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VENDETTA; The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"Vincenzo! He started, 'Eccellenza?' 'To-night you will stand behind my chair and assist in serving the wine.'

"Yes, Eccellenza." "You will," I continued, "attend particularly to Signor Ferrari, who will sit at my right hand. Take care that his glass is never empty."

"How about the pistols, Vincenzo?" "They are cleaned and ready for use, Eccellenza," he replied. "I have placed them in your cabinet."

"That is well," I said with a satisfied gesture. "You can leave me and arrange the salon for the reception of my friends."

"He disappeared, and I busied myself with my toilette, about which I was for once unusually particular. The conventional dress-suit is not very becoming, yet there are a few men here and there who look well in it, and who, in spite of similarity in attire, will never be mistaken for waiters. Others there are who, passable in appearance when clad in their ordinary garments, reach the very acme of plebeianism when they clothe themselves in the unbecoming evening dress."

"Fortunately I happened to be one of the former class—the sober black, the broad white display of starched shirt front and neck tie became me, almost too well I thought. It would have been better for my purposes if I could have feigned an aspect of greater grandeur and weightier dignity."

"I was accompanied by the rumbling of wheels in the courtyard outside made the hot blood rush to my face, and my heart beat with feverish excitement. I left my dressing-room, however, with a composed countenance and calm step, and entered my private salon just as its doors were flung open."

"Signor Ferrari," I was announced, standing smiling—his face was alight with good humor and glad anticipation—he looked handsomer than usual. "Eccellenza?" he cried, seizing my hands enthusiastically in his own. "My dear Conte, I am delighted to see you! What an excellent fellow you are! I know of a magnificent Arabian fight tomorrow who couples his mane with other mortal's happiness. And how are you? You look remarkably well."

know, is more entrancing than the voice of Adelfina Patti. I have only to add, and I smile half mockingly, the name of Signor Ferrari, your friend and loyal lover, and the party is complete."

"Alto! Fifteen in all including yourself," said Ferrari gaily, enumerating them on his fingers. "Per la madre di Dio! With such a goodly company and a host who entertains en voi we shall pass a merry time of it. And did you, amico, actually organize this banquet, to let us welcome back so unworthy a person as myself?"

"Solely and entirely for that reason," I replied. He jumped up from his chair and clapped his two hands on my shoulders. "A la bonne heure! But why in the name of the saints have you taken such a fancy to me?"

"Why have I taken such a fancy to you?" I repeatedly slowly. "My dear Ferrari, I am surely not alone in my admiration for your high qualities? Does not every one like you? Are you not a universal favorite? Did you not tell me that your late friend the Roman held you as the dearest to him in the world after his wife?"

"Eben so! Why undertake you?" He took his hands from my shoulders and a look of pain contracted his features. After a little silence he said, "Fabio again? How his name and memory haunt me! I told you he was a fool,—it was part of his folly that he loved me too well,—perhaps. Do you know I have thought of him very much lately?"

"I saw my uncle die," he continued, speaking in a low tone. "He was an old man and had very little strength left, yet his hands which death was slowly stealing away from him, his yellow convulsed face, his twisted limbs—his law-like hands tearing at the empty air,—then the ghastly grin and dropped jaw—the wide-open glazed eyes—pshaw! it sickened me."

"Well, well!" I said in a soothing way, still buzzing myself with the arrangement of my button-hole, and secretly wondering what new emotion was at work in the volatile mind of my victim. "No doubt it was distressing to witness,—but you could not have been very sorry,—he was an old man, and, though it is a platitude not worth repeating,—we must all die."

"Sorry?" exclaimed Ferrari, talking almost more to himself than to me. "I saw Guidi die. He was an old scoundrel, deeply dyed in every sort of social villainy. No—I was not sorry, only as I watched him in his frantic struggle, fighting furiously for each fresh gasp of breath,—I thought,—I know not why—of Fabio."

"Profoundly astonished, but concealing my astonishment under an air of indifference, I began to laugh. "Upon my word, Ferrari—pardon me for saying so, but the air of Rome seems to have somewhat obscured your mind! I confess I cannot follow your meaning."

to be prodigious by those who had seen him brandish the sword, whet in play or grim earnest, is an impressive dream," he said in reply to the remarks of Guadraldo and Salustri, "the idea of all men fraternizing together in one common pig-sty of equality. Look at the differences of caste! Birth, breeding and education make of man that high-mettled and aristocratic creature, and all the animal known as gentlemen, and all the animal known as plebeians, and all the animal known as the same level with the boor, whose flat nose and coarse features announce him as plebeian even before one hears the tone of his voice. We cannot help these things. I do not think we would help them even if we could."

"You are quite right," said Ferrari. "You cannot put race-horses to draw the plough. I have always imagined that the first quarrel—the Cain and Abel affair,—must have occurred through some difference of caste as well as jealousy, for instance, perhaps Abel was a negro and Cain a white man, or vice versa; which would account for the antipathy existing between the races to this day."

The Duke de Hamal laughed a stately cough at his friend's shoulder. "That first quarrel," he said, "as related in the Bible, was exceedingly vulgar. It must have been a kind of prize fight. C'est tout pas fin."

We laughed, and at that moment the door was thrown open, and the head waiter announced in solemn tones the coming of the dinner. Le diner de Monsieur le Comte est servi! I at once led the way to the banqueting room,—my guests followed gaily, talking and jesting among themselves. They were all in high good humor, none of them had yet noticed the fatal blight caused by the absence of my guests, not thirteen instead of fifteen. Thirteen at table! I wondered if any of the company were superstitious? Ferrari was not, I knew,—unless his nerves had been lately shaken by witnessing the death of his uncle. An airy note resolved to say nothing that should attract the attention of my guests to the ill-omened circumstance; if any one should notice it would be easy to make light of it and no most affected by it,—it had for me a curious and fatal significance. I was so occupied with the consideration of it that I scarcely attended to the words addressed to me by the Duke di Marina, who, walking head down, seemed disposed to converse with more familiarity than was his usual custom. We reached the door of the dining room; which at our approach was thrown wide open, and delicious strains of music met our ears as we entered. Low murmurs of astonishment and admiration broke from all the gentlemen as they viewed the sumptuous table with its gilded and silvered appointments, and took my seat at the head of the table, with Guido Ferrari on my right and the Duke di Marina on my left. The music sounded louder and more triumphant, and while all the company were seating themselves in the places assigned to them, a choir of young fresh voices broke forth into a grand and martial air, which as far as I can translate it ran as follows: "Welcome the festival hour! Pour the red wine into cups of gold! Health to the men who are strong and bold! Welcome the festival hour! Vaken the echoes with riotous mirth—Cease to remember the sorrows of earth! In the joys of the festival hour! Wine is the monarch of laughter and light, Death is the tyrant of our night! Hail to the festival hour!"

An enthusiastic clapping of hands rewarded this effort on the part of the unseen chorists, and the music having ceased, conversation became general. "By Heaven!" exclaimed Ferrari, "if this Olympian carouse is meant as a welcome to me, amico, I can say that I do not deserve it. Why, it is more fit for the welcome of one king to his neighbor sovereign."

"Oh, but you are not," said he, with a better smile. "Let us hope we are thus far worthy of each other's esteem." He flashed a bright look of gratitude upon me and was silent, listening to the choice and complimentary phrases uttered by the Duke di Marina concerning the exquisite taste displayed in the arrangement of the table. "You have not," said he, "enjoyed much in the East, Conte," said this nobleman. "Your banquet reminds me of an Oriental romance I once read, called 'Yatkeh.'"

"Exactly!" exclaimed Guido. "I think Oliva must be 'Yatkeh' herself!" "Scarcely!" I said, smiling coldly. "I lay no claim to supernatural appearances. The realities of life are sufficiently wonderful for me."

Antonio Bisardi, the painter, a refined, gentle-featured man, looked towards us and said modestly, "I think you are right, Conte. The beauties of nature and of humanity are so varied and so profound that we are constantly in quest of something longer after immortality which has been placed in every one of us. I think we should be perfectly satisfied with this world as it is."

