAYAL.

He then went to the dormitory of the under officers, where he found a compatriot named Cundari in bed and ordered him to lie still, saying that then he would not shoot him, and kissing him to prove his word. In this dormitory, finally, a soldier named Circelli—who had been out when the massacre commenced, and on returning to the barracks had at once volunteered to take the murderer—cautiously approached Misdea from under a bed and seized him. He was a country man, and Misdea exclaimed, "Ah, Circelli, thou hast betrayed me!" Cundari, the man whom Misdea had kissed, now left his bed and hastened to assist Circelli, and the cry that Misdea was taken soon reached the ears of others. A corporal who appeared on the scene was bitten by Misdea, who said that he now regretted having spared Cundari's life. He struggled hard with his captors, but was finally bound and presently taken to prison. Though excited and furious, he appeared perfectly conscious of what he had done, and expressed his regret that he had not been able to kill all those whom he had wished to kill, and his sorrow that he had killed a compatriot.

THE TRIAL.

A plea of drunkenness and insanity was entered by the defence on the trial. Contrary to the usual custom, the prisoner, instead of sitting in the common dock, was placed in an iron cage, exactly like that of a wild beast and guarded by two soldiers. Misdea is only twenty-two years of age, has a round face, small cheek bones, a growing mustache on the upper lip, vivacious eyes, a mixed expression of frankness and ferocity and a cynical smile. He was extremely attentive to what was going on, and sometimes burst out into an exclamation. When asked by the President what had induced him to commit such a crime, he answered it was because he saw some North Italians insulting his compatriots, and he blood rushed to his head.

There certainly is nothing in a name. Waterproof, on the Mississippi, is flooded.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Last Thursday the Church of God celebrated the solemn festival of Corpus Christi. The words Corpus Christi, in Latin, mean the Body of Christ; for in this feast we celebrate the goodness of God in leaving us His Body and His Blood to be our food and drink. From the beginning of the Church the memory of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament was always celebrated on Holy Thursday; but because the ceremonies of the Holy Oils took up the time of the clergy and of the people, they could not celebrate on that day the feast of the Most Holy Sacrament.

About the year 1230, a nun named Juliana said she had a vision, in which Our Lord appeared and said to her that He wished to have a special feast set apart to the honor of the Blessed Sacrament. She consulted one of the canons of her diocese, who advised her to ask the theologians and doctors. One of her advisers was James P. Treceinis, who afterwards became Pope, under the name of Urban IV. Moved by many reasons Robert, Bishop of Liege, in a Council held in 1246, ordered the feast to be held throughout his diocese. Hugo, Provincial of the Dominicans, moved by the prayers of the holy nun, approved of the feast, and when sent by the Holy See as Cardinal and Legate to Belgium, he fostered the feast in that country. The matter was afterwards brought before Urban IV., who, after a long time, commanded the feast of the celebrated throughout the whole Church. Pope Urban IV. died about two months after sending forth the Bull, and his commands were carried out only in the diocese of Liege.

According to the Bull, the feast was to be celebrated on the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday. Clement V., the successor of Urban IV. in the Council of Vienna, confirmed the instructions of his predecessor, and with the consent and at the request of the greater part of the world, represented by the Bishops of the Council, he commanded the feast of Corpus Christi to be celebrated on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday throughout the whole world. Clement V., died, and John XXII. took his place on Peter's Chair. By every way he promoted and sanctioned the feast. Martin V. and Eugene IV. granted new indulgences to all who would, in a becoming manner, celebrate the solemnity. The Council of Trent confirmed what was done before, and called it the Triumphant Feast.

Urban IV., before his death, asked the great St. Thomas to write the office of Corpus Christi. The saint, whose wonderful mind has enlightened the world, who has been given to all as the greatest of the Doctors of the Church, composed the beautiful offices of the Mass and Breviary of this feast. According to the words of Urban IV., "the office of the same solemnity was composed by B. Thomas, of Aquin." The day for having the feast was fixed on Thursday, because on Thursday before He died our Lord instituted the Blessed Eucharist. It was commanded to be held the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday, because the whole Easter time is dedicated to the resurrection of our Lord, and thus it does not interfere with any of the other feasts of that season.

The Apostle St. Paul invites us to return God thanks in all things. But what divine favor calls more for blessing and thanksgiving than that of the Most Holy Eucharist? It is in truth, according to the apostolic expression of the greatest luminary of the works of the Most High, the living memorial of all the wondrous manifestations that we owe to the wisdom, the power and the love of God. *Miraculum factum mirabilium sanctorum.* In the mystery of the transubstantiation we adore a species of repetition of God's creative work. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass a lively and enrapturing representation of the Sacrifice of the Cross and the tangible application of the merits of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer, and in Holy Communion an extension truly infinite of the union of the Divine Word with human nature. "O Lord!" cried out the Psalmist, "thy works are admirable, and my soul cannot count it itself at their sight." *Mirabilia opera tua et cuncta mea cognoscent animas.* But he knew only the works of God in the creation and in the redemption of His chosen people, and could only foresee through the mist of ages the astounding manifestation of divine perfection in the mysteries of the Christian religion. To-day these mysteries shine forth with a celestial splendor and the Church in their presence is astounded and impressed much more than even was the Royal Prophet himself. That which fills her with rapturous delight; that which touches her in inmost heart; that which excites her most fervent acts of thanksgiving, is the perpetual presence, the incessant immolation, and the inexhaustible bounty of her divine spouse in the Holy Eucharist. Every day and every hour, and by every means at her disposal, she blesses him for this great mercy. *Persingulos dies benedictimus te.*

