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IRISH HUMORISTS

ASKETCH OF THOMAS ETTINGEALL

A Little Known Writer Whose Works Have Generally Been Attributed to Others—Well Worth Studying.

The name of Ettingeall is as unfamiliar as any in the whole catalogue of Irish authors, though some of his writings have achieved great popularity, and have been attributed to men of greater genius than he could fairly lay claim to.

So vague is the knowledge of him that his name is rarely spelt aright, and in such a generally correct place as the British Museum is given as Ellingsall—which error may, however, be due to a mere misprint. As a rule, he wrote anonymously, or under nom de guerre, and that, of course, almost excuses mistakes of subsequent biographers or critics. Although it is no longer a secret that he was the author of the amusing sketch, 'Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec,' the fact does not appear to be very widely known. In a recently published collection of Irish stories, edited by Mr. W. B. Yeats, that sketch is given as anonymous. In past times it used to be put to the credit of Samuel Lover; now that that idea is exploded, it is handed over to the mysterious 'Anon.' It is certainly a great pity that nobody has ever taken the trouble to investigate the case of Ettingeall until now, for, necessarily, it is terribly difficult to get at any important facts about him after the years which have elapsed since his death. With the exception of a small, but interesting, paragraph in the defunct Dublin Journal, by Joseph Gwynn, of Mullingar, I am not aware that anything has ever been written.

ABOUT HIM IN THE PRESS.

Seeing the persistency with which he hid the authorship of his productions, it is not wonderful if he passed into his grave unnoticed and unrecognized as a clever Irish writer. The piece of him already named is so good that it is not improbable that many other equally good and equally anonymous things lie in old Dublin periodicals which are also his. He was an exceedingly entertaining writer, with a genuine gift of humor, and a command of the brogue such as few have possessed; and these, with his undeniably sympathy with the people, and his leanings to Irish themes, might have raised him, had he deserved it, nearly to the high level which Lover has attained. Ettingeall's best known work was not unnaturally thought to have been by Lover, for it is quite worthy of that inimitable raconteur. The most diligent search does not enable one to draw up a very extensive list of stories, sketches, and poems by Ettingeall, but I will endeavor to indicate at least the titles and whereabouts of those I am sure of. Some of them will afford us an opportunity of judging of his merits as an Irish humorist; yet, as I have already hinted, there are doubtless other efforts of his still unidentified, which are no less excellent.

He does not appear to have written for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, a fairly sufficient reason why he did not write much. The possession of material wealth is usually not conducive to the utilisation of an intellectual fortune, except where its owner has "metromania." With most authors, necessity is solely the mother of invention, and in his later days, when I believe Ettingeall had become straitened in circumstances, it was rather necessity than choice that impelled him to put his pen to paper. At any rate, it is towards the latter end of his life that he seems to have really entered into the literary arena to struggle for

FAME OR FORTUNE.

It cannot be said that he gained either one or the other, as the few facts here gathered together will show.

He was born in Dublin towards the close of the last century, and first appeared as an author in the columns of 'The Warden,' a Dublin periodical which had a pretty good circulation among ultra Tories and Protestants. A work which has been attributed to him commenced to run through the columns of this paper in 1817, with the title of 'The Angling Excursions of Gregory Greendrake, Esq., in Ireland. Part I.—The County Wicklow.' It is extremely doubtful whether Ettingeall wrote this affair, as the person using the pseudonym attached to it was more likely the editor of the 'Warden,' who is generally supposed to have been one named Joseph Coad. My opinion is, that this is a mistake, and that the editor's name was Henry Brereton Code, of Eccles street, Dublin, author of various dramas, and of 'The Sprig of Shillelagh.' I have no absolute proof that such was the fact, but it is quite certain that Henry Brereton Code wrote for 'The Warden,' and was a bitter Tory—whom Watty Cox had sacrificed in his magazine, but there is nothing to show that any one named Joseph Coad ever existed. Therefore I think it may be taken for granted that H. B. Code was the editor of the paper, and the writer of the first part of the 'Angling Excursion.' One reason for attributing it to Ettingeall may have been that he kept a fishing tackle establishment on Wood quay, Dublin, and in the work, as reprinted, is given as the author of a peculiar poem entitled 'A Rhythmic Table of the principal flies for angling, and the seasons in which they should be used.' The sketches were collected and published in 1824, and were followed by 'Angling Excursions in the County Wicklow,' 1826. In the same year, if I mistake not, all the articles were reprinted under the

GENERAL TITLE

of 'The Angling Excursions of Gregory Greendrake in the counties of Wicklow, Meath, Westmeath, Longford and Cavan,' with additions by Geoffrey Greendrake. These ran through several editions, the fourth appearing in 1832. It was dedicated 'to all honest lovers of the angle,' and is a most interesting description of the places named, with various hints to the disciples of old Izaz Walton, and an occasional legend or two. If Ettingeall did not write all the work, there is no doubt whatever that he was 'Geoffrey Greendrake.' But there is not such differ-

ence in the style of the two contributors as to preclude the possibility of his being the author. In spite of its cleverness, there is a taint of bigotry and intolerance in the volume which somewhat detracts from one's pleasure in reading it. It is now extremely rare. In general, the scraps of verse contained in it are more akin to Ettingeall's manner than Code's. As there are no salient passages in the legends or descriptions, I will quote a couple of smaller poems. The first is the menu of a glorious feast which the tourists (there are two of them) enjoyed in Wicklow:

A cold, nicely roasted, fore-quarter of lamb,
An excellent salad to grace it;
A cherry hued, well flavored fine mellow ham,
From a neighboring town, a hot dish
Of good wild roots, the potato,
As good and as dry as a monarch could wish,
And too good for the loves of Plato;
Then with porter and cider and good whiskey
punch—

For we've earned your port and your sherry—
We'll initiate our pastoral lunch.

And danced, laughed, and sang all 'o' merry."

'A FAREWELL TO LISSARD'

is the name of the other snatch of poetry, and it is to be found in that part of the book which is known to be by Ettingeall. It runs as follows:

Thy mansion fair, thy rich and wide demesne,
Thy improving spirit has not waned in vain;
Thy verdant lawns, the prouly winding trees,
Thy hills, the air, the water, the lake;
Which are creative, and the hand of taste
Won from wild woods and from the waste.

Not less delightful that from hence I see
That hill, Knockton, ever dear to me;

There'll whose woods kiss Derryveragh's

lake—And in my bosom fond regrets awake—

They hospitable dome, farewell, Lissard,

Through life remembered by the friendly bard.

In 1832 the Dublin Penny Journal was started under the editorship of Philip Dixon Hardy, and soon became the leading Irish periodical. A large number of the best writers of the day contributed to its columns, and it is deservedly famous for its antiquarian information. Dr. John O'Donovan, Dr. Petrie, Rev. Cesair Otway, and others were amongst its most constant supporters. Ettingeall also wrote for it over his initials, his earliest piece being entitled 'The Dolochre, I believe in the number dated November 24th, 1832. It is a very slight sketch on a well known Irish superstition about which those who are interested in it will discover some particulars in Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends.' In the journal for December 15, 1832, the popular 'Darby Doyle's Voyage' was printed. It is a full account of a shrewd peasant's trip to the great Dominion, and is told, as naturally as possible, in the words of the 'boy' himself. It is not without a certain resemblance to 'Lover's Barney Riordan, the Navigator,' which it anticipated. I think, in style, but the incidents and adventures are different. I shall make a few extracts from Darby's narrative, choosing one of the most quotable passages, which will give the clearest idea of that individual's

TEMERITY AND CHARACTER.

The story, which begins by addressing 'Mister Editor,' relates how our hero journeyed from Inglecelyn to Canada. Darby sets off on his way to the Cove of Cork to get a passage to Canada on board of some vessel. When he reaches the port, and gets on a ship bound for his destination, he meets an old crony of his, Ned Flinn by name, who tells him not to mind paying the fare yet a while, but to 'leave it to him' to manage that. Darby thinks that his friend means to bring him over for nothing, or to smuggle him across in some way, and consequently invites him to 'have a dram for the sake of old times.' Ned declares he will inform him when the vessel is to start, and so day after day passes, until the time arrives when the ship is to go. All this time Darby has been spending money in 'treatin' Ned, and just when the ship is about to depart, he is nearly cleaned out! Judge his surprise, then, when Ned says, 'Darby, you'd better go on board and pay your way.' Darby could hardly believe he is not joking, but finally he learns that Ned is quite serious, and without an idea how he is to get over. However, it occurs to him to secure Darby in the hold as a stowaway, supplying him with food and drink. In that place Darby remains month, when they are within three days sail of Quebec. As the ship is to be overhauled before its cargo is landed Ned fears Darby will be discovered, and summarily dealt with. But the latter is not without resource, and he asks Ned for an empty metal bottle, a bottle, and a bare hand bone, and reminds him that he is a great swimmer. Having obtained the necessary articles, Darby quietly slips into the water, without the noise of a splash. Ned calling out that there is a man in the sea. A boat is got ready and Darby is picked up pretending he swam after it continues' and still the crown with its priceless stones remains undiscovered.

there's ne'er a cottoner in Cork, if you don't pay for leavin' me to the mercy of the waves."

When land was reached the captain parleyed with a stranger, and shortly after a notice was posted up that the greatest swimmer in the world was to

BE ON VIEW

at half a dollar admission. Darby didn't like the notion of exhibiting himself, but the promise of a couple of hundred dollars soon silenced his objections. When the captain counted out the gold he thought he had never seen so much wealth in his life, except when 'the stockin' fell out of the chimney on my aunt, an' cut her for'ard.' Great care was taken of him and he was handled as 'tender as if he was a lady, or a pound of fresh butter in the dog days.' How Darby was matched against a great swimmer of Quebec, how he frightened him out of the contest by proposing they should swim to 'the keep on Good Hope or Keep Clear, and by wishing to shoulder half of an anchor, and got away triumphantly with the money he gathered may be seen by a perusal of his artful narrative itself. Ettingeall's other writings in the Dublin Penny Journal consist of the following:—'Darby and the Ram' (March 2d); 'Columbkille to the Druid' (March 30th); 'The Pigeon House' (Sept. 25th); and 'Edward Collins, a True Story' (Nov. 2d)—all in the vol. for 1833. One only of these—the second—is really of a legendary character; and he was generally most successful when dealing with the legends of the people. The solitary remaining prose production known to be his is 'St. Bridget's Shawl,' which was published in the Irish Penny Journal for Nov. 14, 1840. To the Dublin Journal of Temperance, Science, and Literature (1842-3) he contributed three short and not very good poems. The exact date of his death it is now impossible to find, but it occurred about 1845. From some of the pieces merely mentioned above it would be easy to make characteristic extracts with those given, but 'enough is as good as a feast.' He must have written much that might even yet be identified, and it is to be hoped some one with the necessary knowledge will essay the task.—*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*

Huntsville Happenings.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family and can highly recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhoea, etc."—Mrs. Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF JAMES II.

The London Times published a nautical story from the pretty village of Trel. There, it is said, James II. buried his crown and the valuable robes of his family, and for more than forty years all over the neighbourhood, from time to time, people have dug for the buried treasure. Nearly half a century ago a mysterious woman appeared at Trel. She bought a house and large estates, and went up and down the village, having no dealings with the inhabitants, and arousing great curiosity. Not after a time some neighbors made her acquaintance, and learned that she was in search of the crown of James II. Legend and romance soon took root in the soil upturned by this odd woman's mysterious diggings on her estate, and rumor finally said that the lady, Mme. Deville, was a daughter of George IV. and Queen Caroline, and in proof thereof the Fleur de Lis, as everybody knew, was on her shoulder. Moreover, in her bedroom was an ancient bed adorned with crowns on escutcheons. Lord Palmerston was said to have visited her. Finally she died but the legend did not die with her. The land was sold to a person who had received her confidence, and who continued the quest. This successor is a Parisian shopkeeper. The digging still continues' and still the crown with its priceless stones remains undiscovered.

ECONOMY: "100 Doses One Dollar." MERIT: "Peculiar to Itself." PURITY: "Hood's Sarsaparilla."

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

LONDON, August 4.—Sir J. E. Gorst, parliamentary secretary for the India office, presented the annual Indian budget statement in the House of Commons this evening. He called attention to the continued extraordinary growth of the surplus, which for 1891 he estimated is nearly double that of 1890. This growth was mainly due, he said, to the alteration in exchange consequent on the sudden inflation of the rupee by American legislation. He announced a large decrease in the revenue from opium and a steady increase in the land revenue.

CONSULT YOUR NEIGHBOR.

Any one may find out just what Burdock Blood Bitters is and does by asking a neighbor who has tried it. It rarely fails in making a complete cure of dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, biliousness and disease of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

GONE OVER TO THE MAJORITY.