"You speak like an artist and a man of even temperament," broke in the Marchese Guadraldo, who had finished his soup quickly in order to be able to talk. "I never contented. I never tire enough of anything! That is my nature. When I see lovely flowers, I wish more of them, when I behold a fine sunset, I desire many more such sunsets, when I look upon a lovely woman—"

an abominable and careful man, and follow the good example shown by the wisest Italians, who never mix their wines. He remained faithful to the first beverage he had selected, a specially fine Chianti, of which he partook freely without its causing the slightest headache. He drank wine and mellow flava did but brighten his eyes and loosen his tongue, insomuch that he became almost as elegant a talker as the Marchese Guadraldo. This latter, who scarce had a word to call his own, and who dined sumptuously every day at other people's expense for the sake of the pleasure his company afforded, was by this time entertaining very wily plebeians."

The merit increased as the various courses were served; shouts of laughter frequently interrupted the loud buzz of conversation, mingling with the clinking of glasses and clattering of porcelain. Every now and then again he heard the smooth tones of Captain Freccia rolling out his favorite epigrams with the comical and excessive expression of primo amore; sometimes the elegant French of the Marquis D'Avencourt, with his high, singing Parisian accent, rang out above the voices of the others; and again, the choice Tuscan of the poet Luciano Salustri rolled forth in melodious cadence as though he were chanting lines from Dante or Ariosto, the great and undying poet of the Italian people. I accepted my share in the universal hilarity, though I principally divided my conversation between Ferrari and the Duke, paying to both, but specially to Ferrari, that absolute attention which is the greatest compliment a host can bestow on those whom he undertakes to entertain."

He had reached that stage of the banquet when the game was about to be served,—the invisible choir of boys' voices had just completed an enchanting stornello with an accompaniment of mandolines, when a stillness, strange and unaccountable, fell upon the company—a pause—an ominous hush, as though some person supreme in authority had demanded "silence!" No one seemed disposed to speak or to move, the very footsteps of the waiters were muffled in the velvet pile of the carpet;—no sound was heard but the measured splash of the fountain that played among the ferns and flowers. The moon, shining frostily through the clouds, seemed to have ceased to move, the light of the stars to have dimmed, and the extended arm of an appealing ghost, against one side of the velvet hangings—a spectral effect which was heightened by the contrast of the glarish glitter of the waxen tapers. Each man looked at the other with a sort of uncomfortable embarrassment, and doubt to suggest that my presence in the office of chief butler, drew the cork of a champagne bottle with a loud-sounding pop! We all started as though a pistol had been fired in our ears, and the Marchese Guadraldo burst out laughing.

"Corpo di Bacco!" he cried. "At last you have descended from sleep! We were all struck dumb with fear, that you stared at the table-cloth so persistently and with such admirable gravity! May St. Anthony and his pie preserve me, but for the time I fancied I was attending a banquet on the wrong side of the Styx, and that you, my present companions, were all dead men!"

"That idea made you also hold your tongue, which is quite an unaccountable miracle in its way," laughed Luciano Salustri. "Have you never heard the pretty legend that attaches to such an occurrence as a sudden silence in the midst of high festivity? An angel enters, bestowing his benediction as he passes through."

"That story is more ancient than the Church," said Chevalier Mancini. "It is an exploded theory,—we call them women instead." "Bravo, mon vieux gaillard!" cried Captain de Hamal. "Your sentiments are the same as mine, with a very trifling difference. And I finished his glass, nodding to Mancini, who followed his example. "Perhaps," said the smooth, slow voice of Captain Freccia, "our silence was caused by the instinctive consciousness of something wrong with our party—a little inequality,—which I dare say our noble host has not thought it worth while to mention."

"You have not," said he in his direction. "What do you mean?" "What inequality?" "Explain yourself!" chorused several voices. "Really it is a mere nothing," answered Freccia lazily, as he surveyed with the admiring air of a gourmet the dainty portion of pheasant just placed before him. "I assure you, only the uneducated country folks are so easily about such a circumstance. The excellent brothers Respesi are to blame, but why should I disturb your equanimity? I am not superstitious—na, chi sa!—some of you may be."

"If we what you mean?" interrupted Salustri quickly. "We are thirteen at table!" CHAPTER XXIV. At this announcement my guests looked furiously at each other, and I could see they were all about to rise to protest, but they were held back by the Marchese Guadraldo. They were undeniably clever, cultivated men of the world, but the superstitious element was in their blood, and all, with the exception perhaps of Freccia and the ever cool Marquis D'Avencourt were evidently rendered uneasy by the fact now disclosed. On the part of the country folks, the dinner was a violent one, and his face flushed. "Dialavo!" he muttered under his breath, and seizing his never-empty glass, he swallowed its contents thirstily and quickly at one gulp as though attacked by fever, and pushed away his plate with a hand that trembled nervously. I, meanwhile, raised my voice and addressed my guests as follows: "Our distinguished friend Salustri is perfectly right, gentlemen. I myself noticed the discrepancy in our number some time ago, but I knew that you were all advanced thinkers, who had long since liberated yourselves from the trammels of superstitious observances. Therefore I said nothing. The silly man who is mistaken in attending to himself thirteen arose as you are aware, out of the story of the Last Supper, and children and women may possibly still give credence to the fancy that one out of thirteen at table must be a traitor and doomed to die. But we men know better. None of us here to-night have known of ourselves in the position of a Christ or a Judas, and all are good friends and boon companions, and I cannot suppose for a moment that this little cloud can possibly affect you seriously. Remember also that this is Christmas Eve, and that according to the world's greatest poet, Shakespeare, 'Then no planet strikes, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.'

A murmur of applause and a hearty clapping of hands rewarded this little speech, and the Marchese Guadraldo drank to the health of his companions. "By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "we are not a party of terrified old women to shiver on the edge of a worn-out omen! Fill your glasses, gentlemen! More wine, garçon! Per Bacco! If Judas Iscariot himself had such a feast as ours before he hanged himself, he was not much to be pitied. I took especial notice of the health of our noble host, 'Garsone Oliva.'"

cause some haughty astonishment in the mind of the Duke di Marina, who eyed him from time to time with ill-disguised impatience that bordered on contempt. I, on the contrary, contented myself with smiling at my urban courtesy. I had seen him in the drawing-room at such as possible,—I smiled complacently at his poor jokes and vulgar witticisms,—and when he said something that was more than usually outrageous, I contented myself with a benevolent shake of my head, and the mild remark, "Ah! young blood! young blood!" uttered in a mild reproving tone.

The dessert was now served, and with it came the costly wines which I had ordered to be kept back till then. Priceless "Chateau Yquem," "Clos Vougeot," of the rarest vintage, choice "Valporetto," and an exceedingly superb "Lacrina Crista"—one after the other, these were tasted, criticised, and heartily appreciated. There was also a very unique brand of champagne costing nearly forty francs a bottle, which was sparkling and mellow to the palate, but fine in quality. This particular beverage was so seductive in flavor that every one partook of it freely, with the result that the most discreet among the party now became the least discreet. Antonio Bisardi, the artist and young painter, together with the follow-student, Cristiano Dulci, usually shy, shy of young men, suddenly grew excited, and uttered blarney nothing concerning their art. Captain Freccia argued the niceties of sword-play with the Marquis D'Avencourt, both speakers illustrating their various points by thrusting their desecrated hands skillfully into the pulpy bodies of the peaches they had on their plates. Luciano Salustri lay back at ease in his chair, his classic head reclining on the velvet cushions, and peering in low and measured tones one of his own poems, caring little or nothing whether his neighbors listened to him or not. The glit of tongue of the Marchese Guadraldo ran on continually and incessantly, though he frequently lost the thread of his anecdotes and became involved in a maze of contradictory assertions. The rather large nose of the Chevalier Mancini reddened visibly as he laughed jocosely to himself at nothing in particular,—he was laughing at his own glit of tongue and sparkling whiff of excitement and fervor, which at a mere touch, or word out of season, might rise to a raging storm of frothy dissension. The Duke di Marina and myself alone,—he had resisted the champagne, and as for me, I had left all the sparkling wine to go past me, and had not taken more than two glasses of a mild Chianti.