Every day she raises temples and altars and tabernacles which it is her delight to adorn and enrich. Every day she devises and organizes splendid feasts to which she calls her children in their thousands to celebrate and enjoy. But the feast of feasts wherewith she honors the Eucharistic God is that of Corpus Christi—a feast that delights the just and touches the wicked, a feast that nerves the painter and inspires the poet.

I smell the breath of the roses,
(Scarlet and pink and white.)
And the sweet ethereal odor
Of many a waxen light;
And round the steps of the altar,
And tulips and asphodels,
With roses and fresh geranium,
Keep guard, like sentinels,
And I know why the lights are burning
And why the flowers send up
The breath of their fragrant yearning
From petals and tinted cup
And why the white-robed children
In solemn ranks defile,
To sprinkle the aisles with roses,
And sing sweet hymns the while.
For lo! thro' the incense misty,
It comes, like the soft sunshine,
The glorious Corpus Christi,
Feast of a love divine!
O flowers! pour forth your odors;
O lights! burn still and clear;
Bow down, O white-robed children!
The holy Guest draws near.

In Montreal this great feast was celebrated with becoming solemnity, as are all the great feasts of the year. Many of the churches were densely crowded at Grand Mass this morning, the services being of an unusually imposing nature. In fact, the festival was celebrated only as it should have been, with joy, with gladness and thanksgiving, making it for many the beginning of a true and never ending union with the God of Love, the God of our Altars.

DYNAMITERS DENOUNCED BY A PENIAN.

DUBLIN, June 11.—The Freeman's Journal publishes a letter from John O'Leary, a Penian, now residing in Paris, in which he denounces the new and horrible delusions of Dynamiters and Invinibles. He trusts it is but a passing craze, and warns the Irish people against supporting Dynamiters and Invinibles. He says if their policy is not abandoned at once the cause of Ireland will be ruined.

RT. REV. BISHOP GILMOUR'S

Address to the National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

E RELATIONS BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE BROTHERHOOD.

For some years there has been much doubt as to the character of this organization. Its members have usually asserted that it is Catholic and charitable only. But in many dioceses it has been regarded as a secret society having political or quasi political objects and has been condemned as such. It has done much of late to relieve itself of those suspicions. It invited Bishop Gilmour to address its National Convention recently held in Cleveland. The following is a *verbatim* report of His Lordship's significant address on the occasion:

GENTLEMEN: In agreeing to address this National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians I fully understand both the gravity and delicacy of my position. Before me is a large and intelligent representation of gentlemen, chosen by the various divisions of a wide-spread organization scattered over the length and breadth of the land, met here to deliberate on such measures as may be for the ends and aims of the association. On their return home they will report to their constituents the results of your united action here. Hence the value of addressing an audience of this character, as the words of the orator will be carried far beyond the limits of this hall, and become the subject of discussion not only here but elsewhere.

Therefore the words I propose to say to you are not the passing words of thoughtlessness, or mere civility. They have been carefully considered and maturely thought upon, so that whether accepted or rejected they are the results of matured reflection. Moreover, they shall be spoken in kindness, and with the hope that they shall be to the benefit of your organization.

I notice amid the decorations of your hall the words "Brotherly Love," "Mother Church," "Ireland's Followers." These mottoes embody subjects of deep and serious thought. You have placed "Brotherly Love" in the centre, with "Mother Church" on the right and "Ireland's Followers" on the left, as if to indicate that "Brotherly Love" was the object of your order, and Church and country were invited to its aid and blended for its support.

In your past and present you have steadily stated that the objects of your order were to unite Irishmen and provide a medium of mutual beneficial assistance—an object worthy your highest ambition and your noblest duty. If there is any one thing needed amongst us as a people and as fellow-religionists, it is unity—unity in action, unity in sentiment, unity in principle.

Unity gives strength; strength, power for weal or woe. The principle that binds, and the object for which the strength is exerted determine the value of the union and stamp its character. Is the principle good, then the union is good, and if the means employed are legitimate, the results will be to the benefit of the united. But if the principles are bad, or the means employed are bad, then the results will be injury somewhere; injury either to those united, or to society at large. "Brotherly Love" is a sentiment that appeals to mankind and is an object for common action. "Mother Church" is an organization that fills the world, and commands the attention of all men. Each presents a serious question of thought, and a wide basis on which to build. In them there is strength, and for them men can unite, and spend themselves in lawful and praiseworthy acts. Do you seek to increase "Brotherly Love," you labor for a worthy object. Do you seek to increase the influence of "Mother Church," you labor for an object worthy man's highest ambition. Do you seek for the welfare of your country, after God and your soul, you seek for the next highest object of laudable exertion.

