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(FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.)

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

SOME UNTHOUGHT-OF ECONOMIES.

Value of Scraps—Antique—Old Family Chests—Bag Carpets in and out of Place—Rugs.

VALUE OF SCRAPS.

Around every house, no matter how well regulated or arranged, accumulations of one sort or another steadily increase, defying the vigilance of the house-wife, till the yearly or semi-yearly house-cleaning drags them to light again, bringing up the ever recurring question often asked before: "What shall we do with them?"

It is amusing to notice the way in which some articles, of no use whatever in themselves, are hoarded, year after year, on account of some sentimental interest attached to them, or perhaps some exaggerated estimate of their value.

Now if we are ever to have cleanly and pleasant homes we must at once and forever get rid of these two ideas in connection with household rubbish. It is sentiment that is indulged in, let it be associated with such articles as shall be pleasing to sight, and not cumbersome in the keeping.

As for the rest—the money-value of articles is generally a fair criterion of their worth. This is a safe plan at any rate to go on at house-cleaning time.

ARTIS ANTIQUES.

When the craze for antiques came in, a wholesale clearing up of articles all over the land took place. But was comfort increased thereby? I fail to see it; simply because the rubbish was retained in the house, and not put out of it. All this fuss dragging down and burning up articles, and setting them in the parlor to be admired by the casual visitor was the very worst nonsense, because they served to use as a house-keeping.

Old furniture is seldom cast aside until its day has indeed passed, and it would be foolish to say that our present articles of furniture, light in the handling, easy in the using, should be displaced by the same, ungainly, unwieldy furniture of former days.

Cabinets might be rescued from this sweeping denunciation, but that they favor the accumulation of trifles of little interest or value—at best, mere curiosities—and no sensible person is desirous of making home a museum.

OLD FAMILY CHESTS.

But when we come to textile fabrics—wall-closets, we may be induced to pause in the work of destruction—here we may be forced to admit superiority in the make and finish of material—especially in the very warp and woof of those old-fashioned stuffs, and thoroughness in the handwork not to be found in these easy-going, easy-made days.

We cannot find much fault with the taste that de-luxated such things as these. Old-time families keep some of the rarest of their toiles a massive oaken chest, where fold of fold of antique silk and satin and brocade have lain in perturbed darkness through the quiet years, unvisited by young or moth, unshaken out of their slumber by the sunbeams of the morning.

For the interior rooms of a house nothing is so durable and comfortable, where warmth is considered, than the some-time despised rag-carpet. Here the treasures of the attic, old half worn clothing, which must be got rid of at any price at this season, come in of use.

For carpeting kitchen halls, back stairs, the kitchen itself, entries, attic bedrooms, or even on occasion, the basement or extension dining-room, it would be hard to find a substitute of inferior more wear at less cost.

You must see my nice new dining-room carpet, said one of our neighbors, leading her visitor into the pleasant room where the family took their meals. The floor was covered with a pretty striped carpet, broad gray stripes alternated by with narrow crimson ones. "Not very like a rag-carpet, is it? Well, I made that myself—not in a day however. It was my pastime for a long while. I had some time on my hands, and an abundance of old clothes in the attic. Some of them were too worn to give away, but there were good pieces to be got out of all. I sorted out all the cloth garments into a heap by themselves. Of course they had been laid away clean, so there was no delay washing them. Then I sorted out the dark from the light-colored. I cut them one kind at a time in narrow strips, and joined them, overlapping the ends firmly, and sewing with strong thread. Then I wound these long strips into balls. The dark ones I kept in one basket, the light in another. The light ones I colored a deep crimson. Of course, the dark ones were the most numerous, so I told the weaver to make the crimson stripes much narrower. It took a good deal of time, but I liked the work, and the cost of getting it woven was small—so I got the attic riddled of the old cloth coats, trousers and jackets that had been put by there for so long, doing no one any good. Now they make a nice soft carpet for our dining-room, are comfortable under our feet when we sit at meals, and help the room to look really cheerier."

Her friend, glancing around, could not help agreeing with her. Fashion that retraces her steps, every decade or so of years, has lately taken up the rag-carpet idea with enthusiasm. Rag-carpets are now not only to be seen on the floors of the most aristocratic mansions, but are even used as coverings for the most elegant drawing-rooms. Of course, in such cases the materials are costly, as scraps of satin, silk or velvet, but the arrangement is the same, and the colors being placed at hazard, instead of in set figures, the effect is mixed, which, in the employment of scraps, is always the best that can be produced.

The rag-carpet craze necessitates a crazy patch-work in wood-beatathic circles. These, which at best are but the expedients of people of limited means used to eke out an insufficient income, and as such evidence of thrift and management, are painfully out of place in rooms crowded with rich furniture and costly draperies. They are, as I have said, the outcome of thrift seeking to make the most of what it has, and of a desire to be economical. These, which are the result of thrift, exclude them, where their use would only suggest incongruity.

Some very pretty rugs may be made out of the leavings of a rag-carpet. There are generally one or two balls left over, as rags of

any sort, woolen or cotton, will serve, a good many things may be manufactured in a short time at home.

A very pretty rug, and soft almost as velvet, may be made by forming the strips into several folds, leaving the loops about half a finger length, or a little longer. Sew each cluster of loops tightly together at one end. Then place on a foundation—a piece of coarse burlap, or some other cloth, if it be whole and strong, will do—after which all the clusters are sewed in rows very closely together, until the loops add shake out the ends a little, and you will have a rug that will last for years and always look well. The brighter the colors and the more variety in them the better it will look.

Odds and ends of carpets are easily obtainable at carpet warehouses in the form of remnants when such are not to be found in the house. They make lovely mats if bound with braid of contrasting color to the ground tint of the design, and are so cheap and easily made, besides furnishing so much comfort in the bedrooms and elsewhere, that it is a wonder they are not often used.

THE REMAINS OF CITY LIFE. Every year, at the first of May comes perilously near, in the calendar, the heart of the nomad stirs amid the dry dust of city life, and the quonids with the quickening breath of spring. A desire to be up and away comes upon many an otherwise monotonous-minded dweller in city homes, and he feels the impulse without understanding why.

Probably you are asked him you might receive for an answer that the time of his lease is up, or that the landlord gave him warning last quarter, or that his present place of abode does not suit him.

One thing is positively certain, he would stare at you in open-eyed wonder if you told him that it was none of these things that was influencing him in seeking a change of residence—that it was simply the recurrence of the desire implanted long ago in the old nomadic history of the race to wander, and to find in this way.

But your remark would be nevertheless true; else why this yearly repeated paeis of moving.

It is said that the crow of one is the sign of spring, but there is a surer and earlier sign than that. The dimly chilly, drizzly, never-quit-at-one-with-themself days of April witness the harbingers of spring in other guise than the solemn clerical black of the crow, for these harbingers, as the olden poets might have called them, dance the thinness of rubber gossamer-cloaks, and rush up the doorsteps of house-agent offices, and drive respectable landlords for are not landlords the very essence of respectability) out of their customary aplomb, and impatient out-going tenants with pertinent and expersitate enquiries as to the condition and advantages and otherwise of the house they are vacating?

And do they not, as they stand dripping in the hall, and their umbrellas discharge torrents of muddy water over your clean oilcloth, manage to peer into your "best parlor," and take you into their confidence then and there as to what they think of its dimensions, and what their ideas concerning the furnishing of it would be, which, of course, are glaringly opposed to your taste as displayed in the present arrangement? They do not know how to let them tell you "a prep upstairs," just in time to catch Master Reggie, your own dimpled three-year-old, marching out of his bath, naked and chubby, with poor Fluff, the kitten, lank, uncomfortable and wretched-looking, the reluctant sharer in his ablutions, slinking at his heels?

And then do not those damp strangers go prying into your bedrooms, opening the doors, wall-closets, poking with their umbrellas into corners, and even dislodging an ancient cobweb or two?

You are thankful enough when they take their departure—but somehow you feel all out of sorts for the day, and as if your home, the dearest spot on earth yet to you had undergone desecration.

A VERY EXCITING KIND OF SHOPPING. Home-making is an art just as much as shopping is. In fact it is a kind of shopping. You cannot hope to be suited in one or in the other unless you start out with a clear idea of what you want, and how much you are prepared to give for it. You must, in fact, have a sort of plan made in your mind concerning what you desire and expect, allowing ample margin for subsequent changes, which are almost certain to be imposed on the original draft.

It is always so much easier to work with a plan than without it. Sir Walter Scott said that, while working on his romances, he first of all drew out a scheme of the whole plot that he intended to develop throughout the story, but that while proceeding, although he diverged in many places, he never lost sight of the main lines of guidance, still the having of a plan of work helped him immeasurably.

If this be true in literature, the same rule also holds true in household management.

But to return to our illustration of the shopper. It is seldom one sees a good shopper. Every one is familiar with the restless one. She is a constant dicker, for she does not know her own wants, but depends on the patient salesman to find them out for her, just as in her school-days, she expected her clever school-mate to work out the arithmetical problems for her. She has a bored and fretted look just as if she had got hold of the wrong end out of the bull of existence and were working away with all her might to find that end which she does not know how to handle.

But the good shopper, on the other hand, is a pleasure to see. Her methods are so pleasant and simple. She does not drive the salesman and salesgirls desperate in seeking to divine her wishes, but quietly draws a card or piece of paper, and on which beforehand, she has jotted her requirements, as they are met and supplied, she checks it off her list, and passes on to another. If she cannot always get exactly what she wants, she gets as near to it as she can, and always makes it a point to, at least, appear satisfied, when the best is done that can be done. She has her lines drawn, enclosing certain bounds that she will not pass, and all arrangements of spring openings and sacrifices are made to power over.