I glanced keenly around the riotous board, I noted the flushed faces and rapid gesticulations of my guests, and listened to the Babel of conflicting tongues. I drew a long breath and looked,—I asked me that two or three minutes at the very least. I might throw down the trump card I had held so patiently in my hand all the evening. I took a close observation of Ferrari. He had edged his chair a little away from mine, and was talking confidentially to his neighbor, Captain de Hamal,—his utterance was low and rapid, but I distinguished the extemporaneous charms of a woman,—what woman! I did not stop to consider—the burning idea struck me that he was describing the physical perfection of my wife to this De Hamal, a mere spadaccino, for whom there was nothing sacred in heaven or earth. My blood rapidly rushed to my head, my eyes grew dim, and I remember how it throbbled in my temples, replying my hands and feet icy cold. I rose in my seat and tapped on the table to call for silence and attention—but for some time the noise of argument and clatter of tongues were so great that I could not make myself heard. The Duke endeavored to second my efforts, but in vain. At last Ferrari's notice was attracted—he turned round, and seizing a desert knife he cut with it on the table and on his own plate so noisily and persistently, that the laughter and conversation ceased suddenly. The moment had come—I raised my head, fixed my speculative, and more firmly upon my eyes, and spoke in a distinct and steady tone, first at all sides covert glance towards Ferrari. He had sunk back again in his chair and was lighting a cigarette.

"My friends," I said, meeting with a smile the inquiring looks that were directed towards me, "I have presumed to interrupt your mirth for a moment, not to restrain it, but rather to give it a fresh impetus. I asked you all to enlighten me, as you know, to honor me by your presence and to give a welcome to our mutual friend, Signor Guido Ferrari. Here I was interrupted by the loud clapping of hands and ejaculations of approval, while Ferrari himself murmured affably between two puffs of his cigarette. 'Ferrari, amico, trappi anore!' I resumed. The young and accomplished gentleman, who is, I believe, a favorite with you all, has been himpled through domestic affairs, is absent, humbled himself from our circle for the past few weeks, and I think he must himself be aware how much he has missed his pleasant company. It will now be agreed that he has been for me, to know that he has returned to Naples a richer man than when he left it,—that fortune has done him justice, and that with the possession of abundant wealth he is at last called upon to enjoy the reward due to his merits."

Here there was more clapping of hands and exclamations of pleasure, while those who were seated near the Marchese Guadraldo drank to his health with congratulations, all of which courtesies he acknowledged by a nonchalant, self-satisfied bow. I glanced at him again—how trammled he looked,—reclining among the crimson cushions of his chair, a brimming glass of champagne beside him, the cigarette between his lips, and his handsome face brightly upturned, though his eyes rested half dimly on the uncertainly smiling Duke through the Bay of Naples was seen glittering in the moonlight.

I continued,—"It was, gentlemen, that you might welcome and congratulate Signor Ferrari as you have done, that I assembled you here to-night,—or rather, let me say it was partly the object of our present festivity,—but there is yet another reason which I shall now have the pleasure of explaining to you,—a reason which, as it concerns myself and my immediate friends, will I feel confident, secure your sympathy and good wishes."

This time every one was silent, intently following my words. "What I am about to say," I went on calmly, "may very possibly surprise you. I have been known to you as a man of few words, and I fear, of abrupt and brusque manners,—a series of 'no!' mingled with various complimentary assurances reached my ears from all sides of the table,—I bowed with a gratified air, and when silence was restored,—'At any rate you would not think me precisely the sort of man to take a lady's fancy.' A look of wonder and curiosity was now exchanged among my guests. Ferrari rose to his feet, and I saw the light gleam in his eyes as he looked at me in blank astonishment. "No," I went on meditatively, "old as I am, and a half-blind invalid besides, it seems incredible that any woman should care to look at me more than twice en passant. But I have met,—let me say with the Chevalier Mancini,—an angel,—who has found me not displeasing to her, and, in short, I am going to marry."

"There was a pause. Ferrari raised himself slightly from his reclining position and seemed disposed to speak, but apparently his mind had remained silent,—his face had become pale. The momentary hesitation among my guests passed quickly. All present, except Guido, broke out into a chorus of congratulations, mingled with good-humored jesting and laughter farrowed to jollity. Conte!" cried Chevalier Mancini; "once drawn along by the rustling music of a woman's gown, no more such feasts as we have had to-night!"

And he shook his head with tipsy melancholy. "By all the gods!" exclaimed Guadraldo, "your news has surprised me! I should have thought you were the last man to give up liberty for the sake of a woman. One woman, too! Why, man, freedom could give you twenty!" "Ah!" murmured Salustri softly and sentimentally, "but the one perfect pearl—the one flawless diamond!"

"Ah!" murmured Salustri softly and sentimentally, "but the one perfect pearl—the one flawless diamond!" "Bah!" returned Guadraldo. "The wine talks, not you. You, the darling, all the women in Naples, to talk of one! Buona notte, bambino!"

"I still maintained my standing position, leaning my two hands on the table before me. 'What our worthy Guadraldo says,' I went on, 'is perfectly true. I have been noted for my antipathy to the fair sex. I know it. But when one of the loveliest among women comes out of her way to tempt me,—when herself displays the matchless store of her countless attractions for my attraction,—when she honours me by special favors and makes me plainly aware that I am not to be presumptuous in what can I do but accept with a good grace the fortune thrown to me by Providence. I should be the most ungrateful of men were I to refuse so precious a gift from heaven, and I confess I feel no inclination to reject what I consider to be the certainty of happiness. My glass, and do me the favor to drink to the health and happiness of my future bride!"

Guadraldo sprang erect, his glass held high in the air; every man followed his example. Ferrari rose to his feet with some unsteadiness, while the hand that held his full champagne glass trembled. The Duke di Marina, with a courteous gesture, addressed me—"You will, of course, honor us by disclosing the name of the fair lady whom we are prepared to toast with all befitting reverence?"

"I was about to ask the same question," said Ferrari in hoarse accents,—his lips were dry, and he appeared to have some difficulty in getting his words together. "Possibly we are not acquainted with her?"

"On the contrary," I returned, eyeing him steadily with a cool smile. "You all know her name well! Illustriissimi Signori!" and my voice rang out clearly—"to the health of my betrothed wife, the Contessa Romana!"

"Liar!" shouted Ferrari, and with all a made a furious dash towards the brimming glass of champagne full in my face. I turned to the wildest scene of confusion ensued. Every man left his place at table and surrounded us. I stood erect and perfectly calm, wiping my white handkerchief the little ripples of wine that dripped from my clothing, the glass had fallen at my feet, striking the table as it fell, and sending sparks of atoms. "Are you drunk or mad, cried Captain de Hamal, seizing him by the arm—"do you know what you have done?"

"Ferrari glared about him like a tiger at bay—his face was flushed and swollen like that of a man in apoplexy—the veins in his forehead stood out like beetles' eyes,—his breath came and went harsh as the sound of a drum. He turned his rolling eyes upon me. 'Damn you!' he muttered through his clenched teeth,—then suddenly raising his voice to a positive shriek, he cried, 'I will have your blood if I bear your heart out for it!'—and he made an effort to spring upon me. The Marchese Guadraldo, who had been standing behind me and held it as in a vice, raised his other arm and cried, 'Not so fast, not so fast, mon cher!' he said coolly. We are not murderers, we! What devil possesses you, that you offer such unwarrantable insult to our host?"

"Ask him!" I replied Ferrari fiercely, struggling to release himself from the grasp of the Marchese Guadraldo. "He knows, well enough! Ask him!"

All eyes were turned inquiringly upon me. I was silent. "The noble Conte is really not bound to give any explanation," remarked Captain Freccia, "even admitting he were able to do so." "I assure you, my friends," I said, "I am ignorant of the name of the Contessa, except that this young gentleman had pretended himself to the lady whose name affects him so seriously."

when the Marquis approached him with frigid courtesy and appeared to offer him some... HOUSEHOLD TALKS. A Leaf From an Old Cook-Book.

your oysters and shake them around. Observe not to let the oyster's cell, or that will make them... HOUSEHOLD TALKS. A Leaf From an Old Cook-Book.

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the patronage of the Rev. Curé LABELLE. To aid the work of the Diocesan Colonization Societies of the Province of Quebec.

CHAPTER XXV. The opening of the room door aroused me from my meditation. I turned to find Vincenzo standing near me, his hand in mine...

here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the woman in the outer chamber." This was done by the mandarin's wife...

BRADY NOT EXPELLED. Only Eight Votes Wanted to Secure a Two-Thirds Majority.

Patterson's case to be concluded on Friday evening next—How the vote was carefully recorded—The Discretion—Regret that the feeling of the majority did not prevail.