These are sentiments that not only commend themselves for their own sake, but have a right to recognition and acceptance everywhere and by all men. You have a right as Irishmen to seek for the welfare of your country. You have a right as men to unite in a common Brotherhood for mutual aid and improvement; and as brothers of a common faith, you have not only the right to unite in the worship of a common God, but you are bound to unite in the defence of and the welfare of a common Church. These sentiments are all legitimate, and may be united or separated. There is nothing in themselves forbidding association, and each or all may lawfully become the object of individual or united action. It is a mere matter of policy. Is it prudent, is it well to unite the three, and by the union drag the Church into the arena of politics?

As Irishmen you are justified in sympathizing with your country, and your country's wrongs, and by all legitimate means seeking for your country's rights. In this your position is clear and your rights indubitable. But whether, as an organization, you will be justified in dragging in the Church as an associate in the struggle of Ireland for her rights, is a question on which there will be diverse opinions. There are occasions when the Church and you are bound to unite in the defence of a common enemy. But such occasions have usually been transient and local, and form no permanent rule of action. The spheres of the Church is not political. "My kingdom is not of this world," says Christ, and the policy of the Church has been, and is, to guard the spiritual and let the State take care of the temporal. Only where the State invades the domain of the spiritual would the Church be justified in meddling with the temporal. Here is where usually the conflict begins. On the one hand the temporal invading the domain of the spiritual, or seeking to drag in the spiritual to its assistance; on the other, the Church resisting, or seeking to restrain the temporal within the line of the permissible.

Clergymen, as clergyman, cannot, and must not be politicians; nor can they in their clerical capacity mingle in, or be active actors in politics. As a minister of Christ a priest should be as if he had neither home nor country; and seldom has it been for the benefit of Church or State when the priest became the politician. Hence organizations that are purely political in character render themselves *ipso facto* impossible to the priest. As a citizen the priest has the ordinary rights of a citizen; as a patriot the ordinary rights of a patriot; but in his capacity of priest he can be but the priest as representative of God. Hence organizations that seek to blend the priest into the patriot, or to make the priest subordinate to the patriot, have mistaken the office and position of the priest. It may be at times permissible, as it has been in Ireland, that for a time the clergy would unite with the people against a common political foe. But this could only be, as it actually has been, and in Ireland still is, where the foe attacked

the Church as well as the citizen. In this condition of affairs both bishops and priests in Ireland have taken a noble and praiseworthy stand. But unless where the Church was attacked, the priest would not be justified in mingling in politics. I wish this thought clearly and well understood, as it underlies your position if I grasp correctly the true meaning of the question.

Shortly after you organized, the Irish Catholic Benevolent Association, the Emeralds, and German Catholic Union were formed, each in turn seeking recognition from the Church. At first the Emeralds, like the Ancient Order of Hibernians, aimed at being independent of the Church. The Irish Catholic Benevolent Association began meddling with matters foreign to its end, and it burned its fingers from which it has not recovered. Your association has from the beginning been prominent and powerful, commanding attention not only by its numerical strength, but by the intelligence and respectability of its leaders. The branches of the order are found in every diocese, and in most of the larger English-speaking congregations and countries. Being obedient to the Church must deal with you, you with the Church. Now as I understand the Church, her object is to unite her children, and in unity give them strength, bringing the different elements of which they are composed into such association as will unite all in an harmonious whole. Hence she could have no possible objection, she can have no possible objection, to your organization, if your organization keeps itself in the line in which she can work with you. You are therefore presented with this grave problem: Shall you so place yourself that the Church can and will accept you? It is the first time since your organization that a Bishop has come before you to address you. The first time that you have been received into a cathedral and treated as if you were a Catholic society. Now, this is a matter of grave responsibility for me, and for the priest whom I have appointed as chairman of the local dividers here.

Under these circumstances the question naturally arises, "Are you a Catholic society?" in the sense of the Church. If a Catholic organization there can be no possible discussion as to your position in the Church, or your recognition by the Church. The mere fact that you are Catholics does not make you a Catholic society any more than an insurance company composed of Catholics would make it a Catholic insurance company. It is well to keep this distinctly clear before us, and also this other observation, that Catholic organizations can not, and must not meddle with anything other than purely Catholic subjects. Catholics have a right to meddle with, and be a part of all legitimate movements as well as non-Catholics, and in this the Church has no concern. But Catholic societies are organized for Catholic purposes, and must meddle only with themselves to Catholic ends. Again I ask, "Are you a Catholic society?" as the Church understands these words. Now in all candor and kindness let me tell you my experience with your order here, this that you may the better understand my position, and also the position of the order here.