The men who had a hand in the making of Irish history circa 1649 are rapidly going over to the majority: I do not mean the McCartyite majority, but the majority into which Whig and Tory, Liberal and Conservative, Radical and Nationalist are sooner or later absorbed. One of the latest departures to that bourn from whence no traveller returns was Christopher Manus O'Keeffe, who died lately after a lingering illness in New York. A five-line paragraph in the Chicago Citizen of July 4th is the only record I have seen of the death of one who deserved something more than this very abstract and brief chronicle. He was on the literary staff of The Irish People when it was edited by Thomas Clarke Luby, and, after the seizure of that short-lived paper by the Government, was one of the first Fenians tried at the earlier special commissions. He was the only one who broke down in the dock, the dismal prospect of penal servitude to which he was sentenced, and which he subsequently endured in five different prisons, having for the moment unmanned him—a very pardonable weakness. On his release he rejoined the Press. His last engagement in Ireland was that of Queenstown correspondent of the Irish Daily Telegraph, a Cork paper, and after its stoppage at the close of 1873, he was engaged by Mr. Ford for the Irish World. He was a good linguist, extensively read, the author of an Irish historical novel, and of a "Life and Times of O'Connell," published by Mullany. Simple-minded and sincere, he made many friends and no enemies, and will be kindly remembered by those who differed from him politically as well as by others.—*Catholic Times.*

THE COVE OF YORK.

But his own words may be quoted for a portion of his narrative.

"What hard luck I had to follow yez at all, at all—where's the master?" As I sed this, every mother's son began to stare at me, with my big round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointing to a little yellow man in a corner of the boat. "May the — rise blithers on your rapin' hook shins, siz I, you yellow-looking monkey, but it's most time for you to be lettin' me into your ship. I'm here plowin' and plungin' this month after yez; shure I didn't care a tharaween, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books? For three strawbs, if I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark of that on your skull! So sayin', I made a lick at him with the hainbone, but I was near tumblin' into the sea agen. 'An' pray, what is your name?' said the captain. 'What's my name! What'd you give to know?' siz I, ye unmannin' speulpeen; it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle? out ov your mouth—aye, Darby Doyle, that was never afraid or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!" "An' Mr. Darby Doyle, siz he, 'do you mean to persuade us that you swam from Cork to this aither us?' This is more of your ignorance, siz I: "aye, if you sted three days longer, an' not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye only my purvisions were out, an' the few rags of bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket. For I hadn't time to get them changed, recommend B.B.B.—Jas. Inglis, Bredenbury, Assn.

SINCE CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

I have been bothered with neuralgic pains in the head and face since childhood and have tried all possible remedies. A friend persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after having used it I obtained instant relief, and thoroughly recommend B.B.B.—Jas. Inglis, Bredenbury, Assn.

MODERN GREECE.

By far the greater Number of Greeks are under the Moslem Rule.

We should always recollect how difficult is the position of modern Greece. With a retracted area, which certainly does not admit of a very large increase of population beyond the present two millions, there is a far larger population of Greeks, probably four millions, under the rule of Turkey. Some of these are in districts and islands where they form the immense majority of the population, and where there is reasonable hope that annexation to the parent country may be possible. Others, and the large part are to be found at Constantinople, Smyrna, and the coasts of Turkey bordering on the sea, where there can be but little hope for union, so long as the Turkish Empire lasts. Even when this breaks up it is hardly to be expected that Greek rule will be substituted for Turkish rule on the Bosphorus or in Asia Minor. With all these kindred Greeks there is necessarily the strongest bond of union; nothing can be done in Turkey affecting this population which does not greatly excite the sympathies and interest of the Greek people. They must be ready for action when the time comes; there are men among them always ready to assist insurgents with arms and money.

They are accused of troubling the peace of Europe; but they know that it is by agitation, incitement and insurrection, that anything has been done in the past. They see the result of the adventurous policy of Bulgaria in obtaining the union of Roumania, and in the extension of its interests in Macedonia. We cannot be surprised at the jealousy of Greece with respect to the further extension of Bulgaria to the south and west.

One effect of the uprising of Bulgaria has already been that a definite limit has been placed to the ambition of the Greeks. The Bulgarians have asserted themselves. They are more numerous than the Greeks. They have shown equal capacity for governing themselves. The Greeks can no more hope to lead or incorporate the Bulgarians as they once hoped, and to some extent succeeded for a time in doing, under a shadow of Turkey. The latter in the future distribution of the spoils of Turkey in Europe must have the larger share. The ethnological distribution shows that eastward of Salonica the Bulgarians are far more numerous than the Greeks; in fact they constitute the population, except in a narrow fringe of country bordering on the Egean Sea. But this should not prevent the Bulgarians having access to the Mediterranean.

That Macedonia and Albania and what remains of Epirus will ultimately, and probably at no distant day, be freed from Turkish rule cannot be doubted. The difference between their condition and that of the provinces recently freed is so great that, if some speedy and unprecedented change does not take place in Turkish administration, it will be impossible for Europe to resist the claims of these people for the like treatment.—*The Contemporary Review.*

DOING SOMETHING USEFUL.

LONDON, August 4.—Sir J. E. Gorst, parliamentary secretary for the India office, presented the annual Indian budget statement in the House of Commons this evening. He called attention to the continued extraordinary growth of the surplus, which for 1891 he estimated is nearly double that of 1890. This growth was mainly due, he said, to the alteration in exchange consequent on the sudden inflation of the rupee by American legislation.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL COMPANY.

TROY, N.Y. U.S.A. Manufacture superior CHURCH BELLS.

This Company is now making a Chime of 7 Bells, to weigh 30,000 pounds, for St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

5-0, Sept. 10.

IRON FOUNDRY CORNER OF Mai-oneuve and Lagachetiere streets

\$60,000

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a single ticket, and receive the following official permit.

Carthaginians hereby certify that the Bank of London and the Bank of Montreal have deposited the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Loterie de la Beneficencia Publica.

ALFONSO CASTILLO, Intercessor.

Further, the company is required to distribute six per cent. of the value of all the tickets Prime-Prize larger portion than is given by any other lottery.

\$80,000 TICKETS AT \$1.00, \$32,000.

PRICE OF TICKETS—American Money:

Wholes, \$1; Halves, \$2; Quarters, \$1;

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize of \$10,000.....\$10,000

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A STRANGE STORY.

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS RAILWAY.
Its Relations to Provincial Bribery
and Corruption. A Bad Pro-
vincial Record.

The statement of Mr. Barwick that he could prove that \$75,000 or \$100,000 of the provincial subsidy to the Baie des Chaleurs railway was obtained by Liberal workers in Quebec for use in the elections, will find many to accept it, even without the investigation that should follow such a grave charge. The history of the Liberal party in Quebec is the story of a series of jobs by which the province or those having claims against it have been defrauded out of their money. And as is the history of the party so is the history of its chief. Mr. Mercier first became generally known as the manipulator of the \$3,500 and the \$5,000 jobs. In both of these affairs he sold out his own party as well as extorted money from his opponents. In 1852 there was an election in Terrebonne, Mr. Poirier being the Liberal candidate. Unexpectedly he withdrew, and the cause of his withdrawal was told in a letter to Mr. C. A. Geoffrion, addressed to the director of La Patrie. In it Mr. Geoffrion said:

"On the 12th of December last I received from the friends of Hon. Mr. Chapeau the sum of \$3,500 in deposit, to be paid to Mr. H. Mercier when certain conditions should have been fulfilled. On the 22nd December, with the consent of the parties interested, I paid the sum to Mr. Mercier. The latter declared to me that a considerable part of the deposit was handed over to Mr. Poirier."

A letter from Mr. J. B. Thibaudeau, published at the time, declared that the "conditions" alluded to in Mr. Geoffrion's letter was the withdrawal of Mr. Poirier from the contest in Terrebonne. Referring to the thing La Patrie on the 30th January, 1853, declared: "Mr. Mercier was the first to furnish the example of a compromise or rather of a 'job,' which will remain as a

mark on his reputation."

"as a public man," Mr. N. C. Trenholme, Q. C., another Liberal, charged Mr. Mercier with having in the Terrebonne "election case" used a species of black-mail.

The \$5,000 job was much of the same kind. In that transaction the Liberal party were also sold out by its provincial chief. A contestation had been entered against Mr. Mousseau's seat, asking also for that gentleman's disqualification. Mr. Mercier had charge of the proceedings. For \$5,000 paid to him the case was abandoned.

The record of the chief has been reproduced by the party. During Mr. Joly's time, though he had no connection with it, the beginning of the Q. M. O. & O. stands well laid in the, at the time, notorious Table Rock job. When the party returned to power it was continued in the Lockwood job. That affair was a peculiar one. Mr. Lockwood had a claim of \$10,000 against the Government. For ten years every crown land commissioner in office had reported against it. When the Mercier regime began the claim was renewed, and an order was given on the treasury for \$10,000. But Mr. Lockwood did not receive the \$10,000. His share was only some \$2,500. The exact amount could not be ascertained, because at the investigation the Liberal majority on the committee prevented the witnesses answering any question that would show how much of the claim had been boddled or who the boodlers were.

The Table Rock job came next, that is among the larger jobs, for the smaller ones have been taken no note of. A friend and supporter of the Government bought

FROM THE CROWN LANDS

department, by private arrangement, a water power property in the Ottawa at Hull for some \$35,000, and in ten months sold it for something like four times that amount.

The Polette library job was one characterized by the most contemptible meanness. The province decided to purchase the late Judge Polette's library from his widow. There was paid out of the treasury therefor \$3,000; but Madame Polette received only \$2,000. Who kept the other \$1,000 is not publicly known. The Liberal majority that intervened to keep back the truth about the Lockwood job intervened to screen the culprits in the Polette job.

The facts about the Pacaud blackmailing are notorious. They have been brought out on oath. The only thing not known is the names of the parties who ultimately received the boodle. Mr. Whealan is a contractor who had a heavy claim against the Government. Mr. MacNeil, Mr. Mercier's friend, came to Mr. Whealan with three separate demands for money, the threat being that if the contractor did not pay over his claim would not be paid. The contractor paid first \$5,000 and then \$10,000, but hesitated at a demand for \$15,000 more and made the story public. After the money had been paid an item to pay his claim was brought down in the Government's estimates.

That a professional gentleman should rise up and say he can establish that from a railroad subsidy of \$350,000 a sum of \$75,000 or \$100,000 was kept by the agents or confidants of a government and a premier with such a record is no cause of surprise. The only interest centres in how the accused will take it.

Montreal Gazette.

A Useful Lesson.

A Quebec gentleman, who has been married a little over two months, took a peculiar method of teaching his wife something about housekeeping. She had married him almost immediately on leaving a convent and had to leave the whole management of the house to the servant. One evening the gentleman came home and found his wife in tears. The servant girl had left without warning and there was nothing cooked in the house. To comfort her the husband said that he would be satisfied with bread and butter and tea, but the wife had to acknowledge that she could not even

infuse tea. "I will put you in the way of learning," said the husband, and he took her back to her mother's, shut up in his own house and went to live in a hotel. When he went to bring her back a week later he found she had made remarkable progress in the art of cooking, and his mother-in-law is now teaching her younger daughters to cook. Such determined action on the part of a *nouveau marié* is probably unprecedented.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA

Currying Favor—The Bear and Eagle Fraternizing—An Impracticable Alliance.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 6.—The French ambassador here has handed to the Russian foreign minister two holy banners which were captured by the French in a church at Eupatoria during the Crimean war, and which were deposited in the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. The restoration of the banners has deeply impressed the Russian public. Admiral Gervais and his colleagues of the French fleet arrived yesterday at Moscow, where they were received and entertained in an enthusiastic manner. M. Lockrey yesterday said he had no doubt the handsome reception to the French fleet at Cronstadt, if not the visit itself, was due to England's support of the Dreibund. While France was isolated there was a strong temptation for the masterful and capricious German Emperor to plunge Germany into war. The rapprochement between France and Russia removed the danger. France, however, had mainly herself to blame, her obstinacy in her policy in the Egyptian and Newfoundland questions throwing England into the arms of Germany and the Dreibund. After the initial mistake she ought to have accepted the situation in Egypt, and in regard to Newfoundland she ought to have modified the Utrecht treaty.

The rumors concerning the results of the recent visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt and the close friendship between Russia and France continue to be circulated in all classes of society and there is much conjecture as to what the outcome of the conference between the representatives of the two nations will be. *Le Peint* published an article, which, if true, will put an end to all conjectures. That paper says Mohrenheim, the Russian ambassador, has received a cipher despatch from the Russian foreign minister, announcing that the treaty of alliance between Russia and France has been signed. The *Journal* officially announces the following changes in diplomatic circles: Count de Montebello has been appointed to succeed De Labourdieu as ambassador to Russia. M. Caron, at present ambassador to Spain, has been transferred to Constantinople. He will be succeeded at Madrid by Roustan, at present French Minister to the United States.

On the recent occurrence of the name day of the Czarina, the mayor of Cherbourg sent a despatch to Her Majesty congratulating her upon the occasion. To-day the Mayor received a telegram from the Czar thanking him for the kind words sent to the Czarina. The Czar also refers to the recent visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt, and says it was a real pleasure to receive the brave French sailors. His Majesty also thanks the Mayor and municipal authorities of Cherbourg for the attention shown the officers and crew of the Russian cruiser "Korniloff," and adds: "We highly appreciate the warm reception tendered the officers and crew of our ship by the authorities and people of Cherbourg."

A SAD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A Collision Between a Freight and Passenger Train Causes Loss of Life.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., August 6.—This morning a freight train on the West Shore railroad, going west broke in two between Port Byron and Montezuma, and the fast train No. 3 dashed into its rear. The fireman of the passenger train was killed. Ten Italians en route to Niagara Falls in the smoking car were killed. Thirty or forty others in the same car were injured. The sleeping car was burned. It is supposed nearly all the passengers were rescued. The injured were brought to Syracuse and are being cared for. The bodies of the killed have been brought here for identification. Among the injured is a member of an opera company, who died on the way here.

The scene of the accident is four miles from Port Byron and two from Montezuma station. Trainmen say that more killed are in the wreck. A dense fog prevailed over Montezuma marshes and enveloped the trains and tracks.

The scene at the wreck is described as terrible. At 9 o'clock a wrecking train brought the killed and wounded here, and ambulance, police patrol wagons and hacks made a mournful procession through the crowded streets to the hospitals and undertakers' rooms. Fireman Michael Bergen, of Buffalo, on the passenger train was instantly killed. Engineer Patrick Ryan, of Buffalo, had his chest crushed, and he is in the hospital here. Of the twenty Italians in the smoking car only one escaped injury and he was on the platform, usually considered a place of danger. Seventeen injured Italians were brought to Syracuse, some of whom will probably die. It is now said that nobody in the sleeping car was badly hurt. All the passengers who were able were brought here. The bodies of the killed are held at Port Byron, where Coroner Stewart will hold an inquest. The following is a list of the killed: Michael Bergen, fireman on passenger train, lived at Buffalo; Alphonse Carlu, Italian; Coco Rocco, Italian; Veautre, Italian; Delauri, Italian; Dominich Richone, Italian; Thomas Merling, Italian; John Rosic, Italian; Dominico Saitilo, Italian; Antonio Scazzafava, Italian; John Crabbott; unknown Italian died on the way to Syracuse.

LATER—Joseph M. Keehan, of St. Louis, and Antoine Umbello, Italian, died at the hospital in this city. These deaths make the number of fatalities thirteen. George H. Saxby, of Hamilton, Ont., is among the hurt. The little Liver Pils did me more good than all the rest.

Davitt in the North-West.

WINNIPEG, August 6.—Michael Davitt, the eminent Irish politician, arrived here this morning from the West. Being

interviewed he said: "One would have to remain a year in the North-West in order to obtain anything like an accurate knowledge of its bewildering extent of territory, dazzling possibilities and actual development. The country is extensive enough to be an Empire; rich enough in boundless acreage of fruitful soil east of the Rockies, and mineral wealth that lies open to labor and enterprise in British Columbia, to justify the highest hopes that have been expressed about the future prosperity of the great North-West. I stopped off at many points to look at the crops, and what has been written and said about the country falls far short of the reality. Contentment and hope reign on all hands. I was much delighted with my trip on the C. P. R. and the continuous pleasure all along helped to build up my health very much.

Cause from Italy for Justice.

NEW YORK, August 6.—Anna Polite, who arrived to-day from Italy, tells a pitiful story of her husband's suffering in Italy. She says he is an American citizen by naturalization, and he has been impressed into military service while on a visit to Italy, notwithstanding he showed his proofs of citizenship. She worked hard to get money enough for her passage to this country, and upon her arrival called upon the authorities for assistance in her trouble. Prompt action was as

— Plot to Rob the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, August 6.—The Secretary of the Treasury has been advised that a bold attempt will be made during the present month to rob the Treasury by a "strong and well armed band of men organized for that purpose." The plan is to start fires in various parts of the city for the purpose of diverting the attention of the police and then to overpower the Treasury watchmen and loot the money vaults. The information was given in a letter signed by the "King of the Tramps," who explained that he was the leader of the band. The letter was referred to the captain of the watch with instructions to give the visitors a proper reception.

A Possible Famine.

MADRAS, August 6.—Though the monsoon set in some time ago in some parts of India, dispelling all fear of a failure of crops in that portion of the country where the rains had fallen, there has been no rain in the Cingalep and North Arcot districts and all hopes of averting the famine have been abandoned. The heat is unprecedented, the standing grain and other crops have succumbed to the long drought and all are withered and burned. Already the effects of the scarcity of food are being felt and there is great suffering among the inhabitants of those districts. Many deaths from starvation have been reported. It is also impossible to get food for the cattle, the pasture lands being devoid of grasses, and in many places the streams have dried up, rendering it impossible to get water for the mules, horses, cows, donkeys and other live stock, which are dying in large numbers. It is not only the poorer classes of the population that are suffering from the scarcity of food. Many natives of high caste are making application to the authorities for relief to keep themselves and their families from starvation.

A New Bishop.

The consecration of the Rev. John Brady of Amesbury as auxiliary bishop of the archdiocese of Boston took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross last Wednesday. A vast throng of people witnessed the ceremony, and many distinguished clergymen were present. At 10 o'clock a.m. the services began. A procession made up of Archbishop Williams and the bishop-elect, together with visiting Bishops, officiating clergy and attendants, all dressed in their elegant robes, went from the sacristy to the main altar, being followed by more than 300 priests, all of whom were dressed in their black cassocks and white surplices. With the priests were about half a dozen cowed members of church orders, who attracted particular attention. The priests in the procession took seats in the sanctuary and immediately in front of the altar. Archbishop Williams was the consecrating prelate.

Tariff Lessons.

In 1878 Canada imported 11,019,231 pounds of tea. The declared value was \$2,597,847, and the duty was \$611,313.65, or 23 per cent.

In 1890 the tea imported weighed 18,451,378 pounds, the declared value was \$3,073,648, and the duty paid was \$12,225, or nearly seven one-hundredths of a cent per pound.

Had the Cartwright tariff remained in force the duty on this tea would have been about \$1,015,000.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

A Probable Investigation.

It is rumored that an investigation, such as is now in progress at Ottawa, will be asked for at the approaching session of the Quebec Legislature. It is also said that the civil service will be investigated as well, and that it will be shown that a number of gentlemen who are drawing good salaries from the Government are at the same time employed as book-keepers in merchants' offices, canvassers, clerks, and even newspaper men, and that the greater part of their time during the day is taken up with these outside employments.

In any mind of nobleness a lapse into transgression against an object still regarded as supreme issues in a novel and pure devotedness, chastened by humility and watched over by a passionate re-gret.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: "I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest."

All knowledge which alters our lives penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning; the way that has to be travelled with something new and perhaps for ever sad, in its light is an image of the life that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near.

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JOLLIETTE, S.T. FELIX, ST. GABRIEL, etc., 5:15 p.m.

OTTAWA, 8:50 a.m., 4:40 p.m., 8:30 p.m.

WINNIPEG, 8:20, 8:45 p.m.

S.E. LILBURN, 8:30 a.m., 3:30 p.m.

S.E. ROSE AND ST. THERESE, 8:50 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:20 p.m., Saturday 1:30 p.m. instead of 3:00 p.m.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1891

THE Quebec Telegraph is very angry with Mr. John Hearn, M.L.C., because he has stated in the Committee of Privileges at Ottawa that he would now place little credence on the statements of Mr. R. McGreevy. But who would? When a man confesses to having virtually committed perjury, albeit merely as a formal statement, he must in all reason expect to have his credibility discounted. The whole affair is discreditable and disgraceful and the less sideshows business is dragged into it the better.

THE proceedings before the Public Accounts Committee this week have indicated a degree of recklessness and disorganization in the economy of the Civil Service which is discreditable in the extreme. The circumstances connected with the case of a Miss Craig, who it seems has been absent half her accredited time, and yet evidently supported in her course by the minister—the Postmaster-General—in whose department she worked, are so extraordinary that it will be culpable if they are not thoroughly sifted and the guilty, whoever they may be, punished. This is apparently no mere case of carelessness or abuse of office by a head of a department or upper clerk. In other scandals that have come to light this appears to have been the case, and the offences committed have generally lain beyond the knowledge of the ministers. Prompt justice must be done in order to vindicate the honor of the country and to clear the public arena of the set of vampires who have been abusing their positions and fattening on the confidence of the nation. The punishment should be in due proportion to the crime, no matter who may be the person punished.

QUEBEC.—If one of its newspapers is any indication, lashes itself into a fury if the opinion be expressed in Montreal that there is no immediate necessity for the construction of the proposed St. Lawrence bridge. The Witness, having stated that the "wise determination" of the Government not to grant any subsidy this session for the proposed bridge is to be felicitated, and that neither the Quebec bridge nor the proposed high level bridge at this city, both of which will span the St. Lawrence between Montreal harbor and the sea, "should ever be constructed as such bridges undoubtedly endanger and impede navigation. No great natural routes of sea-going vessels are allowed by the Governments interested to be thus impeded, and there should certainly be no bridges over the St. Lawrence east of Montreal. Neither the Quebec bridge nor the Montreal bridge would make fair return upon the capital necessary for its construction," has roused the ire of the Quebec Telegraph, which, of course, attributes the objection to the "selfishness and jealousy of Montreal." But this is the sheerest nonsense. In the matter of navigation there is the greatest objection to the construction of both the bridges under discussion, but into this question it is not at present necessary to enter. But Quebec, it seems to us, has to advance much stronger arguments than any heretofore placed on record before the public will be prepared to concur in the absolute necessity of the proposed bridge. It might enable a certain amount of traffic to be carried past the city, but beyond the noise of the passing trains little else would result. The trade of Quebec is not increasing and the construction of a bridge would not aid it. We wish it would, because any advancement in the commerce of the lower port must necessarily be followed by a proportionate increase in Montreal. If Quebec could double its trade Montreal would quadruple hers. But trade cannot be forced into existence by spoon-feeding. It will be time to build wharves and bridges when the trade demands them. To build them first, in the expectation of their bringing commerce with them, would be merely an act of folly.

lendar to "get in." If the witnesses who have defaulted in the matter of the Senate Committee on the Baie de Chaleurs railway do not attend, Parliament has power to compel them, and if it does not do so the public will possibly hold that assembly guilty of, to use the mildest terms, serious neglect of duty to their country, whose interests they are sworn to conserve.

It was not a bad idea for the Montreal City Council to pass, as it did, a resolution of congratulation on the occasion of the selection of the city of Chicago as the site for the World's Fair in honor of Columbus' discovery. For with due energy that selection may be made in degree as valuable and profitable to Montreal and Canada as to Chicago. It may reasonably be expected that there will be a large influx of people from Europe and also a large volume of freight in the form of exhibits. There will certainly be an immense amount of passenger traffic from the Eastern States of the Union. In all these cases there is nothing to prevent Canadian railways and Canadian shipping obtaining the bulk of the carrying in connection with the traffic. We hope to see the various lines of steamers announcing their programmes as soon as possible. The railways should do the same. The Canada Pacific, with its superb facilities for travel, could, in connection with its traffic to and from the Exhibition, do Canada much good by offering cheap transport to the North-West and West, and thus afford tourists an opportunity of inspecting our marvellous resources in these regions. Settlement would be aided and many strangers go away with a knowledge of Canada that would prove most valuable abroad. Montreal ought to take the initiative in the matter, and we are of opinion that action should not be delayed. Although the Exhibition is not immediate the time is short and the preliminaries should be arranged as soon as possible. We would advise a conference between the civic authorities, leading citizens and managers of the various navigation and railway companies, at which the first steps necessary could leisurely be arranged.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

During the past week the legislators at Ottawa have not made much progress towards bringing their labors to a close. A debate on Mr. Desjardins' amendment lasted for several hours, and the Government was sustained in adhering to the policy of Canada for the Canadians. The only motion of non-confidence was that of Mr. Charlton, M.P., of Equal Rights fame. It had reference to the old and time-worn subject of timber limits. The discussion was very animated whilst it lasted. Mr. Charlton is not likely to forget the session of 1891, Sir John Thompson undertook to handle the great moralist, and did so without gloves. Never in the Parliamentary history of Canada did any member of Parliament present so pitiable a spectacle as Mr. Charlton during the whole hour occupied by the Minister of Justice in laying the facts before the House. Having dealt with the general question, which has no interest, except as a matter of history, in the administration of the Department of the Interior, he proceeded to criticize the conduct of Mr. Charlton in connection with the charges he had made and the affidavit he had published broadcast to injure a fellow-member, Dr. Hickey, then M.P. for Dundas. The arrant hypocrisy and untruthfulness of Mr. Charlton were set forth in seathing language. Fact was piled upon fact and argument upon argument by the Minister of Justice until the writhing member stood up and acknowledged that he himself was unsuppliant for the favors which he denounced others for having solicited, but so utterly crushed was he under the argument upon his unwarrantable affidavit that he could not find one word of reply. Mr. Charlton is not in the odor of sanctity amongst his own friends, and the comical expression on the countenance of the Hon. David Mills during the castigation administered by Sir John Thompson was a real study.

The Tarte-McGreevy investigation is still in progress. Mr. McGreevy has declined to produce certain receipts and give evidence regarding the disposal of funds entrusted to him for election purposes. There may be some justification for not giving information with regard to any private funds that may have been committed to his charge as treasurer, but there can be no excuse for not making a clear breast of all concerning the monies advanced by Larkin, Connolly & Co., public contractors. We are sorry Mr. McGreevy has not straightforwardly given the whole history of his transaction. As we go to press the Hon. Sir Hector Langevin is about to be called to testify on oath as to the line of conduct pursued by him as Minister of Public Works in connection with the Quebec Harbor improvements and his dealings with the Hon. Thomas McGreevy in the original company of La Baie de Chaleurs Railway.

A Bill before the Senate in the same Railway matter for the incorporation of the new company has been the occasion

of bringing to the surface some of the dark ways of the Local Government of the Province of Quebec. No one in Montreal is surprised at the disclosures that are being made, but they may cause some people to open their eyes in other parts of the Province. It is charged that not less than \$100,000 of public monies to be directed to railway purposes were diverted into the pockets of local politicians to secure the triumph of the Mercier Cabinet at the last local elections. The promoters of the Bill almost pleaded guilty to the charges by their attempt to withdraw the measure, but that would not be allowed, and Mr. Barwick, of Toronto, has the management of the case before the Railway Committee of the Senate, where witnesses are to be examined on oath, and as usual the name of Mr. Paquet is in the list of those to be examined. It is to be hoped his evidence will be more satisfactory than that given before the Royal Commission regarding the monies squeezed out of Mr. John P. Whelan.

THE LANGEVIN ENQUIRY.

The latest report from Ottawa is to the effect that Sir Hector Langevin resigned his portfolio preparatory to making a statement before the Committee of Privileges and Elections. It is somewhat comical to learn this fact first from that now clearly exposed sink of political iniquity, Ottawa. In the columns of the Ottawa Citizen, a journal well known both as to itself and its control, the following, which borders on the farcical, appears:—

"It is understood that Sir Hector Langevin has tendered his resignation as a Minister of the Crown, considering that it was his duty to Parliament, the Government and the Committee. If this is true, Sir Hector Langevin is what his friends always thought him, a chivalrous and high-minded believer in constitutional precedent, even to a degree really unnecessary under existing circumstances. Though Sir Hector Langevin's enemies triumph, it would be but a Cadmus victory, for the day may come that his accusers will realize how unjust have been the tactics resorted to in attempting to destroy one who for twenty-five years was the official colleague of his late leader, the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald. We deplore the fact that he has been placed in a position reflecting discredit, but the end is not yet."

Sir Hector Langevin, it appears, has given a direct denial to the charges made in which he has been concerned. His statement is too long to reprint in this week's issue of the *True Witness*. It is simply a question of veracity, and as compared with accuser and defendant, the public will not be long in making up its mind.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

During this nineteenth century the world has learned many things, and now, towards its close, it is beginning to unlearn some other things. Among these the science of criticism, pushed with the fearlessness of an uncompromising scepticism, has developed nothing more surprising to some people than the light it has thrown on the position of the Catholic Church in the world and its attitude towards the various phases of secular civilization through which mankind has passed during the nineteen centuries since the glad tidings of redemption and salvation were heard among the hills of Galilee.

Expecting, perhaps hoping, that their researches would confirm the conclusions of those who condemn and denounce the Catholic Church, those sceptical students of history have pursued their investigations to a point where the divine symmetry of Catholicity must be admitted. The fact that in no country was the Church ever in perfect accord with the powers of this world, and furthermore, that its history has been the record of a continuous contest against those powers, is only a proof that at all times and in countries the Church has not varied its attitude in dealing with the ambitions, the follies, the vices of men, as well as with their errors, relapses and retractions. Throughout the ages the church has had but one standard of conduct, while men who deemed themselves learned, wise and capable of ruling and of giving judgment, have had various standards to guide them at different times. Hence the impossibility of agreement between the Church and men who sought to set up other standards of right than those infallibly and forever fixed by Christ when he founded that Church.

But now, when men have come in sad seriousness to ask the question,—"What is there, after all, in this vaunted nineteenth century civilization, progress and enlightenment?"—the answer, which admits of no evasion, is at once a revelation and a rebuke. Political liberty has been proclaimed far and wide. In the form of a goddess statues have been raised in its honor on three continents. Neither the greatest nor the last of the false deities raised by the hands of man is this goddess, at whose apothecary the best blood of Europe was poured in a torrent of litations on scaffold and battlefield. A century—a whole hundred years—has passed during which the people of the western nations have been devoted to the worship of the goddess of liberty, and now, out of the snorting steam and

stench created by this new devil-worship, come cries of disgust and despair. For, under the specious name of liberty, might makes right, the strong trample on the weak. Virtue, goodness, honesty, God-fearing, are forgotten as no longer essential to success—that bastard offspring of the false goddess men have been worshipping these hundred years. Looking upward, too, out of the depth of the degradation to which this worship has reduced them, men who have not been wholly blinded by its taurian incense behold, through the lurid mist, that the divinity of their adoration bears an extraordinary likeness to the golden calf set up by the blindfold, idolatrous children of Israel under the shadow of Sinai, even as the disobedient idolators of this nineteenth century worship the same vile spirit of evil in another form within the shadow of the Church of God.

To one who stands apart from the hideous strife and contemplates the solemn, majestic, changeless attitude of that Church throughout the ages, and reviews the dismal procession of human crime and folly pouring its noisy, noisome flood before its gates in seemingly endless misery—the stupidity, the ignorance of those who demand that the Church shall reconcile itself to the requirements of modern thought, become grotesquely glaring. To those who make this demand let it be said—"wait awhile. Those are not the traitor modern days. By and bye, all in good time, when the thoughts of men shall have been sufficiently widened by the process of the suns, the Church will be reconciled to the world."

But this country of bumbungs, with its false lack of competition and capitalism, its tolerated system of sublimated selfishness, its soulless ignoble warfare of human atoms—the holy, the serene, the inchangeable Church, can make no compromise. Could it do so, it would not be what it is. It would perish utterly from the earth, and let him who can imagine what the earth would be without the Catholic Church.

Men are beginning to see and understand these things, and as a result are coming to regard the Catholic Church in a far more humble and reverent manner than they formerly did. They see the utter absurdity of claiming scientific perfection for a passing phase of an infinitely imperfect civilization. On the contrary, they see that with the spread of the spirit of this age goes a decay of morals, for the desire of gain is the poison it spreads everywhere. These men also see that the modern thought, with which the Church has been asked to reconcile itself, took its rise when the large, kindly, altruistic spirit of the ages of faith had been driven from the hearts of men by the cruel, soulless Philistinism which rose on the ruins of suppressed religious houses and the bloody horrors of the so-called Reformation, and which has succeeded at last in bringing its votaries face to face with a hopeless materialism whose last words of final farewell are as of one perishing in the sea at midnight—blind fate and annihilation!

But over this miserable world drowned in sin, and the wretchedness of which sin is the parent, rises the bow of promise. "Behold, I am with you."

In the higher literature of the day the signs are increasing of a return to the simplicity, the unselfishness, of a former day. But, chastened by a larger knowledge and a truer perception of religion and history, the better minds now striving to be heard will lead the people away from the worship of false gods, and this soulful age will pass away. Remembered it will be hereafter as among the darkest of the dark ages, as the darkest hour of night is that which comes before the dawn.

More Honors for Canadians.

Reginald Curran, son of Rev. C. Curran, a protestant minister of Montreal, is now on a visit to his father's previous to his going to India to take a position in the civil service, which he secured in open competition while on board H. M. S. training ship Conway at Liverpool, Eng. Besides securing the Indian appointment he won the Queen's gold medal and £40 in prizes.

Cornwall Canal Changes.

A proposal has been made to the Government which may materially alter the plans for the improvements of the Cornwall canal. Instead of deepening that section of the canal opposite Sheek's island it is proposed to dam the river both at the head and foot of the island. This, if adopted, will give a depth of 30 feet of water and will render needless the deepening of that section of the canal, which is that in which the bad break occurred last season. The proposal is now under consideration by the Government.

National Finances.

The statement of revenue and expenditure for the month of July shows revenue of \$2,528,601 and expenditure of \$2,345,027. The expenditure on account of consolidated fund for the month was \$57,824. The public debt at the end of the month was \$237,025,851, an increase of \$3,495,629.

Savings Banks Finances.

The return of the Montreal City and District Savings Banks for July shows liabilities of \$8,520,486 and assets of \$9,604,200. On the same date the liabilities of the Caisse d'Epargne de Notre Dame de Quebec were \$3,090,460, against assets of \$3,446,880.

THE FALL EXHIBITION.

Special Facilities To be Offered By the Railways.

Information has been received from both the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways that special rates will be made for visitors to Montreal during the exhibition. Return tickets will be granted at single first-class fare from Toronto, Kingston, North Bay, Sharrow, Lake, Renfrew, Quebec and all intermediate stations, as well as in East Canada generally, from 17th to 24th September. For stations fifty miles or less from Montreal at three-eighths one way first-class fare on Sept. 18th only, to children between the ages of 5 to 12 years. All tickets by both lines will be available to return any day up to and including September 26. Judges and exhibitors can obtain return tickets at one way first-class fare from any station in Canada from September 14th to 25th, available to return till September 29th, on presentation of certificate, signed by the secretary of the exhibition. Special excursions have been arranged by the Grand Trunk from stations east of Montreal on September 22 and 24, and by the Canadian Pacific railway for September 21 and 23; and from stations west of Montreal on September 21 and 23, by the Grand Trunk, and on September 22 and 24, by the Canadian Pacific railway. The whole of these tickets will also hold good till September 26. Special rates will be also granted to the various cadet corps to enable them to attend the special parade which it is proposed to hold during the exhibition. It will be seen that the facilities granted by the railway companies are of such a nature that the residents in the various surrounding towns will have every opportunity of visiting the Montreal exhibition. Arrangements are being made for advantages of a similar kind to be given by the boat companies.

Intending exhibitors should bear in mind that the date for sending in entry forms for exhibits of machinery, agricultural implements, manufactures and the industrial department generally closes Saturday, 15th instant. The number of entries already received is very large, far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the promoters, whilst the large demand upon the limited space at the command of directors makes it more important that there should be no delay in making entries.

Class IX. in the prize list issued by the exhibition company offer prizes for Canadian horses. This hardy breed of horses was formerly known as the French-Canadian and is characterized by Arab heads, long manes, good knee action, round quarters and general hardiness of constitution being the descendants of early importations from Brittany and Normandy. It is specially desirable that the breeding of this useful class of horse should be encouraged, and it is probable that some very fine specimens from Lake St. John and other districts will be exhibited.

A French Visitor.

The French Gunboat Bisson arrived in Montreal on Friday last and will remain about ten days. Her length is about 180 feet, breadth 24 feet and depth of hold 21 feet. She carries four guns and six Hotchkiss, and a crew of 120 men. She is of about twelve knots. Her burden is 900 tons. Acting Mayor Shore, Ald. Rolland, Ald. Villeneuve and Mr. Schwob, the French consul, and Mr. J. N. Perrault, received the French officers in the mayor's chambers, and various other public and private hospitalities were extended to the visitors.

A Representative Man.

That grand old Catholic Sir Edward Kenny, in whose veins there never coursed a drop of bigoted blood, and who died quite recently at Halifax, left a will in which those items appear: To Mother Kenny of the Sacred Heart Convent of Marysville, in St. Louis, \$2,000, and to his three sons, who are priests—one a Benedictine and another a Jesuit—\$8,000 each. The remainder of his large fortune was divided among his children and charitable institutions. His son, Thomas C. Kenny, is a member of the Canadian Parliament. Mother Kenny has two sisters, one the wife of Admiral Fane of the British navy, and the other the wife of the Governor of Nova Scotia. What a proud record!—United Canada.

Strange Expenditure.

Referring to the recent purchase of land for the construction of a new gaol, at Sault au Recollet, *La Minerve* says:—"The brother of Count Mercier has just bought for the Government, at a cost of \$19,000, a farm at Sault au Recollet, which was sold for \$7,000 a few years ago. An adjoining farm, valued at \$4,000 by the secretary-treasurer of the municipality, has been paid \$8,000 for by the same Mr. Mercier." Commenting on the same subject, *Le Monde* says that it is happy to see such an extraordinary increase in the value of real estate in the province, which is the strongest possible refutation of the complaints of Mr. Mercier, and Sir Richard Cartwright, who have been clamoring for the last ten years that the national policy was constantly depressing the value of real estate. "But," it adds, "we really do not believe that the value of real estate at Sault au Recollet has increased so considerably since 1884. Between the real value and the purchase price, we find that there is room for what Mr. Mercier generally calls a reasonable commission."

Oriental Visitors.

Capt. O'Hagan of the steamship Osmanli has on board his boat two pretty little pets. They are gazelles from Persia, graceful and hardly the size of a greyhound. They have quarters assigned to them on the boat, and live there as if they had always been accustomed to it. About four months ago the Osmanli was at Bussorah, up the Euphrates, in Persia, and the captain was presented with these gazelles by the governor of the town. There were originally three, but one was washed overboard on the voyage.

Great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life.

Invariably speak the truth even when you are aware of its being disagreeable.

THE LATEST SCANDAL.

The Baie des Chaleurs Railway before the Parliamentary Committee.

OTTAWA, Aug. 10.—Before the Senate Committee to-day the chairman, Senator Vidal, announced that he had summoned Messrs. Pacaud, Grenier, Grenier and Armstrong in the matter of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway Bill. A report was read stating that Inspector O'Leary, of the Dominion police force, as deputy of the Usher of the Black Rod, had gone to serve Mr. C. N. Armstrong, and was unable to do so.

The Chairman read a telegram from Mr. Armstrong dated Inch Arran, New Brunswick, August 9, saying: "I will appear before your Committee on Wednesday."

A telegram from Mr. Grenier, clerk of the Executive Council, telegraphed that the list of the papers required from him had not reached him.

A letter was read from Mr. A. Thom, of Montreal, secretary of the Company, stating that the Company had decided to take no part in the proceedings before the Committee. Under the circumstances and in view of the expense and loss of time, the Company did not feel justified in appearing by counsel and unnecessarily prolonging the investigation. A letter was read from Mr. Loneragan, of the Company, dated Old Order House, stating that he had gone to the seaside, but, on notice, would appear at any time before the Committee.

Mr. Simpson, writing for Mr. Thom, after the receipt of the summons, telegraphed that Mr. Thom was out of town, but would be back on Tuesday.

A telegram was read from the Hon. Mr. Garneau, dated Pointe au Pie, saying his state of health did not allow him to go to Ottawa at present. He would send a doctor's certificate. The Committee could not help smiling.

At this point the chairman, Mr. Vidal, said he was impelled to again express the view that the Committee was not taking the proper parliamentary course. This bill was not before them as a railway committee, they had no power to investigate this charge. He was in favor of a full investigation, but they should put themselves in order by asking the House to direct the investigation. As Senator Vidal is a strong Conservative, he, at all events, is not open to the charge of trying to turn the investigation.

Senator Allum, another Conservative, and an ex-speaker, said the promoters desiring to withdraw the bill should be allowed to do so, but the House having decided otherwise, the Committee should not discuss the question. Mr. Barwick was given power to summon anew all the witnesses he wanted, and the Committee adjourned till tomorrow, on the understanding that the case would not be proceeded with until Wednesday. The Committee adjourned. Mr. Pacaud telegraphed Mr. Francois Langelier that he had left for Ottawa yesterday but *en route* saw in the newspapers that he had to bring some documents, and he returned to Quebec to await the service of the summons and list of documents wanted, and as he had not received any summons up to this morning save a telegraphic message. Mr. Pacaud adds that he does not like to postpone his trip to Europe a second time. He has engaged a berth from New York. Mr. Barwick says he will not examine any witnesses before Mr. Armstrong.

A WILD TORNADO.

Wind and Lightning Carry Devastation Far and Near.

HAMILTON, Ont., August 10.—At 6 o'clock last evening a terribly destructive storm passed over this city. The storm began to gather in the West about 5.45 and a regular tornado struck the city and increased in violence for about ten minutes and then gradually subsided. It was followed by a heavy storm of thunder and lightning and rain. The fire department were called out to free the sidewalks from fallen trees. They report 410 trees down on the principal streets by actual count. Near the corner of Park and Cannon streets the roof of a house was crushed in by a fallen tree, but no one was injured. A large window in the McNaught street Presbyterian church was blown in, and also one in front of the St. Nicholas hotel. The scaffolding in Tucket & Sons new building was blown down.

For a time the whole city was involved in a cloud of dust and flying debris. At the beach the storm swept its fury. Seven yachts were blown ashore. The tents of the campers were leveled and hundreds of men, women and children left exposed to the rain. Hundreds more, who drove down in the afternoon before the storm, were unable to get back until to-day. There were many boating parties on the water, driven out of the city by the intense heat. Many yachts were upset, but the crews were rescued. In some cases boats were lifted bodily off the shore and blown into the water. It was reported that a grocer named Doyle and his family were drowned, but they afterwards turned up. In the vicinity of the city boat-housers nearly every yacht and sailboat was driven ashore.

WATERLOO, Ont., August 10.—A terrible rain and wind storm, accompanied by lightning and thunder, passed over this section yesterday evening between 5 and 10 o'clock. Many barns north of this were uprooted, fences blown down and much damage done to standing crops. In Waterloo a dwelling house was struck by lightning, but the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. The roof of the establishment of the Graybill Manufacturing company was blown off and carried a considerable distance before it fell to the earth.

The church and schoolhouse in the village of Bloomingdale were unrooted.

A party of small children were holding a picnic in Koerber's grove, near Lexington, in the afternoon. The storm came on suddenly just as they sat down to tea and blew down a large maple, the branches of which in its fall struck a number of children. A little girl, 9 years old, named Slegman, was instantly killed and five others seriously injured, two of them, it is feared, fatally. Rain continued to fall at intervals until 10 o'clock.

DUESBURY, August 10.—Wm. H. Huff's barn containing wheat, barley, hay and implements to the amount of over \$1,000,

was burned by lightning last night. There is some insurance on the building, but none on the contents.

TORONTO, August 10.—Early yesterday morning and last evening a terrific thunder and lightning storm passed over Toronto. Rain fell in torrents, and the wind did much damage in breaking tree limbs and leveling garden plants. A large portion of Bloor street, near Christie, was washed in the sand pit. The storm assumed the proportions of a hurricane to the south of Lake Ontario. Niagara Falls despatch says great damage was done to standing crops in that neighborhood, while the telephone and telegraph service was paralyzed. Several plate glass windows were blown in.

The Province of Quebec Lottery.

The popularity of the Province of Quebec Lottery has just received a new alinement. On Tuesday last, the 4th inst., a carpenter of very moderate means, by the name of Justinien Benoit of Weedon, Wolfe County, P.Q., bought a lottery ticket. The drawing took place the next day, Wednesday. On Saturday Mr. Benoit received the official list of prize-winning numbers. As he had purchased but one ticket he soon found out his number on the list and to his great satisfaction saw that he won the first capital prize of \$15,000.00. This morning he presented himself to the head office with Mr. Charles H. Letourneau, wholesale hardware merchant of St. Paul, st., and Mr. Samuel Bourgeois, merchant of St. Hyacinthe. The check in payment for the prize had been previously filled up and was therefore at once handed to him. This good news having soon spread around, a crowd immediately gathered before the Lottery doors to congratulate Mr. Benoit on his good luck. A few persons escorted him to La Banque du Peuple, where he deposited his check. This pleasing fortune could not have fallen under better care. Mr. Benoit is an orderly and sober man, and this unexpected fortune will not alter his good character. He has left his money in the bank, and means to live on the interest. He will consequently bequeath to his family a beautiful capital.

The Irish Bill.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—In his speech at Plymouth to-day Chief Secretary Balfour outlined the ideas of Irish local government which the Government propose to embody in a bill. He repudiated the view expressed by Mr. Morley that it was a small home rule bill. He argued that local government should not be withheld from Ireland for two reasons, the first a sentimental one, because it had already been given to England and Scotland; the second because it had been repeatedly promised to Ireland. It would be madness to allow councils to administer the funds of any class not represented in such councils by a controlling voice. Such permission would convert them into engines of tyranny and oppression. Mr. Balfour exonerated his opponents from the charge of obstructing his measures for the benefit of Ireland. This literature, however, he said, tended to excite hatred.

The Prince Talks to Scientists.

LONDON, August 10.—The seventh annual session of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography opened in St. James' hall here to-day. The Prince of Wales presided. There were 2,300 delegates present. Among the more prominent delegates were Prof. Pasteur, of Paris, and Prof. Koch, of Berlin. Many of the leading doctors and scientists of Europe will take part in the proceedings. When the Prince of Wales arose to make his address of welcome he was heartily cheered. He discoursed learnedly on hygiene, and said the people were exposed to many sources of danger owing to the existing state of factories from overcrowding and from the unsanitary condition of towns. He was happy to say, however, that statistics showed a marked improvement in this direction, which might safely be taken as an earnest of the increased good to be accomplished by scientists in the future.

Cordial, but Must Draw the Line.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—The Cologne Gazette says the Czar has not acceded to the request that the French Admiral Gervais and his colleagues be invited to attend the review at Krasnoe Selo. The Russian Imperial council has also decided to prohibit the exportation of corn, owing to the bad harvests in Russia, which has caused a scarcity of that cereal. This is construed as a warlike sign, but the Rothschilds say that they will not permit Russia to go to war, and that they intend to press for arrears of interest on loans in consequence of the treatment of the Jews.

Probably only a Social Gathering.

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 9.—The approaching gathering of members of European Royal families at this place in September promises to be a noteworthy one. Among those who will then visit the King of Denmark will be his son the King of Greece, his daughter the Princess of Wales, who will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales and their daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and the Czar, who will be accompanied by the Zarina, who is also a daughter of King of Denmark.

The Waters Give up their Dead.

VICTORIA, Aug. 9.—Three young men named Jackson, Lade and Post, residents of Normandale, when returning from an excursion over to Long Point to-day found a body on the beach about a mile below Ryerson's Island. In the pockets were found a gold watch and chain, a bunch of keys, on the ivory tag of which were the words "Yacht match," also a handkerchief with the name "J. W. Ryerson" stamped on the corner. The ring on the little finger of the right hand was also found, which is recognized by friends here as worn by Mr. Ryerson. The body is very much decomposed, but from the above evidences is beyond doubt that of the late Major Ryerson, who was, with his friend, Mr. Bunker, of Toronto, lost with the yacht Mabel in Lake Erie on July 3 last. Arrangements are being made to have the body brought to the main land to-night, which is about a mile from where found.

"LA REINE LE VEULT."

How the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland Agrees to Acts of Parliament.

It is a question time in the House of Commons, and ministers are laboriously reading their answers to the long list of printed questions on the paper. Presently, with no apparent reason, the outer doors of the chamber, usually wide open, are shut and locked, and the door-keeper stands guard over them, peeping through a tiny wicket in the door, as if he expected an inconvenient dun. But, no; the doors have only been locked on the same principle that the little boys on the towing path of the Cam shut the gates when they see an undergraduate approaching, in order to have the pleasure of opening them again—for consideration.

What the consideration of the doorkeeper of the House of Commons may be is not known to the public, but the very instant that the stranger approaching has made three modest taps on the door, the watchful attendant flings it open and announces the visitor with a stentorian shout of "Black Rod."

Slowly does the elderly gentleman in braided uniform who bears this title and the short rod that confers it advance up the door of the House, towing serenely three times in his passage. Arrived at the table, he summons "this honorable House" in the name of the crown immediately to attend at the House of Peers to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. Having given his message, he slowly retires backward, bowing again, with the mystic three bows. Without a word all the members rise in their places, and the speaker leaves his chair and joins Black Rod, who has been waiting for him at the House. Side by side in brotherly converse they walk off, followed by the sergeant-at-arms and two or three members as representatives of the House, while strong-lunged policemen in the lobby bellow out, "make way for Black Rod!" "Make way for the speaker!"

In the House of Lords a quaint but not unimpressive spectacle awaits one. Through the stained-glass window of the beautiful chamber the sunlight is streaming, lighting up the richly carved wood-work and the decorated ceiling, and making the red benches below seem redder than ever. Indeed on the floor of the House red, a crimson red, is the single note. Row upon row of crimson benches, all empty, and on the wool-sack three peers robed in red. At the table, scarcely noticed in the blaze of red, are three silent clerks in wig and gown; that is all.

But by this time the speaker and his companions have reached the House of Lords, and have packed themselves in a little pen opposite the wool-sack and the throne. There they stand, patiently or impatiently, throughout the ceremony.

The first business is the reading of the commission appointing certain peers to act on behalf of her majesty. The document is long and very legal. The number of peers named to serve on the commission seems legion. There is THE PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of Connaught; there is the most reverend father in God and my well-beloved and trusty counsellor, the archbishop of Canterbury; there is the archbishop of York, and many other notabilities. Finally comes Lord Salisbury, "lord chancellor of that part of my kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain," and at these words the reading clerk the lord chancellor, hitherto motionless on the wool-sack, raises his three-cornered hat in response to a deep bow from the clerk. The next name is the Earl of Limerick, and the clerk bows again, and another three-cornered hat is raised by another figure on the wool-sack. The same double bow is repeated at the name of Lord Windsor, the third of the three figures. The document then recites that these numerous commissioners "or any three of them" shall have power to act for the Queen, and notify her assent to the bills passed by Parliament—"Given at Windsor, by the Queen herself, signed THE PRINCE OF WALES

and the Duke of Connaught; there is the most reverend father in God and my well-beloved and trusty counsellor, the archbishop of Canterbury; there is the archbishop of York, and many other notabilities. Finally comes Lord Salisbury, "lord chancellor of that part of my kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain," and at these words the reading clerk the lord chancellor, hitherto motionless on the wool-sack, raises his three-cornered hat in response to a deep bow from the clerk. The next name is the Earl of Limerick, and the clerk bows again, and another three-cornered hat is raised by another figure on the wool-sack. The same double bow is repeated at the name of Lord Windsor, the third of the three figures. The document then recites that these numerous commissioners "or any three of them" shall have power to act for the Queen, and notify her assent to the bills passed by Parliament—"Given at Windsor, by the Queen herself, signed

This ends the first stage of the proceedings. The Lord chancellor then immediately, without moving, makes a little speech to the empty benches, which he addresses as "My lords" and calls upon the "clerk at the table to pass the bills in the usual manner."

The other two clerks now step forward. The Lord chancellor then immediately, without moving, makes a little speech to the empty benches, which he addresses as "My lords" and calls upon the "clerk at the table to pass the bills in the usual manner."

Gradually but surely the deleterious effects of tobacco smoking upon the human race must become clear and produce good results. The carefully recorded observations of Dr. Seaver, physician and instructor in physical culture, of Yale College, will be a great lever for those opposed to the use of tobacco.

For a number of years Dr. Seaver had been making observations respecting the physical and mental effects of tobacco using upon students. In these statistics, recently published, Dr. Seaver shows that among the students at Yale smokers are found to be inferior both in mental ability and physical vigor to non-smokers. Smokers have less lung capacity and lung power than non-smokers. Their average bodily weight is less as is also their stature. They have less endurance, both muscular and nervous, and are in every way physically inferior to non-smokers. In scholarship the smokers are far behind. Very few receive honors and among those of high standing in scholarship only five smoked.

It will not be easy to successfully combat these facts. It will probably be said that it is generally admitted that tobacco is injurious to the young. But anything that injures the youthful in so marked a manner can not fail to be injurious to the mature. Why the young, growing boy will withstand many things that would upset a full grown man. And in the way of digestion, for example, and of assimilation, this is the universal rule. Behold what the average growing boy can digest and assimilate, and without inconvenience. And nerve force and influence are concerned in these processes, it must be noted; as it is contended that it is chiefly upon the nervous system of the young that tobacco exerts its injurious influence.

We are told that men have been known to smoke tobacco for twenty consecutive years and yet retain perfect physical and moral health! Have such cases ever been carefully and

SCIENTIFICALLY INVESTIGATED?

Was ever a scientific post mortem examination made on such a case? Such men do die, and occasionally at an advanced age. What was the cause of

death? Who can say? Who can say that they might have lived ten years longer, and happier and more useful lives, if they had not used tobacco? It is said they always enjoyed "good health."

Thousands of people think they have good health who plod along through life and hardly know what good vigorous health is, and who would feel vastly better if they were to live for a time in careful accordance with well-known hygienic rules. Furthermore, although we do find people who smoke during a long life time, and there are it appears many naturally of muscular, vigorous constitutions, with good ancestry, who can smoke without appreciable injury—that is appreciable by ordinary observation,—how is it with their progeny? A leading city physician, we cannot now recall his name, has said: "I have never known a habitual tobacco user whose children, born after he has long used it, did not have a deranged nervous system, and sometimes evidently weak minds. Shattered nervous systems for generations to come may be the result of this indulgence."

The evil effects upon children, of over indulgence in alcoholic beverages by the father or mother, are well known; while upon the father or mother hardly any or no injurious constitutional effect will be observable. The very source of the tobacco smoking habit is enough to condemn it. Although a wise man once advised the sluggish to "go to the art," civilized races in their progress would not naturally, one would suppose, go to savage races to seek for useful habits. One good thing seems clear, that is this: While a few eminent physicians and others in Europe, such as Charcot, of Paris, and Spurzheim, advocate the use of tobacco, it is not easy to find one on this continent who can say much in defense of it, or more than that it is a useless, idle habit.—*Health Journal*.

The Seven Wise Men.

Most people have heard of the seven wise men of Greece. Here is the story, and the moral is worth remembering, if the names are not: The Seven Wise Men of Greece are supposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander. The most approved account states that as some Coans were fishing, certain strangers from Milesus bought whatever shone in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were brought up they were found to contain a golden tripod. A dispute arose between the fisherman and the strangers as to whom it belonged and as they could not agree, they took it to the temple of Apollo and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece, and it was accordingly sent to Bias, who declared that Thales was wiser, and sent it to him. Thales sent it to another one, and so on until it had passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterward as the Seven Wise Men; and as each one claimed the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the temple of Apollo, where it long remained to teach the lesson that the wisest men are the most distrustful of their wisdom.

An enlightened mind is like a fair and pleasant friend who comes to cheer us in every hour of loneliness and gloom; it is like noble birth which admits to all best company; it is like wealth which surrounds us with whatever is rarest and most precious; it is like virtue which lives in an atmosphere of light and serenity, and is enough for itself. What ever our labours, our cares, our disappointments, a free and open mind, by holding us in communion with the highest and the fairest, will fill the soul with strength and joy.

Let us, with Purgatory in view, suffer joy, or at least with patience, all the evils, the misfortunes, and the trials of this life.—*St. Augustine*.

A USEFUL WARNING.

The Tobacco Smoking Habit and Its Consequences.

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QUAM DILECTA.*

How sweet O Lord, Thy house to those
Whose storm-tossed, plant all hope in
Thee!
Whence can souls find true repose
Upon life's troubled sea?

Speak not to me of mansions proud,
Of brilliant throngs and pageants gay :
Vain show! beneath its glittering shroud
Work heartache and decay.

Far dearer be to us the soft,
Deep silence of the house of God,
Than Fashion's halls, whose floors too
of.
Our feet, perchance, have trod.

More beautiful the flickering light
That spends itself 'fore Jesus' throne,
Than myriad lamps, surpassing bright,
That burn for man alone.

More welcome now, for a lifelong lease
Of meanest nook, if near to Thee,
Than Art's superbe masterpiece
In sinners' company.

One day at home with Thee, O Lord,—
One little while upon Thy breast.
Is joy the world can not award
Even everlasting quest!

O blest indeed are they that dwell
Amid Thy presence, sweetening, pure!
Nought else our fevered pulse can quell,
Our sin-sick souls can cure.

For Thee, the True, the Good, the Strong,
We thirst in all earth's darkened
ways:

Celestial Sion's courts we long
To tread beneath Thy gaze.

Our hearts are fainting for Thy face,
As Holy David's did of yore;
When shall we feel Thy fond embrace
On heaven's tranquil shore?

*P.S., lxxxi.

REV. ANDREW DOOLEY, in Ave Maria.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROWS."

PROLOGUE.

"I never connected those circumstances with his present depression. Dr. Merimee, you knew M. Antoine — you saw him a few days before his death — what is your own opinion about it?"

"M. Antoine de Vaux was insane; his death by his own hand the irresponsible act of a madman."

"You must tell me the truth now," she said, her breath coming quickly, her tongue parched and dry with excitement. "Is there any other member of my husband's family you have ever attended whom you have suspected of being of unsound mind?"

"Yes, madame."

She stood for a moment with her hand pressed tightly against her heart, gathering strength before she should dare to ask the next question.

"Dr. Merimee," she said at last, standing before him cold and rigid as a corpse, but her voice still clear and firm, "is my husband mad?"

"No, madame; not yet."

"But he will be."

"I cannot say. Care may save him. He must not mope; he must not get excited. Above all, he must not fear. His sister has escaped, and one of his brothers——"

"And the other?"

"The other is in a private *asilo de sante* in Brazil."

"And my son? Oh, my God!" broke from the mother's lips, as she wrung her hands in dry-eyed agony.

It seemed to her, in those first moments of concentrated horror, that she would never again be able to look into her son's eyes without reading there some shadowing of his ghastly inheritance.

Her life so far, though full of change and movement, had been extremely happy. Married young to a man she passionately loved, for eleven years she had never known a wish unfulfilled, and at his death she had been perfectly ready to retire into perpetual widowhood with her daughter. Gaston de Vaux's vehement pleading induced her to break this resolve, and now, at thirty-nine, after twenty brilliant years of life at its best and brightest, with her youthful daughter recently married, an indulgent husband devoted to her, and a son she adored, she had seemed until today to see before her a middle age of such sunny contentment and peace, such a field for her affections and her energies, as should make youth a thing to look back upon with pleasure, but without regret.

Now a black veil of doubt and terror seemed to shut out the smiling prospect; for all her life of luxurious ease, she was as full of courage, endurance, and resource, as though she had been trained in the rough school of poverty and neglect. Against evil or devil to those she loved which prudence or devotion might avert, she would have been ready and eager to fight; but before this stealthy foe, this insidious malady of tainted blood and hereditary disease, she felt absolutely powerless. A sensation of bitter anger for a moment swept over her heart, at the thought of the deception which had been practised on her, soon to be replaced by tender and more compassionate thoughts for the father of her son. It was not for her husband, indeed, that she was suffering, but for her child. When, after the first paralysing effect of the doctor's words had worn off, she could collect her ideas sufficiently to think and to recollect clearly, a dozen little incidents, trivial in themselves, but full of terrible import now, flashed into her mind.

That Gaston had not entirely escaped from the family curse was terribly evident to her now; but the question which burnt her mind was not connected with him, but with her boy.

From Dr. Merimee she learnt that Gaston's father had lived and died in the full enjoyment of unclouded reason, not being remarkable even for any eccentricity of conduct. Gaston's sister and one of his brothers, moreover, were perfectly sane, although, two generations farther back, a De Vaux of Normandy had cut his throat at the gaming-table where he had risked and lost his fortune.

All this Madame de Vaux heard for the first time. With a morbid dread lest his wife should learn the terrible secret, Gaston de Vaux had never taken her to the Norman estate, which he

shared with his brothers and sister; nor would he ever allow her to pay more than a passing visit of a few days to Paris, and it was only by accident she had learnt that he was in the habit of consulting M. Merimee.

All the doctor could do now was to beg her again to use the utmost care with her husband, and to furthermore advise her, most seriously, never to let her son know of his family's misfortune.

"Put him to school in England. Bring him up as a healthy English boy. Half the danger in these cases springs from the morbid fear of it. And, meanwhile, let me know from time to time exact particulars concerning M. Gaston's state of health, mental and physical."

There was nothing more that he could say or do for her; but he saw his confidence in her justified by the manner in which she took leave of him, and, talking sweetly, and even brightly, to her son, returned to her carriage; her face a little paler, the lines about her mouth a little harder than before; but with firm step, clear voice, and the same dignified grace she had shown on entering the house an hour before.

He watched her from behind the half-drawn curtains at the window. "How brave these women are!" he said. "Very few men I know would have borne it so well. It was better she should know. With her care, he may work off this dangerous melancholy. But what a life for such a woman! And with Gaston de Vaux I fear it is only delaying the end."

Two months after Madame de Vaux's interview with M. Merimee, the fashionable idlers in the best hotel of popular Swiss valley assembled in the courtyard, on the balconies, and at the windows, to watch the arrival of a carriage containing two very beautiful women, a little boy, and a handsome, distinguished-looking man.

The party, with madame's maid and monsieur's man following, with the luggage, in another vehicle, had come over from a mountain resort not many miles distant, the elder lady having written previously to secure rooms for himself; her niece, Miss Montague; her husband, M. de Vaux; her little boy; and their servants.

Aunt and niece were almost equally handsome, so the critics decided. Both being fair-skinned, dark-haired, and *petite* in figure, there was a good deal of resemblance between them; but in the eyes of the former there shone at times a curiously harassed and troubled expression unreflected in the glad young face of the niece. Alice Montague was the orphan daughter of Madame de Vaux's sister, who had died some years before. Following the doctor's advice, that cheerful society should surround her husband, Madame de Vaux had fetched the girl from her school in Paris to travel with them about Switzerland and Italy, much to the delight of the eighteen-year-old English girl.

"Do not on any account let your husband know I am coming," he said in his letter; "but arrange to meet me some time to-morrow at the principal hotel of the next town."

"Yes, madame."

She stood for a moment with her hand pressed tightly against her heart, gathering strength before she should dare to ask the next question.

"Dr. Merimee," she said at last, standing before him cold and rigid as a corpse, but her voice still clear and firm, "is my husband mad?"

"No, madame; not yet."

"But he will be."

"I cannot say. Care may save him. He must not mope; he must not get excited. Above all, he must not fear. His sister has escaped, and one of his brothers——"

"And the other?"

"The other is in a private *asilo de sante* in Brazil."

"And my son? Oh, my God!" broke from the mother's lips, as she wrung her hands in dry-eyed agony.

It seemed to her, in those first moments of concentrated horror, that she would never again be able to look into her son's eyes without reading there some shadowing of his ghastly inheritance.

Her life so far, though full of change and movement, had been extremely happy. Married young to a man she passionately loved, for eleven years she had never known a wish unfulfilled, and at his death she had been perfectly ready to retire into perpetual widowhood with her daughter. Gaston de Vaux's vehement pleading induced her to break this resolve, and now, at thirty-nine, after twenty brilliant years of life at its best and brightest, with her youthful daughter recently married, an indulgent husband devoted to her, and a son she adored, she had seemed until today to see before her a middle age of such sunny contentment and peace, such a field for her affections and her energies, as should make youth a thing to look back upon with pleasure, but without regret.

Now a black veil of doubt and terror seemed to shut out the smiling prospect; for all her life of luxurious ease, she was as full of courage, endurance, and resource, as though she had been trained in the rough school of poverty and neglect. Against evil or devil to those she loved which prudence or devotion might avert, she would have been ready and eager to fight; but before this stealthy foe, this insidious malady of tainted blood and hereditary disease, she felt absolutely powerless. A sensation of bitter anger for a moment swept over her heart, at the thought of the deception which had been practised on her, soon to be replaced by tender and more compassionate thoughts for the father of her son. It was not for her husband, indeed, that she was suffering, but for her child. When, after the first paralysing effect of the doctor's words had worn off, she could collect her ideas sufficiently to think and to recollect clearly, a dozen little incidents, trivial in themselves, but full of terrible import now, flashed into her mind.

That Gaston had not entirely escaped from the family curse was terribly evident to her now; but the question which burnt her mind was not connected with him, but with her boy.

From Dr. Merimee she learnt that Gaston's father had lived and died in the full enjoyment of unclouded reason, not being remarkable even for any eccentricity of conduct. Gaston's sister and one of his brothers, moreover, were perfectly sane, although, two generations farther back, a De Vaux of Normandy had cut his throat at the gaming-table where he had risked and lost his fortune.

All this Madame de Vaux heard for the first time. With a morbid dread lest his wife should learn the terrible secret, Gaston de Vaux had never taken her to the Norman estate, which he

shared with his brothers and sister; nor would he ever allow her to pay more than a passing visit of a few days to Paris, and it was only by accident she had learnt that he was in the habit of consulting M. Merimee.

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shared with his brothers and sister; nor would he ever allow her to pay more than a passing visit of a few days to Paris, and it was only by accident she had learnt that he was in the habit of consulting M. Merimee.

"Because you looked so ill at dinner," she answered, sick with fear at the sudden ferocity in his voice, but fighting down all show of alarm.

"Do you know why I looked ill?"

"How should I?"

He laughed in hard, discordant way. "As you say, how should you?" he repeated. "How should you know anything about me to make you change as you have lately towards me, receiving my love with coldness, treating me like a child? You don't know any reason for it, do you?"

He stared across at her for the first time now, intently, fiercely, but she returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"I know of no reason why I should not be loyal and devoted to you as I have always been, Gaston."

"Then come here close to my side."

"If I'd known he was M. Gaston de Vaux, I should not have been surprised at his sinister expression," he heard in a clear girl's voice. "We had a servant who was in his uncle's service once, and he told us the Normandy De Vauxes are all mad, without one exception. I wonder how that pretty woman could have married such a man, or that she isn't afraid of being murdered. You have only to look at his face to see he's out of his mind. I declare it makes me nervous to be in the same house! He ought to be shut up, for fear he should grow violent."

Very slowly and stealthily Gaston edged himself farther away from the stone, and amidst the hum of the girl's talk rose and crept away.

He was mad, then; there was no doubt of that; and other people knew it, and thought—great Heaven!—that he might kill his wife! And yet, after all, would it be such a very mad act? She was beginning to dislike him, that was certain; would it not be better to put it out of his power to hate him more?

That speech about shutting him up rang in his ears, too. He must put it out of everyone's power to do that. And if she went on living and hating him, would not the suggestion be made to her, too?

Quick death was painless; it would be better to kiss her dead face once than see it turn coldly from him. Perhaps, too, in another life she would certainly be happier than now, as by his side she watched

AN ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.*

What time thy heavenly voice preludes
Unto the fair and silent night,
Wing'd minstrel of my solitudes,
Unknown to thee I trace its flight.

Thou knowest not that one remains
Beneath the trees, hour after hour,
Whose ear drinks in thy wondrous
strains,
Intoxicated by their power;

Nor that the while a breath of air
Escapes but from my lips a grief;
And that my foot avoids with care
The rustling of a single leaf;

Thou deemest not that one, whose art
Is like thine own, but known to-day,
Reparts and envies in his heart
The forest-horn nocturnal lay!

But the star of night reclines
Upon the hills thy song to hear,
Amid the branching of the pines
Thou crouchest from the ray in fear.

Or if the rivulet, which chides
The stone that in it way doth come,
Should speak from 'neath its mossy sides,
The sound affright'st and strikes thee dumb.

Thy voice, so touching and sublime,
Is far too pure for gross earth :
Surely we well may dream the rhyme
An instinct which with God has birth!

Thy warblings and thy murmurs sweet
Into melodies union bring
All fair sounds that in nature meet
Or float from heaven on wandering wing.

Thy voice, though thou mayst know it not,
Is but the voice of the blue sky—
Of forest glade and sounding grot,
And vale where sleeping shadows lie :

It blends the tones which it receives
From prattlings of the summer rills,
From trembling rustlings of the leaves,
From echoes dying on the hills :

From waters filtering drop by drop
Down naked crags to basin cool,
And sounding ever, without stop,
While wrinkling all the rock-arch'd pool;

From the rich breeze-born plaints that flow
From on the branchy night of trees :
From whispering reeds and waves that go
To the upland shores of seas :—

These soft nocturnal scenes
These pious mysteries of the eve,
And these fair flowers, of which each
Above its head, and seems to grieve ;

These leaves on which the dew-tears lie,
These fresh-breathings of the trees—
All things, O Nature, loudly cry,
A voice must be for sweets like these !

the leaders of the Irish people. Frieze is still made in Ireland. No longer woven to any extent on hand looms, it is produced with improved machinery, from beautiful patterns, by skillful workmen, in prosperous mills. It is honest goods. There is no shoddy in it. Every thread is wool. The fleece is fine, the color is fast, the design is neat, the finish is artistic and the wear is everlasting. Pure as the patriotism of the people who make it, simple as their nature, true as their love, it is typical of Irishmen, and deserves to have its name inseparably linked to theirs in its name of Irish frieze.—*Donahoe's Magazine*.

THE KITCHEN.

POTATO SCALLOPS.

Mince till very fine some streaked bacon or tolerably lean ham, a few savory herbs or parsley. Mix with the potato (mashed) meat to the proportion of three parts potato to one of meat. Fill some scallop shells with the mixture, put a bit of butter on the top of each and brown in the oven. This makes a pretty dish for a company supper.

CHICKEN HALIBUT.

This is the season of the chicken halibut, and the young of this fish is especially delicious, boiled or roasted. The halibut usually sold in our market is a fish weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds. To be in prime condition it must be nearly white. Gray halibut, sometimes found in market, is an inferior fish. Chicken halibut is the young of this, taken when it is about the size of a large bass, and is esteemed as a delicacy, as it is not so coarse in fibre as the full grown halibut. There are few more nutritious fish than the halibut fried or baked in cream sauce with the yolk of an egg grated over it just before it is put on the table. The flesh is somewhat dry and it seems to require a thick sauce around it. A tomato sauce or a cream sauce with the grated yolk of eggs added to it, or a tablespoonful of minced chives or minced parsley is excellent with fried halibut.

RICE PUDDING.

Nearly every one is familiar with a plain boiled rice pudding, yet very few make it with success. It should be a creamy rather than a compact mixture, each grain of rice lying distinctly by itself in a little creamy bed. No egg should be used, and only a little nutmeg for flavoring, with a cup of raisins if you fancy. The old-fashioned rule of a cup to a quart of rice makes too hard a pudding. Three pints of perfectly fresh new milk should be used to a cup of rice. The pudding should be baked in a thick porcelain pudding dish. Wash the rice thoroughly, adding half a cup of sugar and one egg. Add also an even teaspoon of salt and a cup of raisins. Put the pudding in a moderate oven, where the rice will slowly swell in the milk, till it is of the consistency of thick cream. It should cook as long as two hours at a slow heat, and fifteen or twenty minutes longer at a little higher temperature, so that it may be evenly browned.

On a hot summer day the thermometer, hanging on a sunny porch, may stand at 120°. Of course, the air has no such high temperature as this, and if you take down the thermometer and hang it up in the shade, it will gradually come to nearly the true temperature of the air—perhaps 80° or 90°. This descent of the mercury will take a long time, but if, instead of simply hanging the thermometer up, you tie a string to it and whirl it violently around your head it will reach its final temperature in a very few minutes. Even if the whirling is done in sunshine and with great rapidity the direct effect of the sun's rays will be very small, and the instrument will soon record (very nearly) the temperature of the air at that place, which may, on a calm day, be a little higher than that of the air in the shade.

Even a thermometer which hangs constantly in a shaded place, far from any very hot or very cool bodies, does not, as a rule, correctly indicate the temperature of the air at the time of observation. For the temperature of the air is almost continually changing—at times, very rapidly—and the thermometer, as is evident from what has been said, will not follow these changes at all closely unless the wind is blowing hard.

Within doors, too, and especially in winter, the temperature of the air may change rapidly, and the heat radiated from human bodies, lamps and stoves affects the thermometer.

In all cases, therefore, the "sling" method must be used, if we wish to know the true temperature of the air.

But, it may be asked, why confine our attention to the temperature of the air?

The sun's rays, the radiation from stoves, etc., affect us as well as the thermometer.

If the thermometer feels warm in the sunshine, why not let it say so, as we do ourselves?

Simply because the effect of radiated heat on the thermometer gives no reliable indication of its effect on ourselves, nor are all thermometers, even, affected alike.

Two perfectly correct thermometers which agree when "slung" together in the shade, or when immersed in a pail of water, may differ greatly when hung up in the sunshine. For the amount of solar heat absorbed by the instruments varies with their size and shape, the quality and thickness of the glass and the character of the case. To say that the thermometer stands at 100° in the sun gives no valuable information to anybody who does not know all about your thermometer and the place where it hangs. The temperature of the air is all that the house thermometer can be expected to indicate, and it will not indicate this truly unless the above-mentioned precautions are taken.—Lawrence B. Fletcher, M. D.

This flow of heat becomes very slow, indeed, as the mercury approaches the temperature of the water, so that several minutes may elapse before the column of mercury becomes quite stationary. When it does so, and not before, the "reading" of the thermometer gives the true temperature of the water.

If the thermometer is surrounded by air, the heating process is very much slower, and the mercury does not come to rest for long time. An ordinary house thermometer, when taken from a cold to a warm place (or vice versa), will not attain the temperature of the air surrounding it in its new position for many minutes.

It will not do so at all except under favorable circumstances.

Suppose, for example, that the air is quiet, and the sun is shining brightly on the thermometer. Of course, the instrument will be heated above the temperature of the air, just as a stone or a piece of iron would be. Most thermometers are provided with a shield which shades the bulb from the sun's rays; but the tube, the case of the instrument, on the wall or post against which it hangs, are heated by the sun, and some of their heat is conducted to the mercury through the glass.

In order, then, to ascertain the temperature of the air (out of doors), it is, first of all, necessary to place the thermometer, or building up medicine, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

But this is not enough. Even in the shade the instrument may be surrounded by substances warmer than the air.

In one direction is a patch of ground or a wall, on which the sun is shining brightly; in other directions are the bodies of men and animals. All these heated objects radiate heat to the thermometer, and raise its temperature above that of the air.

Even the shaded ground may be hotter or colder than the air, and either case it will exert a disturbing influence. How

can all these causes of error be avoided, and the true temperature of the air obtained?

They cannot be entirely avoided, but it is quite easy to diminish their effects so greatly that they are of no practical importance. It will be readily seen, that if the air were a very good conductor of heat, the effect of the sun or other hot body upon the thermometer would be very slight, because the air which surrounds the thermometer would carry off the heat so rapidly, that the temperature of the mercury could never rise far above that of the air.

But air is a very poor conductor—it need not be called a conductor at all. Air cools hot bodies by the process called convection. The air in contact with the hot body becomes heated, expands, and, being lighter than the surrounding air, rises and is replaced by the latter. This is heated in turn, and rises in the same way, and so a current of air is formed, which continually carries heat from the hot body.

But this process is a very slow one, and the convection current is a very gentle breeze indeed.

Hence a heated body cools very slowly in still air. If the air is not still, however, but a brisk breeze is blowing, the cooling is much more rapid, as the wind changes the air about the hot body far more rapidly than a mere convection current can do. Hence a thermometer exposed to a gale of wind will soon attain the temperature of the air very nearly and will remain practically at the air temperature, no matter what hot bodies in the vicinity are striving to make it blunder.

The heat radiated by these bodies to the thermometer will be carried off by the wind as fast as it arrives. In the absence of a natural gale, it is only necessary to create an artificial one with a bellows or a fan.

But it evidently does not matter whether the air moves rapidly across the thermometer or the latter moves rapidly through the air, and hence it suffices to attach the instrument to a short cord and swing it rapidly around in a circle.

This arrangement is called a "sling thermometer," some form of which is generally used for measuring air-temperature accurately.

A few simple experiments with a cheap house thermometer—I say a "cheap" one, because it is just possible that it may be smashed at the beginning of the experiments—will show the surprising effect of rapid motion through the air.

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But this process is a very slow one, and the convection current is a very gentle breeze indeed.

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IRISH NOTES.

Mr. W. Redmond and Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, who have been acting on behalf of Mr. Parnell in America, arrived at Queens town on July 18 in the Guion steamer "Arizona." They represented that their mission had been considering the circumstances "succesful." They had held meetings in the United States and Canada, while not a single meeting has been held in opposition to Mr. Parnell. Mr. O'Kelly, however, stated there was a large body in the States who were opposed to both parties.

The strike of the dockworkers which has been agitating Dublin for the past fortnight has collapsed, the men having been compelled to return to work on the merchants' terms. These latter applied to the Ship Owners Federation Society across the channel, who quickly supplied them with funds to keep the work going, and so the strikers had to cave in. In Ireland, certainly, the Labor Associations seem to be a complete failure—perhaps from the plethora of workers—and in almost every case employers have won, the chief result of the ineffectual efforts being much suffering to the women and children.

Fingall House, near Athlone, the residence of Mr. Joseph Keogh, J. P., was attacked by armed men at a very early hour on the morning of July 20. The noise of firearms awakened Mr. Keogh and his daughter, and on going to the window they saw two men armed with guns. One of the men immediately fired, but the shot missed. The men then decamped. Mr. Keogh and his daughter identified the men as the sons of farmers. It was found afterwards that two valuable dogs belonging to Mr. Keogh had been shot dead in their kennels. A relative of the men had been present some time ago by Mr. Keogh for poaching, but the defendant fled the country before the case came on. It is alleged that both men threatened Mr. Keogh.

The Irish Times' London correspondent says: "Notwithstanding statements from Gladstonian sources to the contrary, there are letters in existence written by Mr. Gladstone to Mrs. O'Shea, I have this on the authority of a person who has seen the letters. They are in Mr. Gladstone's own handwriting, and they are addressed to Mrs. O'Shea. When they are required, and at the proper time, they will be produced. When the letters are published I believe it will be found that the Kilnacutty negotiations and other intrigues with the Parnellites were conducted between this lady and Mr. Gladstone. One reason for the intense bitterness of the Parnellites against Mr. Gladstone and his party in 1881 was the feeling, based on the secret correspondence, that they had been betrayed."

It was rumored during the week that Mr. Justin McCullough, M. P., was about to resign the leadership of the Irish party, ill health being advanced as the reason. He has, however, waited awaiting intention, and will retain it for some time longer. It is not improbable in that event that Mr. John Dillon will take up the reins, and his election would probably culminate in uniting the two parties. With the defeat of Mr. Parnell at Carlow, much of the white heat and rancor of political parties here has disappeared. It was vigorously and bitterly fought, that contest, and just as the winning side take their victory with thanks, the defeated accept their beating if not in sorrow, at any rate in silence. But it is pretty generally understood that the cause of the late leader is irretrievably lost.

The various banks have been presenting their reports to their shareholders, and their returns would go a good way to show, pace the disturbed political condition of things, that the country generally is pretty prosperous. The net profits of the Bank of Ireland for the last year come to £166,000; those of the National Bank for the same period to £284,49, and the others in similar proportions. All anticipate with the prospects of an abundant harvest, a renewed season of prosperity. The harvest has been somewhat delayed by the wet weather of the past three weeks, but the hot season has again set in and the country looks everywhere extremely well. The crops are in fine condition, and if the weather continues as it is at present we may expect a better season than we have had for years. Therefore the Bank directors are jubilant.

It is not in these days of quick telegraphy, swift steamers, telephones and all the rest that one would expect to find smuggling going on, especially around the British Islands. Yet it seems it is. For some time the revenue authorities have had their suspicions aroused by certain proceedings on the west and south coasts of Ireland and the numbers of Dutch vessels that were hovering around the waterways. On Thursday a revenue cutter arrived off the coast of Skibbereen, in the county of Cork, and disembarked a number of revenue officers. In Baltimore they raided several shops and licensed premises and made large seizures of tobacco, cigars, rum and brandy, which it appears had never paid duty or passed Her Majesty's custom house. In Cape Clear and Sheepkin Island their searches proved equally successful, and a diligent search is being instituted in all the caves and inlets off the coast and in the islands lying further out. A great deal of valuable material was lost to novel writers with the extinction of smuggling, and who knows but it may be brought to hand again.

The naval manoeuvres have commenced, and the Irish harbors from Bantry Bay to Kingstown are filled with torpedo boats. An attack is to be made by the enemy on the Irish coast preparatory to landing an invading army, and it is the province of the channel fleet aided by these powerful little vessels to prevent it. Dublin is in especial menaced, it being the intention of the foe, if they can creep past the vigilant cruisers, to destroy the newly made Loop Line Railway, the bridge of which crosses the Liffey above the Custom House. Should they succeed in doing so and get their guns trained on the city, a heavy requisition in money will be levied off the capital. Belfast, too, is being made the objective point of attack, and a flotilla of torpedoes passed up the channel northwards yesterday, steaming in full haste to the protection of the Ulster city. Should the enemy be

able to get past the forts a heavy tribute will be levied off the city fathers there also and the foreign foe will steer off to sea laden with spoils (in imagination) from this already "distressful country." Much interest attaches to the manoeuvres this year, as the torpedo play by far the most important part in them. The ironclad "Belleisle," at Kingstown, is busy with its electric search lights each night, sweeping the sea for miles around to prevent any of these dangerous little machines creeping on her unawares, and the effect is very pretty and is watched by crowds of spectators.

A MYSTERY.

Suspicious Death of a Young Woman of Toronto.

QUEENSTOWN, Ont., Aug. 7.—The body of a young lady was found at seven o'clock this morning in the Niagara river, about 200 feet below the Lewiston wharf. She appeared to be about 20 years of age, about five feet four inches tall, light brown hair and was neatly dressed, wearing dark waist trimmed with plaid facings, and black silk skirt, buttoned kid shoes and black hose. A black silk parasol, brown straw hat trimmed with artificial red roses and a black jacket were found on the bank near the body. Foul play is suspected as the body was standing slightly bent in about three feet of water with the skirt thrown over the head and tightly twisted under the throat, while signs of a struggle are visible on the shore about half way to the top of the bank. Two men about twenty-five years of age, five feet five inches tall and rather stout, are under arrest at Lewiston. They were found on the shore about fifty feet from where the body was first seen. Two young ladies from Lewiston say they saw these two men and the deceased girl in company late yesterday afternoon. One man gave his name as Henry Daly and both say they belonged formerly to Toronto, which city they left about six months ago. The deceased is said to be Miss Delia Larkin of Toronto.

OBITUARY.

Dr. Thomas A. Rodger, whose death took place on Thursday, was one of Montreal's most popular physicians, and his early taking off will be felt as a personal loss by very many who held him in regard both as a skilful medical man and a big-hearted, generous-minded friend. Dr. Rodger, whose family came from Beith, Scotland, was born on the 29th November, 1847. He was educated at McGill, and twenty-one years ago began practice at Point St. Charles. Lately, he has filled the important post of chief medical officer of the Grand Trunk railway. He was also an attending surgeon of the Montreal General hospital and a representative fellow of the faculty of medicine of McGill college. His illness, which began in April last, it was at one time thought would be overcome; but fate willed it otherwise. He married Miss Grace Dow, and has one son, aged 18 years. His father died only a year ago, at the ripe age of 90. He has two sisters, Mrs. Gilmore, who lives in the city, and Mrs. Mackenzie, who lives in Marine City, Mich., and one brother, William, who lives in Toronto.

Rev. Abbe Joseph Greville, one of the pioneer missionaries at Pittsfield, Mass., died here on Wednesday last. The funeral took place at St. Vincent de Paul.

On the 25th of July, Durban's oldest, but one inhabitant passed over to the great majority, James Currie, aged 92. He was born in Spain while his father was on military service there under Sir Arthur Wellesley. His father, Major Currie, at the close of the Peninsular war came to Durban and settled on lot 10 in the 5th range at the same time as Colonel Harratt settled in Drummondville. He joined the latter in forming a military station at the latter place and throughout their lives the two were fast friends. The Major fought at Corunna, under John Moore, who was

"Barred at death of night." With his martial crew around him, he took part immediately after his arrival in Canada in the war of 1812.

Lt.-Col. Antoine Charron de Lothierville Harwood, late Deputy Adjutant General No. 5 district, died on Thursday night at Notre Dame Hospital. He was born in Montreal on St. George's day in the year 1825. His father was the late Hon. Robert Irwin Harwood, seignior of Vandroux, who represented that county in the Legislative Assembly. His mother was Dame Louise Charron de Lothierville, herself the daughter of the Marquis de Lothierville. Young Harwood studied in the Montreal College, and was admitted to the Bar in 1848. He subsequently made a voyage to Europe. Upon his return he practised law for some years, and in 1853 was elected to represent Vandroux in the Quebec Assembly. Many citizens will remember his famous speech in favor of confederation which caused Sir George Etienne Cartier to cross the room to come and shake hands with him. In 1856 Mr. Harwood resigned his seat to become the first Adjutant-General of the 6th Military District, a position which he held until 1858, when he retired retaining rank. In 1851 he married Miss Angelique Lafeyre de Beloeilville, daughter of the late Mr. de Beloeilville, seignior of Mille Isles, who was Adjutant-General for Lower Canada in 1830. Deceased was the brother of Mr. H. S. Harwood, M.P., for Vandroux, and of Mr. R. W. Harwood, ex-M.P. He was first cousin to the Hon. Mr. July de Lothierville, and brother-in-law to Judge Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia and Mr. de Beloeilville Macdonald. Dropy was the immediate cause of the Colonel's death, and it was brought on by an attack of gripe. His wife survives him, but he leaves no issue. The funeral, which was of a military character, took place on Saturday at Vandroux.

May Last for Years.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Aug. 7.—An officer of the United States ship Pensacola, which arrived yesterday from Chile, stated to an Associated Press correspondent that the progress made so far by either party

in Chili is small. The Congressional party has plenty of money, while Balmaceda is flooding the country with paper money. At Valparaiso the English sovereign is worth \$15. Should Balmaceda's new cruisers arrive from Europe in good shape to enter engagements the insurgents will be defeated, but if anything happens to the new ships it is impossible to predict the outcome and the war may continue for years. Both parties are well supplied with arms and ammunition. So far only three engagements have been fought. None of them have been serious, and the insurgents have been victorious each time. In regard to the reported sinking of the Pensacola's launch, Captain Kautz said it was entirely erroneous. The blowing up of an insurgent launch by a torpedo was probably the foundation for the story.

A Costly Enquiry.

OTTAWA, Aug. 9.—As the privileges and Elections committee draws to the end of its labors it is possible to make some computation of what it will cost the country. Those best qualified to speak state that between \$65,000 and \$75,000 will have to be expended to meet the cost of the enquiry. The expert accountants and engineers alone have been paid close upon \$3,000, if not more than that, but the principal charge will be that for printing, which will be enormous. The work at the printing bureau is seriously impeded by the vast amount of material thrown upon it by the investigation in progress and this promises to be increased by the Senate enquiry, and at present over four and a half tons of type are standing in the Government printing office.

The Toronto Mystery.

TORONTO, Aug. 7.—At the request of Handcock's counsel the investigation of the murder case has been adjourned for a week. Mr. Murdock wanted the body exhumed that a more thorough examination might be made of the fractured skull, and he was highly indignant when he was told that the skull was now in the possession of the coroner. Several witnesses were examined without adducing anything new when the magistrate stopped further proceedings, saying that he heard enough to warrant him in committing the prisoner for trial. He said the fact appears to be simply that this girl was murdered. "I am satisfied," he said, "that she has been murdered. She must have been murdered by the prisoner or somebody going along the road who entered and struck her down. It is extraordinary that any stranger could so suddenly commit the deed and get away without being noticed. This is one point I must remember. He consented to the adjournment, however, and a further medical examination will be made.

A Terrible Affair.

WINNIPEG, Man., August 7.—A despatch from Morden to-day says: Yesterday was very warm and clear and about 10:30, when it began to cloud over and shortly afterwards a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by winds and rain, broke over the district and raged furiously until 4:30 this morning. The lightning struck the dwelling of a farmer named David Martens, setting fire to the house, instantly killing Mrs. Martens and stunning Mr. Martens and six children. The eldest boy, a lad of 15 years, was the first to regain consciousness and at once set to work to remove the bodies from the burning building, which he accomplished in time to save the lives of his father and little brothers and sisters, who soon afterwards regained consciousness.

Manitoba Politics.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 9.—In the election yesterday at North Brandon Attorney-General Sifton was successful, defeating Cliff (Opposition) by 37. The majority was much larger than anticipated.

Agrarian Charges.

The Inspector General of the Royal Irish Constabulary makes the following report of agrarian troubles during the quarter ending June 30, 1891: Attrum, Aranagh, Aran, Cavan, Donegal, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, Monaghan, Tyrone, Louth, Meath, Queen's, Westmeath, 2. Wexford, 1. Wicklow, 1. Galway East Riding, 5 do West, 3. Leitrim, 1. Mayo, 2. Roscommon, 1. Sligo, 1. Clare, 19. Cork East Riding, 10. do West, 10. Kerry, 15. Limerick, 4. Tipperary, North Riding, 3 do South, 18. Waterford, 1. Total, 120.

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