Never, it is said, in the history of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association was there such a large meeting of fully qualified members as last evening...

Mr. A. W. Stevenson rose and seconded the resolution and made a short speech, which was, however, to the point. He said he was sorry to see that matters had arrived at this stage...

Whereas in a certain action before the Superior Court for Lower Canada, wherein this association was plaintiff and the Post Printing and Publishing Company was defendant...

Whereas the said jury, composed of respectable citizens of Montreal, after hearing such evidence, demurred to the verdict...

Whereas the conduct of the said Brady and Patterson on the said occasion was "unbecomingly and disgracefully" and "highly reprehensible"...

Resolved—"That William H. Brady and David Patterson, members of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, be and are hereby expelled from this association."

land? The power of action of Dublin Castle has been increased and intensified, and the aspirations of the Irish self-government have been suppressed or unheeded.

Mr. O'Hara, who had the honor of being called on by Messrs. Brady and Patterson, who were present, to ascertain if they had anything to say in their defence...

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THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

In the House of Lords, Lord Crawford moved the address in reply to the Queen's speech. The motion was seconded by Lord Armstrong...

Mr. Matthews, Home Secretary, in reply to a question, said that the convict, Harkins, had gained admission to the Speaker's gallery in August last, under the name of M. Finn...

Mr. Wharton (Conservative) moved the address in reply to the Queen's speech. The motion was seconded by Colonel Dawson...

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Expressions of Gratitude from Subscribers.

The following are additional acknowledgments from our subscribers, new and old, expressing delight with "the Home Rule picture," which finds a prominent place in the household of lovers of liberty...

GREEN VALLEY, Feb. 3.—Your picture of Home Rulers received, and I would not be without it for anything. I enclose pay for the TRUE WITNESS.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 30.—The picture of the leading Home Ruler I am much pleased with and I renew my subscription with pleasure.

GLENTWINT, QUE.—It made me very happy and proud to be the recipient of a picture of four such noble and good men as the Home Rulers. God bless them and THE TRUE WITNESS.

PLANTAGENET, Feb. 2.—I am more than pleased with your litho, which I pronounce one of the best I have ever seen. I will do all in my power to get subscribers for THE TRUE WITNESS.

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THE LATE W. H. KERR, Q.C.

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STEPHEN J. MEANY'S DEATH

CONSUMPTION CARRIES OFF THE WELL KNOWN IRISH PATRIOT—HIS STRUGGLES FOR IRELAND—A FOLLOWER OF DANIEL O'CONNELL AND TWICE IMPRISONED FOR HIS LOVE OF COUNTRY.

These were the words of the Irish patriot and author, Stephen Joseph Meany, last night when it was announced to him that he could not live. At first he was almost prostrated. His nature found it hard to yield even to death.

Stephen J. Meany was one of the most prominent Irishmen of his time. He edited heart and soul in the cause of his native land against English rule and English oppression, and labored unceasingly with tongue and pen from early manhood to old age for the welfare of Ireland.

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WHAT HAS THE UNION DONE FOR IRELAND?

LETTER VI.

"Fifty tons weight of eggs and ten tons of live and dead poultry are sometimes shipped from the port of Dublin in one day."

In 1829, the exports from the single port of Waterford reached £2,136,934, a sum less by £170,000 only than the whole trade of Ireland for seven years, a century before."

Exports to Great Britain:— 1801..... £3,270,300 12 0 1825..... £7,048,934 5 6 Imports from all parts:— 1801..... £4,821,344 16 6 1825..... £2,686,785 8 11

—Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the State of the Irish Poor—1830.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRAVEL WITNESS:

SIR,—The Irish Parliament in 1779, in a voice that could not be misunderstood, said that "it is not by temporary expedients, but by a Free Trade alone that this Nation can be saved from impending ruin. This unequivocal and spirited language opened the eyes of Lord North and the English Nation; and the haughty Minister, who contemptuously refused some trifling commercial advantages in 1777, brought forward his propositions in the English Parliament, granting a Free Trade to the British Isles."

There is no simpler problem in Political Economy to be proved than that neither the Landed interest of England nor that of Ireland gained anything like what is generally supposed by the Corn monopoly, or a tenth of what the community lost by it; that it was the intermediate monopolists that reaped all, or nearly all, the advantages; and that the Landed monopolists were made the tools and instruments to bolster up the others. The innumerable monopolies that were generated by it would instantly vanish if the Landed one was done away with; but one might as well attempt to reason with the ocean billows, or the winds of heaven, as with monopolists of any description; no matter whether they are Landed monopolists, Mercantile monopolists, Railroad monopolists, or Slave monopolists, they will cling to their monopoly to the last, though they may at the same time bring down ruin on their own heads as well as on the heads of their victims. You may crush the monopoly—but it is the extreme of folly to think of reasoning with the monopolists. If reasoning could have any effect on the Irish Landed monopolists, the strongest have been given, and it has been proved, ad infinitum, that any measure that pressed on the industry of the country must be injurious to them, their interests and those of the community being identical. The great object with the Committee of the House of Commons on the state of the Irish poor, from whom Report I have taken the extract that heads this letter, was to prove the vast increase in the trade of Ireland since the Union and the unrestricted intercourse with England. "Fifty tons of eggs and ten tons of live and dead poultry are sometimes shipped from Dublin in a single day!" triumphantly exclaimed the Chairman of the Committee, Thomas Spring Rice, at that time M.P. for the City of Limerick, and shortly afterwards one of His Majesty's Under-Secretaries of State for the Treasury. Let not the Mercantile Princes and Lords of Tyre, with their purple and fine linen, nor the Argosies of Venice, freighted with the wealth and luxuries of the East, be longer the theme of the enraptured historian—let not the trade of Britain, guarded as it is by "That flag that brav'd a thousand years The battle and the breeze," be longer the boast of every Briton and the wonder of an admiring world—star-spangled banner of Columbia, that floats in every breeze and is wafted over the billows of every ocean in the universe, hide your diminished head! Spirit of Adam Smith, your economical principles have met with a stern rebuke! Thomas Spring Rice, M.P., announces to a wondering world that Dublin, the Capital of Ireland, of his native country, exports in one day "fifty tons of eggs and ten tons of live and dead poultry!" Strangely sympathetic with the language of Spring Rice is the annual speech of every Lord Lieutenant in the annual speech of every Lord Lieutenant who has graced with his presence a Mansion House banquet, down to that glorious exception, the Earl of Aberdeen.

Let me not say anything should predominate in any thinking man's mind—accuse or indignation—on having such gross delusions foisted on the public as a proof of the prosperity of Ireland. Ridiculous and laughter would be the most appropriate weapons to use on such occasions were it not that at the very time that committee was laboring to prove the rapidly improving state of Ireland, her wretched inhabitants were suffering all the horrors of famine, and the Premier of England was stating that there was no remedy for it; that famine was periodical in Ireland—a dispensation of Providence; that it should take its course; that it was beyond the power of legislation to meet or cure the evil! In the face of wretchedness, misery and famine staking abroad in every corner of Ireland—in the face of the avowal of the Prime Minister—the Committee on the state of the Irish poor attempted to prove that the commercial, agricultural, and other interests of Ireland were rapidly improving! But they imposed on themselves—perhaps ignorantly—and grossly deluded those who placed any reliance on their Report.

To show that trade is flourishing and agriculture advancing, it is not necessary for Parliament or for the Committee to announce the pleasing intelligence, it is easy of proof. The questions to be asked, and which every man can answer, are these: How are the great body of the people situated? Are they well clothed, well fed, and well lodged—are they contented—are they happy? Let these questions be put with reference to Ireland; the answer will decide whether the country is prosperous or otherwise. The opinion of a great authority on this question is well worth quoting. Adam Smith says:—"The liberal reward of labor, therefore, as it is the necessary effect, so it is the natural symptom of increasing national wealth—the scanty maintenance of the laboring poor, on the other hand, is the natural symptom that things are at a stand—and their starving condition, that things are going fast backward." This opinion of that great man, like every other opinion of his, is at the same time based upon the most profound knowledge of human affairs and on the most splendid principles of benevolence and humanity. What contrast does it not exhibit to the figures of the Committee on the state

of the Irish poor, who pretended to be political economists, and presumptuously arrogated to themselves knowledge sufficient to guide and direct the movements and actions of seven or eight millions of people! Can any man be found to-day who will have the audacity to state that the industrious and laboring classes of the Irish are even tolerably well fed, lodged, and clothed? Will any be found to deny "the scanty maintenance of the laboring poor," and that the only change in their unhappy lot is from base subsistence to "periodical starvation?"