When I came to Cleveland twelve years ago the Ancient Order of Hibernians wished to enjoy all the privileges and rights of a Catholic society; attend funerals in their regalia, assist at church festivals and ceremonies, as is wont with Catholic societies; but they refused me recognition within their society, or, as bishop, control over their actions in matters of faith and morals. I asked them the right to direct them on such matters as appertain to faith and morals. The matter stood at that all your convention in New York, when you inserted in your constitution the clause relative to going to communion. This was brought to me, but I answered, "You do not go to communion as Hibernians but as Catholics." And so the matter stood for another year when they informed me I might place a chaplain over them and he should have a veto in all subjects appertaining to faith and morals. This was all I asked, or had ever asked, and all asked of any Catholic society. I placed the chaplain, and from that to this the order in Cleveland has been entirely satisfactory to me, they and their chaplain working in entire harmony. I must further say that on several occasions they have given public expression of Catholic loyalty that has been not only creditable to them but highly advantageous to religion here. For this I thank, and as a recognition of their Catholic loyalty here, I am before you as I am.

But you are not merely an organization in Cleveland, nor are you dealing with merely a bishop. You are a national organization, spread over the whole country, and must therefore deal with the entire hierarchy of the United States, and in such form that wherever you shall be recognized as Catholic organization, and admitted to all the privileges of a Catholic society. Now it is a public fact that you are not. In Pennsylvania the Church is closed against you, and in New York, as stated in the papers, you are not permitted to join in Catholic demonstrations. To this I may add, in few places are you entirely satisfactory to the Episcopacy. In some places you are tolerated; in most places you are looked upon with suspicion. To say the least of it this is a very unsatisfactory position for you to be in, the more as you seek to be recognized by the Church, and to enjoy all the privileges of a Catholic society.

To you questions in National Convention assembled are presented the very questions, "Why is this?" "Why this?" "Whose fault is it?" "Is it your fault or is it the Church's fault?"—If it is your fault, then in all fairness it is your business to place yourselves in harmony with the Church, and get into position so that there will be an end to this coldness and hesitancy that is everywhere so apparent. If it is the Church's fault, then believe me it is because you have not been candid with her, and have failed to take her into your counsels. All know the Church is slow to condemn unless where fault is clear and grave. Hence, if you are condemned in Pennsylvania and forbidden fellowship in New York, and but grudgingly tolerated elsewhere, your position is certainly far from satisfactory, and is strangely wanting that cordiality that should, and does exist between the Church and her children.

Within the next years you have made considerable advances towards an understanding with the Church. There is now a better feeling towards you than there was, and a disposition to deal with you, if you will deal with the Church. Still you are not satisfactory to the American Episcopacy. Local causes have had something to do with this, but I suspect the following forms the basis for much of the general distrust with which you are viewed.

You have a European affiliation whose powers and duties seem but ill understood, even by the mass of your own members, and not at all understood by the Episcopacy. No person seems to know who this foreign directory is; or where it has its headquarters, or for what it exists; or why at stated periods it should communicate with you here, sending certain pass-words which are regularly communicated to your members, and the secrecy of which this foreign affiliation? Why this mysterious, undefined lack of frankness in your dealings with the Church that leaves us all in doubt as to where you stand? This I consider the principal difficulty in your

case—the difficulty—and for the simple reason, as you know, the Church loves light and hates darkness, and insists upon frankness and candor in her children. There is a halting, mysterious unseen something that prevents candor and frankness, and leaves the impression that all has not been told.

To remedy this condition of things I can give you no authoritative direction. All I can do is, express my individual views, and I do so with a sincere desire to benefit the order, in as much as I greatly desire to see it in harmony with the Church, and would deeply regret if designing men, or anything in the aims, or ends, or workings of the order would prevent harmonious accord with the Church. What then do I suggest as a remedy, in part at least, for this hesitancy and doubt so widespread?

First, then, I would say, let the world know who is this foreign directory, and what are its powers and duties, and its record, and better still, cut the order off from any foreign affiliations. We are quite capable in America of taking care of ourselves, and for some time past have reached such proportions as enable us to dispense with European direction. There is no need that your order be pinned to the sleeve of any European directory or organization. You can manage the affairs of your order in and from America. And my advice is, be done with your foreign affiliation, and place your supreme directory—of such is needed—in America, letting the Church know who are the directors and what their powers.

One of the charges made against us as Catholics is, that our religion is foreign, and that we are governed by foreign influence, and this because the visible head of the Church lives in Italy. If we took our politics from Rome the charge would be true, and justly made. But we take our politics from America, and in our politics are American, not foreign. Our religion is not of man, but of God, hence can be the religion of no country, any more than Christ is of any country, though in his human nature of Jewish lineage. Hence the charge that our religion is foreign, because the visible head of the Church lives in Italy, is untrue, and we are justified in sharply resenting the accusation. In our politics we are American, and as American citizens we repudiate the charge of foreignism in our civic rights and duties. Therefore I say, any civic organization that seeks, or receives direction from Europe is un-American in its nature, and should cease its European affiliation and become American. If it will not, then let it die, say I.