But the busiest day's shopping that was ever known, never even approached in interest one good day's house-work. Why, one would take off rubbers and waterproof at night with abundant material for a sleep full of dreams that, if written down in shorthand at the moment, might make the fortune of a Dickens.

No wonder the veteran house-walker rises equal to the occasion and sallies forth every rainy April that comes with spirits as eager and wild curiosity as shary-set as at the first timid venture. But even in the midst of this keen elation, a dampener comes—the thought of the household exodus with all its horrors, but of that we shall not speak here or now.

THE CHOICE OF A HOME. Why should not the choice of a home involve much thought, and what is doubly valuable, forethought, as the purchase of a spring suit? So very much of the real happiness of life depends on the proper selection of the house wherein we propose to dwell. A hasty decision may leave as much room for regret as any other of the mistakes of a lifetime.

How we are housed may be and almost always is a question fraught with deeper import than wherewithal we shall be clothed. Many take the matter indifferently, saying, in effect, that one house is as good as another to live in, that the question of neighborhood need not be considered, and that only fussy people go peering about in unvisited corners, examining traps on drains and baths, and hanging their heads over sinks to convince themselves, by some olfactory evidence, of the non-escape of sewage gas.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

In some vague, indistinct way, Hilda knew what was coming. Her simple, loving heart fluttered and beat so quickly that she could hardly breathe. She did not cease speaking, it would be said, but when she ceased speaking, it was as though some exquisite strain of music ceased. Yet she would have deferred it if she could, the speaking of those words that were to open a new life to her. She longed to hear them, yet felt frightened at them.

"Hilda," whispered the low voice at her side, "do forget those lilies for one moment, and look at me. Can you guess what I have to say?" The shry, sweet eyes did not meet his own; the little hands still trembled amid the white blossoms.

"I am jealous of those flowers," said Claude impatiently, as he removed them. "I want all your attention for once, and for a few minutes. Hilda, do you remember that May morning in Brynmar woods?"

"I remember it well," replied a faint, half-frightened voice.

"Do you know," said Claude eagerly, "I love you then! It was the fairest, sweetest picture my eyes ever fell upon, as you stood in the woods, with the blue-bells in your hair, could hardly tear myself away."

"I feel and offer you, I do now, my life for you, and I have never thought of anything or any one since I saw you. Until I found you again my life was one long dream of misery, Hilda. There never was a love so strong, so deep, so true as mine. Is there any hope for me?"

There were a few minutes of unbroken silence, then a gentle, half-sad voice replied, "How could you care for me when you were pledged to marry Miss Earle?"

"I told her the whole story, how from childhood they had been trained to understand that as some future time they were to be married, he would always like Barbara in a calm, kind way, and when his mother suggested the time for the marriage had arrived, he had said, 'I do not see you then, Hilda,' he continued. "When I did so, my heart awoke suddenly. I was like a man who had been buried in a deep sleep. I awoke to find myself passionately loving you, yet pledged to marry Barbara Earle. I had had for some time, but I had no idea of freeing myself. I thought I must marry, and I thought you out of my heart. But, Hilda, Barbara dismissed me; she says our engagement was a foolish mistake, for which I shall not suffer. She refuses even to mention it again, and I am free—free to lay my heart at the feet of the only one I ever can love. Have you no word for me, Hilda?"

"Is she—Barbara unhappy?" she asked gently.

"I do not let that shadow stand between us," cried Lord Bayneham. "Hilda, if I was to pray as man has never prayed before, Miss Earle would not deign to listen to me. Oh, Hilda, can it be that I am mistaken? that you do not care for me?"

She turned her face to him, and he read his answer there. While the fair flowers bloomed around them, sending a thousand sweet and fragrant messages, he told her that same sweet old story that the world has heard so long, and never wearied of—the same story of love, and youth, and hope; of love that was to be eternal, and true, stronger than death. The words rang to the same familiar, ever-beautiful chime. They were new to the young girl who listened, and thought she must be in Fairy-land.

"I do not think, Hilda," he said—his voice trembled with eagerness—"that I could bear my life without you. I could endure all things with you by my side; without you, life would be one long, dreary blank."

The time came when Lord Bayneham remembered Barbara as a death-knell. One such hour comes in every life; perfect in its love and happiness, without cloud, shade or fear; it came to them, and when the mellow light of the conservatory grew dim, and the fragrant blossoms shone but faintly in the evening gloaming, Hilda had promised to be Lord Bayneham's wife.

"Your life shall be just as bright as the life of one of these flowers," said Claude; "no shadow, no storm shall come near you. I shall have but one care, and that will be your happiness; and in return for all my devotion, will you give me a little love, Hilda?"

"A little," she said, wondering if he knew how much that meant. "You are almost happy at Bayneham, he continued. "My mother is sure to love you very dearly, Hilda—she loves me so much. I have won my treasure now, and I am impatient to call it mine. When shall I see Lady Hutton? Before the spring blossoms come again, promise to be my wife, darling."

But that Hilda would not do. In her gentle, child-like way there was a gracious dignity—all her own. He had won enough; she would promise no more. He loved her but the more for the pretty, coy words that fell so softly from her lips.

"I shall come to see Lady Hutton to-morrow," he said half inquiringly.

"Not to-morrow," she replied; "mamma will be busy with the agents. Let me have that one day to realize my happiness and to dream."

"It shall be so," replied Claude.

"Has Barbara dismissed you? or have you ceased to love her?"

"She has dismissed me," he replied with a strange smile.

"Then she is a false, faithless girl, and must be brought to reason," said the countess indignantly.

"Hush, mother!" said the earl. "She is the noblest and truest of women. She dismissed me because she saw that I had learned to love her truly and dearly. She would not stand between me and happiness. I should never have named my love; I should have married Barbara and endured my life as I could. But she saw it, and set me free."

"It is just as I expected," was her ladyship's indignant comment—"a set of ridiculous, sentimental ideas. So you, my lord, have broken your faith, if not your word, with the 'noblest of women!' You fly in the very face of society; you set the world and all its laws at defiance; and for what?—for the love of some fair, foolish face, or perhaps worse, I cannot tell."

"Be just, mother," said Lord Bayneham. "I have done all you say for love of the world's sweetest, loveliest and purest girl the world ever saw."

"I favor me with the name of your new love," said the Countess contemptuously. "I have no wish to hear any absurd rhapsodies."

"The girl I love and have asked to be my wife is Hilda Hutton, Lady Hutton's ward," he replied. "I beg you, mother, to say what you will of me, but spare her. I love her, and she will love me."

"Never with my consent!" exclaimed the countess. "I forbid any such folly. I insist upon your returning to your allegiance—to Barbara, and forgetting this fair, foolish—"

"Hush," said Lord Bayneham, his face growing dark and stern; "no one would argue with me. There are limits to a man's patience, mother."

"I refuse to hear one word more. If I could believe you serious, Claude, my sorrow would be so great it would nearly kill me. When you have thought better of it, come to me again."

With a haughty gesture the countess thus dismissed her son.

CHAPTER XIII. The Countess of Bayneham was always considered as one of the proudest women in England. Her pride had hitherto known no fail. This broken engagement of her son's, his anticipated alliance with one whose claim to high or noble lineage she was wholly ignorant of, humbled her pride, and she doubted the wisdom of her life; but there was another almost as great—that was love for her only son. He was perhaps the only human being that she ever loved with thorough, self-sacrificing devotion. True, she was fond of Barbara; but Barbara had been penniless, instead of a wealthy heiress, the countess would never have planned that marriage for her son.

It was on the morning following that the young earl sought his mother. After a night of sleepless and anxious deliberation he resolved upon making an appeal to her affection; that, he thought, she could never withhold; and he was right in his conjecture. He appealed to his mother's love, and won from her a most reluctant consent to his marriage with Hilda Hutton's ward.

"How nobly Barbara has behaved!" she said with a deep sigh, "she would have made a fitting mistress of Bayneham; and I misjudged her so cruelly—I thought she had played you false, Claude."

"No one living is, or can be, more true than Barbara," said Lord Bayneham; "but there is a far finer, fairer, and better girl than May morning into Brynmar woods."

Then, in his own simple and truthful way, Claude told Lady Bayneham the whole history of his love; his first meeting with Hilda, his struggle to forget her, and his intense happiness at finding himself free to visit her; and Lady Bayneham was touched in spite of herself.

"She is beautiful," she said; "but Claude, there is one thing—I give my consent with certain conditions. Remember Hilda is not Lady Hutton's daughter, she is only her ward. I am saying nothing against her; I suppose her to be a distant relative of Lady Hutton's, adopted by her because she is childless; but I must insist upon every particular of her birth and parentage being laid before me. It is thinking that the Baynehams of Bayneham never married beneath them."

"Of course you are right, mother," said the young earl. "Lady Hutton will give me every information, I know. I have heard that Hilda was the daughter of her dearest friend, but I shall see her this morning, and shall be able to give you all the particulars for me. I suppose she will inherit all Lady Hutton's fortune," said the countess.

"I have never thought about it," replied her son indifferently; "she is peerless herself; but I have no doubt she will."

extremity of her terror; "can nothing be done to save her?"

"Those she asked turned from her with a sorrowing face; they knew when Lady Hutton was gone the young girl would be alone in the world."

Through the long bright hours of that sunny day, while the gay sun shone and the distant roll of carriages told of life and gaiety, Hilda knelt by the sick bed; she was half crazed with the sudden sorrow. Last evening hope and love had charmed her; only last evening a golden light that came straight, it seemed, from Heaven, had fallen over her. At the very moment her lover left her, and thinking only of showing her new-found happiness with her adopted mother, she heard a bell ring, then a startled cry, a rush of servants, and following them she saw Lady Hutton lying white and still upon the ground.

Doctors were summoned in haste; every resource of science had been tried; but all in vain. Since she had been carried into her room, Lady Hutton had been lost to all earthly things.