But say the monopolists in the language of Sir James Graham, "Never was there a country that derived more benefit from another than Ireland has from England since the Union. That country derived wealth from this, and this found her the market for her produce." If the first Lord of the Admiralty had said, found "consumption" for her produce, and that, like hungry gluttons, the English consumed everything raised from the soil by the labor of the Irish people, without leaving them even the husks for the swine, there would have been some truth in the assertion; but I must dissent the opinion of Sir James Graham and his school, who appear to be as profoundly ignorant of the first principles of trade and the true source of national wealth as they are of the true state of Ireland or of the character of the Irish people.

I have given Adam Smith as an authority to prove that if the working, industrious portion of the community are poor and miserable, none of the superior grades can be much better off. A most striking illustration of this principle is given in souvenirs of Rome, written by Eugene Davis to the Dublin Journal, under the heading: "A Little Landlord Colony." (Vide TRAVEL WITNESS, Jan. 18, 1888) I stated that the Irish population in 1830 was reduced to the lowest state of destitution; in opposition to this state of things, the Committee on the state of the Irish poor had the hardihood to aver that the commercial prosperity of Ireland was advancing with rapid strides. They triumphantly put forward their proofs, which appear at the head of this letter, in the amount of exports from Ireland in general, and from the port of Waterford in particular. Such has been the reasoning of Government hacks, Lord Lincoln, and Monopolists, all along the line from the Union to the present time, now 88 years. Out of their own mouths I shall condemn them. I shall show that no reliance can be placed in this school of Political Economists. From the facts they have placed at my disposal, I shall prove that Irish trade is equally subverted with Irish manufactures. What was true in 1830 is equally true in 1888. It will not, I presume, be disputed that the seven or eight millions of exports from Ireland consist chiefly of agricultural produce. "The last, the lowest, and most disadvantageous species of commerce," says Archdeacon Paley, "is the exportation of raw materials for wrought goods—as when wool is sent abroad to purchase velvets, hides or peltry to purchase shoes, hats, or linen cloth. This trade is unfavorable to population, because it leaves no room or demand for employment, either in what it takes out of the country, or in what it brings into it. Its operation on both sides is noxious—by its exports, it diminishes the very subject upon which the industry of the inhabitants ought to be exercised—by its imports, it lessens the encouragement of that industry in the same proportion that it supplies the consumption of the country with the produce of foreign labor."

Did I not quote my authority, it might be supposed by those who cannot see below the surface, that the opinion I have stated was intended to apply to the trade now carried on between England and Ireland. Is not, then, the trade which is carried on between the two countries, as far as Ireland is concerned, "the last, the lowest, and the most disadvantageous?" Before I have closed this subject, I hope to make it clear that the Irish merchants are the unwritten agents, or, rather, the mere pack-horses of the English monopolists. The advocates for things as they are say, if Ireland attempts to carry Home Rule, the English market will be closed against her butter and bacon, her live and dead stock, &c. Let them be shut by all means. So much the better for the tillers of the soil. Those who so pompously drum this threat into Irish ears are probably not aware that it would not be the first time that they were shut against Ireland. The commercial jealousy was as vindictive and as indefatigable as the manufacturers' jealousy. The British Parliament prohibited the importation of live stock into England when they thought it injured their own country and served Ireland—when they found this prohibition had a directly contrary effect to that which was intended, that it absolutely served Ireland; they at once repealed the law. It is not too much, then, to assert that they would act precisely on the same principles at this day, if they found their advantage in doing so. The old adage, "We must not put John Bull on short allowance." Commercial monopolists, the world over, are like insatiable tigers, ever ready to pounce upon their prey. But what would be the inevitable consequence to England if she did shut her ports against Irish produce? In this case she would have one of two things to do—either to give the sole monopoly to the English landlord for the supply of the English markets, thereby putting the people on short commons, (a principle revolting to John's stomach,) and by which means the price would be doubled, (an uncongenial theory to John's pocket,) or she would throw her ports open to all other agricultural countries. Could she, if she acted on the former, be able longer to supply the world with her sheep manufactures, as well as her own corn, butter and bacon? And if she adopted the latter course, would any other country in the universe take the same proportion of her manufactures as the Irish? Could she refuse to give Ireland the same privileges as she would give foreigners? If she did, then the people of Ireland would be reduced to the melancholy alternative of eating their own corn, butter, pork and beef, together with the "fifty tons of eggs and ten tons of live and dead poultry," instead of potatoes and salt, (often moistened with salt tears,) and of shearing their own sheep, manufacturing their own wool, and wearing it themselves. It is not overbold to tell those ignorant alarmists, who see nothing but dismemberment (!) of the Empire in Home Rule, the destruction of the Landed monopoly, and the barring of the English markets, that if a wall of brass, fifty orbits high, were raised between England and Ireland, the people would be able to support themselves, and be in a far better situation than they are at present. England will receive Irish produce as long as it is her interest to receive it, and not one day longer. I have stated that it was not a new thing to have Irish cattle prohibited, and that other articles of Irish produce were also prohibited, until it was discovered to be advantage to admit them. To prove this and other matters connected with Irish trade, I have again to draw upon the author of the "Choice of Evils" for an extract, which will preface my next letter.

W. M. K. Montreal, Jan. 30, 1888.

NOTES FROM COLLEGE GREEN

Or the Coercion Reign in Ireland.

(By Special Correspondent of THE POST and TRAVEL WITNESS.)

DUBLIN, January 24, 1888.

The reign of terror proceeds apace. Every morning some new surprise, some lower depth has been scoured, some fresh degradations achieved, by their great and good statesmen who rule over our stricken land.

I have just returned from the procession—persecution would be a better word—of the two priests, Father Burke, of Crusheen, and Father Francis, of Clarenbridge. The scene of the trial was an obscure little village of some dozen houses named Ardahan. It lies about ten miles from Galway as the crow flies and about seven miles from Clasclo Loughrea. The country around might have been, before the mental vision of the late Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican, when, pleading for his poor country, he admitted

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE PEOPLE, but continued, "all the patriotism in the world will not make a blade of grass grow on an acre of limestone." The land is literally boulder strewn, with consumptive looking patches of grass forcing themselves through between the stones. From the window of the railway carriage one sees nothing but stones, stones, until the heart grows sick thinking of the misery and wretchedness covered in by those that roofs discolored at long intervals. The village was literally alive with police. They had kept pouring into the place from the grey dawn, coming, some of them, long distances on drays, brakes and cars. One brake came empty to remove the prisoners, so complete were the arrangements. The court house was a gem in its way, being about the size of an average packing box. The Dublin Freeman's Journal would make it a comfortable carpet. The public were perforce excluded, and it would be a safe guess to say that nine-tenths of those inside would exchange with an outsider, did not duty compel his presence.

FATHER BURKE AND FATHER FRANCIS are both young men and the story of their oratory is short though not sweet. A man named Grealey was evicted by his landlord, a certain Mr. William St. George, in the year 1880. Grealey went back into his house, St. George evicted him again and to make sure this time levelled the house to the ground. Grealey erected a kind of shanty or hut on the ruins and continued to reside with his little family on the spot. The hold St. George now had him arrested and sent to Galway jail. The ties of his health and home were not yet to be severed, again and again did the unfortunate man return only to be cast into prison each time, being accompanied in the last few journeys by his wife. He finally took refuge under the bridge of a tidal river and there his eldest daughter sickened and died, or, as the doctor expressed it, "her throat rotted away." Why pursue the story, it is the old and well known one. Father Burke at last had his attention called to the poor man's case—his heart bled, he enlisted Father Francis, of Clarenbridge, in an effort to secure the poor fellow a home. They gathered the brave fellows of the country, gaidh carts were procured and in one half day

A STONE HUT WAS ERECTED complete with a fire all ready for Grealey and his wife's return from Galway jail. They came and for a time were happy. The hut was erected on a disused road, which road was on the mighty St. George's property, his hopeful son was present at its erection, and was therefore able to speak with authority as to those engaged in the work. It was truly a humiliating and pitiable spectacle to see the Catholic son of a Catholic father come into court and with diabolical deliberation endeavor to swear away the liberty of his priest, the scapulari arcon, around whom so many fond memories cling. One of the magistrates—Colonel Tyrant—a real colonel who has seen service, had no heart for the work and sub rosa gave the Crown counsel the straight tip that he for one was against a conviction, the word was sent flashing away to the Attorney-General in Dublin and making a virtue of necessity the Crown instructed that if the hut were removed anywhere the prosecution would be abandoned. Mr. Christopher Reddington who was in court at once offered a site free and so ended the fiasco. Blasz Balfour will grant some of his minions a bad quarter of an hour over the business, he does not take well to being licked.