Therefore I say to you, place your supreme directory in America. Let the Church know who are its members, and what their powers and duties are. Thus you remove secrecy, and making yourselves American remove the appearance of foreign rule. European societies have not been successful because they need either to copy them or be led by them. You say in your constitution that you accept the Council of Baltimore and the laws of the Church. So far, so good. This, with what is above suggested relative to making your organization American, would go far to remove the hesitancy of the Church to deal with you and to recognize you. Let me urge this on you.

You have strongly insisted, and with much persistency asserted, that your order has been organized for purely beneficial purposes, and that the use of pass-words is simply to prevent unworthy members from imposing upon the cordiality and charity of the order, where they are not known. The use of checks against fraud is not only legitimate, but necessary, in any well-organized society; and where charity can be successfully imposed upon you cannot be without them. In this there can be no fault-finding, and so long as you confine the order to the work of mutual aid, you must have the approval of all, whether lay or cleric.

Your sympathies will also run readily to the sufferers of your country and the wrongs so long inflicted upon Ireland, and the wrongs of indignation at the suffering he sees. It is difficult at times to keep wrath down and the blood cool, until resentment and revenge often rise to insist on a hearing. With the warm affections of your Irish hearts, and the impulses of your Celtic nature, you would be less than men if you would not, and did not readily join in any movement that tended to the better condition of Ireland. In this you are not only to be encouraged, but praised. Hence the late Land League movement not only commended itself to public sympathy, but formed a rallying cry around which all could gather. So long as the city was the land for the people homeless, the Land League was a success. It has been succeeded by the National League, but you will readily see this is a political organization, with which the Church can have no association. It is outside her sphere, and no matter how lawful, or praiseworthy in itself, she can be no partner in it. Nor can societies calling themselves Catholic be mixed up in politics, or in political movements, no matter how laudable or fitting the political issues may be. Politics and religion should be separated, except where they are brought in contact on common issues.

Beneficial societies have no needed connection with politics, and as Catholic beneficial societies can have no connection with politics. There is a middling wide-spread belief that the Ancient Order of Hibernians is part political. Even prominent members so declare, as has been done here by the President of the National League. Now, though entirely fit and assistance to the cause of Ireland, yet I ask would it be proper for the Church to identify herself with the cause of Ireland? Of course you would say, and say properly, "The Church can have and must have nothing to do with politics."

Now I do not know that the Ancient Order of Hibernians is in any way connected with politics. But I do know that in Cleveland a persistent effort has been made to so place the order. I also further know that if the order is in any way connected with politics that I, as a Catholic bishop, could not and would not have anything to do with it. The Church must not be dragged into politics, nor can Catholic societies mingle in politics, except to the injury of religion. When, therefore, you come to the Church asking for the usual privileges of a Catholic society, the Church must be sure that you are not political in whole or in part. There should be no doubt on this point. It is due to your Irishness as well as the Church, that this matter be definitely settled, and the hesitancy with which you are accepted removed. As you now stand, the order is placed at much disadvantage, being accepted and rejected according as the order has conducted itself in the judgment of the local authorities. This is painful to you and embarrassing to the clergy, and tends to disorder.

The evidence of foreign control and the suspicion of political affiliation have raised grave difficulties in your case, and I believe are the real cause of the hostility and mistrust with which you are met. You evidently seek recognition by the Church, and my knowledge of the sentiments of bishops and priests justifies me in saying that the Church wishes to be at peace with you. But you know as well as I that the Church will not purchase peace at the price of principle, let the loss of numbers be what it may. You know further that the Church will not be a party to secrecy or

concealment, nor will she be dragged into politics. Your duty, therefore, if you wish to be recognized as a Catholic society, is clear and simple—sever your connection with Europe; place the workings of your order openly before the Church, and as a society have nothing to do with politics. Before you can hope for recognition by the Church, this much at least must be done. The most of the members are loyal and practical Catholics; make the order as loyal as the members. You say you have a membership of two hundred thousand. This is certainly the largest organization, claiming to be Catholic, that in this country the Church has had to deal with; an organization that if loyally Catholic, would not only be a strength to the Church, but an organization that both priests and bishops would and should seek to maintain and strengthen. You can not stand as you are. The Church must come to some conclusion about you. Bishops and priests must know definitely who and what you are; what are your aims and for what you exist; whether you are purely beneficial, or whether the beneficial is only a cloak for the political. They must also know in what the European affiliation consists. Many of the bishops and priests are most kindly disposed towards you, but the obscurity of your aims, and your apparent association with European politics prevent your recognition. This can not much longer continue. Moreover, the advances must come from you to the Church, not from the Church to you.

Next November a Plenary Council is to be held in Baltimore. All the bishops of the United States will be there, and the subject of societies will unquestionably be discussed; yours among the rest. It behooves you to place yourselves properly before the Council, and see that the truth be told. If action is taken against you it will be to your grave disadvantage and final ruin. Societies composed of infidels or non-Catholics may and do exist without and against the will of the Church; but societies composed of Catholics cannot and should not exist against the will of the Church. So far, none such have ever succeeded for any length of time. Yours will form no exception. Recognized by the Church you will flourish; unrecognized you will perish. As a friend who has taken much interest in your organization, and who is most anxious to see you in harmony with the Church, let me urge you to place your order frankly and candidly before the coming Council, either through the Archbishop of Baltimore or through some other reliable medium, giving a full and frank statement of your end and aims, and the means to be used, so that the Council may know what they have to deal with, and may thus be able to give a just and conclusive answer in your case. You say you are a Catholic society; the Church will deal with you under that name. You say you are a beneficial society; the Church will deal with you under that name. You say your object is unity and mutual improvement; the Church will assist you in both objects, but she can not, and will not be dragged into politics.

I therefore urge you to place yourselves in harmony with the Church. Eliminate from your society what is objectionable, lay aside politics; cut yourselves off from Europe; take the Church into your counsels; get into harmony with the local authorities; be Catholic, frank, candid, taking for your motto, "God and Church first and last." A society composed of Catholics, and numbering two hundred thousand members, as yours is said to number, can neither ignore the Church nor be ignored by the Church. In time they must either join hands in harmony and union, or they must meet in little array. If the latter, the Church will not be the vanquished.

Let me then again urge you to place this whole matter before the coming Council, eliminating from your organization what may be objectionable, and standing prepared to conform the order to the direction of the Church. Unity gives strength; religion direction; obedience blessing. May these be the motives that will guide the future of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

SCOTCH NEWS.

OPENING OF MARYPORT DOCK.—On Tuesday Mrs. Senhouse opened the new dock at Maryport, which has been constructed at a cost of over £200,000. About 500 invited guests sat down. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., proposed "Success to the Senhouse Dock." In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks.

DUNDEE TOWN COUNCIL AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—The Law Committee of the Dundee Town Council on Wednesday recommended the Council to petition in favor of the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women, and also to petition in favor of giving power to the new Secretary for Scotland to have control of educational matters.

WEST HIGHLAND HERRING FISHERY.—The herring fishing is being prosecuted nightly, when weather permits, at the various stations in the Outer Hebrides, from Stornoway to Barra. The most successful fishing ground up to date appears to be that reached from Stornoway and Loch Boisdale, at both of which ports large quantities have been landed.

SCOTTISH LAND RESTORATION LEAGUE.—A meeting of the workingmen of the Northern District was held on Tuesday night, under the auspices of the Restoration League, in the Northern Hall, Garscube Road. Mr. Shaw Maxwell occupied the chair. The chairman expounded the principles of the League, and explained the methods by which the League proposes to shift the taxation of the country, at present borne by labor and commerce, upon the land.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT STORNOWAY.—An accident occurred on Tuesday at Bayhead street, Stornoway, by which one man was killed and another had his leg fractured. Three laborers were employed excavating some earth and gravel at Bayhead, when their employer noticed a fissure in the earth, and went on the top of the bank to see if it was dangerous. At that time a large quantity of stones and earth fell from the face completely burying two of the men. George Macleod, Newby, was first rescued, but it was found that his right leg was fractured at the thigh. In half an hour the other man, whose name was Murdoch M' ver was found quite dead.

CONFERENCE OF THE CROFTERS COMMISSION REPORT.—A conference called by the Committee of the Highland Association was held on Tuesday at 5 St. Andrew square, Edinburgh. The first resolution moved by the Rev. Dr. Whyte, Free St. George's, Edinburgh, and seconded by the Rev. Calder Macphail, Elgin, Free Church, Edinburgh, was as follows:—"That the state of matters in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as disclosed by the report of the Royal Commission, calls for the immediate attention of the Legislature." The second resolution, moved by Dr. Carment, Edinburgh, and seconded by the Rev. Professor Lindsay, Glasgow, was:—"That, regarding the consideration of permanent remedial measures, a suspensory act ought to be passed, to prevent further evictions."

Mr. Healy, M.P., has been denouncing the Chief Secretary for Ireland as an imbecile.

June 18, 1884.

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IN MEMORIAM.

We parted, and the youth replied: When shall we meet again?

The scene is changed - St. Martin's Church, With tapers glimmered fair, And as the ev'ning incense rose,

Where is that quick, elastic step, That tall and manly form, Locked in the cold embrace of death,

What then to us is birth or power, Or what is wealth or fame? The rich, the lofty and the great,

The latest novelty in parasol handles are those covered with plush.

Green, in all the dark and bronze shades, is a better color for summer fatigue and utility costumes than blue or brown.

Very large lace and embroidery collars, attached by bows of soft muslin, lace trimmed, are dressy afternoon and evening wear.

The dressiest jerseys have white silk jersey cloth waists, and are made of silk jersey cloth for the skirt in all colors and black,

A new mode of plaiting woolen is in "accordion" plaits. These consist of compressed folds, very fine, laid close together and held on the inside by elastic.

Much trimming is not now fashionably used upon business bodices and the fit of cloth and woolen dresses are made as plain as possible.

Many ladies are again choosing the glazed kid glove in preference to those which are unglazed. Silk and linen gloves will, however, take the lead in popularity.