It was the night which by her still, silent figure that changed Hilda from a child to a woman.

"You had better rest," said one of the doctors, moved by her face so full of anguish.

"I cannot leave her," said Hilda quietly.

"Do you know," continued the doctor, "if Lady Hutton has any friends who ought to be summoned?"

"I have never heard of any," she replied. "Lady Hutton always spoke of herself as being without relatives."

"Has she any worldly affairs that require settling?" asked Dr. Wells again.

"I do not know," said poor Hilda. "The agent from Brynmar is still here, and the lawyer who manages all mamma's affairs. They would not leave the house while she was so ill."

When Dr. Wells repeated his question to Mr. Abelson, the lawyer, that gentleman told him Lady Hutton's will had been made sixteen years ago, and he believed all her affairs were in perfect order; so there was nothing left for the lady, who lay so still and white, to do. The doctors agreed that in all probability she would never recover consciousness just before death; and while the sun poured the full force of its golden beams through the half-drawn curtains into the cheerful room, they watched for that minute; but hour after hour passed and it did not come. The face could grow no whiter, but the faint, low breath became more feeble.

When evening came and Lord Bayneham called again, he was told by Lady Hutton's maid, and he never remembered how he reached home.

"Mother," he said to Lady Bayneham, "you must come with me. Lady Hutton is dying. Hilda has no one near her, and I must go to comfort her. Do not refuse. I ask you as I would ask you for my life."

She did not refuse; there was something in her son's face that compelled her to obey. She went with him at once, and said not a word save to comfort him in sorrow.

The moment had come; the evening sun had set in all its glory; the beautiful gloaming, half golden, half gray, had begun, when Hilda, bending over the white face saw a faint quivering of the closed eyelids and the sealed lips. Then the dark eyes opened with a wistful, wondering look that pierced the child's heart.

"Hilda," she said, "what is it, my darling? Am I going to die?"

"Mamma," cried the trembling girl, "let me go with you."

"I must tell you," said Lady Hutton, "something—let me have more air, I cannot breathe. I want to tell you, darling, about your own mother. Perhaps I did wrong—but I loved you as if you were my own child. Can you not give me air?"

and Dr. Greyling, who had been Lady Hutton's confidential friends for many years. Until she was 21 a certain income was to be allowed her, and Brynmar was to be her home, unless she married before then, in which case she would immediately come into full possession of her property.

For several days the lonely young heiress remained in the large, solitary house, seeing no one but Barbara, an occasional Lady Bayneham. She would not see Claude, who knew his presence would bring with it such a touch of happiness, it seemed almost a sacrifice to think of it. She resolved to return to Brynmar. By Mr. Abelson's advice and assistance an elderly lady was found who, in consideration of a handsome yearly income, consented to live as duenna and chaperon with Miss Hutton; the two guardians having decided that she was far too young and too pretty to live alone.

"I fancy our responsibility will soon end," said Dr. Greyling, with a quiet smile. "Lord Bayneham will be very happy, I think, to relieve us of it."

It was nearly the end of June when Hilda and Mrs. Braye returned to Brynmar, Barbara having given her promise to meet Hilda when the London season was quite over.

When she returned to her early home Hilda resolved to search among Lady Hutton's letters and papers, to see if it were possible to find any clue to her adoption and parentage.

In the grand library at Brynmar stood a large oaken bureau, where the poor lady had been wont to keep all letters and papers. There Hilda searched, there she found the letters worn and yellow with age, love-letters, written by the gay and dashing Lord Hutton to the quiet, dignified Miss Erskine; but neither there nor anywhere else could she find any mention of herself. She questioned the old servants who had lived long with the lady, but they could tell her nothing. One of them spoke of a beautiful woman who had brought Hilda to Brynmar—a nurse, they supposed. The story of Magdalen Hurst was a sealed book to them. In despair Hilda gave up all hope of ever knowing anything of a secret so well kept, so she tried to forget it. Neither the doctor nor the lawyer could enlighten her, for Lady Hutton had not taken them into her confidence.

"Make yourself quite happy," said Mr. Abelson; "Lady Hutton was just from home. Few people will ever remember you were not her child, especially as she treated you so respectfully. Respect the secret of the dead as she respected it."

After that Hilda was content to leave the mystery a secret still, and as was passed on she recovered from the great sudden shock; but while she lived Hilda never ceased to mourn the kind and stately lady who had loved her so well. In the quiet and silence of Brynmar her health and spirits returned. Something of the old beautiful bloom was on her face when she returned to the city, and she was saying that in spite of all her troubles, she would come too—not to remain, but to see a few hours, just to see how his newly-found treasure looked.

Hilda went with him to the shady green glade in the woods where he first saw her; and there, with tears shining in her eyes, she told him of Lady Hutton's dying words, and how impossible she had found it to discover who her parents were. He loved her too deeply to care; and he kissed the tress of her face, and told her never to think of it again. She was Hilda Hutton to all the world, and would soon be Hilda, Lady Bayneham. He made her promise that when the spring blossoms came she would be his wife.

As the time drew near Lady Bayneham made some faint remembrance that she was soon with-drawn, because she saw the whole history of her son's life was involved. Unless he married Hilda he would never marry at all. Outwardly she was amiable and indifferent, but in her heart there was something resembling dislike for the beautiful young girl who had unconsciously thwarted the one plan and wish of her life and heart.

Spring came, with its blossoms and budding leaves. The wedding was to take place at the pretty country church at Brynmar, and a gay party of guests assembled there. Bertie Carlyon had gladly accepted his old friend's invitation to officiate as the best man, for he was anxious to see Barbara again. Diffidence or delicacy, which he knew which had prevented him from calling since he knew she was free.

The flowers Hilda loved were blooming on her wedding day when the words were spoken that made her Claude Bayneham's wife, and no one wished her joy more truly or more kindly than Barbara Earle.

Lord Bayneham took his young wife to Switzerland. He wanted to show her every beautiful place in the world all over. Barbara told him laughingly, he must be content with one, and Hilda had chosen Switzerland.

Barbara's words were gayest when the hour of parting came. Barbara's face was the last that smiled as the carriage, containing perhaps the two happiest people in the world, drove away. Bertie Carlyon, who had been so long watching with love's keen eyes, and with that noble face. He saw no trace of sorrow there. Barbara did not keep her woes for the world's amusement. She was calm, kind and serene, thoughtful for Claude, for Hilda and for Lady Bayneham. It would have required more than the usual amount of tact to discover any sign of an aching heart in those calm, clear eyes and smiling lips.

"I think they will be happy," he said, as the carriage disappeared. "Some mortals have an enviable lot. I should imagine that Claude has not one cloud in his sky. I, on the contrary, have no sunshine."

You can see Barbara, turning to him quickly; "why, after all, I can remember anything at all, I have heard my cousin cite you as the happiest man he knew."

"I made no complaint," said Bertie. "I have enjoyed my life hitherto as the birds and flowers enjoy theirs, without thought or care. I never woke to realities until I became sure of obtaining a certain treasure. Looking within myself I found I was unworthy of it. He who would win must fight."

"Why cannot you fight?" said Barbara, interested in spite of her own secret sorrow. "You are too diffident. A man should never mistrust his own powers if he would have others respect them."

"Miss Earle," said Bertie suddenly, "will you make a compact with me?—will you be my friend? A man can do noble deeds if he has a noble woman to influence him. Be my friend, and there is nothing too high or too difficult for me to attempt if you will aid me. I should value your friendship more than the love of all the world put together."

Bertie was most sublimely unconscious that his words were a declaration of love in themselves; and Barbara smiled as she looked at his handsome, eager face.

"I will be your friend," she said, "if, as you think, I can be useful to you."

"The mouse once helped the lion," said Bertie; "and it is just possible the time may come when Bertie Carlyon, the poor younger son of a not-over-rich baronet, may be of some assistance to Miss Earle. But she has continued. "If the time should ever come that you want a strong arm or a strong heart, my life is at your service." And Barbara remembered her words.

"Lady Hilda Bayneham will be the belle of the season, I presume," continued Bertie, after a pause of five minutes. "Poor Captain Massey is wearing the lion's mane, and I do not think he will ever care to look even at the fairest of belles after this."

"He is a noble, brave man," said Barbara, who had heard from her cousin how well the gallant captain loved Lady Hutton's ward.

"Miss Earle," cried Bertie, "you make me anxious. I made something to win from you the same time. I told you what I could do that would make you call me a brave, noble man."

"Many things," replied Barbara. "Lead a forlorn hope. Get into Parliament and serve your country; do anything that will make your life a blessing to others and yourself."

"What a splendid opportunity you have back again!" cried Bertie. "I would give you my right hand and beg for your glove to wear upon my knight."

"Obvially is not dead," said Miss Earle; "it will live as long as England lasts; there is more hidden under the half-indifferent, half-

notch of the men of the present generation... "When shall you leave Bryman?" asked Bertie suddenly.

CHAPTER XV.

At times, in the midst of his happiness... Bryman passed to wonder why he was so dazed—why heaven and earth seemed to have departed—why his chosen girl was gone.

Nothing annoyed him so much as to see... the young man that title of dowager. Half in deference to her prejudice the fair wife...

The fair and lovely young bride created a marvellous sensation. As Miss Hutton, a simarvellous sensation. As Miss Hutton, a simarvellous sensation.

"I do not think either love or pleasure can be a man's life," said Barbara; "he has something of deeper interest still."

"I shall find it in politics," said Lord Bryman; "we have had some brave warriors in our family, but not many statesmen."

"I intend to make model estates of my own," said Lord Bryman; "I have strong opinions and ideas of my own, and I hope to make use of them for the good of others."

"I have my own ideas," said Barbara; "it is in my time I answered those notes, how many balls have we for to-night?"