FATHER M'FADDEN'S ARREST has roused the very devil in the breasts of those who know him, and what Irishman has not heard of his heroic efforts to keep his look alive amid the barrenness of Gweedore? The very last man in Ireland who should be touched is Father M'Fadden. Some years ago he went over to Scotland, where Donagel men abound, and he raised enough money in a few weeks to keep his people from starvation, the little town of Greenock alone giving him over £200 in a few days. This is the man who when the Castle donkeys have thrown into a prison cell, refusing bail. It is a striking instance of the power wielded by the Irish party when they are able to control the passions of the people under such provocation. Did not Parnell, or even lesser names, lift a little finger, the walls of his prison would crumble into dust. The indignation and anger of the people know no bounds, and it will be a mercy from Heaven if his trial and—as a matter of course—conviction are allowed to pass without some violent outburst.

ARREST OF MR. COX. Mr. Cox, who for seven weeks wandered at his sweet will over the length and breadth of the land with four warrants for his arrest hanging from his neck, has at length been caught. He was taken into the lion's den literally—he went to London. They had men enough or brains enough to capture him in Ireland, though he assures us he assumed no disguise, and they must needs wait until he steps over to the shores of free and glorious England. 'Tis there the hand of the detective finds his shoulder. Where now is England's boast—the slaves of South America were free if they were able to gain even the deck of an English ship, but a member of the British Legislature can be arrested on the streets of London like a common pickpocket. His rights are writ on water, his magna charta is in Balfour's coat-tail pocket. Having caught their hare the next thing was to cook him, and so he is smuggled away to Dublin with the greatest secrecy. His arrival there is, however, speedily ascertained, and messages despatched all along the line. Crowds assemble to give him a passing cheer, but the Castle were a shade too previous for that, they have sent instructions to man the platforms and prevent any manifestations. The result being that legitimate travellers were unable to join their trains. At the important junction of Athlone, where Mr. Cox had to change carriages to-day, the police took complete possession and would not admit a single person, the railway officials being treated like so many children and their authority set at naught. Bator charges are so common that one begins to look upon them in the same light as dinner—a necessity. In fact, if

things go on this way much longer, people who are compelled to go to bed without a broken head will feel positively uncomfortable.

DEATH OF ONE OF LANSDOWNE'S VICTIMS.

(Leinster Leader, Jan. 28th.)

On Saturday, Dr. T. F. Higgins, coroner for Queen's County, held an inquest at Fossy near Timahoe, touching the death of Michael Lawlor, 54 years of age, one of the tenants holding under Mr. Kilbride, recently evicted by Lansdowne.

The widow of the deceased deposed that her husband was a farmer, who was evicted from his holding on Lord Lansdowne's property, at Luggacurran, on the 22nd March, 1887, and owing to the exposure and hardship which he then suffered, the deceased got a bad cold and cough, for which he was taking medicine from Dr. Percival, and which he never got out of. He became very delicate entirely, particularly for the previous three weeks. On Wednesday the deceased, on returning from Athy, got out at Ballylinan to visit at a friend's house, and in getting into the car to go home his foot slipped and he fell and lost all power of his limbs. He had to be carried into the house, and he died the following day.

Evidence was given by Mrs. Margaret Holland (who was in the car with the deceased) that the deceased was perfectly sober on the occasion.

Dr. MacKenna, Ballylinan, deposed that he had examined the body of the deceased, and found a dislocation of the spine, and he was of opinion that there was pre-existing disease, and that the shock was so great that paralysis ensued, which caused death.

Dr. Davison, Ballylinan, was also examined, and concurred in the opinion expressed by Dr. MacKenna.

The jury found that the cause of death was spinal paralysis, consequent on a fall accidentally sustained whilst deceased was affected with some pre-existing disease, brought on by exposure after his eviction.

A TIMELY PRECAUTION.

To prevent serious disease, regulate the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and blood with Burdock Blood Bitters. Remember that prevention is better than cure.

DEFYING COERCION.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE GOES TO IRELAND—CLARICARDIE'S INFAMOUS PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P., cables as follows to the N.Y. Tribune:— Lord Claricardie is condemned by all parties, from Chief Baron Pallas in Dublin to "The London Times," which has denounced his incredible tenacity. But Mr. Balfour has been backing him up and harrying the whole district for him with his Coercion act, sending batches of his tenants into jail again and again for such offences as refusing to deal with emergency men or celebrating the release of an imprisoned neighbor by holding a meeting at his door. For the latter offence the secretary of the Woodford Tenants' Defence Association, Mr. Koch, a Poor-law guardian, who has already been twice in jail since the midnight meeting, was on Monday sentenced to three months, and with him ten other tenants.

The question is, "Will Mr. Balfour, while Parliament is sitting, go on with this work and proceed as Lord Claricardie's ally to lengths of extermination?" Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is determined to put this to the test. He, during Mr. Bunt's trial, was so impressed with the tyranny practised on this estate that he offered to go over and hold a meeting, as Mr. Bunt did, should evictions be again threatened. He has now gone over with Messrs. Brunner and Rowland over with Mr. C. C. Michael, and will hold this meeting next Friday. Mr. Balfour, to be consistent, must prohibit it, as he did Mr. Bunt's, and prosecute Mr. Shaw-Lefevre if he attempts to hold it.

I travelled from Dublin with Mr. Morley on Saturday evening. He is profoundly impressed by all he witnessed in Dublin. The orderliness, intelligence, good sense and enthusiasm of the people, whether displayed in demonstrations in the streets or by the audiences in the City Hall, Mansion House and Leinster Hall, were beyond his utmost expectations. He says he never addressed a quicker, more responsive or more clear-headed audience than that immense one in Leinster Hall. The hospitality and courteous kindness of the people have also delighted him, as they have Lord Ripon, who has gone back more Irish than the Irish themselves in his enthusiasm for the national idea.

I have just obtained some striking statistics as to the working of Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act. In the six months out to the end of January during which the act has been working, 687 persons have been prosecuted under it, and of these 540 have been put in jail.

IMPORTANT TO WORKING MEN.

Artisans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

MORE IRISH MEMBERS ARRESTED.

DUBLIN, Feb. 8.—Patrick O'Brien, M.P., was to-day sentenced to three months' imprisonment for inciting tenants not to pay rent. Mr. O'Brien appealed and was released on bail. Mr. Fiynn, member for North Cork, was arrested to-day and afterward released on bail. He is charged with conspiring against the payment of rent and for unlawful assembly. He was remanded for trial at Newmarket on the 24th inst.

IN A DANGEROUS CONDITION.

Any person troubled with irregular acting kidneys or any form of kidney complaint, however slight it may seem, is in a dangerous condition if the trouble is neglected. Burdock Blood Bitters should be taken at once; it is the best regulator of the kidneys, liver and blood known to the world.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better. —Wendell Phillips.

POPULAR PREPARATION!

Pure, Patent, Powerful, Pallid People Praise, Pleasant Purgative, Positively Painless, Pleasant Purgative, Properly Partaken, Pleasant Physical Power, Produces Permanent Physical Perfection. Purchase, Prove!

It is infamy to die and not be missed. —Charles Wilcox.

ARE FREE FROM ALL CRUDE AND IRRITATING MATTER. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

"To be anything in Boston now you must either draw or paint." The Boston man who either draws a fish cart or paints a barn can congratulate himself upon being in fashion.

IRELAND'S PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

In the west of sunny Europe there lies three lovely Isles. The ocean shields their landings and heaven on their smiles. The summer fondly fingers and winter scarce appears. Till the rosy dawn of springtime has banished darker fears.

There England lies in glory like gorgeous lovely Isles. The spots other nations on her sumptuous bosom shine. There Scotland stands in grandeur, created more to fill The soul with lofty feelings and pure poetic skill.