A stylish walking costume is made as follows: The skirt is of ocean gray merino, with four shirred flounces, the upper one of which is nearly concealed by an odd tunic,

CHARCOAL AS FOOD FOR LIVE STOCK. Charcoal has recently been recommended as an addition to the food of animals, as it increases their power of accumulating fat,

MR. BLAKE'S GREAT SPEECH

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A-Great-Problem.

TAKE ALL THE

Kidney & Liver

MEDICINES, BLOOD PURIFIERS,

RHEUMATIC REMEDIES.

DYSPEPSIA

And Indigestion Cures, Ague, Fever, And Biliary Specifics,

Brain and Nerve

Force Revivers, GREAT HEALTH Restorers.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST qualities of all these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail.

Relief Piles - Sympy - and more

The symptoms are moisture-like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

FANCY WORK

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IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE IRISH LAND BILL IN THE LORDS—THE DYNAMITE CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, June 12.—In the House of Commons this evening an amendment to the franchise bill in favor of female suffrage was rejected by a vote of 27 to 135.

A popular demonstration in favor of the franchise bill has been arranged to take place here in August. It will be the greatest popular display in London since 1867.

LONDON, June 16.—In the House of Lords this evening the Duke of Argyll moved for returns of the working of the Land Act in Ireland.

In the House of Commons to-day Lord Fitzmaurice, under foreign secretary, said that correspondence with the United States Government on the subject of the dynamites subsequent to that which had already been laid before the house was resumed on May 10th, 1882, and had been continued since.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST COURTNEY.

New York, June 10.—Wallace Ross says that Courtney told him that if he would allow him to win the race at Oak Point they would have another race at Saratoga which Courtney would let Ross win.

MR. O'BRIEN, M. P., TO BE PROSECUTED.

LONDON, June 16.—There is more trouble ahead for William O'Brien, M. P., the pugnacious editor of United Ireland.

AN IRISH MEMBER ON NATIONALIST POLICY.

GLASGOW, June 15.—William O'Brien, M. P., and editor of United Ireland, addressing a largely attended meeting of Irishmen at Glasgow to-day, on "Modern Irish members of the House of Commons," said last week he appeared before several judges for exposing the villainy of the Castle officials.

A SCENE IN ST. PAULS.

LONDON, June 10.—A comical scene was witnessed in St. Paul's cathedral this morning. The ten Maori chiefs who accompanied King Tawhai to London were taken to the cathedral to attend morning prayer, and were expected to be profoundly impressed with the grandeur of the edifice, the beauty of the music, and the solemnity of the service.

THE MAORI KING IN PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, June 14.—The Maori King, Tawhai, and his ten attendant chiefs, occupied seats in the gallery of the House of Commons to-day, and appeared almost as much bored by the debate as they were by the service at St. Paul's last Sunday.

A BROTHER MASON.

DUBLIN, June 11.—The Freeman's Journal says Bradlaugh wrote to the Prince of Wales as a brother mason asking the Prince's support to an atheistical propaganda, which he said it was the duty of English and Continental masons to provide.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

APPROACHING RELEASE OF THE CLAIMANT ON A TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

LONDON, June 15.—The Tichborne claimant is to be released from prison on a ticket-of-leave.

Roger Charles Tichborne, a child born January 5, 1829, of an ancient English Catholic family, was, after his father, heir to the title and estates of his uncle, Sir Edward Doughty.

He is known to have arrived at Valparaiso on June 19, 1853, and having crossed the Continent eastward April 20, 1854, he sailed from Rio for New York on the steamer, which was lost at sea.

LADY TICHBORNE'S RECOGNITION. In January, 1867, he joined her at Paris and was by her accepted as her son, though most of the other members of the family repudiated him.

THE PATH OF A NOBLE DESTINY. He then proceeds: At the present time the considerations which induced me in 1880 to decline the nomination of the Democratic party have become imperative.

THE PRESIDENCY. TILDEN DECLINES THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION—WHAT THE MEXICANS SAY ABOUT THE NOMINATION OF BLAINE.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Mr. Tilden has addressed a letter to the chairman of the New York Democratic State committee announcing his purpose to withdraw from further public service.

CONTINUOUS MALADMINISTRATION, under the demoralizing influences of intestine war and of bad finance, have infected the whole governmental system of the United States with the cancerous growth of false constructions and false practices.

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ORANGEMEN TO ORGANIZE AN ANTI-LEAGUE CAMPAIGN. Orangemen and other loyalists are becoming alarmed at the energetic preparations the Nationalists are making throughout Ireland for the approaching general election.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

FINANCIAL.

CONSOLS IN LONDON sold at 99 11-16 and 99 1/2 yesterday's rates. Erie 143; Illinois Central 12 1/2; Canada Pacific 44 1/2.

NOTICE TO MARINEERS.

LITTLE BELLEDUNE LIGHT.

A beacon light, established by the Government of Canada on Little Belledune Point, in the Bay de Chaleur, in the County of Restigouche and Province of New Brunswick, will be put in operation on the 15th instant.

POINT A LA GARDE LIGHT BOAT.

The small light vessel, irregularly maintained since 1879, off Pointe à la Garde, in the Restigouche River, for the benefit of the mail steamer, will continue to be kept in operation.

A PIANO THAT DON'T PAY.

Sir,—In the Witness of Saturday last a piano dealer, evidently wishing to get up a controversy with the agent of the Weber, insinuates that the Weber piano is the only one that pays artists to play on them.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

The markets generally have continued quiet all week and business seems to have run into the usual dull summer rut.

GROCERIES.—Sugars have sold well at the low prices current. Yellow is quoted at 5 1/2 to 6 1/2, and granulated at 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.

CITY BREADSTUFFS, DAIRY PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS. June 17. Flour—There was no business reported on Change yesterday. Values are steady and unchanged.

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BIRTH. BIRMINGHAM.—On the 11th inst., at 524 Upper St. Urban street, the wife of J. Birmingham of a daughter.

MARRIED. STRANGMAN—GOFF.—At the residence of the brother of the bride, at Charlottetown, P.E.I., on 12th June inst., by Rev. David Fitzgerald, D.D., assisted by Rev. Charles O'Meara, Charles Strangman, Esq., of Montreal, late of Charlottetown, and formerly of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, to Anna Amelia, eldest daughter of Hon. John Goff, of Woodville, P.E.I. [Waterford and Cape Town papers please copy.] 142-2

DIED. GOLDEN.—In this city, on the 15th inst., Charles Edward, only son of Felix Gold, aged 11 years, 6 months and 14 days.

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FLANAGAN.—In this city, on the 15th inst., John Flanagan, aged 68 years.

duction may be looked for in view of the accumulation of stocks which is steadily taking place. We quote:—Creamery, 20c; Eastern Townships, 17c to 18c; Morrisburg, 10c to 17c; Western, 14c to 15c for choice grades. Cheese—The market is steady, and a better feeling prevails, although it is not thought that it will be of any duration. The demand to-day for export was better than usual, and there is, therefore, no change from last week's closing quotations.

THE HAY AND STRAW MARKETS. Business in hay and straw yesterday at College street market was limited, with prices steady at \$3 to \$8 per hundred bundles as to quality, and \$4 to \$5 for straw, the top figure for extra choice.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

The total receipts of live stock at Aker & Kennedy's yards since the 12th were 85 car loads which consisted of 53 cars export cattle, 23 cars butchers' and 3 cars of live hogs. Business in export cattle was very quiet with a very small movement, in fact there was virtually no business yesterday morning.

THE OTTAWA MARKET. Flour—No. 1, brand per barrel \$6 to 6.25; strong bakers \$5.50; double extra, \$6; patent, do, \$7 to 7.25; buckwheat flour, \$4.25 to 4.50; oatmeal, \$5 to 5.25; cornmeal, \$4 to 4.25; cracked wheat, \$6.25; wheat meal, \$6.25; cannula, per cwt, \$1.30 to 1.40; spring wheat per bus, \$1.10 to 1.25; fall do, \$1 to 1.10; Scotch do, \$1 to 1.10; oats, 40c to 42c; corn, 75c to 80c; peas, 70c; beans, \$1.25; buckwheat, 50c to 55c; barley, 65c to 70c; rye, 55c.

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THE LONDON, ONT., MARKET. Wheat, spring, \$1.75 to \$1.85; Wheat, Deihl, per 100 lbs 1.80 to 1.91; Wheat, Treadwell, do 1.75 to 1.82; Wheat, Clawson, do 1.60 to 1.85; Wheat, Red, do 1.70 to 1.90; Barley, do 1.10 to 1.18; Corn, do 1.40 to 1.50; Rye, do 1.10 to 1.15; Clover seed, per bush, 7.25 to 7.50; Timothy seed, 1.50 to 2; Beans, per bush, 1.50 to 2; Pastry flour, per cwt, 3 to 3.25; Roller flour, do 3 to 3.50; Family flour, \$2.75 to 3; Oatmeal, fine, do 2.40 to 2.60; meal, granulated, \$2.60 to 2.75; cornmeal 2 00 to 2.50; shorts, per ton, \$16 to 20; bran do \$12 to 14; hay, do \$8 to 10; straw, per load \$2 to 3; eggs, retail, 15c; eggs, basket, 16c; butter, pound rolls, 14c to 15c; do crock, 13c to 14c; do tubs, 12c to 14c; cheese, pound, 14c to 15c; lard, 12c to 14c; turpins, 30c to 40c; turkeys 1 1/2 to 2; chickens, per pair, 50c to 75c; ducks, per pair, 70c to 80c; potatoes per bag, 90c to \$1; apples per bag 75c to \$1.25; onions per bushel 60c to 80c. Dressed hogs, per cwt, \$9 to \$9.50; beef, per cwt, \$9 to \$10; mutton, per lb, 9c to 10c; lambs, each, \$4 to \$4.50; sheep, per 100 lbs, 20c to 25c; wool per cord, \$5 to \$5.50; veal, per lb, 7c to 10c.

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