"I have asked my mother to return with us," said Lord Bryman; "Hilda would be so to feel nervous with a large party of guests."

"I have asked Bertie," he replied; "he has been to politics. Only imagine, Barbara—so long ago he was the most careless, easy-going man it was possible to meet."

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reserve, distressing to the gentle girl who had been so fondly loved by Lady Hutton. "I will be like a real daughter to her."

"I have quite come to the conclusion, Barbara," she said one day to her niece, "that Hilda was a relative of Lady Hutton's—perhaps the daughter of some poor cousin."

When the curtain was drawn up it was acknowledged by all that Bertie's idea was a brilliant success. It would have been difficult to have found three women more beautiful, or differing more decidedly in their style of beauty.

It was a beautiful picture, so perfect in its details that she was a universal demand for a second opportunity of seeing it.

"I can't do it," she said, when Bertie for the twentieth time found fault. "I cannot do it. I have never learned to look sad. Tell me what I am to think about."

"The woman seated herself upon the flat, moss-covered stone; a strange look, as of deep quietude, came over her face; her eyes seemed to drink in every movement of that tall, slender, white-robed figure."

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side that we have among us the three most perfect types of beauty. We could make a beautiful picture—the gift of the Gods was in the face of Lady Hilda.

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DO NOT THINK FOR A MOMENT that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know.

Travis (entering Poseyboy's office on the latter's "busy day")—Poseyboy, were you ever engaged? Poseyboy—Yes; I am now. Go 'way.—Burlington Free Press

VERY SENSIBLE "JAPS." In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS. The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, the liver, the kidneys and the blood, any failure of their action brings disease and derangement to the whole system.

Artist—Where are you going to take dinner? Author—O, I'm not particular. Wherever you dr. Artist—Well, I was going to take it with you.—Index.

A GREAT REMEDY For coughs, colds, consumption, is Dr. A. B. Wilbur's Cod-Liver Oil. Contrary to the usual impression, it is pleasant to take.

155.—A REBUS. Not long ago I saw a man, Who looked to me peculiar; His left hand held a cobbler's tool, With which we are all familiar.

156.—A CHARADE. Ye ones of the mystic crew, Snatched at once should prize me, you, Both you may think 'tis not one-two. But if you fail to get the clue That brings this answer in full view, 'Twill be because you are not true.

157.—A STAR. L. A letter. 2. An abbreviation. 3. To defame. 4. A yellow pigment obtained from India. 5. Warmth. 6. Vigorous. 7. To cleanse. 8. An abbreviation. 9. A letter.

158.—NAME THE TWAINE. Something madder than a hare Rubbed upon us unaware; In our house it ran about, Ordering the inmates out.

Well for us its time was short— Victims of its cruel sport. Time and strength, and life might end Ere its fury would expend.

159.—A DOUBLE PALINDROME. An odd animal I name, I read either way the same, The last read first, if you wish, You'll see no change in this; Strange, you think, but nevertheless Every word is true; now guess.

160.—THE PUZZLE-MAKING. "Will the \$100 prize in the puzzle-making contest be allowed to go from Montreal?" is a question yet to be decided.

161.—ANSWERS. 144.—Blizzard, lizard. 145.—Hearth, heart, hear. 146.—Mr. Starling will be happy to see Mr. Dashwood between 1 and 2 next Wednesday to meet Dr. Short, who arrived last week by H. Majesty's frigate Nelson, now lying at Portsmouth.

162.—FORTUNATE LUMBER CAMP TICKET HOLDERS. Some months ago a party working in the lumber camp of Wm. Cochrane, on the Sturgeon river, ordered 31 tenth tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery.

163.—IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO WORK for a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing you how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located.

164.—A GALESTON man says he met a panther in the Okeanoke swamp, but saved his life by pretending he was dead. The beast was not hungry, so it covered him over with leaves and left him. He assures the public he did not wait to see whether it would come back, and they all believed him.

165.—A bride in Manchester fainted when the clergyman asked her to say yes; but she was not so far gone that she couldn't remark, vigorously, between gasps, "Keep him till I come around."

166.—Culbertson—"I believe I've killed the dog Finn!" Finn, the gamekeeper—"Give yourself no uneasiness, sir. He always lies down when a gentleman misses a bullet, just for aise the gentleman's fall'n, sir, be makin' him stink he's shot something."

SPHINX ECHOES.

Address correspondence for this Department to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Maine, U. S. A.

152.—WITH US NOW. I am in the kitchen, playing, Pulling at her mother's tail, I am in the schoolboy, running, Leaping o'er the rail.

I am in the earth's dark bosom, Pushing up and out, Seeking freedom, flowers and sunlight, Running all about.

When your easy chair invites you, I the welcome hold; And at night sweet sleep assisting I am more than gold.

I, too, am the year's fair daughter, Fairest of them all; Smiling back at grimest brother, Softening his rough call.

153.—A TRANSPORTION. A heathen Chinese was walking the street, A berry of girls he beheld, "chance'd to meet, In front of saloon, all trim and neat, As once they besieged him, urging a treat, He led them all in, and seated the crowd, 'Licor cream to ten gal,' he called out aloud, 'Both shocks and silent, as he the agent! That strikes the earth most fleet, 'tis The girls there swore that ne'er again, They'd ask Chinese to treat, 'tis true, C. A. WANDERLORN.

154.—A GARDENER'S PROBLEM. Father proposes to fence in a square piece of land and give it to me for a garden upon the following conditions: In fencing it he is to have two panels to each line, rod and ten palings to each panel. I am to cut this square piece of land into square lots of one acre each, and he is to have as many of these acre lots fenced in as it will take palings to fence it at the above rate—every paling to enclose one acre, provided I can tell him how many lots I will be able to fence in my garden. Will some of you puzzle-readers help me solve this problem? MINNIE BODINGTON.

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["THE POST" AND "TRUE WITNESS," THE DEAREST GEM.

An angel ope'd the pearl gate, And fled to the world below; His mission was only to terminate, When he to heaven would consecrate The purest gem that the earthly state Can through all time bestow.

Where, said the angel, can I find The lustreous jewel desired; I'll seek mid the wealth of human kind, His surely held in the mass combined, And the precious gem from dross refined, Whose splendor is so admired.

It may be on the arid plains, Near the Niger's golden sands, Or where the Incas' son's remains Have gone to rest on the Andes' chains, And the Aztec maid complains Of a lover's condescendence.

In might Britain's diadem hold, For the hobnob exalts, There's yet the Khedive's wrath untold, And Accra's fields of virgin gold, And the treasure of those pearls were rolled For years by the ocean swells.

In vain the angel sought these climes, His message to realize; He heard afar baptismal chimes, And he hastened with happy thought betimes, That the lustre of eyes so free from crimes, Was the boon he'd fondly prize.

Not so I yet onward winged his way, With a hope of greater meed, On the frigid ground, 'neath the torrid day, He wandered on for many a day, Still cheered by that celestial ray, In time he would yet succeed.

O'er earth and sea the search is made, Yet the jewels still concealed; But, behold! a cross on yonder grade, At its foot is knelt a sinful maid, Whose penitent tear, so long delayed, In the dearest gem revealed. P. J. LITTLE, Montreal.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Those who have given these remedies a fair trial freely admit that they inherently possess every property suitable for healing and removing eruptions, ulcerations, fistulas, abscesses, sores, bad legs, gathered breasts, and all disorders of the lymphatic system.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician.

Muscular wife—"If you dare to stir out again this evening, Edwin, you will find I have not joined the Ladies Gymnastic Society for nothing!"

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whiskey surprised his mother by asking, "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a little boy?"

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and efficient remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" The editor answered, "Because you sent your contribution by mail instead of bringing it."

Mrs. Harry Pearson, Hawtree, writes: For about three months I was troubled with fainting spells and dizziness which was growing worse, and would attack me three or four times a day. At last my husband purchased a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, from which I derived considerable benefit. I then procured another, and before it was used my affection was completely gone, and I have not had an attack of it since.

Secrets are but poor property; if you divulgate them, you lose them, and if you keep them, you lose the interest on your investment.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. M. Finlay, Wm. L. Gardner, P. O., writes: "I find Parmentier's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

Wife: That man has been staring at me for five minutes. Husband: Well, you wouldn't have known it if you hadn't kept your eyes on him.

Paine's Celery Compound For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged CURES Nerve Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys. AS A NERVE TONIC, it Strengthens and Quiet the Nerves. AS AN ALTERNATIVE, it Purifies and Enriches the Blood. AS A LAXATIVE, it acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels. AS A DIURETIC, it Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases. Recommended by professional and business men. Price 50c. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Montreal, P. Q.

THE TRUE WITNESS

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1888.

TORYISM has collapsed badly in the Manitoba Legislature. On the second reading of Mr. Greenway's manhood suffrage bill the Opposition vote was 2 to 26, the two being Messrs. Norquay and Lariviere. How are the mighty fallen!

CHAMBERLAIN has turned Tory, the cable despatches say. His progress from extreme radicalism to the other extreme has been more than usually rapid, and only proves him to be a charlatan without fixed principles. It is well, however, to have his position rightly defined. He is to enter the Salisbury Cabinet, it is also said. Thus he is in a fair way of obtaining the hand of his dowager Countess and an introduction into "society."

A CUMBERLAND, N. S., farmer writes to the Canadian Farmer's Advocate that farm property as decreased in value in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick during the last ten years, and that a great many holdings have been vacated by their owners. "In my opinion," adds the writer, "we will never revive until we can secure full reciprocal trade with the United States." Such an emancipation cannot be expected while the Dominion is run in the interests of "combines," as it will continue to be so long the present Administration holds over.

CANADIANS are often amused at the queer mistakes personal, geographical and otherwise made occasionally by English newspapers, but paragraph in The Canadian Gazette, of London, is more than usually rich. Speaking of the Canadian Wimbledon team that organ of Canadian facts and opinions gravely states that "Captain Wright, of the 43rd Ottawa Rifles, son of Lieut. Colonel Aloozo Wright, M.P. for Ottawa County in the Dominion Parliament, will be adjutant." We do not know which of these gentlemen will feel most flattered at this newly discovered relationship.

WHEN "An Irish Protestant," in a letter to the London Times, advocates the formal establishment of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican, it may well be said that the old hatred of Catholics is dying out from amongst the British Protestants, and that they are beginning to give due recognition to the power and influence of the Papacy. A communication from "An Irish Protestant" has led to a lengthy correspondence in the Times, remarkable particularly for a letter from Lord Granville, in which his lordship recalls the interesting circumstance that when a young man he gave notice in the House of Commons, with the approval of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, of a motion in favor of establishing diplomatic relations with the Pope, who was then a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereign.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries are remarking on the many ministerial scandals reported of late. The N. Y. Telegram observes that spring seems to be a bad season for dominies, judging from the accounts published to-day. Ex-pastor and actor Minin is defendant in a divorce suit; Rev. Mr. Stewart is being sued for divorce at Chicago by a wife whom he deserted in Maine; Rev. Mr. Pittsley was roughly used by a mob at New Bedford because the village people suspected that he was not acting in an orthodox manner towards the fair sex; Rev. Mr. Hibbler, of Sardinia, Miss., was shot and killed by a husband who returned home unexpectedly and found the minister there, and the Rev. Mr. Longley, of Toronto, has resigned, after being accused of "serious indiscretions." Perhaps somebody will discover an antidote for the ministerial bacillus.

REFERRING to the funeral of the late Edmund Davy Gray, United Ireland says: The most profound and touching words uttered upon the death of Mr. Gray were those written by the Irish leader to his widow. "Our people will find it difficult to replace or to find one so brave, so moderate, or so steadfast in the championship of their cause." It is only day by day that country is realizing the extent of the loss it has sustained. Dublin on Saturday was a striking reflex of the general feeling of the nation, when in a mile of carriages passed through hushed streets, whose blinds were drawn and windows shut, and through continuous lines of people all the way from Mount Street to Glasnevin stand with bent heads in mournful and respectful silence. It was the most impressive private funeral we have ever seen in Dublin. Private it was by Mr. Gray's own dying wish. He said to have the very plainest obsequies, and enjoined that nothing should be written about him in the Freeman beyond the bare announcement of his death—characteristic dying wishes of one whose public conduct all his life was distinguished by a singular modesty, defence and self-obliteration. His Parliamentary colleagues, who so lovingly bore his coffin on their shoulders to the grave, felt a bitter and startling sense of loss as they turned away after seeing the last sad laid on a charming and brilliant companion and a great and noble Irish patriot.

OUR neighbors seem determined to have a canal of their own around Niagara Falls. The Board of Trade and Transportation of New York City has held a meeting to consider the subject. Congressman Nutting, of Oswego, was present and addressed the meeting. He said

the the question was one of national importance which affected the national pride. Canada was expending large sum of money in improving her waterways, and drawing away the American trade. Millions of dollars, he said, had been paid this year by Americans for the transportation of freight over Canadian roads. By cutting a canal around Niagara Falls, connecting Lake Ontario with Lake Erie, it is claimed that three-quarters of a cent per bushel can be saved in the cost of transporting grain from the West to New York, and over a day in the length of time. The project has been opposed on the ground that, if the traffic once got into Lake Ontario, it would be drawn away down the St. Lawrence. This, Mr. Nutting said, was false. A cargo of grain in the middle of Lake Ontario could be sent to Liverpool cheaper via New York than Montreal. The cost of the canal had been estimated at \$10,000,000 to \$18,000,000. Mr. Nutting said he did not want financial aid, but only the support and endorsement of the Board for the bill, which he has already introduced into Congress.

It will doubtless be gratifying to our working people to know that cotton manufactured at Montreal is sent to Japan and sold there at 19 cents per pound while the same article costs 23 cents per pound in Montreal. This will give them a good idea of the way they are fleeced by the cotton combine under our precious Tory tariff.

The proposed increase in the salaries of Judges in this province is as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Position and Salary. Chief Justice Queen's Bench: \$8,000 to \$7,000. Five associate judges, Q.B.: 5,000 to 6,000. Chief Justice Superior Court: 6,000 to 7,000. Quebec Superior Court Judges, numbering twelve, will have their salaries advanced from \$5,000 to \$6,000, and sixteen associate judges will receive \$4,500, instead of \$4,000 as now. Corresponding increases are given to judges in the other Province.

The St. John N.B. Globe informs us that while the absurd "Labor" Commission was last week meeting in one room of the County Court House, at that city, grinding oranks, another and a larger room was thronged with a murder trial audience, who almost overflowed into the streets. Out of every 100 of these 90 were out of employment, and about 50 per cent. have come to this condition through the so-called National Policy. In their respective towns, or wherever they lived, every member of the Labor Commission would have been in a similar crowd, had there been a similar trial going-on.

The International Scientific Congress of Catholics met on Monday, April 9, at Paris. The Archbishop of Paris, the honorary president of the congress, celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost preparatory to the commencement of its proceedings. A committee to direct the affairs of the congress, consisting of twelve persons, includes members of the various nations represented. Mgr. Hulst, rector of the Catholic University of Paris, is chairman of the committee. The proceedings of the congress are being watched with intense interest in all scientific and educational circles of the world.

EVERY day we read in the despatches of priests and people being imprisoned in Ireland for alleged crimes created by the Coercion Act. Yet we read in the Irish papers that Judge Darley, addressing the Nass Grand Jury recently, said there was only one case to go before them, and he could therefore congratulate them on the absence of crime in the district. At Macroom Quarter Sessions, too, there was a similar absence of work for judge or policeman, and Judge Ferguson had nothing to do for his salary but to take a pair of white gloves: What a singular state of things for a country saturated, as Mr. Balfour would have the world believe, with omnipresence and treason, and where a ferocious Algerian Act is working daily at full pressure.

ANOTHER instance of priestly devotion to suffering humanity is reported. The Rev. St. Conrardy, during the past fourteen years a missionary priest among the Umatilla Indians in Oregon, has volunteered to assist in the care of the 1,500 lepers inhabiting the island of Molochs, in the South Pacific Ocean, now under charge of the Rev. Father Damian, who having contracted the leprosy, has become incapacitated for the performance of his priestly functions pertaining to the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Father Conrardy leaves Portland, Oregon, on the 24th of the present month via San Francisco and Honolulu for the scene of his new labors. He was a visitant in Washington, D. C., for some months in the early part of 1886, and made many friends. The best prayers of these and thousands of others will accompany the good priest in the perilous pathway he has now chosen for himself.

WHEN the Government insisted on the dismissal of three Hansard translators for taking part in political meetings, ministers laid down the principle that civil servants should on no account interfere in elections. We do not object to the rule, provided it be impartially enforced. The old goose and gander sauce aphorism holds good here as elsewhere. But with Mr. Chapleau's passionate denunciations of these offending translators still ringing in our ears, it is somewhat astonishing to learn that M. F. O'Donoghue, a clerk in the Inland Revenue department at Ottawa, has been sent into the county of Russet to speak and work for the Tory candidate. As in former similar cases, it may be safely assumed that his pay as a civil servant will continue during his absence electioneering. This is a fair instance of how partisanship in the civil service is encouraged and rewarded on one side, and mercilessly repressed

on the other by Ottawa Tory parties. It shows their minority and establishes a precedent which ought not to be forgotten when the Tories are turned out of office. Mr. O'Donoghue, however, is deserving of a word or two on his individual merits. He is a brother of Prof. O'Donoghue who was a member of Riel's Government in the first Red River rebellion, when Thomas Scott was shot. He came to this country to claim the restoration of his brother's property, and as he was likely to prove troublesome to Sir John, he was given a situation in the Civil Service, which has had the effect of making him a useful instrument instead of a troublesome customer. The Irish electors of Russell, whom he is expected to influence, will, therefore, take his measure, and estimate his influence accordingly. He is simply a mercenary free-lance employed by the Tories to humbug and bamboozle his fellow-countrymen, and should not be tolerated in any self-respecting community.

The Hamilton Times makes some sensible observations on the statue question. It says it is not a worshipper of statues nor a believer in the divinity of the Virgin Mary. At the same time it cannot see the propriety of making so much outcry against the proposed erection of a statue of the Virgin in Mount Royal Park, provided the Catholics undertake to erect the statue at their own expense. To take public money (municipal or Provincial funds) for such a purpose, it thinks, would be as improper as to use the general taxes to build a Methodist or a Presbyterian church. But it fails to see why the sight of a Catholic statue should be any more offensive to Protestants than the sight of a Catholic church. "A Protestant is under no compulsion to bow down to the one nor to enter the other. The religion that is always prancing around in a dare-you-to-tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat attitude may be sincere but it is not lovely."

THE LATE HON. THOS. WHITE.

The announcement of the death of the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, will be received with unfeigned regret by men of all shades of politics. The honorable Minister was little more than a week ill, and it was only on Friday that a decided change for the worse had taken place in his condition. On Saturday morning even it was thought that he would survive, but pneumonia supervened during the day, and at a quarter to ten on Saturday night Mr. White passed away. The deceased statesman will be better remembered in Montreal in connection with the Gazette, over which he presided for many years as editor with extraordinary ability. As a journalist he was a hard working, conscientious man, standing at the head of the profession. As a politician he was distinguished for many years, winning for himself the esteem and respect of political friend and foe alike. As Minister of the Interior, he was one of the ablest that the country has ever seen, and regret can only be expressed that he did not live long enough to see the practical results of his work. In private life he was a kindly, straightforward and cultured man, and was dearly popular with both private and business acquaintances. On the whole his career was a distinguished one, and by his untimely death Mr. White leaves a vacancy in the Cabinet that Sir John will find great difficulty in filling with an occupant of anything approaching the late respected Minister's tact and ability.

TOADYING TO LANSOWNE.

True to its instincts, the Gazette prostrates itself at the feet of Lansdowne and pours forth a fulsome stream of adulation. It strives to be a courtier, but only proves itself a toady. Anxious to say something flattering, but having no facts to build upon, and unable to draw upon its imagination for a single idea, it succeeds to admiration in doing the very thing it started out not to do, namely, in demonstrating the insignificance, the meanness, the utter vacuity of Lansdowne's career in Canada.

Unable to adduce a solitary instance where this man displayed public spirit, capacity or generosity after nearly five years occupancy of the highest position in the land, the Gazette is compelled to fall back upon the address presented him by his English tenants at Calne just previous to his coming to Canada. It takes care, however, to avoid all allusion to the opinion expressed of the cold-blooded Evictor by his Irish tenants at Luggacurran. We cannot suppose the organ intended to be sarcastic, yet what could be more sarcastic than to praise Lansdowne for "sagacity and tact"? And to follow that up with the double entendre: "The good will of the people at large is not gained without desert"; and "No spasmodic effort of posing as benevolent and considerate can deceive the public eye."

Certainly not, oh, most sapient of organs, for Lansdowne never forgot himself so far as to show even the faintest spark of benevolence or consideration. He has lived to himself only since he came to Canada, and beyond occasionally inviting a few politicians and civil servants to partake of his stony hospitality, he can defy all creation to show that he ever posed as benevolent or considerate. The Gazette once made a bitter attack on Lord Monk when he was Governor-General for his bad cookery, and shabby entourage; for his cheap wine and wax-fruits desert, for his hand of two fiddlers and a jewsharp to supply music at a gubernatorial ball, but Monk made no pretensions. He used to open Parliament in a billycock hat, shooting-coat, corduroys, highlows and a black-thorn. His dinners were certainly like himself, very poor, but they were jolly, democratic, void of that pretentiousness of aristocratic superiority, which impart such an air of excruciating condescension to the Lansdowne entertainments.

But His Exc. might have given his guests bull beef with garlic and lager for all we care, so long as in more important matters he showed himself a man of honor and good feeling. Whatever the Gazette may mean by "his every day unadorned of conduct and manner," we don't

know, but we have observed him and watched his movements, and now that he is about to leave us, we say without fear of contradiction that a more puerile creature never visited our shores. And, if we turn to his public acts, where, would you like to know, can be found the record of one performance worth mention? Has he ever made a speech, uttered a sentiment, expressed an idea that the utmost stretch of affection could characterize as worth repeating? It is no pleasure to us to have to write thus of a person who challenges respect as the representative of the Queen, but when lick-spittle journals like the Montreal Gazette endeavor to put a false glow of admiration on the meaneast man in Canada, we feel that we would be recreant to the eternal commands of truth were we to keep silence.

Cold, cruel, false, mean, mendacious, his career in Canada has been only another proof of his utter selfishness, and those who cringe before him and slobber about his departure only demonstrate what very contemptible beings they are. As a satrap over the ryots of India he may do very well, but among freemen in free America—Faugh!

MANITOBA'S NEW LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The Hon. Senator John Schultz, M.D., Manitoba's newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor, is of Danish descent, a son of the late William Schultz, merchant, of Amherstburg, Ontario, and Eliza, daughter of William Riley, of Brandon, Ireland. He was born at Amherstburg, Ontario, on January 1st, 1840, and is consequently a little over forty-six years old. He was educated in arts at Oberlin, Ohio, and in medicine at Queen's University, Kingston, and Victoria University, Cobourg. He graduated with high honors as M.D. in 1860, but did not marry until 1868, at the age of twenty-eight, when Miss Agnes Campbell Ferquharson, of Georgetown, B.C., became his choice and wife. It was immediately after graduating as M.D. that he went to the Northwest and during the rebellion of 1869-70 was leader of the Canadian party. The enemy captured and imprisoned him and he was sentenced to death by Riel, but escaped. He was not much over a year married when all this occurred. In 1872 he was appointed a member of the Executive Council for the North-West Territories, became president of the Manitoba Board of Trade, a member of the Dominion Board of Health for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, president of the North-West Trading Company, and one of the Board of Governors of the Manitoba Medical Board. He first became a member of Parliament, representing Lisgar, Manitoba, in 1871, at the early age of 31, was re-elected at the general election of 1872, again successful at the general election of 1874, and was returned by acclamation at the general election of 1878, was defeated by A. W. Ross, the present member, in 1882, and was called to the Senate in the same year. He was defeated by 40 votes only in the general election of 1882. He is also a director of the Manitoba South Western Colonization Railway. The new Lieutenant-Governor is a Conservative, and strongly in favor of the development of the North-West.

PILY THE POOR PRINCE.

Something like a reproach has been hurled across the sea at the people of Canada because they have not contributed to the silver wedding testimonial presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales. "Are Canadians giving nothing?" we are asked with a tone of surprise, as if we were remiss in our loyalty and devotion to the children of one of the richest women in the world. The question shows how thoroughly paperized the Prince and Princess of Wales. "Are Canadians giving nothing?" we are asked with a tone of surprise, as if we were remiss in our loyalty and devotion to the children of one of the richest women in the world. The question shows how thoroughly paperized the Prince and Princess of Wales. "Are Canadians giving nothing?" we are asked with a tone of surprise, as if we were remiss in our loyalty and devotion to the children of one of the richest women in the world. The question shows how thoroughly paperized the Prince and Princess of Wales.

By a vicious system of bookkeeping, adopted with the evident purpose of misleading the public, it is impossible to obtain an accurate estimate of the financial state of the Dominion. Items which rightly ought to be charged to yearly expenditure accounts have been charged to capital, and by this means the Government claimed a surplus of \$96,832 last year when there was really a large deficit. The expenditure is given as \$35,668,161, and the total revenue as \$35,754,993. The receipts from taxes, customs and excise last year were \$28,687,001, compared with \$25,226,456 the year before, making an increase of \$3,460,545. The customs receipts increased from \$19,373,551 to \$22,578,800, and the excises from \$5,822,954 to \$6,308,204. What the coming budget will show is a matter of speculation, but Sir Charles Tupper's faculty of putting a good face on the worst case when it suits his purpose is well known. There are indications however, which admonish us that the era of extravagance is drawing to a close, not through any willingness on the part of ministers to retrench, but because they are becoming frightened themselves at the extent to which they have been plundering and pledging the credit of the country. Recently it was announced that no railway subsidies would be granted this season. This must have been sad news to many Government supporters, and could only have been decided on from a knowledge that the treasury could stand no more of that sort of robbery. Another reason why a halt must be called in the career of extravagance is the likelihood that the United States Congress will adopt the Mills Tariff Bill, in which case the terms of "the standing offer" would cease to play and work havoc with the existing system of customs revenue. It would be the death of Macdonaldism were the United States to reduce the duties on iron, coal oil, wheat, barley and corn and their products. By expending money far in excess of the

\$60,000 was voted for pocket money and for the exercise of generosity.

Certainly, a prince who has managed to squeeze a living out of these paltry contributions has a fair claim on the generosity of the woodchoppers and clothoppers of Canada. But it is not too late for the factory lords to take up a collection among those bloated aristocrats in their employ, whose splendid environment and opulence in wages, food and raiment astonished the world when their evidence was given before the Labor Commission.

Fill Fill Canadians. Pass round the hat.

A FISHERY FRAUD.

One of the big bubbles on which the American fish rigs supported their demands for the rejection of the Fisheries treaty has been effectually pricked. The Collector of Customs at Boston has lately been sharply enforcing at that port the law against the importation of alien labor. As a consequence it was discovered that two full crews with their captains, all of them Nova Scotians, were engaged under contract to man and sail two Massachusetts fishermen. An alien master was to command an alien crew on a schooner called the Minette; another alien, with a like crew, was to sail another called the Iolanthe. Yet in the representations which the attorneys of the halibut pool and other combinations make against the treaty, these are the sort that are called American fishermen, hardy sons of New England, the source from which the American navy must draw its seamen in case of war.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Gloucester, Me., sends a list to that paper which gives the names of no less than twenty-one masters of fishing vessels sailing in the Gloucester fleet this season who are residents of the British provinces. The list might be extended, but this is a sufficient example. These twenty-one commanders of American fishermen reside, most of them, in two towns in Nova Scotia, where are their families and their homes. They have collected twenty-one crews of Nova Scotia sailors and migrated to the States to take out to the banks twenty-one American vessels under United States licenses or register. They and their crews represent a very considerable part of the whole number of "our New England fishermen," over whose assumed distress at the fisheries treaty the Gloucester ship owners have grown so eloquent, so pathetic and indignant.

Here we have a good instance of the greed and insincerity of the advocates of protection, and the folly and dishonesty of the whole system. As the Post observes, these protected fish dealers, while crying for a continuance of the tariff on fish, and hiring sales advocates to show why the duty should be increased for the protection of American fishermen, they leave American fishermen at home and send out their vessels officered and manned by Nova Scotia fishermen.

DOMINION FINANCES.

When the Finance Minister makes his budget speech, it is to be hoped that he will give the country something like an exact view of the public debt. At the close of 1886 the net debt stood at \$223,159,107. Last year, however, it jumped to 227,313,911. At the end of the fiscal year of 1885 the debt stood at \$196,407,692, and in 1884 at \$182,161,850, as against \$158,468,715 in 1883. How the net debt is creeping up may best be judged from the fact that since 1879 it has risen from \$140,362,069 to \$227,313,911. At the time of Confederation our net debt was but \$75,728,641. To-day it is more than three times larger than in 1867, having increased \$151,585,270, or on an average, \$7,579,268 a year. Now of all this increase, successive Tory Governments have added every cent but \$26,981,810, the increase which took place from 1875 to 1879, the period of the Mackenzie regime. In other words, Toryism has added no less than \$124,603,460 to the net debt of the Dominion during the few years of its reign.

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receipts the Government has invited disaster. In case the existing fiscal system of the United States should undergo a change in the direction of a reduction of duties. That such a change is very likely is admitted. Indeed, it is held to be a necessity. What chance then will Canada have of holding her own alongside of a nation so great and prosperous as the United States, whose public debt will soon be extinguished, and whose taxation must in a short time become merely nominal!

HOW TO GET JUSTICE.

Manitoba's example in defying the Federal Government and compelling Sir John Macdonald and the Canadian Pacific Railway to surrender, under threat of rebellion and secession, has not been thrown away on the Maritime Provinces, although we must confess that the result of the last general election in these provinces has destroyed what faith we ever had in the pluck and manliness of the people down by the sea.

A renewal of the secession movement in Nova Scotia leads the Halifax Recorder to observe, in connection with the success of Manitoba, that the province "will never be worth anything until either separated from the Dominion or placed on a better footing by the Federal authorities." Our contemporary puts little faith in peaceful agitation. It admits that it scoured the Ottawa authorities in 1886 or else Tupper would not have gone down with his money bag and pledges, promising a wharf to every man along the coast, a lighthouse at every cape, a breakwater every hundred yards, and a railway through every man's back-yard. But to conscientious people these things appeared too much like bribes to be appreciated.

But it is not bribes, the Recorder insists, that the Nova Scotians want. They demand a recognition of their rights, and a free, full and frank avowal on the part of the Ottawa government that they have not been decently dealt with in days gone by, but that justice will be done them in the future.

As a result of the demand for justice with the ultimatum of rebellion, the people of Nova Scotia are reminded that Sir John Macdonald was forced to acknowledge the claims of Manitoba and to concede the points in demand. Had Mr. Greenway not given the Premier to understand that the day for trifling was past the C. P. R. monopoly would not have been interfered with, and the Manitobans would have gone on in their suffering.

The Recorder points out the moral conveyed by this great fact in Western politics, which shows the other provinces, it says, "that there is only one way of dealing with Canada's self-anointed, and that is to make no compromise, but to make a demand and be prepared to stand by it, and failing successful negotiation, to raise the red flag. About this there is nothing treasonable, and no one need shout diabolical and anarchy at these words. Manitoba did just the very thing, and instead of being hooted at as traitors and rebels they are receiving bullets of congratulations from all quarters. Nova Scotia, having justice on her side, let her sail in after the manner of Manitoba and refuse to submit a day longer to either threats or blandishments."

This is sound advice, but we don't think Nova Scotia has the spirit to act upon it. She may kick, but a bribe will fix her all right again as in the past.

THE SCOTT ACT REPEALS.

Prohibition encountered a tremendous reverse yesterday, the Scott Act having been repealed by popular vote in nine Ontario counties. The significance of the anti-Prohibition victories is emphasized by large majorities in every county, showing that after a fair trial the people have become convinced that the Act is defective in itself or its operation is more injurious than the old licensing system. One great cause of the unpopularity of the Act was the closing of the public houses where farmers and travellers were wont to put up for rest and refreshment. When people have to traverse country roads, and find no place where they can get a meal of victuals or hay and water for their horses, the disadvantages of closing the taverns become painfully obvious. This acted very like a boycott, for travellers avoided counties where there was no accommodation. At the same time, shebeens were established in the swamps and woods, where the evils of whiskey drinking were intensified. Also it was found that those who would have their liquor in spite of prohibition, brought it from the towns, in kegs and demijohns, and kept it in barns and out-houses, where they swigged vastly more than when they went occasionally to the taverns. In another respect it was discovered that the druggists drove a roaring trade on prescriptions including *vinum gallicum*, one of those tradesmen, whose brother was a country practitioner, having made a fortune in a village during the reign of Prohibition.

The result of the voting is ample justification of the ground taken by THE POST a year ago when, after reviewing the history of legislation regarding the regulation of the liquor trade, we pointed out the futility of wholesale repression by laws which circumscribe individual liberty. The views we then expressed, though they did not find favor in certain quarters, are now fully confirmed. The only temperance legislation that can be effective is high license, the limiting of the number of places where liquor may be sold and strict enforcement of the law of inspection. Many good people have an idea that all they have to do is pass an Act of parliament to achieve the reform they desire. This mistake is now fully exposed. Moral persuasion and the constant examples shown in all walks of life of the evils resulting from intemperance, the training and education of the young, the exclusion of men who drink, for business reasons, from public

tions of trust and responsibility, the premium that is placed on steady habits, are all great forces working on the side of temperance.

As a result of these influences, the cause of temperance has made gigantic strides in recent years and increases in power as the struggle for existence becomes keener with the growth of population and the demands of civilization.

It has been announced that the Evictor of Loggacurran intends to hold a reception in the City Hall in this city previous to his departure from the country.

LANSDOWNE'S CREEK. It has been announced that the Evictor of Loggacurran intends to hold a reception in the City Hall in this city previous to his departure from the country.

In this display of execrable bad judgment he not only challenges popular indignation but does a thing which no man, having the instincts of a gentleman and anxious to limit the consequences of his mistaken conduct, would do.

Published under the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York, this handsome little volume is intended for his use of Parochial and Sunday Schools, Academies, etc.

But for this fine gentleman to take advantage of his position, as representative of the Queen, to wrest from an unwilling public an appearance of personal attention is to adopt the device of a cad.

By the sudden death of Mathew Arnold England loses a man who for a long time has been regarded as an oracle of literary taste among the dilettanti of English literature.

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power that makes for righteousness." He was as far from robust infidelity as he was from single-hearted Christian faith, and filled to admiration the role of Byron's Dilliantanti Curtain-lifter.

Yet his sudden death was a shock to many as breaking another link with the past, and though he never achieved the rank in the Republic of Letters which his patrons expected him to attain, it may be said of him, as the banker-post Rogers said of himself, that if he did not reach the summit of Parnassus he managed to cultivate a very pretty garden at its foot.

LITERARY REVIEW.

VIA CRUCIS; THE WAY OF THE CROSS. By Very Rev. E. Sorta, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Third edition. Revised and improved. Notre Dame, Indiana.

This little book, written after the author's return from the Holy Land, is published with the episcopal approbation of the Bishop of Fort Wayne, who styles it "This beautiful and devout Way of the Cross."

SHORT ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES from the Lives of the Saints. New York, J. Schaefer, 60 Barclay street.

We have received from J. Schaefer, publisher, 60 Barclay street, New York, "Thirty-Oat Pious Exercises for the Month of May."

"DONAHO'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE" for May is replete with articles of sterling merit. The paper on "A Pleading for the Worthless," by Cardinal Manning, is given entire.

EARMERS AND THE TARIFF To the Editor of THE POST:

SIR,—In discussing the reciprocity question the other day, with a friend who is largely interested in a manufacturing enterprise, my friend said—"Well, the working people make a living, my fellow-shareholders get a fair return for their investment, and the factory has attracted a population around it that has greatly enhanced the value of my property."

It costs at least 30 per cent. more to work a farm under conditions created by a high tariff than it would under a low tariff.

The political speaker is always plausible, even if not plausible.

CABLE TELEGRAMS.

[SPECIALLY REPORTED AND TAKEN FROM "THE MONTREAL DAILY POST."]

LONDON, April 17.—The very grave condition of the Emperor Frederick has for the moment killed all interest in the Bismarck crisis and practically the crisis itself for a time, and has nullified to a great extent the effect of the Boulanger boom and Nord election, although Boulanger's affairs are, in a considerable degree, inseparable from the fate of the German Emperor.

LONDON, April 18.—The Duke of Marlborough is going to return to the United States on another visit in June, he is said in circles in which gossip prevails. His Grace crosses the Atlantic this time for the express purpose of continuing his suit for the hand of a young wealthy American widow whom he began to woo during his previous trip and to whom rumor also attributes beauty, acrim and character.

LONDON, April 23.—The latest comment on Boulangerism of any consequence is that of Pere Hyacinthe. His advocacy of the man on horseback created no little disturbance.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—Secretary Whitney has written a letter to the House Committee on Naval Affairs, in which he declares himself earnestly in favor of the establishment of a naval reserve.

DUBLIN, April 21.—Rioting broke out at Spibreen last night and was continued until two o'clock this morning.

DUBLIN, April 22.—John Dillon, M. P., addressed a meeting at Killybegs to-day, under the auspices of the National League.

PARIS, April 23.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day M. Floquet, the Premier, agreed to an immediate debate on the interpellation of Count de Martigney, regarding the appointment of a civilian, M. De Freycinet, as Minister of War.

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ness was manifestly not the taste of the people. A few cries of dissent were heard when the Emperor's venerable grandfather, at various points on the way, and these did not create a serious disturbance.

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DUBLIN, April 21.—Rioting broke out at Spibreen last night and was continued until two o'clock this morning.

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such an appointment was revolutionary, and would have a deplorable effect upon the army.

In reply to the objections of Count De Martigney to the appointment of a civilian as War Minister, M. Floquet said that under the ancient monarchy there were as many civilians as military war ministers.

OTTAWA, April 23.—The supplementary estimates for the year ending 30th June, 1888, were laid on the table of the House this afternoon.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes: Charge of management, Civil government, Dominion police, Colonial and Indian exhibition, Immigration gratuity to Charles Foye, etc.

It is stated that Bismarck, at the latest conference of the Emperor, discussed the possibility of the Emperor's conferring imperial authority and executive powers upon the Crown Prince in view of the Emperor's constantly failing strength.

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LEO XIII AND PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

We have the pleasure of making public this week the following letter addressed by the Holy Father to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, acknowledging President Cleveland's gift of a superb copy of the Constitution of the United States.

The Holy Father's letter indicates the true feeling entertained by the enlightened head and prelates of the Universal Church for the institutions of the republic, which are the outgrowth of real liberty.

Well beloved son, health and the Apostolic Benediction!

Among the countless congratulations which we have received from all parts of the world, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our elevation to the priesthood, we have, as was natural, set most store by the evidences of courtesy and regard sent by the rulers of the nation.

You will be pleased to add that we will pour forth fervent prayers to God for your country's constant advance in glory and prosperity, and for the health and happiness of the President, and his worthy household.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY AND CATHOLIC IMMIGRATION.

As intimated in last week's issue of the Review, St. Mary's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Winnipeg has entered actively upon the work of settling the vast lands about the city by appointing Mr. P. J. Doherty, the energetic and indefatigable President of Branch 52 of the O. M. B. A., to co-operate with the city and immigration authorities in the good cause.

Heretofore Catholic immigrants on their arrival knew little or nothing of the country, especially of the localities where churches and schools were established, in consequence of which many of them retired at such remote distances from the Catholic missions that it was impossible for them to attend their religious duties, or have their children properly instructed or even baptized.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

COMMERCIAL GRAIN AND FLOUR.

There was no change of importance in the grain market. We quote: Canada red winter wheat, 90c to 92c; white winter, 90c to 93c; Canada spring, nominal; No. 2, 90c to 91c; No. 1 Northern, 90c to 91c; peas, 42c to 78c; per 60 lbs. in store; oats, 41c to 42c; per 34 lbs.; rye, 50c; barley, 55c to 60c; corn, nominal.

A fair amount of business was done in flour, there being a good demand both from local and export buyers. We quote: Patent winter, \$4.40 to \$4.60; patent spring, \$4.40 to \$4.65; straight roller, \$4.00 to \$4.50; extra, \$3.80 to \$3.95; superfine, \$3.00 to \$3.25; strong bakers, \$4.20 to \$4.30. Ontario flours—Extra, \$1.80 to \$1.95; superfine, \$1.35 to \$1.40; city strong bakers (140 lb. sacks) \$4.40 to \$4.50; oatmeal, standard, 80c to \$5.45; oatmeal, granulated, 80c to \$5.70; rolled meal, \$6.00.

PROVISIONS.—In the local provision market there was more enquiry and a fair amount of business was done. We quote:—Canada short cut, per bbl, \$17.50 to \$18.00; mess pork, western, per bbl, \$17.00 to \$17.50; mess pork, western, per bbl, \$17.00 to \$17.50; mess beef, per bbl, \$20.00 to \$21.50; Indian mess beef, per lb, 80c to \$0.90; hams, city cured, per lb, 11c to 12c; hams, city, per lb, 9c to 10c; lard, green, per lb, 8c to 9c; lard, western, in pairs, per lb, 9c to 9c; lard, Canadian, in pairs, 9c to 9c; bacon, per lb, 10c to 11c; shoulders, 00c to 8c; tallow, corn, refined, per lb, 4c to 5c.

EGGS.—There was more enquiry for eggs and the market was fairly active, but, owing to large receipts, a weaker feeling prevailed, and prices declined 4c per dozen to 12c, which figure was bid for some large lots, but was not held in the morning. Later in the day, however, sales were made freely at 13c per dozen and as low as 12c was quoted per dozen.

MAPLE SYRUP AND SUGAR.—The demand for maple syrup was fair, and some fair-sized quantities of hard maple were sold. The market was weaker and prices declined, some sales being made at 6c to 6c per lb. in time, and 5c in wood. The offerings of maple sugar were large, and prices fell off to 10c per lb., with little business being done at 9c to 9c per lb.

There was a good trade in provisions done this morning. The market was crowded with provisions and the supply was large and cheap. Vegetables, eggs and butter met with large enquiry and the many farmers had no difficulty in making ready sales for their products. The quality is very good though sugar competition is still abundant. We quote:

Table with columns for various commodities like Flour, Sugar, and Provisions, listing prices per unit.

EXCITEMENT IN WHEAT.

The Trade Bulletin says: "During the past few days the excitement in wheat has run very high both on the part of the speculators and legitimate traders, the price of No. 2 spring wheat in Chicago having advanced to 82c May, being a rise of 7c per bushel from bedrock. In New York on Tuesday last the price of No. 2 red winter wheat moved up rapidly to 98c cash on a strong market, and everywhere on this continent the markets were in a state of great agitation, with the general impression that top had not been reached. It is stated that 100,000 bushels have been sold short in Chicago for May, which is about 25 bushels for every one bushel in store there, and 68,000,000 bushels more than the visible supply on this continent. The whole world is said to have made Chicago its dumping ground in selling wheat against shipments to arrive. For instance, English and continental buyers who bought wheat in the Argentine Republic, Australia, India, and California have been selling against it in Chicago in order to protect themselves against a decline in value which they feared would take place whilst the grain was on passage. But the selling has not all been done by parties abroad by any means, as many operators on this continent, believing wheat would sell down to 70c and from that to 60c per bushel in Chicago, had shorted very freely for May, June, and the consequence is that an immense short interest has been caught napping. The advance has already proved a great benefit to holders of Manitoba wheat, and they will realize the handsome profits which the present outlook promises them."

\$3 75; onions, per doz, 15c to 20c; onions, per bag, \$2; turnips, white, per bag, 40c to 50c; rhubarb, per bunch, 15c; cabbage, per doz, 50c to \$1.50; celery, 40c to 75c; beets, per peck, 20c to 25c; parsley, per doz, 20c; hay, \$11 to \$16.00; straw, \$7 to \$11.00. LONDON, Ont., April 24.—To-day's quotations are as follows: GRAIN—Red Winter, \$1.30 to \$1.35; white, \$1.30 to \$1.35; spring, \$1.30 to \$1.35; corn, \$1.15 to \$1.30; rye, \$1.15 to \$1.30; barley, malt, \$1.25 to \$1.45; do. feed, \$1.10 to \$1.15; oats, \$1.23 to \$1.30; peas, \$1.05 to \$1.15; beans, bushel, \$1.50 to \$2.25; buckwheat, central, 95c to \$1.00. VEGETABLES—Potatoes, per bag, \$1.35 to \$1.45; turnips, per bag, 30c to 40c; parsnips, per bag, \$1.20 to \$1.30; carrots, per bag, 40c to 50c; beets, per bag, 50c to 75c; onions, per bushel, \$1.50 to \$2.00; lettuce, bunch, 5c to 7c; radishes, 5c; cabbages, per dozen, 50c; celery, per dozen, 50c to 60c; squash, 5c to 7c; squash, per doz, 60c to 80c; rhubarb, bunch, 10c; artichokes, bus, \$1. PRONOUNCED—Eggs, fresh 10 to 13; eggs packed 10; Butter, best roll, 23 to 25; butter, large rolls, 18 to 20; butter, crocks 17 to 18; butter, tub dairy 00 to 00; butter, store packed firkin 00 to 00; cheese, lb. wholesale, 10c to 11c; dry wood, 4 50 to 5 25; green wood, 4 25 to 4 75; soft wood, 2 50 to 3 50; honey, lb. 10 to 10c; tallow, clear, 3c to 4c; tallow, rough, 1c to 2c; lard, No. 1, lb, 11 to 12c; lard, No. 2, lb, 10 to 11c; straw, load, 3 00 to 4 00; clover seed, bus, 4 30 to 4 50; Alaskan seed, 4 50 to 5 25; Timothy bush, 0 00 to 3 00; Hungarian grass sd.

Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.

bu. 00 to 00; Millet, bu. 00 to 00; Hay 10 00 to 12 00; Flax seed, bu. 1 40 to 1 50. FLOUR—Apple, bag, \$1 to \$1.50; apple, bbl, \$2 to \$3; dried apples, lb, 6c to 8c; cranberries, qt, 15c to 25c; maple syrup, gal, \$1.25 to \$1.50; do sugar, lb, 12c to 15c. MEATS—Pork, 7 25 to 7 50; pork, by qr, 8c to 9c; beef, \$4 50 to \$7 25; mutton, by qr, 8c to 12c; mutton, by carcass, 7c to 10c; spring lamb, per qr, 1 25 to 1 75; veal, by qr, 6c to 7c; veal, by carcass, 5c to 6c. GAME—Hares, per pair, 40c; quail, pair, 90c; partridges, pair, 50c to 65c; wild ducks, pair, 75c. HIDES—Hides, No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4c; No. 3, 3c; Calafino, 5c to 7c; do dry, 16c to 18c; wool, 23c to 25c; sheepskins, \$1.00 to \$1.50. FISH—White fish, per lb, 8c; sea salmon, 25c to 35c; fresh haddock, 7c; flounders, 8c; fresh cod, 8c; salmon trout, 8c; trout, 20c; herring, dozen, 25c; pike, 0c; mackerel, lb, 10c; black bass, 8c; perch, doz, 25c; smelt, lb, 10c; mullet, lb, 4c. POULTRY—Chickens, per 50 to 70c; ducks, per 75c to 8c; geese, each, 50c to 70c; geese, per lb, 6c to 7c; turkeys, per lb, 11c to 13c. POULTRY (addressed)—Chickens, 45 to 60c; ducks, 50 to 70c; turkeys, each, \$1.25 to \$2; turkeys, per lb, 13c to 14c; geese, 50 to 80c. LIVE STOCK—Milk cows, \$30 to \$50; live hogs, cut, \$4 50 to \$6.00; pigs, per \$3 to \$4; fat heaves, \$3.50 to \$5.

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