But, journey on still westward, there meets the wanderer's gaze, A sight more fair than England on Scotia's bonnie braes. Like an emerald gem aloft on the ocean's stormy crest, Like a babe in peaceful slumbers on a bounteous mother's breast.

'Tis Erin, nature's first-born, tho' old yet ever young, Tho' countless bards has praised her, there is glory yet unseen. There is love, light and beauty enthroned upon the hills, And the mistleil finds a rival in the music of ker liss.

When Britannia, sunk in darkness, to pagan idols bow'd, This Emerald Isle resounded with music sweet and loud: 'Twas the voice Erin's priesthood o'er hill and valley sent, From the lofty ehrens of Tara, where kings and poets bent.

They fill'd Ionas mountains with light and sacred song, Tho' highlands wilds and glens the music sweetly along; These harp notes broke the silence, on Alba's virgin plains, And the echo of its numbers like a fairy spell remains.

But the spoiler came, and with him too, the curse of crimes and wrong, The cry of battle rose above the chant of sacred song, The hills where shrines and temples stood, the valleys where abbey lay, Was suak'd with Erin's purest blood; a proof of tyrant's sway.

But like the dawn that breaks the gloom of a look terrific night, There rose a heat above control, a hand that struck for right, A neck too proud to wear the yoke of any foreign knave, A man who feared not death itself, his native land to save.

Whose fame can rival that of our warrior monarch Brian? In the annals of our country his name will ever shine; To him we owe the honour of Clontarf's victorious field, And the memories of his glories forbids our hearts to yield.

But 'tis sad to think the nation for which the bravest died, Again should be the victim of another tyrant's pride; 'Tis hard to see the valleys where our fathers fought and bled, O'ershadowed with the banner of England's cruel creed.

There's a banner in the distance, not far, it can be seen, It is the standard of our fathers, our own immortal green; Beneath it stand the millions determined to be free, Behind them stands the aid of their friends beyond the sea.

The Celtic hearts are warm and their hopes to-day are high, For the hour of atonement is surely drawing night; The cloud of vengeance lowers o'er England's guilty head, Called thither by the blood of Erin's martyred dead.

As Erin was of old, she is still the same to-day, The throne of every virtue and a faith beyond decay; She cannot boast of gold or other ill-got gains, But the centre of her glory is the faith that still remains.

Again the native bards will strike the chord anew. As they did when victorious shone on the shield of Brian Bora: As Kinora's halls resounded with the warriors jubilee band, So the canticle of freedom will re-echo o'er the land.

MARGARET SCULLION, 166 Napoleon Road, St. Gabriel's.

JAMES REDPATH DYING. (Boston Pilot.) The news that James Redpath has been stricken down by paralysis, and is lying speechless on his deathbed, will bring heartfelt sorrow to tens of thousands of homes in America and Ireland. It means the silencing of a tongue that never remained silent in presence of a wrong; the stilling of a heart whose sympathies knew no bounds, ranging from the Border Wars of Kansas to the famine evictions by the cruel landlords in Ireland. It means that the friend and co-laborer of John Brown, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Michael Davitt, William O'Brien, Chas. Stewart Parnell, Bahop Nutty, and Archbishop Walsh, is awaiting death in silence in New York.

James Redpath never was a rich man, but he was always a powerful one. He had the divine power of earnest belief and kindly sympathy, whatever cause he espoused advanced, for he compelled unselfish men's attention.

He will die like a great man, like a man who has been nobly engaged in noble causes, who never reckoned consequences when he saw his duty clear before him.

He is an Englishman by birth and race; but he has been one of the most intense and active Irish Nationalists in the world. In the days of the last famine in Ireland, when the English policy tried to make the world believe the story an exaggeration, he went to Ireland and traveled it from North to South, and the reports he sent out shocked and horrified civilization.

No limit of race or country bounded James Redpath. He was ever a warm hearted, kindly man, faithful to his friend and honest as a sound on the scent of principle and humanity. The prayers of those who loved him, those whom he befriended and believed in, will make his last dumb waiting peaceful. He was a good man for a helpless cause. May he die happily and rest in peace.

MAKE A START IN LIFE By taking hold of the live business of a live life. You do not have to put up with any of the started fire. Any one can do the work. You can live at home if you like. Both sexes, all ages. \$1 per hour and upwards easily earned. No special ability or training needed. Let us show you all at once, and then, if you don't take hold, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Mr. Riley, of Brooklyn, ran a needle into her head seven years ago. Last week she took it out, and a small fester in her thumb. It is needless to say that she was a good deal surprised.

DOZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

HAVE YOU A PAIN? ANYWHERE ABOUT YOU? USE PERRY DAVIS' "PAIN KILLER."

5 \$ TO BE A DAY. Shampoo and duty FREE. Lines go under the horse feet.

NO MORE PILLS! MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT!

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns.

J. J. JOURNAY & LANZONI'S Florida Water

AT FREQUENT DATES EACH MONTH FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA OR ST. LOUIS. BURLINGTON ROUTE C.B. & Q.R.R.

COUGHS, COLDS, Group and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE CARTER MEDICINE CO. New York

PALMO-TAR SOAP WE CONFIDENTLY ASSERT FOR IMPROVED THE COMPLEXION AND SKIN

MONTREAL MARKETS.

TUESDAY, Feb. 14, 1888.

The markets, to-day, are being well patronized and the exhibits are quite good, especially in the line of meats. We notice some fine samples of western beef, and the pork offered is far above the average and the enquiry was quite brisk, car lots selling at \$5.80 to \$7.00.

commodity on the market this week and prices took an upward tendency and brought from \$6.50 to \$7, and in some cases for prime \$7.10 was paid per cwt.

DAIRY EXPERIMENTS.

The New England Farmer recently had a detailed account of some carefully made dairy experiments, showing the number of pounds of milk required to make a good pound of butter each month, from April to November inclusive, from three different classes of cattle.

HORSE EXCHANGE.

At the Montreal Horse Exchange during the week 194 horses were received and 80 shipped out. Trade during last week was fair.

THE DOMINION CATTLE CO.

This company seems to be far from healthy. A meeting was held in Sherbrooke on Saturday and liquidators appointed. Among the unfortunates are the Eastern Townships Bank to the tune of \$105,000, and Hugh Ryan, of Frontville, holds about \$135,000 of stock.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

It is the general impression among farmers that it will not pay to raise left pigs, and as they are usually cared for, left to shift for themselves through the winter, there is no doubt, however, and they are provided with warm quarters and proper food, they can be kept through the winter with small outlay, and should make satisfactory growth.

Horror" to thrill her audience; and Angie Newson with a pamphlet which was widely published and distributed among the members of the United States Congress, with stories as wild and unreliable as that of Aladdin's lamp in the "Arabian Nights."

The facts that these people are and have been frugal, industrious, moral; that they had no saloons, no gambling, no brothels in their midst until introduced by the Federal Government.

Now that polygamy has been suppressed, the non-polygamous male population of Utah, comprising four-fifths of her present voters, having called a convention in due form, formulated and adopted a constitution, have presented it to the United States Congress, and for the fifth time are asking admission as a State, and in this constitution have incorporated as follows (Art. XV, Sec. 12, p. 11): "Bigamy and polygamy being considered incompatible with a Republican form of government, each of them is hereby forbidden and declared a misdemeanor."

"Any person who shall violate this provision shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment for a term not less than six months nor more than three years, in the discretion of the court."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

go higher and 40c for 32 pounds may be considered standard price. There is little doing in peas or barley. The following are the quotations carefully revised for this issue:

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

VETERINARY.

(The Veterinary Department of THE TRUTH WRITERS is in charge of a practical veterinary surgeon. The benefits of this column are extended to country subscribers only, and no charge is made for the service, but a return of a few lines is necessary to enclose a fee of one dollar.)

Our object in publishing the fruits of our study and experience has not been to make every man his own doctor, but to give him the knowledge which, while of value to the busy farmer, may also assist him in diagnosing disease, and in the event of inability to obtain qualified veterinary advice to apply the knowledge he gathers from this department for the prevention of suffering, death and loss.

S.A.B.—Three-year-old mare cut her leg on front of gambler joint about the middle of October, cut about an inch deep, syringed it with carbolic acid water till cut filled up, but did not heal, it is not a running sore, its present size is three inches square.

RULES FOR LEAP YEAR PARTIES.

The following are suggested as rules to govern leap year parties:—1. Ladies will call for the gentlemen promptly at eight o'clock. Those who keep their escorts especially waiting, and who consequently late at the party, will be treated for the remainder of the evening as wall flowers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. FULL WEIGHT PURE. D. PRICES CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

Its superior excellence proved in millions of homes and in the courts of law. It is used by the United States Government, endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Standard, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

Belva Lockwood Thinks it a Romance in Real Life. Conception of the Stage Nothing Compared to it—The Part the Government Has Played in Normalism—What the Edmunds Bill Has Done—The Man Who Voted for it—How the Bill Affected Worcester—Kate Field's "Mormon War"—Morals of Mormonism—A Curious Part—Benefits of Mormonism—Should Utah Become a State?

Just at this time, when the Territory of Utah, now comprising more than two hundred thousand square miles, is knocking at the doors of the United States Congress for admission as a State, the Mormon question becomes a very important one, not only to the people of that Territory, but to the Government itself.

The history of the Mormon people is a romance in real life, more interesting than the often-fetched conceits of the novelist, and in some instances has been more tragic than the distorted conceptions of the theatrical stage. Foreign nations, as lookers-on, must be amused and puzzled at our treatment of a question that has within the last few years become of so much legislative consideration, and in which the Federal Government has appeared not only as the conservator of the morals of that Territory, but as the executor of what its religious creed ought to be, and finally, as the trustee or committee of all of the available property of the Mormon Church.

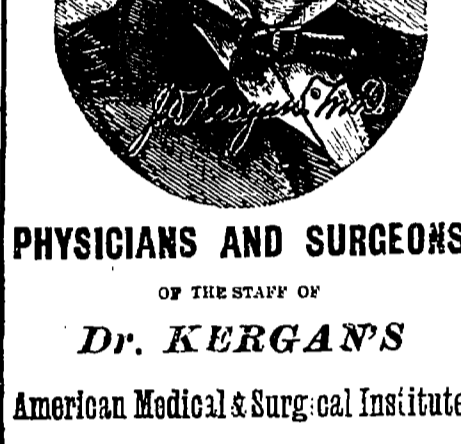
Utah was organized as a Territory more than thirty-seven years ago, and for more than a quarter of a century the Federal Government tolerated polygamy in her midst until it became a fixed fact in the institutions of the territory, and as delegates to represent the Territory moved polygamists; and then, with a suddenness of virtue, commenced an attack upon the system—a war of extermination, which for virulence and bitterness, for misrepresentation and oppression, exceeded the horrors of coercion and eviction in Ireland, and which our sympathies have been greatly excited, if not only for the privilege of worshipping in their own tabernacle and occupying their own parsonage and other church buildings built by their own money and by their own work.

But they bore it all uncomplainingly; took up their own burden of work, banded themselves together for protection, and they were together, believing that out of trials would come blessings, even as blessings had come in the early days of their tribulations until their places of worship were seized, and a portion of a burden of rent came upon them.

By a vigorous execution of the Edmunds' Act, the disfranchisement of all polygamists, and the disfranchisement of those who were wholly absolved from sin, the Mormon people were ever practical polygamists. But this small number sufficed to throw the territory into such disrepute that the whole Christian world threw up its hands in holy horror, until, as a rule, no Christian man or woman believed that he or she was wholly absolved from sin, and has publicly denounced "those horrid Mormons." It was also a noticeable fact that those Members of Congress most urgent for the enactment of stringent laws against the Mormons were those whose moral character was far from being above reproach.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. FULL WEIGHT PURE. D. PRICES CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, cheap phosphated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 109 Wall Street, N.Y.



PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE STAFF OF Dr. KERGAN'S American Medical & Surgical Institute DETROIT, MICHIGAN, ARE NOW AT THE ALBION HOTEL, MONTREAL, Where they will remain for a short time.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS: CHRONIC, NASAL CATARRH, THROAT and LUNG DISEASES, and all Diseases of the KIDNEYS, BLADDER, LIVER, STOMACH, BLOOD, SKIN and NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

STE. MARTHE. At a meeting of the Municipal Council of the Parish of St. Marthe, held on the Sixth Day of FEBRUARY, at the usual place of meeting, PETER MONAHAN, Esq., G.S.C., was unanimously re-elected Mayor of said Municipality.

STE. MARTHE. At a meeting of the Municipal Council of the Parish of St. Marthe, held on the Sixth Day of FEBRUARY, at the usual place of meeting, JOHN McGAHEE, Esq., J.P., was unanimously re-elected Mayor of said Municipality.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN. S. CARSLEY is clearing Tailor-made Jersey cheap. S. CARSLEY does all kinds of repairing and re-covering of Umbrellas.

Twed Remnants are sold at great bargains just now at S. Carsley's. Boy's and Men's Moccasins are sold at extremely low prices during this month at S. Carsley's.

Our Full Fashioned, Fine Black Cashmere Hose, measure from 28 1/2 to 29 inches long in the leg. Common makes are only from 25 to 27 inches long. When purchasing see the length measures from 28 to 29 inches.

Our Extra Long, Extra Fine Black Cashmere Hose, are 50c per pair; three pairs for \$1.48, or 5 pairs for \$2.90. Warranted equal in quality to what is regularly sold in the city at from 75c to 80c for short legs.

LONG, VERSUS, SHORT LONG, VERSUS, SHORT LONG, VERSUS, SHORT LONG, VERSUS, SHORT LONG, VERSUS, SHORT LONG, VERSUS, SHORT LONG, VERSUS, SHORT

Black Cashmere Hose that measure only from 25 to 27 inches long, come under the head of SHORT HOSE, and can be bought very low. Long Hosiery, measuring from 28 to 29 inches, are the popular goods.

ALWAYS RIGHT ALWAYS RIGHT ALWAYS RIGHT ALWAYS RIGHT ALWAYS RIGHT ALWAYS RIGHT

Our Goods will not only be found the best and cheapest, but always right in every detail. This is what keeps our business increasing year after year.

ABOUT THOSE CASHMERE HOSE ABOUT THOSE CASHMERE HOSE ABOUT THOSE CASHMERE HOSE ABOUT THOSE CASHMERE HOSE

Comparison has proved our 50c Black Cashmere Hose to be by far the best value in the market. 6 pairs for \$2.90; 3 pairs for \$1.48. Length of leg without stretching, from 28 1/2 to 29 inches; cheaper grades, 3 pairs for \$1.25.

EXPANDED WIFE: "What do you mean by coming home at this time in the morning?" CONJUGAL HUSBAND: "I am very sorry, my dear, but it's not my fault. The fellers had all gone; didn't have anyone to talk to."

FOR ART NEEDLEWORK FOR ART NEEDLEWORK FOR ART NEEDLEWORK FOR ART NEEDLEWORK FOR ART NEEDLEWORK

A very fine selection of Silk Ornaments, Chenille Designs, Brass Croissants, Sequins, Stars and Bangles.

BRAIDS AND BUTTONS BRAIDS AND BUTTONS BRAIDS AND BUTTONS BRAIDS AND BUTTONS

Every imaginable shade, color, style, size, quality, make, design and price of burtons.

SEASONABLE REPROOF.—(Wife to her husband, who has been lying in bed till noon on New Year's Day): "Alphonse, come, get up! Why, you have done nothing but sleep all this year, 74-75."

LEATHER AND PLUSH LEATHER AND PLUSH LEATHER AND PLUSH LEATHER AND PLUSH LEATHER AND PLUSH

Ladies' Satchels, Purse and Card Cases at extraordinarily low prices for first-class goods.

OSTRICH TIP FANS OSTRICH TIP FANS OSTRICH TIP FANS OSTRICH TIP FANS OSTRICH TIP FANS

These beautiful Fans are nearly all sold; they have been worn at all fashionable balls this season. The Tips alone are worth the price charged for Fan.

PRINT REMNANTS PRINT REMNANTS

Clearing before stock-taking.

LADIES' OPERA HOODS LADIES' OPERA HOODS

BABIES' WOOLLEN WEAR BABIES' WOOLLEN WEAR

On the first floor in the Print Department you can get at greatly reduced prices anything in Babies' Woollen Wear.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN