

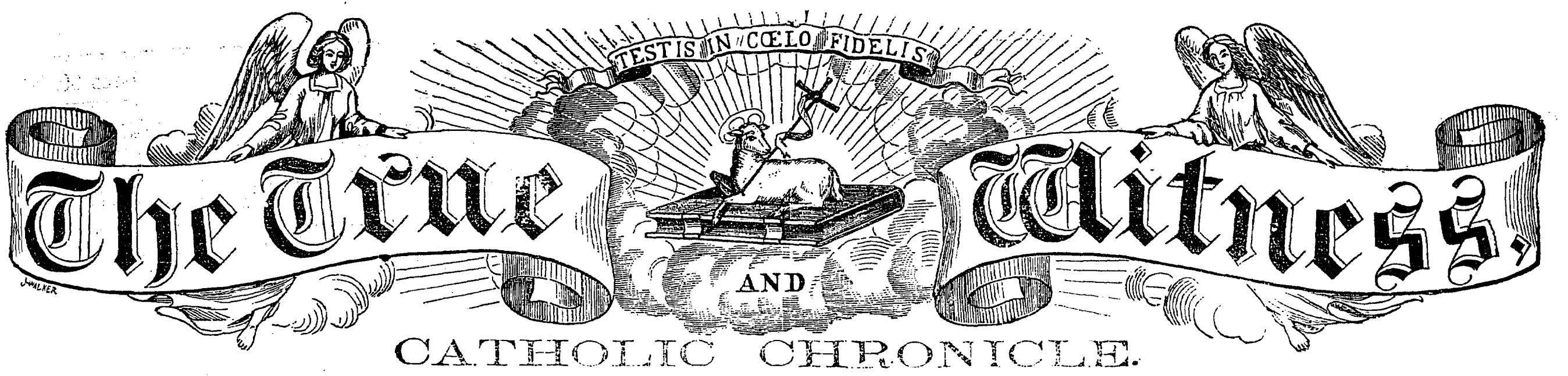
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FATHER BURKE IN LIVERPOOL. SERMON AT ST. ANTHONY'S. THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION. The Mystery of the Kingdom of God. THE GREAT AIM OF CHRISTIANITY. BISHOPS, BISHOPS AND PRIESTS

The Liverpool Catholic Times of February 27 gives a full report of the sermon preached on the previous Sunday by Father Burke on behalf of the schools of St. Anthony's Church. At the conclusion of the sermon an address, read by a number of clergymen and laymen, was presented to him, to which he made a long and suitable reply.

THE FOLLOWING TEXT, TAKEN FROM THE GOSPEL OF THE DAY, FORMED THE GROUNDWORK OF THE SERMON: "To whom he said, 'To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God. The parable is this: The seed is the word of God.' The preacher said he did not remind them that the collection to be made amongst them was intended for the parochial schools, in other words for the work of education. The very purpose for which they had assembled, in addition to the ordinary purpose of their worship of Almighty God, suggested certain thoughts arising out of the Gospel of the day. Our Lord spoke of the multitude. They understood him not from his own apostles and disciples did not understand what he had said to them. But by the faithful ones, came to him and he said to him what was the meaning of the parable which he had spoken, and they our Divine Redeemer made use of those weighty and pregnant words. He said to his apostles: 'To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God.' In other words, he took these men into his confidence. He opened his inner mind to them; he poured the light that was in him, essentially and normally, into their souls, that they also might have the light of knowledge, and he told them concerning the mystery of the kingdom of God.

THE MYSTERY OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD. This mystery, as he told them immediately, "The seed is the word of God." The whole mystery was there—the mystery hidden from ages with Christ in God, and revealed unto man when He, the great Son of God, came down from heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and was made man amongst his fellowmen. He, indeed, the Word Eternal came down from heaven, flung upon this earth out of the bosom of the Father, and falling into the nature of flesh, which He assumed into His own divine person, so that He was God and man in one person, and that one divine person was the first mystery—"The seed is the word of God." "I am the word of God," he said, "eternal of the Father, and I am come into this earth to be the seed of salvation unto all generations of men." But the mystery of the kingdom of God went further than this. "As the Father sent me," he said, "so I send you. And I, the Word, put the word upon your lips, and it shall not depart from you, but you shall go forth, the light of the earth, the light of the world, unto the end of time, scattering the seed of the word of God, spreading the light, for all that the Father commanded me, the same I have brought unto you."

THE APOSTLES' COMMISSION. "Go, therefore," he said, "and preach to all nations: I, the Word, am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world, that you may sow the seed and bring forth fruit, and that the fruit may remain." And he warned them that the seed of the word of God, which they went forth to scatter, would fall upon various kinds of soil. The word would be heard by the light-minded who seek no interest in anything regarding God, and the devil would speedily come, like the thief in the night, and pick that seed of divine life out of their hearts. These would fall upon rocky soil, where there was no depth of soil, and no moisture—that is, there was no depth of heart to those who had no depth of character and no seriousness in them. Again, the word might fall upon the heart of the hypocrite who was resolved to drink the chalice of sinfulness whilst it was near his hand. There were some, thank God! who received the word with a good and very good soil, planted it deeply there, and prized it more than anything else in this world—their faith, their religion—who stood by it in times of persecution, and became the wonder of the world, the admiration of men, and the consolation of the afflicted heart of the Church.

WHY DID CHRIST BEGIN WITH KNOWLEDGE, why did the Saviour, when he was preaching to the apostles to be the preachers of his kingdom, begin with light? Why did he begin with knowledge? Why did he say to them: "You it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, to know it clearly and fully, that you may spread it and that it forth with your word throughout the world?" Why did he not begin with love, or some other virtue? He filled their hearts with knowledge as the very first need for the office to which he called them, because the religion which they were to teach, the Church which they were to found, which he himself called his kingdom, and of which

he said to them: "Amen, I say unto you, the kingdom of God is in you, and you, Peter, you are the rock upon which I will lay the foundation"—because that religion, that only form of Christianity which preserved the truth unimixed with the slightest error, was essentially, necessarily, emphatically an intellectual religion.

THE FALSTAFF ASSERTION HE EVER HEARD. He (the preacher) had, in the course of his life, read and studied many things; had read statements that surprised him, things that he knew to be false or exaggerated; but he never read anything so false as the strange assertion that the Catholic Church was not an intellectual religion, that the Catholic Church had to keep her people in ignorance, that the Catholic Church knew that it was only whilst her children were in ignorance that she would be faithful to her, and that therefore she hated knowledge, which would promote inconstancy and rebellion in their hearts.

CATHOLICISM AN INTELLECTUAL RELIGION. There never was an assertion so essentially or necessarily false as that, for the Catholic religion was essentially an intellectual religion. First, it was essentially intellectual in the subject-matter of its doctrines; secondly, it was essentially intellectual, while spiritual, in the duties and obligations and practices which it imposed upon its children. Let them reflect briefly upon these two considerations. Let them take only two or three of her fundamental doctrines and consider them, and they would see how eminently intellectual they were—what an effort the mind must make to realize them, what an effort the intelligence must make even faintly to understand them.

FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINES. First of all there was the existence of God. Now, in order to master this simple truth the mind must abstract from all idea of time, because God was eternity; must put away all notion of beginning or end, for God never had a beginning and he would never have an end; must put away all idea of space or limit, for God was infinite; must abstract entirely from every idea of anything material or substantial, because God was a pure spirit. Every operation of this kind which was necessary in order to make an act of faith in the existence of God demanded an exercise of the intellect so great that the greatest philosopher of ancient times was unable to accomplish it, for the greatest minds that God ever created were unable, until Christ came with the light of God, to conceive of what was a pure spirit. Again, the preacher took the mystery of the Trinity, and the Incarnation and Birth of Our Saviour, and asked if a religion founded on such mysteries as these, and appealing to man by its very doctrines to raise himself up to the contemplation of these high and holy things, was not pre-eminently an intellectual faith.

CATHOLIC PRACTICES AND OBLIGATIONS. And if, said the preacher, they passed from the doctrines to the practices and obligations of the Catholic Church, they found here again emphatically the necessity of intellectual cultivation. He would take three of the ordinary duties that belonged to Catholics all the world over, and marked clearly the distinction between them and all other sects calling themselves religious—the duty of daily prayer, the duty of hearing Mass on Sunday, and the duty of periodical confession and communion. Prayer was an exercise of the very highest intelligence, an intellectual act of the very highest sublimity, for in order to pray a man must realize his own obligations to God, must know that in God there is justice to be propitiated and mercy to be appealed to, must know what are his own wants, what are the requirements of his nature, and what are his individual failings, that he may beseech Almighty God for the grace necessary to remedy them. In one word, prayer was a succession of intellectual acts, so grand, so sublime, that, if the Catholic Church had no other claim to intellectuality but that she offered prayer, it ought in itself to be sufficient to convince all men that she was essentially an intellectual religion. Again, what did the hearing of Mass mean? You went into the church, you knelt down, and you joined with the priest in the act of a sacrifice, for the priesthood that was in him by anointing was in you by participation. In order to do that you must realize the transcendental change which was effected by the words of consecration.

A TREMENDOUS DEMAND ON THE INTELLECT. Where in all the requirements of philosophy, where in all the teachings of any pretended religion, where in all the calls that every society made upon man was there a demand for so tremendous an intellectual act as the realizing of one substance under the appearance and species of another? And this you must realize when you assist at Mass. You must join not only with the priest sacrificing, but the greater Priest who was there, the two High Priests and Sacrifices. Let them pass from this to the next ordinary duty of Catholics, a duty with which they were all most familiar—namely, preparation for confession and communion. To this they had all been trained, and they regarded it as one of the great consolations of their lives. If you want to see Catholics together, without distinction of rank or class, you would find them around the confessional. Well, what did this mean? A man, in order to go to confession, must know the whole cycle of God's holy law, because he must examine himself in everything in which he might transgress against that law; and how could a man thus examine himself unless he knew the law?

KNOWLEDGE OF THE HIGHEST KIND. Again, in order to go to confession, a man must know himself, and this the philosophers of old declared to be the greatest end of knowledge. He must sound himself; he must know his own weakness and depravity; must know his misery; must bring himself face to face with a soiled conscience; must drag his faults and vices from their dark recesses into the light, and, with lips no matter

how unwilling, confess them repentantly to the priest, the representative of God. Were not all these grand intellectual acts? Surely the religion that, told a man that amongst the ordinary duties of his life there was one that involved such a knowledge of God's law that he must lay his hands upon his own transgressions of it; that he must, as it were, turn himself inside out, behold himself as God saw him, tear from his eyes the veil of self-love, and go, penetrated with a sorrow that in its highest forms must come from God, and, with tears, pour forth his self-accusation at the foot of the priest—surely such a religion as that was intellectual. Therefore it was that when our Lord selected the twelve apostles to go forth and propagate his religion, the very first thing that he did was to flood their souls with light. "I am the light of the world," he said, "and you are the light of the world."—*vos estis lux mundi.*

MEETING MAN'S NATURAL REVERENCES. And in this Almighty God, ordered to meet the wants of a natural requirement, "his of man. If Christianity was to reform society, if it was to take man from under the dominion of sin and make him, as a child of light, avoid the works of darkness, then it must begin by knowledge and education, for the source of all moral power, the source of all action for good or evil in man, lay in his free will. He was freely a sinner, freely rejecting the grace of God; he was freely a just man and a saint, freely accepting the grace of God and allowing it to operate in his life and action. "Before man," says the Holy Ghost, "is life or death; whichever he chooses he may take."

THE GREAT AIM OF CHRISTIANITY. Now, to get at that will, to lay hold of that moral power, to strengthen it so that it may choose life and not death, to purify it, to make it love and choose that which was right and good, and holy—this was the great fundamental principle of Christianity. Now, unless the will of man was influenced, guided and directed by divine grace, it fell under the control of the passions, and, therefore, it was necessary not only that the mind should receive knowledge by education, that it might have its legitimate influence over the will, but also that that very knowledge that was infused into the mind and intelligence by education, should in itself be sanctified by the grace of God, in order that the heart as well as the intelligence might be wrought upon, and the whole power of man's nature brought to bear upon the soul, so as to make it act purely for that which is good.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE CREATED. Let them take away either of these two—remove the grace of God or deny the intelligence, the benefit of education—and they are created a criminal. The preacher went on to draw a picture of the utterly uneducated man, overcome by his passions, recognizing no law—for what knowledge has he of law?—turning upon the society that neglected him and repaying it by his criminal acts, for his culpable negligence. What wonder, then, he continued, that our Divine Lord commanded his apostles to go and teach the world, to give men knowledge, and also to take care that in every element of knowledge which they imparted there should be the superior light of divine faith?

NUNS, BROTHERS, AND PRIESTS. Therefore it was that in the schools of the nuns and Christian Brothers, wherein every branch of knowledge was taught as efficiently as in purely secular schools, the great truth was recognized that no amount of knowledge that ever came into the mind of man could save him, or exalt him, or purify his heart, unless that knowledge was permeated by the agency of God's love and his holy grace; and therefore it was that Catholic priests and pastors were constantly raising up their voices in the cause of Christian education. In conclusion, Father Burke made a vigorous appeal to his hearers for the contribution to the school fund. He appealed to them with greater confidence because he believed they were the children of a race that had been persecuted, and had gone throughout the world scattering the seed of God's word.

LABOUCHEIRE AND LAWSON. THE JURY DISAGREES—THE CASE TO BE TRIED AGAIN.

LONDON, March 28.—In the Court of Queen's Bench to-day, the Lawson-Labouchere libel case was continued. Sir Hardinge Stansfield, Q. C., Solicitor-General under Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, and counsel for the prosecution in the case, in his speech referred to the incident of Mr. Gladstone's alleged correspondence with Negropont, and maintained that it would not allow the construction which the defendants attempted to put upon it. He further said he was willing to admit that one of the articles published in and published in the Telegraph was somewhat coarse, but the tone of it probably grew out of the exciting character of the times when it was written. Chief Justice Coleridge, in summing up the case, said the circumstances of the assault were singular, but he was not able to say that they were not in harmony with the notions prevailing in the Beefsteak Club on such matters. The question was whether Mr. Lawson, who gave provocation, was entitled to complain severely of libel. The summing up of the Lord Chief Justice occupied nearly four hours. The case then went to the jury, who retired, and remained closeted nearly an hour and a half, and then sent word out that there was no possibility of agreeing upon a verdict. The jury was consequently discharged. The foreman subsequently said that they were nearly equally divided, and that neither side was disposed to yield. It is understood that the case will probably be tried again.

Owing to the large influx of Jesuits to the Island of Jersey, and their well-known influences, a "Protestant Defensive Union" has been formed and approved at a large meeting of the people.

# IRELAND!

## THE NEW LAND BILL

"AS RUMOR HATH IT."

The Mansion House "Plot."

THE PRISONERS IN KILMAINHAM

DUBLIN, March 22.—A meeting of the Land League was held to-night. All who addressed the meeting explained or apologized for Dillon's speech about Judge Fitzgerald in which the Judge was warned he had better take care the League did not do away with him. Dillon, whose absence from the Land League meeting to-night caused some suspicion, addressed a large number of tenant farmers at Parsonstown.

LONDON, March 22.—A Leitrim despatch says the Fenian Council of Ballinamore resolved to shoot a landlord who last year shot a man in self-defence during a riot at a farm from which the tenant had been evicted. It is stated that two men have been selected by ballot to execute the assassination. The police are in possession of the facts.

DUBLIN, March 22.—Police men are going the rounds of the merchants of Kinsilkhill, trying to get the names of men who purchased arms lately. Some thousands are estimated to have been sold.

There are about ten thousand stand of arms in Ireland, it is reported, which have been bought with Fenian money. Most of these arms are old-fashioned, and more likely to wound their owners than anyone else.

LONDON, March 22.—It is reported that the British Government will make a compulsory purchase of 1,000,000 acres of the most reclaimable portion of the waste lands of Ireland. This will be reclaimed, and it is proposed to expend in doing it £1,500,000. The lands will be afterwards apportioned among tenants in thirty-acre farms. The project is an important one, and meets with general approval as a step in the right direction for relieving the distress among the Irish peasantry, adding to the permanent value of real estate in Ireland and increasing its productivity. It is understood that measures for practically carrying out the plan will be taken at an early date as possible.

This proposition, which is understood to be one of the features of Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, will doubtless be opposed by the Conservatives on the ground that the Government will not be likely to evict its tenants whether they pay rents or not, and the Opposition point out this as the weak spot in the arrangement, and predict from it the defeat of the measure.

LONDON, March 25.—Parnell has convened a meeting to be held in this city, of Home Rulers in England, to organize for the conversion of the confederation into an English Land League.

The Times asserts that Parnell will not visit Ireland for some time, but will address meetings at Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns in England, after the introduction of the Land Bill.

Accompanying the offer of reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the Mansion House outrage is the intimation that three Irishmen are suspected, and giving a description of them.

LONDON, March 25.—At a meeting here, to-night, Parnell said it was greatly desirable to form an organization in England and Scotland for the purpose of forwarding the objects of the Land League. It was not intended, he said, to compete with the Home Rule Confederation, which would still remain in existence. The English land question, he thought, was at present not ripe for settlement, but anything achieved in Ireland would favorably affect the labors of England and Scotland. It was impossible for the Government to finally settle the Irish land question, but any proposals tending to ameliorate the condition of Irishmen would be accepted. By the means proposed—organization—they could, as in America, educate public opinion in England and Scotland. Money, he said, is flowing from America to Ireland at the rate of £4,000 weekly. A resolution was adopted to constitute a National Land League of Great Britain, with Justin McCarthy as President. A committee was nominated for the purpose of framing a plan for organization. A resolution was also adopted that the objects of the organization be to assist the Irish Land League, reduce rack-rents and enable Irish tenant farmers to become owners of their holdings on reasonable terms; that the best way to attain these objects is by taking practical steps to cultivate English public opinion.

The steamer "Australia," which sailed on Thursday for New York, is supposed to carry on Coleman, suspected of being concerned in the Mansion House outrage. The Inspector of Police and a Constable left Falmouth to-night, in a lug to await the "Australia" off the Lizard, where she was expected at midnight.

DUBLIN, March 27.—Irish prisoners in Kilmallock Jail have resolved to accept prison diet, owing to its liberal nature, instead of the meals furnished by the Land League.

LONDON, March 28.—The Arms Act is expected to come into operation on Tuesday. In the division in the House of Commons last night, on the question of the evacuation of Candahar, Parnell and some of his followers abstained from voting, but the bulk of the Irish party supported the Government.

The coronation of the Czar will be deferred till the establishment of religious peace in Poland.

(Liberal), and four Home Rulers voted with the Conservatives.

It is said that the Government has come to an understanding with the Parnellite party, who have given up all further intention of assisting the Conservatives in contested elections. It is stated that the overtures of peace were made from the Treasury benches. During the Easter recess Parnell and other Irish members will address a series of meetings in the English towns and in Ireland on the necessity of modifying the existing Parliamentary relations between England and Ireland. It is rumored on good authority that the Government Land Bill will not offer Irish tenants fifty of tenure, though it will afford increased stability of tenure and contain clauses increasing the fine payable by landlords adjudged guilty of arbitrary eviction. Courts of Arbitration will be established with power to decide on a fair rent when disputes arise. The right of free sale will be given to the tenants, subject to reasonable objection by landlords to incoming tenants. Landlords, however, will be obliged to prove to the satisfaction of the Court their objections to an incoming tenant. Reasonable facilities will be given to tenants to become purchasers of their holdings, and provisions made for the compulsory sale of large tracts of waste land, which will be divided into small farms and sold on favourable terms to tenants.

The Standard says there is every reason to believe the Mansion House outrage is the outcome of a Fenian plot to injure the public buildings across the Channel, and detectives have gone to offer them.

LONDON, March 28.—The information in the hands of the police strongly tends to confirm the complicity of the three American Irishmen, Mooney, O'Donnell, and O'Donnell, in the recent attempt to blow up the Mansion House. Although extradition treaties do not cover the matter the detectives who have been sent to the continent to seek Mooney and O'Donnell will rely upon the good offices of the authorities there not to place any legal difficulties in the way of their arrest.

DUBLIN, March 28.—A land meeting was held in Tipperary to-day. The parish priest boasted that the Coercion Act had left boycotting untouched. Mr. Dillon in his speech affirmed his attack on the Judges, and advised tenants not to pay unjust rent, except at the tenant's point.

ROSS, March 28.—Dr. McCune, Bpate of all Ireland, will be created Papal Legate of Ireland, an office that has been vacant since Cardinal Cullen's death.

LONDON, March 28.—Tugs sent to the Lizard to board the Anchor Line steamer Austria to arrest John, otherwise known as Patrick, Coleman, for complicity in the effort to blow up the Mansion House with a compressed powder, failed to sight the steamer on account of the darkness of the night. The Globe says another effort will be made to board the steamer before her arrival in American waters.

LONDON, March 29.—A Dublin correspondent says it is remarkable that despite the advances of the Land League to tenant farmers not to leave the country, emigration returns show that 99,857 persons emigrated last year, being an increase of 18,433 over the previous year.

The Catholic Bishop of Raphoe claims the Government could easily provide for the reclamation of waste lands of Ireland and thus scatter people abroad from overcrowded districts and obviate the necessity of emigration for less than the extensive scheme of the Government for emigration would cost.

LONDON, March 29.—A Roma despatch says a lady has warned the Pope that the day and hour have been fixed for the murder of himself and Cardinal Pecci.

ROSS, March 28.—A woman with a peculiar manner managed to see the Pope to-day. She said she had a matter of great importance to lay immediately before him. She told Pope Leo he had knowledge that a plot to murder both himself and Cardinal Pecci was on the very verge of being put into execution. The Pope believing her to be of unsound mind sent her away.

SACRELIGIOUS TRAFFIC. LONDON, March 26.—A Roma despatch says that the Pope recently ordered Cardinal Vicar to institute a strict enquiry into the sacrilegious traffic of apurified relics. Cardinal Vicar has addressed a circular to the Catholic Administrators throughout the world intimating that no bodies had been taken from the catacombs for thirty years, and warning them against impostures. The entire osteological specimens purport to be the remains of early Christian martyrs freshly dug from the catacombs of Rome, and have been shipped to America.

FROM BROCKVILLE. BROCKVILLE IN BROCKVILLE—A DEFICIT IN THE TREASURER'S ACCOUNTS. BROCKVILLE, March 28.—Considerable excitement prevails in town over the resignation of the County Treasurer, F. Schofield, Esq. It appears a special audit was made by George Taylor, ex-Reeve, of Gainsborough, and W. Staffords, Warden of the Counties, of a deficiency in the Treasurer's books of about \$7,000. The Warden at once took charge of the office, and has called a special meeting of the County Council for Wednesday, Mr. Schofield in the meantime having resigned. His sureties are W. H. Frederberg, Westport, \$3,000; John McMillen, Brockville, \$3,000; James Henderson, Brockville, \$2,000. Mr. Schofield, it is asserted, will make good his deficiency. He had endorsed a number of notes for some of his friends, and was compelled to pay said notes.

The coronation of the Czar will be deferred till the establishment of religious peace in Poland.

# IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

## THE AFGHAN QUESTION.

HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON, March 22.—Mr. Gladstone stated that the conditions of peace with the Boers are the Sovereignty of the Queen, British control of foreign relations and the establishment of a British residence in future at the capital. The Boers, however, are promised complete self-government. A Royal Commission, consisting of Governor-General Robinson, General Wood and Sir John De Villiers, will be appointed to consider the position of the natives, the regulation of frontier affairs, and the question whether any and what portion of the territory eastward, within a certain limit shall be severed from the Transvaal. The conditions also provide for the dispersal of the Boer forces forthwith and a temporary maintenance of British garrisons, which are, however, not to interfere with local affairs. General Wood promises not to advance any and send warlike stores into the Transvaal. The House received the announcement of the terms with prolonged cheers.

Mr. Forster stated that he had refused to furnish the prisoners in Kilmallock Jail with a statement of the words and acts constituting the grounds of suspicion under which they are detained, or to receive a written statement from each in reply. He pointed out that the House had deemed such disclosures to be inexpedient.

Mr. Chaplin moved that the House is of opinion that the recent outbreak of foot and mouth in the imported cattle is entirely owing abroad, and the landing of animals from foreign live animals should be prohibited.

Mr. Mundella, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, said the Government intended to meet the motion with a direct negative. The motion would destroy the principle of the Act of 1878, which makes the slaughter of cattle at the port of landing compulsory. Mundella quoted statistics showing the large quantity of cattle imported, especially from America, and pointed out that the diminution of the supply would enormously increase the price of meat.

After some debate the motion was rejected by 305 to 147.

In the Commons, this afternoon, Mr. Forster said that Mr. Dillon's late speech had received the serious attention of the Government, but it was not in the public interest to state whether any steps would be taken.

Mr. Stanhope (Conservative) will move, in the Commons to-night, that the evacuation of Candahar will not be conducive to the permanent interest of India.

Mr. Arnold (Liberal) will move an amendment approving the evacuation.

Mr. Folletton (Conservative) has placed a question on the Notice-Paper of the Commons relative to Mr. Dillon's speech, in which he threatened Judge Fitzgerald.

Mr. Forster said the recent statement of Mr. Dillon, that 5,000 families in Ireland are liable to be huddled out on the roadside, was exaggerated. At the last session, in the district referred to, he said there were only 73 ejectments issued, compared with 78 in the same time last year.

Mr. Stanhope moved the resolution in relation to the evacuation of Candahar. He protested in the name of the internal peace and external security of India against the surrender of Candahar.

Sir Charles Dilke stated that the bulk of native opinion in India favored the evacuation. Sir Donald Stewart and General Wolseley, he said, thought there would be a strategical advantage in the retention of Candahar. The cost of its permanent occupation would be £1,500,000 a year, which, in the present state of India's finances, it would be most unwise to add to the burdens of the people. In addition to this sum the expenditure would produce enormous discontent in India, and that meant the creation of a field for foreign intrigues. The Government intended to meet the motion with a direct negative.

Sir Charles Dilke stated that the first act of the new Czar was to recall Skobelev and stop the advance upon Merv.

LONDON, March 25.—The Candahar debate was resumed. Lord Hamilton, (Conservative) stated that no intimation had been received that Skobelev's policy was disapproved. He regarded the announcement of Skobelev's recall as a mere Parliamentary bluff. Mr. Fawcett, (Postmaster-General) dealt principally with the financial aspect of the question. He strongly vindicated the policy of the Government. Marquis of Hartington stated that the intimation of Skobelev's recall had not been received through the Russian Government. It was possible that he would follow the British departure from Candahar, but when was there a transfer of the throne in Afghanistan unattended with disturbance, and was it any business of England to prevent it? Hon. E. Stanhope's motion was rejected, 235 to 216. The announcement of the result was greeted with loud cheers from the Liberals. Marquis of Hartington said the retention of Candahar would expose us to perpetual quarrels and collisions with Russia, and, if she interfered by military operations or diplomatically, it would mean a rupture of her diplomatic relations with England, and we should be free to take such measures as we thought necessary to protect our frontier and assist the Afghans to hold their independence. Sir S. Northcote warned the Government that, if they left the difficulty arising from the evacuation to be settled by natural selection, it would be settled by Russian selection.



A SUMMER DAY.

Adown the lane I walked with May, The summer sun was sinking— There came the echo thro' the bay Of the merry cow-bells tinkling.

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Ah! you know the story. Yes, in that humble cottage, with only her old servant by her side, poor, passionate, erring Lady Ruysland died. She was insanely jealous—who is to tell whether with or without cause?—of one who had been her rival years before, younger, fairer than herself, as highly born, but poor. His lordship was, in Italy—rumor said, to be near her. Very likely rumor erred, as it usually does; at least her ladyship believed it, and on the night of the earl's return a violent scene ensued. He left her in high anger; bitter words had passed; and in the frenzy of her rage and jealousy, she fled. Next morning she was nowhere to be found. All day they looked for her in vain. At nightfall a messenger came to Clive Court from Mrs. Harman, summoning his lordship. A daughter had been born, a wife was dead."

Once more the embryo's dilated, fixed on his face; her lips were breathless and apart in the intensity of her interest. "They brought the poor dead lady home, the child they left with Mrs. Harman to nurse. Whether or no Lord Ruysland really had or had not wrought his wife, no one will ever know now. Her death was a terrible blow to him—for a time." The speaker paused a second, glanced across at his lordship's serenely high-bred, placid countenance, and smiled. "For a time. We lose our nearest and dearest, and the world goes round much the same as ever, and we with it, and we eat, drink, and are merry, and—forgetful—Clive Court was shut up, Mrs. Harman, Lady Cecil, and some pensioned, and—"

left with her. Lord Ruysland was absent; for after from Mrs. Harman recalled him, she was of French extraction, and had taken a sudden fancy to visit her relations in Paris—would his lordship come and take his little daughter and let her go. He returned to England, received Lady Cecil from her hands, placed her with some relatives in a remote part of England to grow up, and returned to his wandering life.

"Mrs. Harman left England with her daughter, and I fancy the earl never heard of her from that day to this, until he chanced to see his brother-in-law's picture a few moments ago. Miss Hercastle, Lady Cecil has left the piano; after all this talking you will not reward me by a little of your matchless music?"

She arose at once and went with him to the piano. For nearly an hour she sat playing bravely and brilliantly, he seated himself near, his face in shadow, his ears drinking in those sweetest strains. Then she got up, and for the first time in his experience of her, held out her hand as she said good-night. "You have done me a great favor to-night, Sir Arthur," she said; "greater than you know. Let me thank you, and—good-night."

He looked up at her in surprise. "A great favor," he repeated, her firm, cold hand in his clasp; "I don't understand, Miss Hercastle."

She smiled—a strange exultant sort of smile—looking not at him, but across the room, at the figures of the Earl of Ruysland and Lady Cecil Clive. Long after he had reason to know what the strange and triumphant smile meant.

"You may understand some day, Sir Arthur, and sooner than you think. Once more, good-night."

With the words she was gone. He watched the tall, commanding figure as it swept across the room and disappeared. Other eyes had witnessed that farewell; the Earl of Ruysland set his lips, the delicate waxen cheek of Lady Cecil flushed.

"There shall be an end of this," his lordship thought sternly. "You have gone the length of your tether, Sir Arthur Tregeena; it is high time to pull you up."

Miss Hercastle went up to her room, but not to bed. She sat down by the open window, a starry light in her eyes, almost a flush of color on her marble face.

"At last! at last!" her lips said. She was smiling—a smile not good to see. Her eyes were fixed on the night prospect, but she saw nothing. So, for upward of an hour, she sat. She could hear the sounds from below, the music, the soft hum of voices, the low laughter. She could hear, but she hardly seemed to listen. She was wrapped in herself; that glowing, exulting face, you would not have known it again.

"At last! at last!" she kept softly repeating. "My hour has come."

She arose after a time. Even through her absorption the falling dew struck chill. She arose, closed the window and the curtains, lit the lamp, and flung the ivory miniature contemptuously across into an open trunk.

"Lie there," she said; "you have done your work. I want you no more. I have waited six years—a long time; but even Troy fell at last. I have heard all I wanted to hear. I see my way clear to the end now!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SCAR ON THE TEMPLE.

"I tell you madam, you shall not go!" "And I tell you, sir, I shall!" "Lady Dangerfield, I repeat it, you shall never go to that disreputable woman's house in that disgusting dress."

Sir Peter Dangerfield, I repeat it, as sure as the night after to-morrow night comes, I will go to Mrs. Everleigh's masquerade in the costume of a page."

And the husband and wife stood still, and paused for breath, and glared at each other, as much more devoted husbands and wives will do at times in the marital relation I am told. It was three days after Sir Peter's attack, and for two days the little baronet had been

sufficiently recovered to enter the drawing-room with the brightness of his presence. All at once the solitude of his study had become unbearable to him; his bugs and beetles, his bees and butterflies afforded him no consolation. Lights, life, human faces, human voices, he craved them day and night. And so it came about in the first time of Lady Dangerfield's experience of him, her husband had nothing else to do but watch her and grow jealous. Horribly and ferociously jealous.

He didn't care a pin's point in the way of love for his wife, but she was his wife, and as long as she lived, that gentleman whose name she honors has legal right certainly to most of her tender looks, whispered sentences twilight walks, etc., etc. And Sir Peter got none of those, and Major Frankland got a great many. In reality, in her heart of hearts, if my lady possessed such an inmost sanctuary she really cared as much for the one as the other. A fine fortune, a fine establishment, fine dresses, superlative dinners—these were the things my lady loved, above husband, child, or lover. But all these things she had, and Major Frankland was very good looking, could flatter ceaselessly, knew the art of love à la mode to perfection, and was very willing to pay in tender glances, dreamy tete-a-tetes, whispered nothings, for the excellent Scarswood dinners, wines, horses, billiards, and the rest of it. And to do him justice, he did not know Sir Peter was jealous; he meant no harm, only "this sort of thing" helped to make the long summer days pass; and if my lady liked to flirt, and Sir Peter did not object, why should he not show his gratitude and become flatterer as well as any other man? In a round dance my lady's step suited him, their intellects were on an average, they knew the same people, liked to talk of the same things, both were well looking, unexceptionable of dress and stoic—that is what it came to, and where was the harm? Major Frankland did not think of this—Major Frankland never thought at all if he could help himself. But that was the sum total of his and my lady's platonic friendship.

In a vague hazy sort of way, Sir Peter had long been a chronic victim to a mild form of the green-eyed monster. All at once in these two days the mild, harmless symptoms became furiously aggravated, and the little baronet turned ravenously jealous. He had nothing else to do but watch his wife, and her attendant cavalier, and he did watch them. He lost his fear of ghosts, his interest in Miss Hercastle almost, in this new phase of things. He sat in a corner with a big book, and glowered venomously over the top of it at the placid face of the major and the vivacious face of his wife.

Mrs. Everleigh's fancy dress party brought matters to a climax. Mrs. Everleigh was an exceedingly charming lady of whom Castleford knew very little indeed, except that she was excessively rich, very fond of spending her money, and enjoying herself, and—a good wife. Where Mr. Everleigh was, and why he had put away the wife's bosom, a great many asked and the wife answered. Mrs. Everleigh herself put her perfume to her blue eyes when the harrowing subject was alluded to—called Mr. Everleigh a brute and herself a martyr, and left things in their general misery and uncomfortable state of doubt. But she dressed elegantly, lived luxuriously, gave the most brilliant receptions far or near. The more fashionable ladies of the neighborhood, Lady Cecil among them, fought shy of the charming Mrs. Everleigh. Lady Dangerfield and she became bosom friends at once. And this week Mrs. Everleigh's masquerade came off—the only thing of its kind that had been dreamed of—and my lady and the major were drawn out. The major as the "Chief of Lara," gloriously and splendidly, and misanthropically, in black velvet and plumes, like a mute at a funeral, and my lady was going as Kaled, Lara's page—the devoted, the adoring Kaled. By the merest chance, for my lady never annoyed her nervous husband with those foolish trifles, he had discovered the ball, the costume, everything that he would have been much better off without knowing, and his brimming cup flowed over!

He flew into a passion; his wizen little face turned purple with rage; he absolutely swore; he stamped his small foot, and screeched forth in passionate falsetto, that my lady should not go.

"And I tell you I shall!" my lady retorted, also flying into a towering passion, and using none too ladylike language in her sudden fit of rage. "Don't make a greater fool of yourself, Sir Peter Dangerfield, than nature has already made you. It's no affair of yours. Attend to your bugs and horrid crawling things, your ghosts and your gambling. Oh, yes, I know where you were the night you saw the ghost under the King's Oak. I don't interfere with your amusements—they are good enough not to interfere with mine."

She had trodden on her worm so long that she had forgotten even worms sometimes turn. She had gone just a step too far. The purple hue of rage left his face; it turned a ghastly yellow. He folded his small arms across his small chest, he planted his small feet resolutely on the carpet, and he stood and looked at her.

"You mean to go to her, Lady Dangerfield?" "I mean to go, as surely as you stand there, Sir Peter Dangerfield."

"In this disgusting dress?" "You called it disgusting once before. I don't perceive the disgusting. It's a beautiful little dress, and I expect to look lovely in it."

"You mean to go to this disreputable woman's house?" "You said that before also, Sir Peter; don't let Mrs. Everleigh hear you, or she may bring action against you for defamation of character. Her husband was a brute, and she had to leave him—nothing very uncommon in that—most husbands are. She has her own fortune, and she enjoys herself in her own way. I suppose it is infamous for a woman who has ever had the misfortune to marry to presume to enjoy herself after."

"You mean to go to Mrs. Everleigh's masquerade! You mean to go in male attire—you, the mother of two children—a woman thirty-five years of age!" "That was too much. Lady Dangerfield might have endured a great deal, but this last insult—this cold-blooded mention of her age—no, she could not stand that. What right-feeling woman, indeed, could?"

"You little wretch!" cried Sir Peter's wife; and for a moment the words, and the tone, and the look, brought Katherine Dangerfield, and the conservatory, and six years, back vividly before him. "How dare you use such language as that to me? If I never meant to go I should go now. Five-and-thirty, indeed! I deny it; it is a base falsehood! I shall not be thirty-one until next birthday. And I shall go to Mrs. Everleigh's, and I shall go as a page just as sure as Thursday night comes!"

"And with Major Frankland, Geneva?" "With Major Frankland—a gentleman at least who does not insult ladies to their faces by odious falsehoods about their age. Thirty-five indeed! I have no more to say to you Sir Peter Dangerfield, only this—I shall go!"

"Very well Lady Dangerfield,"—he was yellow then ever—he was trembling with passion; "then hear me. If you go to Mrs.

Everleigh's as page to that man's Knight, then—remain with Mrs. Everleigh—don't come back here. I have endured a good deal; I will not endure this. Go if you will; I shall not lift a finger to prevent you; but—don't come back. Scarswood is mine; the mistresses of Scarswood have been honorable women always; you shall not be the first to dwell beneath its roof and disgrace it—I swear!"

For once in his life he was eloquent, for once in his life he was dignified. He rose with the occasion; in that moment you would almost have respected him. He turned and left the room. His wife stood petrified. Was she awake—was she asleep? Was this Sir Peter Dangerfield? Could she believe her senses?

There was a second auditor to this marital outbreak—an auditor who stood almost as surprised as my lady herself. It was Miss Hercastle, who had entered in the full tide of the discussion, and had stood, not seeming to know exactly whether to go back or go on. My lady turned and saw her now.

"Miss Hercastle!" she cried, in haughty anger. "You—and listening?" "Not listening, my lady," Miss Hercastle answered, meeting her angry eyes steadily. "You told me this morning when the double was completed to tell you, and let you try it on. It is finished, and obeying your orders, I came in search of you at once."

For Miss Hercastle had been ordered to desert the schoolroom latterly, and turn seamstress in general to my lady. And it was Miss Hercastle who, with boundless taste and good nature had suggested the two costumes, and produced a little painting of Lara and Kaled. The major and Lady Dangerfield had both been charmed with the idea. The major was now in London selecting his costume, and Miss Hercastle had ridden into town with my lady, silk and velvet, lace and feathers had been purchased, the governess and my lady's maid had since sewed, sewed, sewed night and day. Miss Hercastle had such taste, such clever fingers, and was altogether a miracle of dexterity and cheerfulness. Lady Dangerfield's ruffled plumage smoothed again.

"So I did. And is it ready? But Sir Peter objects so strongly—is so disagreeable—still I must run up and see it."

A faint, derisive smile danced upon the face of the governess, as she stepped back to let my lady pass her.

"And when you do see it—trust me to persuade you to wear it. It will be an easy task, despite the counsels of a hundred husbands. That was what that slight chill Miss said plainly enough, as she followed my lady to one of the upper rooms."

The dress lay spread upon a bed—a shining vision of carmine silk, white ostrich plumes, gold braid and black velvet. My lady's eyes lit up like black diamonds, as she lifted the separate articles that composed the costume, and held them up to glisten in the sunlight. Millinery was the one thing of all things earthly, that most closely appealed to this woman's soul.

"Oh!—a long inspiration. Miss Hercastle, your taste is perfect—perfect; I never saw anything so lovely. And to think that any pretentious little baronet says I shall not wear it. Delphine, take your sewing into your own room—I am going to try this on." Exit Delphine with a curtsey. My lady sank into a chair. "Do my hair, Miss Hercastle," she says, impatiently; "I shall try it on at last."

Miss Hercastle's deft fingers got to work. Embroidery, costume making, hair dressing—nothing seems to come amiss to these deft white fingers.

"Now, my lady. No, don't look in the glass yet, please. Let me dress you; when everything is on, then you shall look and see the effect."

And then Miss Hercastle set to work in earnest, my lady aiding and abetting. She had locked the door; profound silence, besetting the importance of the moment, reigned. Silken hose, buckled shoes, little baggy silken unmentionables, a doublet of carmine silk, all aglimmer with gold cord and lace and sparkling buttons; a little black velvet cloak, lined with deep rose red, seeming but a brighter shade of the carmine, clasped jauntily a little to one side, and the one end slung back over the shoulder; a little black velvet beret or cap, set one side the black crepe hair, a long ostrich plume sweeping over the shoulder and fastened at the side by a diamond aigrette; a tiny rapier set in a jeweled scabbard—that was the radiant, sparkling vision my lady's glass showed her.

In all her life, she had never looked so nearly beautiful as in this boyish travesty—in this glowing carmine silk, and lofty plume, and black velvet.

"Oh!—a long inspiration. She stood and contemplated the picture in silent ecstasy. "It is perfect—it is beautiful," Miss Hercastle murmured; "I never saw your ladyship look half so well in any thing before. It will be the costume of the ball."

"It is lovely—lovely," my lady responded, still staring in an ecstasy; "but Miss Hercastle, I have already told you Sir Peter has taken it into his imbecile head to object—to absolutely forbid. He calls the dress disgraceful—nonsense—and Mrs. Everleigh disreputable. And you have no idea how disagreeable and how obstinate Sir Peter Dangerfield can be when he likes."

Miss Hercastle smiled again—that slight, child, unpleasant smile. "Have I not? But I think I have. Men have peculiar notions on these subjects, and with a man like Sir Peter, it is much easier to let him have his way than to combat. They never yield an inch."

"Give way. That means to give up the idea of the ball—to submit to be tyrannized over—not to wear this exquisite dress. Miss Hercastle, do I hear you aright?" "You hear, but you do not understand. Of course you go to the ball—only—let Sir Peter think you don't. It will be easy enough to deceive him. It may involve a few falsehoods, but your ladyship will not stickle at that. You go to the ball in peace—and he goes to bed in peace, and what he never knows will never grieve him."

"But how is it to be done?" "Miss Hercastle paused a moment in deep thought, her brows knit. "In this way," she said. "Write to Major Frankland in London, and tell him when he returns to Castleford, on Thursday evening to remain in Castleford, at one of the inns, instead of coming to Scarswood. It is as much on his account as on account of the page's dress that Sir Peter objects. You can tell Sir Peter, if you choose, that you have given up the idea—that Major Frankland has been detained in town. He will not believe it, of course, but when the night arrives and he does not return, and he sees you retire for the night he will. Once in your room, you dress, of course; bribe the coachman to drive you quietly to Mrs. Everleigh's, and wait the breaking up of the ball. At Mrs. Everleigh's you meet the Major; he can keep quiet in the town all the following day, and in the evening come here as though direct from the station. You will have enjoyed the ball, and Sir Peter be none the wiser."

My lady listened in calm approbation, un-

disturbed by conscientious qualms of any kind. "A famous idea, Miss Hercastle," she said, as the governess ceased. "What a head you have for plotting and taking people in. One would think you had done nothing else all your life."

Miss Hercastle received this involuntary compliment with becoming modesty, that faint, derisive smile creeping for a second or two around her handsome mouth. But she was busy removing the page's attire, and my lady did not see it.

"If you write to Major Frankland at once, my lady," she said, "I will take your letter to the post-office myself, and he will get it in time to-morrow. It will simply be doing a kindness to Sir Peter to keep him in the dark about the ball; his imaginary troubles about ghosts are quite enough for him at present."

She placed writing materials before my lady, and my lady, in her epidemic Italian tracery, dashed off a page or two to the major, apprising him of the facts, of Sir Peter's unexpected disapproval and Miss Hercastle's clever plan. Before it was signed and sealed, Miss Hercastle, in hat, jacket, and parasol, stood ready to take it into town. It would be a long, hot, dusty walk, but what sacrifices will not friendship make? She took the letter, put it in her pocket, and left the room and the house.

My lady watched her from the window out of sight, and somehow a feeling of distrust and dislike, that had always lain dormant there for Miss Hercastle, rose up and warned her to take care. What was at the bottom of all this willingness to serve and please her? She knew she disliked Miss Hercastle, and she felt that Miss Hercastle disliked her. What if she should betray her to Sir Peter, after all? And Sir Peter had looked so uncomfortably in earnest when he had made that threat: "You shall not be the first to dwell beneath the roof of Scarswood and disgrace it—that I swear!" A cold chill came over her for an instant in the sultry summer air. What if she went? What if Miss Hercastle betrayed her? and what if he kept his word?

"It would be wiser to give it up," she thought; "he might keep his word, and then—great Heaven! what would become of me? I will give it up." She turned, and her eyes fell on the dress—the carmine silk, the diamond aigrette, the doublet, the beret, the rapier—all her good resolutions faltered and failed at the sight. "I won't give it up," she exclaimed, setting her little white teeth. "I'll go, and trust Miss Hercastle, and deceive the jealous, tyrannical little monster, if I can. What motive has she for betraying me? and later, if he does find it out from any other source, his anger will have had time to cool. I will not make wearing that dress, and having Jasper see how young and pretty I look in it, for a kingdom. Thirty-five years old indeed! Odious little dwarf! I'll go as freely as I stand here."

Miss Hercastle walked into town over the dusty highroad, under the boiling July sun, and posted my lady's letter. She returned weary, dusty, foot-sore, as the stable clock was striking six, and as she walked up the avenue, came face to face with Sir Peter and Captain O'Donnell.

The little cowardly baronet had been seized with a sudden and great fancy for the tall, soldierly, fearless Irishman. A confidant of some kind he must have. Frankland was out of the question—Sir Arthur he stood, like most people, in awe of—the earl would have listened stately and sneered secretly; O'Donnell therefore only remained. And O'Donnell suited him exactly; he had not a grain of fear in his nature; he had a cool head; a steady nerve, and he was intensely interested in the whole affair. O'Donnell had taken it up, had promised to investigate, did not believe it was a ghost, and Sir Peter breathed again.

Both gentlemen bowed to the pale, tired-looking governess. The baronet turned round, and looked darkly and suspiciously after her. "Where has she been now?" he asked, distrustfully. "What do all those long, solitary rambles mean? Don't you see the likeness, O'Donnell, to the picture of Katherine Dangerfield? You must be blind if you do not."

"Oh I see a certain likeness," O'Donnell repeated, "but nothing so marked as to be terrifying. By the eye, I was examining the photograph with a magnifying glass and I discovered a mark or scar of some kind on the left side of the face, right above the temple. Now had Katherine Dangerfield a birth-mark there, or anywhere else—the proverbial strawberry mark on the arm, or mole on the neck, or anything of that sort?"

"The line or scar was a scar—the scar of a wound that came pretty near ending her life. On the voyage out to India her nurse let her fall out of her arms; she struck the blunt end of a spike, and gave herself a horrible gash just above the temple. I saw the scar a hundred times; it wasn't very disfiguring, and she never tried to conceal it. A white, triangular scar, that used to turn livid red when she got angry."

O'Donnell listened thoughtfully. "Humph!" he said, "a scar like that it would be impossible ever to obliterate, even had she lived to be eighty."

"Quite impossible, but why?" "Oh, only idle curiosity, of course. I noticed the mark, and it set me wondering what it might be." He paused a moment, his eyes on the ground, his brows knit in a thoughtful frown; then he looked up and spoke again abruptly; "You told me, Sir Peter, she died in the house of a man named Otis. I think—a doctor, who afterward removed to London. Do you know if this man still lives?"

"I know nothing about him, but there is no reason to suppose he does not."

"Was his Christian name Henry?" "Sir Peter paused a moment, and thought. "It was Henry," he answered. "I remember now. Henry Otis, that was his name."

"Was he tall, spare, very light-haired, very sallow complexion and a stoop?" "Yes, he was. O'Donnell, have you seen him?" "You describe him exactly."

"I think I have. And he died in his house, and was buried from it, you say? How long after did he leave Castleford for London?" "I don't remember exactly—some months, I think. There were people who said he had fallen in love with Katherine, and was miserable here after her death. She was buried from his house, and he erected that stone to her memory. Then he took his mother and went up to London."

"He and his mother lived alone?" "They did."

"They kept a servant, I suppose?" "Sir Peter looked at him wondering. "I suppose they did; it was not his mother who opened the door for me when I went there. O'Donnell, what are you driving at?"

"I'll tell you presently. If the servant who lived with them at the time of Katherine Dangerfield's death be still alive, it strikes me I should like to see that servant. One question more, Sir Peter, on another subject. Do you know a place some three miles from here—a dismal, lonely sort of house called Bracken Hollow?"

"Certainly I know Bracken Hollow." His

voice dropped to a whisper and glanced half fearfully around. "Who in Castleford does not? Dismal and lonely! I should think so. Bracken Hollow is a haunted house."

"Indeed," the chasseur said, his hands in his pockets, his face immovable; "it looks like it, I confess. And what manner of ghost haunts it, and who has ever seen him?—that is, supposing it to be him. As far as my experience goes, ghosts are generally of the feminine gender."

"For Heaven's sake don't talk in that way, O'Donnell," Sir Peter said nervously, taking his arm. "You don't know what may happen here. Bracken Hollow is haunted; most unearthly sounds have been heard there—heard by more than me, and not superstitious people either. A murder was committed there once many years ago, and they say—"

"Oh, of course they say. That's not evidence. I want to hear what actually has been seen."

"Well—nothing then," Sir Peter responded reluctantly; "but I repeat it—horrible and unearthly cries have been heard coming from that house often, and by many people."

"And none of those people investigated, I suppose?" "It was none of their business; they were only too glad to give it a wide berth, and go near it no more."

"Who lives at Bracken Hollow?" "An old woman named Hannah Gowen. She was Katherine Dangerfield's nurse in her youth, and Sir John pensioned her off, and gave her Bracken Hollow."

"When—when—when?" O'Donnell's low, shrill whistle pierced the quiet air. Katherine Dangerfield's nurse! By George! that accounts—"he stopped."

Sir Peter looked at him, all his never-ending suspicions and fears aroused. "Accounts for what?"

O'Donnell halted in his slow walk, and laid his hand confidentially on the shoulder of the baronet, and looked calmly down into the baronet's little wizen face.

"Sir Peter," he said gravely, "a light is beginning to dawn upon me; the mysteries are lifting slowly, but I think, surely, I can tell you what I think, what I suspect; I hardly can tell myself yet. All is confused—all is stranger than I can say; but as in a glass, darkly, I begin to understand—to see the end. Wait—give me time. As surely as we both live, this strange mystery shall be sifted to the bottom, and the ghost of Scarswood, the ghost of Bracken Hollow exorcised. Now I am going away by myself to-night."

He turned and strode away, leaving the petrified little baronet standing under the lime-trees, the picture of dazed and helpless astonishment.

The first room the young Irishman passed was the library; its windows stood wide open on the lawn; it looked cool, and dark, and deserted—a suitable place to think. He stepped in, let the sea-green curtains fall again, flung himself into a chair, his hands still deep in his pockets, his brow still knit in that reflective frown.

The room had seemed very dark, coming in from the glare of the sunset. As, after five minutes he lifted his eyes from the carpet, he found that it was not dark. More, he found that he was not alone—the library had another occupant—that occupant Miss Hercastle—Miss Hercastle asleep.

Miss Hercastle asleep! After the first instant's surprise, he sat still and looked at her. It was easy enough to understand how she came to be here. She had passed the windows as he had done—the dark seclusion of the library looked inviting; she, weary and warm, had entered, and finding it entirely deserted, had lain down, and all unconsciously fallen asleep. She had removed her hat; one hand pillowed her head; her face, with the light full upon it, was turned toward him. Pitiably, searchingly, he sat and read that face. The straight, finely shaped nose, the square-cut, resolute lips the curved, determined chin, the broad, rather low, intellectual looking forehead. It was perfectly colorless, that face, even in sleep. And in her sleep she dreamed, for her brows were contracted, her lips moved. She looked fairer in her slumber than he had ever thought her awake.

Who was she? A strange woman, surely—a wonderful woman, if the dim, mysterious suspicions admit in his mind were right. Who was she? Helen Hercastle of London, as she said, or—

An inspiration came to him—an inspiration that lifted him from his chair to his feet, that caught his breath for one breathless moment. The scar on Katherine Dangerfield's temple!

He hardly knew what he suspected as yet, wild, improbable, impossible things; and yet he did suspect. Now, if ever, was the time to end all suspicions, and test the truth. Miss Hercastle wore her black hair nearly down to her eyebrows; what easier than now to lift one of those shining waves, and look at the left temple—it was the side of the face uppermost.

He advanced—he hesitated. Something in her helplessness—in the sacredness of sleep, appealed to his strength and his manhood, and held him back. It seemed a dastardly deed to do while she slept what he dared not when awake. And yet it was his only chance.

"I may be judging her cruelly, shamefully," he thought; "if the scar is not there, I am. For her own sake I will look."

He drew near—he stooped over the sleeping waves of hair that covered her forehead and temple. A full and noble brow he saw it was those bands of dead dark hair hid. Lilted off, it altered her wonderfully, it made her ten times more like the portrait of the dead girl. He glanced at the temple.

Good God! yes! there was the livid triangular scar! Sir Peter Dangerfield had described just above the temple.

He let the hair drop—he absolutely reeled for a second, and grasped a chair. He stood there thunderstruck, spell-bound, looking down at her, helpless to do anything else.

Something in the magnetism of that strange, fascinated gaze must have pierced even the mists of slumber. Without sound of any kind to disturb her, the eyelids quivered, lifted, and Miss Hercastle, wide awake in a second, looked up from the sofa unto Redmond O'Donnell's face.

CHAPTER XVIII. REDMOND O'DONNELL'S SECRET.

For a moment—for an hour, it seemed to him—not a word was spoken. His dazed eyes never left her; he stood almost like a man stunned.

She rose up on her elbow, returning his gaze. What did his face, its sudden pallor, showing white even under the golden bronze of his skin, tell her? Something in his eyes cowed her strangely—fascinated her also.

She rose slowly up to a sitting posture and spoke, answering that fixed look: "What is it?" she asked.

The sound of her voice broke the spell. He drew a long breath and was himself again. In dealing with this woman, who could be so subtle and so deceiving, "I have been experimenting in animal magnetism, Miss Hercastle," he said coolly;

"In other words, trying if my will, my mesmeric power, could master you. I found you asleep—some asleep—after your walk, and I stood and looked at you and willed you to awake. You obeyed. A liberty on my part, perhaps, but the temptation was irresistible. You possess a very powerful will of your own, Miss Hercastle; that mine can command it, is no small triumph for me."

Something very like a flush passed over the perfect pallor of Miss Hercastle's face. Her great gray eyes flashed upon him with something more nearly akin to anger than anything he had ever seen in them before. But thorough self-command had long ago become second nature to her. Her sweet voice had all its wonted soft music when she spoke: "I repeat Captain O'Donnell has no better use for his time than watching me, and no better subject for his mesmeric experiments. The Lady Cecil Clive, for instance—did he ever try his mesmeric powers on her, I wonder?"

"No," Captain O'Donnell returned, lying indolently back in his chair, and looking the very embodiment of handsome sang froid; "I don't believe the Lady Cecil is a good subject, if by she is, I leave her to her rightful owner, Sir Arthur Tregeena, when she can get him, which isn't often of late. And speaking of watching you, Miss Hercastle, I must tell you I have done that once before, lately, on an occasion when I don't think you saw me. Not intentionally, as now, at least at first; afterward, I fear, I must plead guilty to the somewhat dishonourable charge. But then again, the temptation was very strong. And upon my word, Miss Hercastle, you are so very mysterious, so very interesting a lady—if you will pardon my saying so—that watching you more than repays one for his trouble."

"Mysterious! interesting! I don't know what you mean, Captain O'Donnell!" "Oh, yes, I think you do. You must be aware you are an object of mystery and interest to all in this house; if for nothing else, your startling resemblance to that dead girl, Katherine Dangerfield. And then there are the nocturnal walks to Bracken Hollow, a haunted house, whose ghost at least you don't seem to fear. And then there are your singular assignments held in such very singular places. Who, for instance, but mysterious Miss Hercastle would think of giving a gentleman an interview in a churchyard, at nightfall?"

She set her lips in the line he well knew, and looked at him, hard, full, defiant.

"You understand me, I think. Was it the night before last? Yes, it was. I left Sir Peter Dangerfield's bedside—you remember I relieved you, and let you and Sir Arthur go. We had been talking, Sir Peter and myself, of the ghost—very strange affair that, by the way—of Katherine Dangerfield, dead and gone, also of the young man Otis, who fell in love with her, and in whose house she died. With my mind full of Katherine Dangerfield, her sad story and misfortunes, I went to Katherine Dangerfield's grave. I thought I had the place all to myself—certainly I never dreamed of its being made a place for lovers' trysts—but I was mistaken. On my way out, between me and the gate two figures stood. Had I not recognized them—one of them,











ARCHBISHOP McCABE

Denounces the Ladies' Land League.

A. M. SULLIVAN'S REPLY.

In a pastoral published last Sunday, his Grace said: "The modesty of her daughters was the ancient glory of Ireland. The splendor of the purity of St. Brigid won for her the sublime title of the Mary of Ireland. Her children were worthy of their spiritual mother's name, and Ireland shone out more brightly by the chastity of her daughters than by the learning or labours of her most distinguished sons. Like Mary, their place was the seclusion of home. If chaste they were out of doors, their work was done with speed and their voices were not heard in the world's thoroughfare. This sacred retirement was so dear to St. Paul, that he commends the holy women of this day, even in the church, to cover their heads with the veil of modesty, out of reverence for the angels. But all this is now to be laid aside and the daughters of our Catholic people, be they matrons or virgins, are called forth, under the flimsy pretext of charity, to take their stand in the noisy arena of public life. The pretext of charity is merely assumed; for already holy associations of men and women, who, with the full blessing of religion, do the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual, for the poor and afflicted. And even the harsh laws now coming into force have mercifully provided for the families of those who fall under their power. No, Reverend Fathers, not at the call of charity are the women of Ireland invited to come before the world. They are asked to forget the modesty of their sex and the high dignity of their womanhood by leaders who seem utterly reckless of consequences, and who, by their recklessness have brought misery on many families. God grant they may not have brought defeat on the cause which they appear to advocate. Very Reverend dear Fathers, set your faces against this dishonouring attempt, and do not tolerate in your socialities the woman who so far degrades her birthright of modesty as to parade herself before the public gaze in a character so unworthy a child of Mary. This attempt at degrading the women of Ireland comes very appropriately from men who have drawn the country into the present terribly deplorable condition, where, deprived of the safeguards of the Constitution, her people may become the prey of perfidious informers; men who have sent their agents to fawn on notorious infidels and revolutionists; and to escape the odium of their act, abuse the Christian politeness of a most venerable prelate and an illustrious soldier of France. These agents, to forward their own views, were not ashamed to calumniate a diocese whose prelates in former times were the glory of the Irish Church—prelates who were prepared to sacrifice their lives for God and His people, but yet were not afraid to warn the same people when misled by false friends and dangerous advisers. These, Very Rev. Fathers, are sources whence come great dangers to the faith of our country. Let us pray to the most High that He may arise and scatter the enemies of His holy cause. Let us pray that the wisdom of the Divine Spirit may direct the councils of our rulers; that the charity of the Holy Ghost may bind together forever the priest and the people of Ireland, and that, united in faith and charity, they may form one grand body, with Christ our Lord for its glorious Head."

A. M. SULLIVAN.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL ON DR. McCABE'S PASTORAL.

The Freeman of 17th March has the following:—We have received for publication the following letter, which has been addressed to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., by his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:—

TO A. M. SULLIVAN, ESQ., M.P.

Dublin, March 16.

MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN:—I congratulate you very heartily on the timely, and, under the peculiarly provoking circumstances of the case, very temperate, and, withal, touching letter that appears over your name in this day's Freeman.

I adopt unreservedly the sentiments you have so admirably expressed; and am delighted to find that someone of mark has at last stepped forward from the ranks of the laity to vindicate the character of the good Irish ladies who have become Land Leaguers, and to challenge publicly the "improbable imputations" cast on them by the Archbishop of Dublin.

His Grace will not be allowed in future, I apprehend, to use his lance so freely as he has hitherto done, or to ventilate unquestioned the peculiar political theories which he is known to hold in opposition to the cherished convictions of the great and, indeed, overwhelming majority of the Irish priests and people.

It is a satisfaction, however, to feel that his Grace's political likings or dislikings, though possibly of some consequence elsewhere, carry with them very little weight or significance, except with a select few in Ireland.

I remain, my dear Mr. Sullivan, your very faithful servant,

T. W. CROOK, Archbishop of Cashel

CITY NEWS.

AN EXODUS.—During the past month 166 families have left Montreal for the New England States by the different lines.

A SEAT MADE VACANT.—Mr. Hurteau, M.P. for L'Assomption, has been appointed Warden of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Ald. Jeannotte is already in the field as a candidate for the seat made vacant.

A DEATH CHILL.—Two days ago Arthur Primeau, a young man of Point St. Charles, was taking a hot water bath, in Redpath's Sugar Refinery, where he was employed, preparatory to leaving off work when a companion threw a bucket of cold water on him. Primeau said nothing at the time, but when he got home he complained of a suffocating sensation. He took to his bed and died last night of congestion of the lungs, caused it is supposed by the thoughtless action of his fellow workman.

LAND LEAGUE MEETING.

The usual weekly meeting of the Montreal branch of the Land League was held on Sunday in St. Patrick's Hall. P. Carroll, Esq., President, was in the chair. After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, the question of having another lecture under the auspices of the Montreal Branch and for the National Movement, was again brought up and discussed. The general feeling was in favor of bringing on the mother and sister of the Irish Leader, and a resolution to that effect was adopted instructing the Secretary to communicate with Mrs. Parnell and her daughter, and ascertain if they could entertain an engagement for that purpose. A notice was also added that if Mrs. Parnell found it impossible to accept it to the Rev. George P. Sweeney should extend it to the Rev. George P. Sweeney. Another resolution was also passed, calling upon the members of the League to renew their exertions in inducing their friends to join the movement; the names on the roll were numerous, but not in proportion to the numbers of the many true and patriotic Irishmen which go to make up our Irish population. The Land League movement had brought back to Ireland a blessing of which

she had been deprived during centuries; it had brought back union, and her people now stand firmly united, both in feeling and in action. It should, therefore, be the duty and the pleasure of our Irish citizens to encourage this happy state of affairs, and the way to do so effectively is to give their support and sympathy to the National Land League.

Mr. M. C. MULLIN said that Mr. Parnell was a man and a leader of vast ability, but there were also required men of minor abilities, men who would each put their shoulder to the wheel and help to force a solution of the problem. It was only a question of time whether England would continue to maintain her present position and pursue a false and illiberal line of policy. He instituted a comparison between the dealings of the Czar with the Russian peasants and those of the English Government with the people of Ireland, and he was of opinion that there were more justice and fairness in the acts of the Autocrat than in the acts of an English Liberal Cabinet. The time, however, would come when in the face of its liberal pretensions and in face of public opinion, England would have to give to Ireland that measure of justice and liberty which belong to a nation.

The question of establishing a branch of the League in the East End, for the convenience of the residents of that section of the city, was discussed, but definite action was postponed to a future meeting.

A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation of a large sized and beautifully executed oil painting of C. S. Parnell to the Montreal branch of the Land League. The portrait is the work of a rising artist, Daniel Lehey, on whom it reflects much credit. The gentlemen who made the presentation are Messrs. T. Hogan, J. Mahony and J. Carraway; the gift was duly appreciated by the meeting, and a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to them.

At this stage of the proceedings a representative from St. Gabriel's branch, the Secretary, Mr. Ennis, stepped forward and handed the President an official communication. The chairman intimated to the meeting that he could not divulge its nature, until it had been laid before a joint meeting of the executives of the two branches.

It was then announced that the semi-annual meeting of the Montreal branch would be held on next Sunday, when the election of officers for the ensuing term would take place, and when a large attendance would be expected; every member was requested to qualify for the occasion. The meeting then adjourned.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

A REGENT APPOINTED.—THE FUGITIVE OF THE LATE CZAR—RUSSIA'S FATHER COMMITS SUICIDE.

St. Petersburg, March 27.—An Imperial manifesto has been issued which appoints the Grand Duke Vladimir regent in case of necessity. It is reported that the presence of the Crown Prince of Prussia here will bring about a friendly alliance between Russia and Germany.

The funeral of the late Czar, Alexander II., took place today in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and was one of impressive splendor. Among those present were the Czar Alexander III., the Empress and all the Imperial family, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Crown Prince of Prussia, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and delegates from all parts of Russia. At the close of the service the Czar knelt in his death agony. The coffin was then carried to the vault in the Cathedral by the Emperor, Grand Dukes, members of the court dignitaries, reigning families and chief court dignitaries, and the coffin was lowered into the grave amid salutes of artillery. The Prince of Wales will, to-morrow, confer upon the Czar the order of the Garter.

St. Petersburg, March 27.—The father of Ruzavkoff, the alleged assassin of the Czar, has shot himself.

There are continued rumors of Melnikoff's resignation. It is believed the Emperor has ordered a ukase to be prepared convoking a Commission to discuss the question of representation of the people on State questions.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ruskin is recovering his health. Queen Victoria will visit Germany in June.

Junbert is to receive a sword of honor from New York.

Kossuth is now living in retirement at Turin, Italy.

Prince George, of Hess, has died at the advanced age of 88.

Lord Derby is to join Gladstone's Cabinet as Secretary for India.

Mrs. Parnell is as great a woman as the mother of the Gracchi.

Ex-Marshal Bazaine occupies a good position in Madrid society.

Dr. Cumming, the once well-known preacher, is now out of his mind.

James Gordon Bennett has not yet succeeded in marrying a Royal Princess.

Vanderbilt's latest dodge is to obtain possession of the Canada Southern Railroad.

A great number of papers pretend to have "the largest circulation in the United States."

The chances of Mr. M. P. Ryan obtaining the Collectorship of Montreal are thought to be good.

Aylward, the Irish leader of the Boers, thinks Ireland will have to fight for autonomy.

The Princess Louise is expected in this country in May. Canadian winters do not agree with her.

Mr. Gladstone's beautiful tenor voice is leaving him. It is too radical for a man who places himself under a Tory minority.

The funeral of the late Thomas McGov, of Ottawa County, was over a mile long. He was a distant relative of Mr. Alonzo Wright, M.P.

Sir Garnet Woiseley would have obtained the appointment of Commander at the Cape but for the opposition of the Duke of Cambridge.

One of the speakers at a Toronto missionary meeting said:—"If Sir John were Premier of England the Irish question would be settled in a month."

In the last issue of London Punch Ireland is represented as a pig, and a very ugly one at that. It is no wonder the English and Irish love each other so excessively.

The New York police are looking for Jonathan Simpson, of 22 Forfar street, Montreal, who is affected with insanity, and supposed to be in the first mentioned city.

Colonel Fred Hecker, a prominent German politician, died near Summersford, Missouri yesterday. He was one of the leaders of the German revolution of 1848 and was exiled.

Wm. deatle, a Waterloo veteran, died very suddenly at D-10, Out, yesterday, at the advanced age of 84 years. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and joined the Argyllshire Highlanders in 1812.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

His Grace Archbishop Bourget collected \$2,654 for his fund at St. Bridget's Church, Montreal, on Sunday.

Dr. McCabe, Primate of all Ireland, will be created Papal Legate of Ireland, an office that has been vacant since Cardinal Cullen's death.

The Very Rev. Farrelly, of Belleville, the administrator of Kingston diocese, left by the train Monday evening for New York, to meet Bishop Cleary.

At St. Joseph's Convent, London, on March 19 (F. of St. Joseph), three young ladies "received the habit of religion," and one was "solemnly professed."

Kingston, March 25.—The new Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Cleary, sailed from Ireland to-day. He is expected here about April 7th.

The numerous friends of Rev. Father O'Mahoney, of this city, will be glad to hear he has almost entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.—London Free Press.

The Duke of Norfolk has commissioned Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, the architect, to prepare plans for a large church in the early English style, which he is about to erect in Norwich, in fulfillment of a vow.

Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, barrister, of this city, has gone to New Brunswick to attend to the interests of the Christian Brothers in reference to a bill now before the Local Legislature of Fredericton.—Toronto World.

The clergy of the different Roman Catholic churches at Quebec instructed their congregations to assist the census enumerators by giving them all the information sought, in order to make the returns as complete as possible.

The correspondent of the Toronto Mail writes:—I had always associated the carnival in some way with Catholic Church ceremonies. This is not true in any sense. On the contrary, the Church of the present day is opposed to it as leading to excesses, and uses every effort to modify its extravagance by increased religious observances and eloquent appeals to the people.

The anniversary requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Lieut. Governor Caron was held at the Church of St. Columba de Sillery Sunday morning. The sacred edifice was appropriately draped in black, and a handsome catafalque was erected for the occasion. Brilliantly lighted, the church was crowded with an immense congregation, including several leading citizens of Quebec.

The College of Cardinals in Rome is about to erect a magnificent white marble monument to the memory of Pope Pius IX. Its model has been finished by the sculptor Jacometti, representing the Pope clad in his stole, kneeling at a low prie Dieu. Pope Leo and the principal members of his Court have given their work their hearty approval. When completed it is to be placed in the basilica of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The fourth Sunday of Lent falling this year on March 27, is what is known as the "Sunday of the Golden Rose," from a custom observed at Rome of blessing a rose made of pure gold mixed with musk and balsam. The ceremony is performed by the Pope himself, and the Rose thus blessed is carried in solemn procession in the hands of the Pontiff and found in his chapel on this Sunday. The rose, symbolic of the eternal bloom and loveliness of Paradise, is afterwards bestowed as a mark of special favour on some illustrious person who has done service to the Holy See. Pope Pius IX. gave a golden Rose to Marie Theresa, Queen of Naples, for the kindness extended to his family and her husband when he was obliged to fly to Gaeta in 1806. It was also given to the Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III.; another to Elizabeth, Empress of Austria; and a third to Mrs. W. T. Sherman, wife of General Sherman, U.S.A.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Land League Fund. Includes names like Mrs. E. L. L., Mr. McElligott, A. B. Despot, etc., with amounts ranging from 50c to \$5.00.

New York, March 28.—Weston and Rowell signed articles to walk for the Astley belt in England in June.

SCOTCH NEWS.

At a meeting of the Five Commissioners of Supply, Admiral Maitland Dougall moved that they petition in favor of the reconstruction of the Tay Bridge at an elevation of 40 feet, or at the lowest elevation that the Board of Trade see their way to sanction. The motion was unanimously agreed to.

A meeting of the directors of the High School and the members of the School Board was held recently for conference regarding the offer of £30,000 for the endowment of the High School. Ex-Provost Robertson stated that the donor of the sum—£30,000—was ex-Bailie Harris. He also stated that it was proposed to be made for the encouragement of higher education in the town. After some conversation the School Board agreed to take the proposal into consideration, and we understand that they are to meet again shortly for the purpose.

An Anti-Coercion demonstration was held in Dundee in March. Mr. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. Healy, M.P., who promised to be present, telegraphed regretting their inability to fulfill their engagement in consequence of the introduction of the Arms Bill in Parliament. The Coercion Bill was condemned in the strongest terms, and described as a tyrannical, cruel, barbarous measure, and belief was expressed that its enactment would tend to develop agrarian crimes and resuscitate the Home Rule movement on a gigantic scale. Resolutions were enthusiastically carried denouncing the Government, declaring the Coercion Bill unnecessary, and protesting against the action of the Spoken during recent discussions whereby liberty of speech was outraged and hon. members insulted.

A petition was presented to Sheriff Lees on 28th February, at the inst. of Mr. James Jackson, accountant, as factor for property at 155 Tronsgate, asking His Lordship to interdict W. L. Crighton, from carrying on in the premises there any sales by auction, or from using them "for the purpose of the show or exhibition presently carried on therein by him, being an exhibition for money of two persons alleged by the defender to belong to a race or species called the Aztecs." Parties were heard for and against the petition, Mr. J. T. Brown appearing for the pursuer and Mr. Angus Campbell for the defender. For the defence it was stated that Mr. Crighton was not, as averred, exhibiting the "Aztecs." His Lordship granted interdict against the defender so doing, but refused interim interdict against the carrying on of sales by auction.

The registrar of the parish of North Y.L. Shelburn, in his report for the last quarter of 1880, makes the following doleful entry:—No marriage has been celebrated during the past 11 months, and for the year births are under the average. Should this state of matters continue unchecked, School Board and teachers may shut up, and the poorly remunerated registrar, who must be always at his post, although only fingering blank books, will have sufficient time to sign over an empty page. The registrar of the parish of Dalpinnie says:—The registrar has been session-clerk and registrar for the last 57 years, but until now never saw a year pass without a marriage, while during the past year not one took place. This is entirely a laudward parish, and the absence of marriage is a clear proof of the farmers' sufferings during some bygone years.

On the 2nd of March the Arbroath & Montrose R.R., was opened successfully for goods traffic, under the superintendence of Mr. Deuchars, district goods manager of the North British Railway Company. The first train from the south arrived a few minutes late of the advertised time, 8:35 A.M., and the first train from Montrose to Arbroath left at 8:5 A.M. During the day, four through trains to Aberdeen, and a similar number to the south, passed through the station, in addition to two local trains each way. The 4:4 P.M. train left for London with about 20 tons of dead meat, in addition to a number of wagons to other places in the south, filled with general merchandise. On Monday, the office furniture of the North British was removed to the new station here, and the whole traffic will hereafter be under the management of Mr. Wood, who acted as the representative of the company at this Caledonian station.

Lately an action was raised in the Hamilton Sheriff Court at the instance of Mrs. McLoughlin, widow of Michael McLoughlin, furnace filler, Quarter, against Messrs. Colvin Dunlop & Co., ironmasters, Quarter, and Mr. Galt, their manager, concluding for £500 damages for the loss of her husband, who was killed at defenders' works on 22nd January, 1880. It appeared that on the evening in question McLoughlin started on his night shift as a filler, and while with his barrow being raised to the top of the hoist, the clasp attached to the end of the wire-rope broke, and he was precipitated with the cage and barrow from near the top to the bottom, and killed instantaneously.

The ground of action was that the accident was caused through the culpable neglect of the defenders to supply sufficient good machinery. The evidence showed that prior to the accident there had been a crack in the clasp, which was not noticed, and defenders called a number of skilled and other witnesses to prove that this crack could not have been detected before hand, and that its existence in no way affected the stability of the clasp. Sheriff Birnie, after proof and debate, has given judgment assailing the defenders. In his note he observes, as far as appeared from the evidence, this case would not have been affected by the Employers' Liability Act, 1880.—Glasgow Herald.

Messrs. Thomas Meik & Son, civil engineers, York Place, Edinburgh, have prepared plans for the reconstruction of the Tay Bridge which more boldly face the difficulties of the work, and meet them more practically, than any design yet made public. Being well acquainted with the site of the Bridge and the old structure, they were in an advantageous position to make use of all the resources open to them, and this has been done. The features of the scheme are in the employment of the present foundations, the height of the railway above high-water to be 40 feet, the river traffic being accommodated by swing spans over a deep water channel, and the piers to be built of brick. The recommendations brought by the Board of Trade before the Parliamentary Committee have been carefully kept in view, and appear to be efficiently acted upon throughout. The estimated cost of a single line of rails upon the present foundations, with swing spans for a double line, is £330,000, and for completing the bridge for a double line additional £280,000 is required, making the total estimated cost £610,000. The single line would be ready for opening within two years, and it is stated that traffic might be run across it with safety while the foundations for the other line were being laid, five years being necessary for this work.—Dundee Advertiser.

The headquarters of the Yorktown Centennial Association were opened in Richmond, Va., on Saturday night, and great applause. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the populace for the first time since the war.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Oscar de Lafayette, Senator of France and grandson of the celebrated Lafayette, is dead.

The Moncton, Ont., Sugar refinery hands struck for an advance of 25 cents per day and got it.

The date of the trial of those accused of complicity in the murder of the Czar has been fixed for April 4th.

The production of coal in France increased last year to the extent of 2,391,133 tons, as compared with 1879.

A Ballinrobe despatch says that two Nallys, charged with shooting Hearne, have been discharged for want of evidence.

In 1878 Italy supplied France with 195,000 gallons of rough wine; in 1880 the figures had advanced to 1,500,000 gallons.

Lord Napier of Magdala is to be offered the rank of Field Marshal, in which case he will vacate the Governorship of Gibraltar.

It is likely that the English Government, at the request of France, will prosecute the Freiheit, the organ of the Socialists in London.

Several cases of country Postmasters using cancelled stamps have been reported in the Ottawa district, and their resignations demanded.

Sir William Howland has consented to preside at the banquet to be given the Hon. Edward Blake in Toronto on the evening of the 21st April.

Mr. Thos. M. Halpin, formerly associated with the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee in the publication of the New York Nation, died in Chicago yesterday.

A thousand tons of steel rails have arrived at Boston for the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, which road is to be greatly improved this season.

Mr. DeCosmos expects to leave for England in a short time to present a memorial to the Imperial Government on behalf of the Island Railway for British Columbia.

New tenders for Mounted Police and Indian supplies have been called for. Each tender this time must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for \$2,000.

Much anxiety is felt in Bogota, Central America, over a report that the United States had taken steps to establish coal stations at Chiriqui, Lagoona and Golfo Dulce.

King Alfonso XII. of Spain and Queen Maria Christina have sent to Leo XIII. an emulated chalice enriched with precious stones. Its value is £2,000 sterling.

The new British Book of Prayers contains a new entry, that of a Canadian lord, Baron de Longueuil, of Longueuil, in the Province of Quebec, holds a patent signed by Louis XIV.

The work of deepening the channel of the Galopos rapids, St. Lawrence River, will be resumed the latter part of the present week under the superintendence of Mr. S. Haycock.

The Home Rulers are considering the expediency of calling the attention of the House of Commons to the recent utterances of several Irish Judges, and asking their dismissal.

St. John, N.B., papers report large numbers of persons from Nova Scotia and the country districts of New Brunswick passing through that city en route to the United States.

In Chicago on Sunday night, Charles Young, while demented by jealousy, attempted to kill his wife, a young Canadian girl. He was arrested, but she refuses to prosecute him.

The Russian Councillors, Morsoloff and Bontseiff, now in Vienna, start shortly for Rome to continue direct with the Vatican negotiations relative to the...

A statement furnished the Canadian Government shows that 332,994 emigrants left Great Britain during the past year, as against 217,168 in 1879, being an increase of 115,131. From Ireland there were 93,641.

Another French Nihilist trial of Roussakoff has been arrested. Owing to his relations, the indictment against the prisoners connected with the assassination of the Czar must be recast and the trial further postponed for a few days.

A despatch from Sydney, N.S.W., says that Marquis Lyell's attempt to establish a settlement in New Ireland has collapsed. The colonists resented Noumes, New Caledonia, in a deplorable condition, having been several days without food or water.

Sir Richard Temple recently addressed a meeting in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce upon the relations existing between England and India. He said India was deficient in neither wealth nor food, and finances showed a small but steady surplus.

The shippers in Buffalo are anticipating the most lively season in navigation in years. Navigation is not expected to open before the last of April. There will be about 200,000, 000 feet of lumber shipped this year and about 300,000 tons more of coal. The iron ore shipments will exceed last year by 500,000 tons.

Fridolina Vagetin, aged 17, and Theresa Hansen, aged 20, lunatics, who arrived in New York by the Hamburg line yesterday, were taken in charge by the Commissioner of Emigration, a cable despatch stating that they had been sent to the United States by the authorities of the Village of Ballestern, Switzerland, where they resided, to get rid of their care.

The Pope recently ordered the Cardinal Vicar to institute strict inquiry into the sacrilegious traffic in spurious relics. The Cardinal Vicar has accordingly addressed a circular to Catholic Administrators throughout the world intimating that no bodies have been taken from the Catacombs for more than thirty years, and warning them against imposters. The entire osteological specimens purporting to be bodies of early Christian martyrs freshly dug from the Catacombs in Rome, have been shipped to America.

A curious incident occurred recently at the Vatican. An unknown Cardinal appeared in the Loggia of Raphael among the many persons gathered there on the occasion of the anniversary of Leo XIII's coronation. For a few moments he was supposed to be a foreign Cardinal whose appearance was unknown to the officials. It was, however, soon noticed that he wore a moustache, and that some of the accessories in his dress were incomplete, and on his being then questioned it was found that the supposed Cardinal was a poor madman who on several occasions presented himself to the Pope. Having managed to pass the Swiss Guards he had made his way to the apartment of Cardinal Jacobini, where he changed his clothes for a suit of his Eminence's robes, and was proceeding tranquilly to take his place among the members of the Sacred College in the Sixtine Chapel when he was discovered. He was removed quietly by the guards and taken to the asylum.



A SCOTCH LAND LEAGUE SONG.

There is Hope for the Highlands Yet.

BY "LODA."

Ho! my lads, we'll live in hope, For there's land upon the slope, And within the sheltered glebe, For faithful Highlandmen.

Let us be bold and brave, And our banner yet shall wave, O'er every Highland hill, Changeless in the Highlands still.

Trials have unmanned the strong, For the Gaels have suffered long, But the goal is within sight, When our wrongs shall be put right.

When the hills which wrought decay Shall be banished far away, Men of mark espouse her cause To abolish selfish laws.

Where the useless rashes grow, And the gentle streamlets flow, Fields of corn shall, in a while, Neatly the summer sunlight smile.

The old land marks too shall be Yet restored, sons of the free! And instead of silly sheep Men shall live, and sow and reap.

Ho! my lads, be of good cheer For the dawn is drawing near, Highlanders, without delay Rise and hail the better day!

Highlander.

(Concluded from last week.)

INFIDELITY OF THE PRESENT DAY

A LECTURE

BY REV. FATHER GRAHAM,

PARCH OF ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

A GLANCE AT THE CAUSES OF MODERN INFIDELITY.

I have referred, in the foregoing portion of my subject, my friends, to a few common notions with which atheism seeks to bolster up a bad cause, I have paraphrased some things which admit of closer reasoning, because I believe the technical forms of the Socratic method unsuited to a popular audience. If one false notion be removed from the mind of a single listener, or if, one true principle be more clearly understood by a single ingenious soul, I shall be amply repaid for my little labor.

I told you half an hour back that I should have something to say before I concluded, concerning the causes which have resulted in such a deplorable outbreak against the Most High God, as this last half of the nineteenth century has witnessed; an outbreak whose bitter and blasphemous malignancy is only surpassed by the ignorance which inspires it. I shall now attempt to fulfill that promise. Before I do so, however, I have a few remarks to make.

The genius of European civilization is Catholic, because only a great ecclesiastical power, with positive doctrines and organization, could have united the various tribes, interests and aspirations that sprang up from the ruins of the old imperial order of things. So, even now, a man is born into that Catholic civilization as a fish is born into the water. The sects are negations as sects; whatever positive beliefs they possess is Catholic, and it is this belief and the Catholicism which surrounds them that keeps them alive to-day. The sects have this, but they might as well argue against the existence of light before the powerful rays of the noonday sun. Protestantism never civilized a people because it is beyond her power. She is a disintegrating and a cohesive principle, and what she has not herself she cannot give to others. To deny is the sole essence of Protestantism, as her very name indicates; when she steps beyond denial she ceases to be Protestant and contradicts herself. The best virtue of Protestantism is inconscientism. I speak thus of Protestantism as a system, and I wish any Protestant who may read these words to fully understand that I do not refer to individuals, at least to those who do not set themselves up as champions of that unhappy rebellion against divine truth. Having premised this much I now proceed with my main argument.

1st. I say, then, that the Protestantism is the mother of modern infidelity. If you inquire, my friends, into the chief constitutive principle of Protestantism, you will find it to be—rejection of divine authority. This is purely and simply, the raison d'être of Protestantism. It is founded upon a formal act of disobedience and rebellion against the Church which the Divine Founder of Christianity established. Protestantism claims that she is a protest against the errors of the Catholic Church. There can be no error in the Catholic Church, though there may be plenty among many who call themselves Catholics. Any man who deliberately says that the Catholic Church can err, formally blasphemes the majesty of the Son of God. It was the Catholic Church which first brought to mankind the message of love, mercy and forgiveness, which Jesus Christ had ratified on the crimson heights of Calvary. We see her in the clear light of authentic history presiding over the cradle of the infant Christianity. We see her, and her alone, in conflict with the Gentile spirit concentrated in the bloody rage of the Roman Cæsars. We see her noble figure moving amid the fierce convulsions of barbarian invasion, an agent of charity and consolation. We see her bringing the new Europe to her feet by the influence of a divine commission, and gradually forming upon a Christian basis the young nations that became in time the glory of Christendom. Peter was the first visible head of this Church on earth, and to Peter this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And Leo XIII. is at this hour the legitimate successor of Peter—the heir of a spiritual dynasty that of itself battles the worst efforts of human hate and compels the admiration of its worst foes.

Now, if the Catholic Church ever erred, the gates, that is, the power of hell, would have prevailed against her. But Jesus Christ said the gates of hell should not prevail against her. When, therefore, Protestantism asserts that the Catholic Church has erred she says at the same time that Our Divine Lord spoke a falsehood.

But the proof, which the most extreme prejudice must admit, that Protestantism assumed a lie and sprang from a lie is found more clearly in the results of her three hun-

drod and sixty-four years' existence than in anything else. What has she done for mankind?

She robbed millions of the true faith. She robbed dogma of its divine sanction, by accepting some and rejecting others, consequently making obedience to divine revelation a mere matter of opinion.

She offered the secret oracles of God to the free interpretation of the wildest fanaticism, and placed the Bible and human reason upon the throne of the authority of the Holy Ghost, speaking through the Catholic Church. As worms are generated from a dead body, so sects and blasphemous errors have ever gone forth from lifeless Protestantism. She is like a man who can lop off a branch partake of the sap of the tree?

She has changed kings to tyrants by allowing their wicked pretension of "divine right," which the Catholic Church ever sternly refused to tolerate.

She has taught the people to rebel against legitimate civil authority by rebelling herself against authority that is divine.

She has given, as far as she could, the deposit of faith into the hands of State keepers, and has basely accepted whatever State interpretation governments put upon the ordinances and precepts of God.

She has loosened the foundations of society by introducing modern divorce. She may attempt to deny this, but the legislatures which pass easy divorce measures are the children of her own training, for what is divorce radically but a rejection of God's authority?

She cast off the centre of gravity, which is authority, so that it is no wonder Protestantism is a fallen, chaotic mass of contradictory opinions.

She taught man that his own judgment was a sufficient authority in all things, human and divine. Is it any wonder that the pupils should go a little further than their teacher, and deny the existence of God Himself? The Atheist is a bad man, but a logical Protestant. The only difference between him and his Bible quoting neighbor consists in the fact that the Atheist's protest has a wider horizon, actually, at least, than his orthodox brother's. To hear Protestantism condemning Atheism is as laughable a farce as "Box and Cox." She cannot say one word against Agnosticism and the rest that cannot be retorted upon herself with overwhelming force. She told man to do what he liked with his reason and yet pretends to be dreadfully shocked when the monkey cuts his throat with the razor she has given him! A lie is always inconsistent. So Protestantism puts the three ecclesiastical tailors of Tooley street, Revs. Dale, Tooth and Machoaniche into jail for defying her—authority!!! And the world knows that she cannot rebuke an Atheist without turning her back upon her own record and stultifying the dull tones of Hooker, Chillingworth, Stillingleet & Co.; not to speak of the confounding metaphysics of the Teutonic divines.

There is no use in Protestantism retorting that there were Atheists in Christendom before she began to exist. Show me that that or any other Atheism was a natural product of Catholic teaching and I will abandon the whole position. Now modern Atheism is a natural product of Protestantism,—her own proper offspring—and lugging on its back, not only sheer unbelief, but also the old stock prejudices and calumnies against the Catholic Church. Here are the proofs:—

The great objective point of Atheistic attack is the Catholic Church. The matter is indeed, but the form of this attack is Protestant. Hence you will find in almost every Atheistic onslaught, much enlarging upon Galileo, the Inquisition, Massacre of St. Bartholomew, &c., and this choice of Protestant weapons, proves conclusively, the Protestant origin of modern Skepticism. The tattered rag of Protestant slander still hangs about the rickety limbs of naked Atheism; it still sits contented amid its evilish thoughts; without one desire, alas! to arise and go to its Father. Atheism is simply Protestantism with one more denial.

But, my friends, perhaps some person may be tempted to say:—How can you say such a thing? Does not Protestantism profess belief in Jesus Christ? But, let us analyze the belief for a moment. Our Lord says he who will not hear the Church should be left upon as a heathen and publican. Now, when Protestantism says, "I believe in God,"—"but I don't believe the Catholic Church,"—"He who will not hear—in other words, believe—the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." A profession of belief on Protestant grounds, is a plus and minus affair—one part destroys the force of the other. Our Lord further says:—"It is not every one who saith Lord! Lord! that shall be saved, but he who doth the will of my Heavenly Father." And it is the will of God to believe the Catholic Church and to submit to her authority. Protestantism, as such, cannot make an act of faith.

THE SO-CALLED RENAISSANCE.

The much praised Renaissance may or may not have exercised in a classical and art sense, an influence for good on society, but it certainly did not make the world morally better. Nay, I place it here as one of the active agents of Atheism in the world, not exactly in itself, but because of the illusive ideas it formed in men's minds respecting the real moral standards of Pagan antiquity, and the confusion it added to the dogmatic allegations that afflicted Europe.

What painting became after the revival of Paganism, called the Renaissance, one can see for himself by visiting an art gallery. It would seem, from the display to be witnessed there, that Art had but one purpose, viz., to represent trophies performers in outlandish attitudes—without the lights. And this art nude re-creation of the Pagan ideal—this senseless degradation of beauty to a mere thing of the Christian ideal as soon as Protestantism loomed into a pale shadow in the world. Sculpture was worse, for, without a shadow of the excellence of Phidias or Praxiteles, it reproduced the most reprehensible features of heathen art, until a gallery of statuary had to be veiled like the hideous Mookanna of the past; was compelled to hide its shame from the light of day.

disputed reading of a Pagan poet or moralist? What a momentous business it was to throw light on an epigram of Martial or discover the true version of a sarcasm of Juvenal! And that a vast advantage was it not to rank to know that the crumbling capital of a column was of the Ionic not the Doric order of architecture, or that "Cave canem," on the threshold of a Roman residence, meant "ware the dog!"

If the mischief had stopped at this it would have been bad enough, but it did not. By degrees it came to pass that the Pagan was set up as a rival of the Christian moral and the world was told by the skepticism of the times that Christianity was by no means so necessary to mankind as its champions claimed. Socrates or Seneca they held was as good a moralist as Christianity could show, and the morality of Cicero's "Offices" was essentially as high as that of the Bible. Those who spoke thus were, like their more modern disciples, totally ignorant of the whole question, and they were so on account of two grave errors, which exist in the minds of thousands at this day. The first error is, that man gradually progressed from utter barbarism and ignorance to a clearer knowledge of his dignity, and so attained civilization. The second error is, that the moral of the Pagans was of Pagan origin.

1st. Man has not arisen from barbarism as from an original condition, for man was not called into existence and placed in this world without a sufficient knowledge of his creator, his own being, his obligation to his creator in the order of nature, and the reciprocal duties which existed between man and man. But beside this, God gave man a revelation suitable to the primitive condition of things, essentially, of course, the same as the law of Sinai. An altar and a sacrifice marked man's dependence and the Lord's universal sovereignty, and a careful performance of the domestic and patriarchal duties of that simple era lent a moral dignity and a social significance to the head of the family. A few first principles of natural law held aggregation of families together in peace and tranquility. The belief in the existence of a God was universal; Atheistic motives were unknown because the degrading vices which prepare the human heart for such evil were unheard of. It was the happy youth of the human race, simple, guileless and without ambition for riches and power.

It is to this epoch that the pagan poets refer when they sing of the Golden Age. They clothe it with the forms of heathen thought, but are unable to wholly deface the general features of that time.

Man, as we well know, did not long preserve intact the primitive revelation. The increase of population scattered the race far and wide; man became corrupt; faith was lost, and imagination devised vain things, gave them form and substance in stocks and stones; fell down and worshipped them. Then, as the ages advanced, the poets stepped in with a whole machinery of polytheism, inspired by the credulity of the times and the vanity of popular applause. Nevertheless, the general traits of abandoned truth were apparent during the worst phases of heathenism. There was an altar, a sacrifice, a priest; there was Jupiter, or Zeus god of the gods; rewards and punishments in another world. All these things were perversions of primitive revelation, which man, in spite of the most profound pervarication, did not get rid of. Moreover, the moral of the better time, though terribly defaced by human wickedness, remained in the hearts and intelligence of men. Conscience was ever true to the primitive revelation, so that those men who were strong enough intellectually to withstand the blinding influence of the "own depravity, gravitated, in poetry, toward the true idea that informed the primitive revelations of God. It was after the primitive revelation was lost, as far as possible, that men sank to a comparative state of barbarism. Even the apparent civilization of Greece and Rome would never have existed were it not for the elevating influence of the *divina membra* of primitive revelation held by those peoples.

2nd. What I have just said explains the existence of so-called "heathen morality" in great part. Besides this direct, though distorted, transmission of primal belief, there was another factor which entered largely into the formation of the moral code of heathenism, and that factor was the Hebrew nation. However exclusive the Israelites wished to be, they could not avoid coming in contact with the great empires that surrounded them. From Assyria to Numma, from Numma to Cyrus, from Cyrus to Alexander, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Macedonian and Roman empires had, in spite of themselves, been strongly influenced by theocracy of Palestine, and were clearly cognizant of the special relations of the Hebrew nation with Heaven and the positive and explicit laws of moral government which had been given to that people by Almighty God. And this is the reason why the jorimitic books, like the Zend, Avesta, the old Vedas, the fragments of Numma Pompilius' laws, the rhyme of the Sybils, &c., copy at times the very phraseology of the sacred revelations of the Jews, and are, without one single exception, purely theistic in their teaching. The heathenism of Greece and Rome, and the other great empires of antiquity, did not exist because people were invincibly ignorant of the truth, but because men found themselves part of a system, pleasant and sensual, and would not make an effort to lift themselves from the bed of roses upon which they listlessly lay, half asleep and half awake. The educated classes of heathenism languished at the theatrical Olympus and its posing divities, knowing full well that the whole thing was a creation of the poets, and a farce. But, they never spoke of Zeus or Jupiter without respect, because the superior divinity attached to him harmonized with the fragmentary light of the ancient theism which existed in their minds and compelled them by the sternest logic to respect it if they would not believe. The conscience of Paganism was not always obtuse; the highest intelligence in literature, science and art, break out at intervals, in such desolation of despairing agony as becomes an immortal soul held in the meshes of sensuality and falsehood. The Laocoon writhes in heathen literature as well as in art.

It was to this truncated moral, beautiful but imperfect like a judgment of Phidias, that the Renaissance turned the rebellious elements of man's nature. Pride so blinded their intelligence that they took a rushlight to guide their steps while the sun was shining in the firmament of authoritative truth, the Catholic Church. Nothing is so fatal to truth as truth perverted, so we need not wonder that Protestantism became more obstinate in rebellion when the pretence of Pagan moral was assimilated into her system. And Atheism is the natural result of both one and the other.

I shall pause here, my friends, for the development of these important truths would require a volume. I think I have said enough to show you upon what frail grounds Agnosticism and its kindred theories have built their houses of cards. If boisterous assertion could blind men to an illogical position the Atheists would carry all before them. They

hate this same philosophy that detects the vicious flaws in their senseless jargon. Their cause is almost hopeless, because they are so wedded to the ominous creatures of their own imagination, that they scornfully reject the common sense that would save them from the temporal and eternal consequences of their error. Let them go their way; Death tests all, and to the judgment of Heaven we leave them.

There is a God; your hearts tell us so. The night, with its starry host, speaks His glory, and the breeze of the noon-day sun, His splendor. He whispers to us in the solitude of deep woods; He thunders in the midst of the storm; He moves with the resistless hurricane that rages among Alpine heights; He stirs our affections with the beauty of flowers. The moving spheres make harmony before His throne; light and darkness come and go in His presence; the great seas throw up their supplicating waters toward Him; the Universe hears and obeys His voice; He wreathes the tropics with the loveliest creations; He cast about the poles their icy desolation; He spread the sand wastes of boundless sterility; He piled up the rocky ranges, where terror dwells and dread silence unbroken since His Word went forth prolific, through gloomy chaos, at the birth of Time. Creation is ever being born in preservation, and the works of His Hands go forth on their career, crying joyfully to the spheres and catching their harmonious reply. He wraps Himself in light inaccessible, yet doth He watch the sparrow's fall and hear the throbbing tenderness of a babe's first prayer. He is surrounded by hordes of His Own Being and the melodious praise of celestial myriads, yet He contemplates with complacency the tear on the cheek of penitence and the soul's dying mother with a promise that He will care for her little child that she is leaving behind. He holds the destructive forces of the Universe in check, and compassionately provides for the widow and the orphan. Majesty and power and beauty and wisdom are His, and He employs them all in our behalf.

The bread that sustains life, the raiment that covers us, the water that assuages our thirst, the various fruits, pleasant to the taste, are gifts of His bounty. The blessing of true friendship, the tenderness of charity, the generosity of self-sacrifice, the forbearance and patience of affection for us, are from His hands. Health of body, perfection of senses, symmetry of form, elasticity of spirits, are His gifts.

All His laws lead man to happiness if they be obeyed. They are simple and easily understood, when we approach them in the light of the illuminating Word, but inexplicable to him who boasts that reason requires no aid. Behind the simplest law, He stands and ranks it a mystery; we read his working, but its meaning is not for us while wayfarers on earth; we imagine we grasp it, when behold! some principle unseen before baffles our intelligence. Let His light shine, and all is revealed; the complex becomes the simple, and we marvel at the amount of thought we expended in vain to understand a principle which an infant may grasp. All sciences lead to Him; no matter how far we may carry principles of knowledge, we must stop short at last, we have not exhausted the science; we have only exhausted our own mental powers; beyond us, lies a vast, boundless eternity of light before which we stand, reverently and humbly, if Christians,—proud and blind, if unbelievers.

The error of the age is the false idea that absolute perfectibility is in the power of our race,—that man himself is the solution of an elevation which will make us sufficient to ourselves. Such a future is a dream, a chimera, a phantom of human pride.

It should not surprise us, however, that those who would reject God from His own creation should imagine that man shall succeed to the vacant throne, and work out infinite effects from finite causes. Nothing is too absurd for him to believe who trusts entirely to reason. We, too, look for a perfect future for man, but not in this world. Obedience to God's law, submission to the Catholic Church, self-denial and charity, these are the germs of that great transformation that awaits us when the Lord God shall draw the veil of His visible creation aside and permit us to see Him face to face.

And, now, in conclusion, let me tell you, my friend a story, which will relieve a rather dry subject for the generality, and prove to all the real worth of atheism at the supreme moment that tests all theories.

There was a man who lived some years ago in a pretty Canadian town. We will call him Mr. Thomas Telfer. He was a professed unbeliever, very stylish, an excellent horseman, who dogged life's serious obligations in a amateurish, dilettanti way refreshing to witness. His expatiating on the happy consequences of the atheist and the groundless tenors of christian believers, was quite a treat to his friends and a matter of concern to the "sporting" gentlemen and young "bloods" of the vicinity. He was very indignant, too, whenever anybody questioned the high honor and exquisitely virtuous tone of the unbeliever, "Did you ever hear of an atheist," he would demand loftily, "neglecting to pay his debts? Did you ever hear of one of us unbelievers, as you slaves call us, getting drunk and shouting 'We won't go home till morning' at 3 o'clock a.m.? No, sir, we are your superiors, morally as well as intellectually, and Christianity must be a poor stick when it cannot make men as good as we are!"

Mr. Thomas Telfer disappeared one fine day and, with him, went a young married lady, of respectable connections, who had up to that time, enjoyed an irreproachable reputation among all classes of the community. It was marvellous how she left her husband, for he was a professional gentleman, intellectually and physically head and shoulders above the very virtuous atheist, Mr. Thomas Telfer. No doubt, like the rest of his class, he was an adept at a "phim," which may, perhaps, partly account for it, the anomaly.

One beautiful summer evening, when the sun was sinking in glory behind the blue waters of Ontario, a gallant steamer, laden with gay tourists, was majestically up the dock of that Canadian town. There were greetings and laughter and the confusion of tongues usual on such occasions, while music lent a charm to the lively scene. The passenger on deck spoke of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, but had no word to say of the brilliant humor of one particular gentleman who had kept them in roars of laughter coming down the lake.

Mr. Thomas Telfer was that brilliant gentleman who had so amused the tourists. He was in the bar when the boat arrived, and now, looking out of the window, he surveyed the well-known surroundings and laughingly greeted some old acquaintances on the wharf. A white, furious face broke through, cries of warning are heard, Mr. Thomas Telfer, horrified, sees, but sees too late! He cast himself down on his hands and knees, and struggles for the bar door.

Bang! a pistol shot! And, Mr. Thomas Telfer shrieks, "O God! I'm shot!" and sinks on his face—dead!

On the brink of the abyss, that soul as

serted its origin and confessed its Creator! Ah! Thomas Telfer, Thomas Telfer! your atheism was a poor reed in that dread moment when God's hour had come! And, as you find it, so shall the solution be for all who dare blaspheme Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the meaning and destiny of the universe.

THE END.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

Among the many celebrations which take place at this well-known institution of learning during the scholastic year that of St. Patrick's Day holds a most prominent position. Its annual recurrence is always hailed with much enthusiasm and genuine goodwill.

On last Thursday, then, at about a quarter to seven o'clock, a Low Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Superior, Father Geoffroy, C.S.C., at which the members of the St. Patrick's Society received Holy Communion in a body. It was truly an imposing sight. The beautiful little chapel was superbly decorated. The high altar, as also the oratory of St. Patrick, was richly decked with both natural and artificial flowers, costly vases, and a multitude of candles.

At half-past eight o'clock a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Meahan, C.S.C., assisted by Rev. Father Carrier, C.S.C., as deacon, and Rev. Mr. White, C.S.C., as sub-deacon. After Communion Rev. Father McGarry, C.S.C., delivered a fine paueyric of St. Patrick. Mass being ended, the members of the St. Patrick's Society enjoyed themselves in a becoming and praiseworthy manner in their spacious hall.

In the evening a public entertainment was given in the grand hall attached to the College by the members of the St. Patrick's Society, and indeed, it was an entertainment in the truest significance of the term: good, very good, from beginning to end. The programme of the evening was varied and of an interesting and pleasing nature.

At eight o'clock the beautiful strains of the band burst forth as the Faculty entered the hall, and immediately the evening's entertainment began.

After the music, Mr. George P. Lyons, President of the Society, stepped forward and delivered a very eloquent and telling oration on "The Day we Celebrate." Mr. Lyons has a fine voice, and his gestures, delivery, etc., show at once that he has already advanced far in the art of oratory. During its delivery he was frequently interrupted by vociferous manifestations of pleasure and delight. A solo, entitled "Carnival of Venice," was then played with great spirit on the cornet by Mr. Ed. Somers, which called forth enthusiastic applause and an encore, to which he responded by a few select variations. Mr. X. Lefebvre, Vice-President of the St. Cecilia's Society, then delivered an excellent French speech on "Poetry."

The next principal feature of the entertainment was the acting of a tragedy in five acts, entitled, "Brutus or the Fall of Turquin." All those who took part in it deserve the highest praise. Mr. Ed. Somers acted the part of "Brutus" and his rendering was appreciated and admired by all. This young gentleman appears to be possessed of all the qualifications necessary to become one of the leading lights of the St. Patrick's Society, in the not far distant future. Mr. Lenehan took the part of "Titus," Brutus' son. His acting was very good and called for rounds of applause. Mr. Kennedy took his part well; as also did Messrs. Brown, Daly, Farrelly, Sheridan and McCarthy; in a word, all the young actors acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner.

At the close of the first act, a selection, "La Vallee des Roses," was played by the band, an organization which, by the way, is progressing rapidly in the art of music.

The exercises of the evening terminated by a farce entitled "The Virginia Mummy," and which was so well carried out by those who took part in it that it drew forth frequent cheers and applause from the well pleased audience.

The President of the Society having announced that the proceedings of the evening were then ended, the Rev. Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in Canada rose, and in a few well chosen words highly complimented the young gentlemen on the faithful rendition of their respective parts; and then, amid a few of the good old national airs of Ireland, the large audience slowly left the hall and betook themselves to their respective homes.

Thus the celebration of St. Patrick's Day at St. Laurent College passed into history, and twelve long months shall meander down the stream of time before the St. Patrick's Society shall again come forth to celebrate the feast of their Patron Saint. We hope it shall merit as much praise as was accorded to it last Thursday night.

SPECTATOR.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Concord, N. H. Patriot.

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Each package of the genuine bears our Trade Mark—a cut of the Rising Sun.

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LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal Agents. Registered in Great Britain in 1866.



THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy, Go while it is called to-day; For the years go out, and the years go in, Regardless of those who may lose or win, Of those who may work or play.

COMMON SENSE IN MEDICINE.

Dr. M. Souville, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, seems to be meeting with excellent success.

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WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT IN DANGER.

LONDON, March 23.—The apathy into which the course of events has fallen in the House of Commons was disturbed to-day in a way which was entirely in harmony with the spirit of destruction to diggites prevailing throughout Europe.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows.

NO PERNICIOUS INGREDIENTS!

A Scotch landlady, being told by a customer that he hoped she put no pernicious ingredients into her liquor, retorted: "There's nothing pernicious put into our barrels but the exciseman's stick."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS need only a single trial to make known their capabilities.

No outside cure or inward inflammation can long withstand the cooling, purifying, and healing influences exerted by these two Medicaments.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, have been gotten up on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and any one using them, at especially this season of the year, will find in them the best spring medicine obtainable.

A DOSE OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE Comfits or Worm Lozenges, creates great constipation among the worms, which twice and twist in the stomachs of many children, and even adults.

A PAIN IN THE SIDE MAY BE THE precursor of a pleuritic attack. It should not be neglected.

One had been all over Europe, and his friend was after doing the Great Northwest, when they met in London.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

The will of Charles Edward Stuart, "Comte d'Albanie," which has just been proved by Lord Lovat, as the attorney of the Countess Sobieski de Platt, the daughter and residuary legatee of the late Count, bequeaths to the Marquis of Bute the Highland "Claidth-mor," said to have been won by the testator's grandfather, the "Young Cavalier," at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk and Culloden.

Erps's COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Erps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Count Pecci, the Pope's brother, is dead. A school of cookery has been opened in Halifax. Germany is making important concessions to the Vatican.

Medical.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR. Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season.

Medical.

LUBY'S. A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey. She was disconsolate, but fortunately found out in time the virtues of a certain remedy which made the Grey Hair disappear as if by magic.

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THE. On the Montreal Exchange one broker remarked to another: "Why, look, Blank has grey hair!" Blank who is a young man and somewhat of a beau, felt annoyed at the fact of having his grey hairs discovered.

Medical.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

At St. John's, N. F., the railway debate is still occupying the Local Parliament. It is pretty certain that the American proposals will be accepted, and the road constructed by a New York Company.

Medical.

Count Stolberg, the most extensive forest in Scotland, including over 80,000 acres, is in the market to let for the coming season.

Medical.

In cases of Chronic diseases which doctors have failed to cure, Burdock Blood Bitters has achieved its greatest triumph.

Medical.

A Calcutta telegram says the impression is gaining ground that the Kolapore conspiracy, although in itself contemptible, has this serious feature: it reveals the existence of widespread discontent in Western India.

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CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable, and will not harm the most delicate woman or child.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Bladder sure and certain.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is the greatest Blood Cleanser in the world; it liberally cleans up and carries from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Regulates the Bowels and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is not a cheap Rumm Drink but is the greatest discovery yet made in medicine.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is put up in half-pint bottles, and sold for 25c. PER BOTTLE.

It is sold by Druggists and Storekeepers generally and if they have not got it and have not energy enough to order it, write us and we will tell you where you can get it.

F. M. CARPENTER, Montreal, Que.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Is hereby given that Henry H. Geddes, F. X. Cocheat, Wm. A. Curry, George B. Muir, J. L. Barro and others, Real Estate Agents, of the City of Montreal, will apply to the Provincial Legislature at its next Session for an Act of Incorporation under the name of the Montreal Board of Real Estate Agents.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.

Permanently Cured—No humbug—No quackery—No danger—No expense—No delay—No pain—No loss of time—No loss of money—No loss of health—No loss of friends—No loss of reputation—No loss of anything but the disease.

ASH & ROBBINS.

300 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION Positively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are not cured by the usual means, should try Dr. J. C. Ayer's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and are guaranteed to cure all cases of this disease, or to refund the money expended. All sufferers should also try Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a powerful and reliable remedy for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

ASH & ROBBINS.

300 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER!

Absolutely pure; is the best in the world; is made in England; is sold in all parts of the world; is the only Baking Powder that will give a light, porous, and delicious cake; is the only Baking Powder that will give a light, porous, and delicious cake; is the only Baking Powder that will give a light, porous, and delicious cake.

WHEAT FLOUR.

Wm. Johnston & Co., 77 St. James St., Montreal. Jas. Pearson, 111 King St. West, Toronto. F. L. Batcher, St. John, N.B. W. L. Mackenzie, Winnipeg, Manitoba. 504

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink) CONTAINS: HOPS, BEUCH, MANDRAKE, DANDELION. AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE: All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, and especially Female Complaints. \$1000 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure, or will be paid for a case they will not cure, or will be paid for a case they will not cure.

FARMS FOR SALE AT STE. THERESE.

A Splendid Farm on the Banks of the River St. Rose. Three acres in breadth and forty acres in depth. Good stone house, 42x38 feet, three stories, large good stabling for cattle, and two houses for workmen; a young, thriving orchard, which will be bearing fruit next year.

BEATTY.

Three Miles from Ste. Therese. A Farm containing seventy acres, twenty-five acres under cultivation, the balance in standing bush; good house and barns. Terms Easy. Particulars on applying at 249 Commissioners street, or 429 Miguonne.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free. VANOUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O. Nov. 3, 80. 12-0

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Pianos Appear on high prices. Ragin's War on the monopoly renewed. Ragin's Pianos are the latest and best. Ragin's Pianos are the latest and best. Ragin's Pianos are the latest and best.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

J. N. ROUSSEL, NOTARY PUBLIC, Huntmeadon, P.Q. APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for an act incorporating an institution under the name of "L'Hopital Notre Dame," in Montreal. 305



SOUTH AFRICA

Potchefstroom Captured by the Boers - The Armistice - The Flag of the Transvaal Hoisted in Triumph.

LONDON, March 23.—It is understood that the negotiations with the Boers were instituted through the medium of Donald Currie, member of Parliament for Perthshire, and Aylmer Stevens, the latter's assistant, and a contract of Currie, also took a prominent part in the pour parlars before the commencement of formal negotiations.

A Durban correspondent says that military men and colonists regard the issue of the negotiations with the Boers as most humiliating to England and destructive to her prestige in these Territories. Men everywhere express shame at being Englishmen, and talk of going to some country where national honor has not been abused.

MOUNT PROSPECT, March 23.—The conference with the Boers assumed a critical phase at 6 o'clock this evening. Till then it had proceeded quietly, but the Boers raised strenuous opposition to the point relative to the march of some troops to Heidelberg, and touching the position of the administration there.

At to-day's conference, at O'Neil's Farm, the Boers definitely agreed to retire from Laing's Neck to-morrow.

DURBAN, March 25.—Trustworthy information just received here from Swaziland, describes the intensely hostile attitude of the Boers there to the British. The natives were kept in a state of terror and were severely punished if they ventured to doubt the stories told by the Boers of disaster to the English. The Swazis and Zulus are both loyal, but are eagerly expecting the restoration of British authority in the Transvaal, and their dismay at the English submission will be profound.

LONDON, March 25.—The Hague newspapers publish a letter from Myhrer Blockland, a zealous defender of the Boers, recommending that the friends of the Boers redouble their activity in order to secure the fulfilment of the peace conditions and keep alive the sympathy of Europe and America.

NEWCASTLE, March 25.—The Boers hoisted the flag of the Transvaal amid loud acclamations before they dispersed. Paul Kruger will arrive on Saturday. He will assist Sir Evelyn Wood in governing the Transvaal until the Commission has concluded its labors.

DURBAN, March 25.—The Boers camped a mile within their own border last night and departed to-day.

DURBAN, March 25.—A despatch from Durban says that troops have been ordered to retreat to Newcastle for six months, and leave of absence granted to officers has been stopped.

PROSPECT HILL, March 25.—Laing's Neck was clear of Boers by 7 o'clock Thursday evening. They marched off in an imposing column of 1,000 mounted men and 250 waggonettes. Neither the men nor the horses show any traces of sickness. They will disperse and reach their own territory.

NEWCASTLE, March 25.—The Boers hoisted the flag of the Transvaal amid loud acclamations before they dispersed. Paul Kruger will arrive on Saturday. He will assist Sir Evelyn Wood in governing the Transvaal until the Commission has concluded its labors.

DURBAN, March 25.—A fight of six hours' duration has taken place in Dalaka, in the district of Ladang. The result was not decisive. Colonel Currie and several officers on the British side were seriously wounded.

The feeling of humiliation over the ignominious result of the struggle with the Boers has been aggravated by the news of the Boers' demand for indemnity for loss and injury inflicted on them. The Boer leaders claim, and the British Government by its course practically admits that the war was forced on them. It is difficult to see how Mr. Gladstone can refuse to entertain their demand. Experienced and impartial judges believe the Boer business will involve the compulsory return of England from the whole of South Africa before very long. Many anticipate an early renewal of the war.

The agreement arrived at by Joubert and Wood is little more than an armistice. The actual conditions of peace will not be definitely settled until the Royal Commission gets to work. The Boers can easily object to such details, and if they do, they will not be left to face the English single-handed, the feeling against the blundering and bad faith shown by the Colonial Office agents being almost as intense in the Orange Free State as in Holland. A great South African Republic is now among the possibilities.

NEWCASTLE, March 25.—A messenger from Potchefstroom reports that that place surrendered the day peace was signed, after hard fighting, in which 18 British soldiers were killed and ninety wounded. The Boers captured 3,000 rounds of ammunition and two guns.

AYOUB KHAN IN TROUBLE. GANDHAR, March 25.—Mahomed Hassim Khan, Governor of Kushk, has induced three Hent regiments at Kushk to mutiny and join him and the Ainal tribe in an attack on Hent. It may be safely inferred that the murder of Mohamed Jan, who commanded these regiments, was the first act of rebellion, instead of the result of a private quarrel. At last accounts, the rebellion was so formidable that Ayoub Khan was virtually besieged in the Citadel. This gives a favorable opportunity for Abdurrahman Khan to re-unite Afghanistan under the supremacy of Kabul. Five thousand of his troops are now on the road hither, and should be in full possession of Candahar Province by the 15th of April.

THE CUBAN PECULATIONS. FURTHER ARRESTS—CENSURES IN SPANISH CIRCLES—PROMISED REFORMS. PAIS, March 24.—A Madrid correspondent telegraphs as follows:—General Blanco has telegraphed that he has made more arrests. Several more persons implicated in the frauds have been discovered. They include two persons of rank, one of whom belongs to a great firm which has connections in Spain. The Colonial Office declines to give their names, judicial procedure being secret in Spain. These discoveries in Cuba and the determination of the Cabinet to punish the offenders of all ranks and their civilian accomplices has caused visible uneasiness in Spanish society. As these investigations are being carried back to contracts of ten years past, they promise amazing revelations of the corruption and misgovernment of the Government, that of the revolution, that of the Republic, and that of the restoration alike. Spaniards themselves confess that the Colonial abuses were to their climax under Governor Llo Balmourol, Sordani and Dala, who had their attention absorbed by the Civil War. In regard to the army contracts and Custom House frauds, I hear from men who have held high positions in the

army in Cuba that matters may be found for the prosecution of hundreds of officials and many Colonial firms, if the investigations are sincere and the records are not destroyed. Senator Surra, the newly-appointed Director of the Cuban Treasury, after a long and stormy interview with the Minister of the Colonies, has only consented to leave by the next steamer on four conditions, absolute liberty of investigation, the right to dismiss all suspicious or untrustworthy officials, the reform of the tribunal of accounts, and the right to take any severe measures of correction he desires, subject only to the advising of the Home Government by cable, but never subject to the veto of the Governor-General. The Directors of the Cuban Treasury also ask permission to wire and report direct to the Colonial office, because the military authorities in Cuba have frequently objected to a departure from the traditions of local administration, or have even refused to make changes that the Home Government deemed necessary. General Blanco had objected to full powers being given to act vigorously, because the Madrid press loudly denounces the abuses in the colonies. The Creole Deputies and Senators, in a long interview with Senator Sagasta and Leon Y. Castillo, received again the assurance that the active repression of frauds would be followed by tariff and flag duty reforms, and a modification of the Custom House regulations, the Slavery Bill regulations and a redistribution of taxation directly the Cortes are elected in September, 1881.

Finance and Commerce.

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, March 29, 1881.

FINANCIAL.

Money on call and time is loaned at 5 to 6 per cent., while good mercantile borrowers can get their paper discounted at 6 to 7 per cent. Sterling Exchange is dull at 8 1/2 prem. between banks; 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 cash over the counter. Drafts on New York were drawn at 1/2 to 1/3 prem.

The stock market this a. m. was firm. Montreal advanced 1/2 per cent to 184; Ontario 1/2 to 101; Commerce 1/2 to 142; Montreal Telegraph 1/2 to 127; and Richelieu 1/2 to 62. Merchants' was steady at 118; and Gas at 154.

MORNING SALES.—2 Montreal, 183 1/2; 29 do 184; 112 do 184 1/2; 6 Consolidated 20; 12 Molsons 108 1/2; 25 Commerce 142 1/2; 15 do 142 1/2; 10 Richelieu 61 1/2; 25 do 62; 25 Gas 154 1/2; 8 Loan & Mortgage 106; 8 Graphic 52 1/2.

This afternoon stocks were about steady, but dull. Montreal closed at 184 bid; Ontario at 101; Merchants at 118; Commerce at 142; Montreal Telegraph at 127; Richelieu at 61 1/2; and Gas at 154.

AFTERNOON SALES.—20 Montreal, 184; 25 do 184 1/2; 49 Commerce, 142 1/2; 37 Ville Marie, 42; 50 Montreal Telegraph, 127 1/2; 50 Richelieu, 62 1/2; 4 City Passenger, 117; 32 Gas, 154 1/2.

NEW YORK, March 29, 1 p.m.—Stocks weak. R. I., 135 1/2; N. Y. C., 146 1/2; L. S., 131 1/2; C. S., 80; M. C., 113 1/2; Erie, 48; pfd., 86; N. W., 124; pfd., 136 1/2; D. & L., 123 1/2; J. C., 102 1/2; U. P., 119; N. P., 42; W. U., 113 1/2; Am. Ex., 72.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Trade prospects continue good, although the movement of staple goods during the past week attained no greater proportions. Interviews with prominent men in all lines of business are most encouraging and would seem to indicate that with the opening of navigation in this year of grace 1881 a season of prosperity and business ventures, such as was never before known in Canadian annals, will dawn upon us with every likelihood of being continued for the next four years at least. The opening up of a direct steamship line between Canada and Brazil is a matter of prime importance to our wholesale grocery trade and will favorably affect other business interests, besides affording an outlet to Montreal and Canadian manufactures generally. Then there is the new steamship line between Montreal and Antwerp, established by the White Cross Co. and which is to be supplemented by a regular weekly mail line in 1882. This venture is already an assured success and supplies a long felt want. Formerly all goods imported from, or exported to the Continent, either had to be shipped in Canadian steamers for the continent via Liverpool or London or go direct from New York. Now all this expense and trouble will be done away with, and we learn that all the space which the new line will be able to afford is engaged for months ahead of us about to be so engaged. As reviewed below it will be found that the wholesale trade of the city is steady and may be expected to remain without decided improvement for the next week or so.

GROCERIES.—A fair amount of business was done in general groceries. In teas, greens and blacks are dull while Japan being scarcer are firmly held as a rule. Prices ranged all the way from 20c to 70c according to description and quality. Nagasaki Japan may be quoted at 25c to 35c; common Japan, 22c to 25c; good common to medium, 27c to 30c; fair to good, 31c to 40c; fine to choice, 41c to 53c. Young Hyson, first, 18c to 50c; seconds, 35c to 45c; thirds, 30c to 35c; fourths, 27c to 29c. Gunpowder, low grades, 35c to 40c; good to fine, 50c to 60c; finest, 64c to 70c. Coughn, fine to finest, 41c to 60c. Soucheong, fine to choice, 50c to 70c. Sugar. Refined is moderately active, but there is not much business reported in raw. Montreal yellow, 7 1/2 to 9c; granulated, 9c to 10c; Gracors A, 9c to 9 1/2c; raw sugar 7 1/2 to 7 3/4c. Molasses.—Only the ordinary local demand is experienced. Barbadoes, 52c to 55c; Porto Rico, 52c to 54c. Bright syrup, 70c to 72c; medium, 65c to 68c. Spicosee slow. Cloves, 40c to 50c. Black pepper, 13c to 16c; white, 16c to 17c. Fruits steady and firm. Valencia raisins, 8c to 9c; Sultanas, 10c to 11c; Currants, 6c to 7c; Prunes 6c to 6 1/2c; Almonds, 6c to 7c; S. S. Tarragona, 13c to 15c; Walnuts, 12c to 10c; Filberts, 8c to 9c.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—Business is inactive and inclined to drag heavily. Manufacturers on the other side of the ocean line appear reluctant to go back to anti-strike prices, but the patient waiting of buyers will probably compel them to do something of the kind before long. In a local way there will be little doing until the opening of navigation establishes a lower freight tariff for the movement of heavy chemicals to the interior. Travellers on the road with samples of light drugs and perfumery continue to report favorably. We quote:—Borax, 15c to 17c; sugar of lead, 13c to 14c; bichromate of potash, 15c to 16c; soda ash, \$1.60 to \$1.90; cream tartar, ground, 32c to 34c; do, crystal, 28c to 31c; bleaching powder, \$1.60 to \$1.75; alum, \$1.90; Hour sulphur, \$2.75 to \$2.87; roll do, \$2.25 to \$2.50; epsom salts, \$1.30 to 1.50; sal soda, \$1.15; saltpetre, \$9.50 to \$10.00 per keg; whitening, 55c to 70c; quinine, \$3.90 to \$4; castor oil, 10c to 11c; opium, \$8.25 to 8.75; bi-carb soda, \$3.30 to 3.50.

Care for your live stock would seem an almost superfluous piece of advice to farmers, cattle raisers, horsemen and others, whose cattle is largely invested in quadrupeds. Yet how often are the diseases and sanitary requirements of horses and cattle disregarded; how often are they left to the care of the ignorant and brutal, and irrationally treated when unwell? No stock yard, farm or stable can be said to be properly equipped where an efficient remedial agent is not provided. The best and most highly approved by veterinarians is Thomas' Electric Oil, which besides being a thorough remedy for lung complaints, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sores and hurts of the human race, remedies with certainty Hoof, Distemper, Scour, Curb, Corks, scratches, sore teats and other disorders and troubles of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by NORRIS & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

Finance and Commerce.

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, March 29, 1881.

FINANCIAL.

Money on call and time is loaned at 5 to 6 per cent., while good mercantile borrowers can get their paper discounted at 6 to 7 per cent. Sterling Exchange is dull at 8 1/2 prem. between banks; 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 cash over the counter. Drafts on New York were drawn at 1/2 to 1/3 prem.

The stock market this a. m. was firm. Montreal advanced 1/2 per cent to 184; Ontario 1/2 to 101; Commerce 1/2 to 142; Montreal Telegraph 1/2 to 127; and Richelieu 1/2 to 62. Merchants' was steady at 118; and Gas at 154.

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\$1.10; do-huff,congress, \$2 to \$3.25; do kip boots, \$2.50 to 3.25; do cowhide boots, 2.50 to 3; women's split bails, 90c and \$1; do public and buff balmorals, \$1.15 to \$1.50; do prunella, 90c to \$1.60; Misses' buff and public bails, \$1.00 to 1.20.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Trade though quiet, is showing a slight improvement as the spring draws on, and travellers on the road are sending in fair orders for shell and heavy hardware. Merchants complain that the reduced rates on the Grand Trunk are coming into force a fortnight or three weeks later than usual, and this circumstance is likely to retard business very seriously. Nails and bar iron continue in pretty good request, and in pig iron a few small sales are reported. We now quote: Pig iron per ton, Coltness, \$20 to 21; Langlois, \$20 to 20.50; Garthrie, \$19.25 to 19.50; Eglington, \$18.50 to 19; Hematite, \$25 to 27; bars per 100 lbs. Scotch and Staffordshire, \$1.80 to 1.90; ditto best \$2.10 to 2.25; Sweden & Norway, \$4.50 to 4.75; Lowmoor and Bowling, \$6 to 6.50; Canada plates, Swanses and Penn, \$3.25 to 3.50; Hatton, \$3.15 to 3.20; Arrow, \$3.50 to 3.60; Coke, 10c, \$4.75. Tin sheets, charcoal best No. 26, \$10 to 11; coke, best No. 28, \$8 to 9; Galvanized Sheets Morewoods Lion, No. 28, 7 1/2c; other brands, 6 1/2 to 7c; Hoops and Bands, \$2.40 to 2.50; Sheets, best brands \$2.50 to 2.75, Steel per lb cast, 11 to 13c; Spring per 100 lb \$3.25 to 3.75; Best do \$5 to 6; Tire, \$3.25 to 3.75; Sleigh Shoe, 2.50 to 2.75; Boiler Plates, per 100 lbs, ordinary brands, \$2.50 to 3; Ingot Tin, \$24 to 25.00; Ingot Copper, \$18 to 19; Horse shoes, 3.75 to 4; Coll Chain, 3/4 inch, 4.25 to 4.50; Sheet Zinc, 5.50 to 6; Lead, per 100 lbs, Pig, \$5 to 5.50, ditto, sheet, 6 to 6.25; ditto, bar, 5.50 to 6; Canadian Shot, 6 to 5.50; Cut Nails, per 100 lbs, 10d to 60d, (3 inches and larger) 2.60; Spikes, pressed, per 112 lbs, 3.50 to 4; Pressed Nails, per 100 lbs, 7.25.

RAU FURS.—The local market is dull. Dealers are awaiting results by mail of the London sales. Winter Musk Rat, 12c; ditto Fall Fox, Kitts 3c; Red Fox, \$1.25 to 1.50; Cross Fox, \$2 to 3.00; Silver Fox, \$2.50 to 3.00; Marten, 1.50 to \$2.00; Otter \$8.00 to 10.00. Mink—Prime dark, \$11.00 to 1.50; Beaver, 2.50. Bear—Large prime, \$6 to \$8.00; ditto cuts, \$2 to 4.00; Fisher, \$5 to 6.00. Skunk, 25c to 50c; Raccoon, 40c to 60c.

DAY GOODS.—Since our last review trade has been irregular. In the early part of the week merchants complained that business was anything but active, despite the reduction of fares on the railway, but this was accounted for by the broken state of the weather and the fact that country customers are only now in receipt of late purchases, which they are briskly assorting. As the time draws on, however, with their former level, the prospects are more encouraging. The roads are in a better condition and the weather finer and steadier. Prices are firm. Collections are generally good.

FISH AND OILS.—Prices are firm and stocks comparatively light. The demand is not so great from first hands, but that is hardly to be wondered at, as the Lenten season is gradually drawing to a close. No 1 green cod brings \$1 to 1.25, and No 2, \$3.25 to 3.40; No 3 small Labrador herrings, \$1 to 1.25; No 2, \$3.25 to 3.50; salmon, No 2, \$16.50; California, No 2, \$15.50; No 2 mackerel, \$5. Oils have been very steady. Cod oil is in high supply at 60c to 63c; seal, pale, 62c to 65c; straw, 54c to 56c; steam refined, 70c to 75c. Lined oil, 70c to 71c for raw, and 74c to 75c for boiled, Imperial measure. The demand continues to decrease as the hours of daylight lengthen. Advances from London quote 20c in car lots. Here we quote car lots at 22c to 24c; broken lots, 24c to 25c; single barrels, 25c to 26c.

LEATHER.—A moderate business is transpiring in small lots and shipments of split leather continue to be made to British markets where fair prices have been realized. A lot of 1,500 sides choice light upper transpired on this market at 12c, while another lot brought 49c. Black leathers are in more demand. Henlock Spanish sole, No. 1 B A 24c to 25c. Ordinary 24c to 25c; No. 2 do 22c to 23c; buffalo sole, No. 1, 21c to 22c; do No. 2, 19c to 21c; henlock slaughter No 1, 26c to 28c; waxed upper, light and medium, 36c to 42c; splits, large, 22c to 30; do small, 23c to 28c; calskins, (27 to 36 lbs) 60c to 80c; do, (18 to 26 lbs) 60c to 70c.

WOOL.—A few small lots continue to find purchasers, but business is not at all active. Manufacturers are holding off as long as possible. We quote:—Greasy Cape, 18 1/2c to 19c; Greasy Australian 28c to 31c; Canada pulled, A super, 34c to 35c; B super, 32c to 33c.

HIDES.—Good hides are scarce and command fair prices. Hides of inferior quality are tending lower. We quote:—\$3, \$8 and \$7 for No. 1 to 3. Calfskins, 10c.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.—MARCH 29.

The market continues fairly active a large number of American dealers continuing to operate here. Five car loads of heavy draught horses which arrived here from Ontario, were eagerly bought up and further arrivals will probably follow, so that Montreal seems destined to be the principal horse market of Canada. The highest price paid was \$600 for a fine bay mare of good parts. The dealers present were about twenty, among whom were C. B. Gibbs, of Leicester Junction, Vt.; Chas Clapp, Lowell, Mass.; F. W. Adams, Hartford, Connecticut; Frank Sholder, of Boston; H. Hicks, of Worcester, Mass., and A. W. Buckman, Newton, Pa. The shipments for the week were as follows:—March 18th, 4 horses, \$543; 1 mare, \$500. March 19th, 8 horses, \$847.50; 22 do, \$1,574; 2 do, \$1,838. March 21st, 19 do, \$1,536; 2 do, \$270; 15 do, \$1,316; 6 do, \$580.50; 17 do, \$1,919. March 22nd, 13 do, \$1,377; 19 do, \$1,506; 19 do, \$890; 10 do, \$1,039; 2 do, \$165. March 23rd, 2 do, \$184; 19 do, \$1,379; 18 do, \$1,935; 15 do, \$2,170; 21 do, \$1,329.50; 18 do, \$1,453. March 24th, 22 do, \$2,132.50; 19 do, \$1,674.50; 3 do, \$238; 2 do, \$290; 17 do, \$1,307.50; 3 do, \$280; 4 do, \$291; 2 do, \$185; 15 do, \$1,594.50; 3 do, \$257; 14 do, \$1,392; 2 do, \$175; 3 do, \$475.

ST. GABRIEL CATTLE MARKET. MARCH 28.

The supply of cattle to-day was small but generally of good quality, and fair prices were realized. J. Eskins had two cars under offer, one from Port Hope and one from Colongay. S. Parsons also had a car load from Pt Hope; P. Douner, one from Toronto; John Sullivan, two from Toronto; R. Cockran, one from Guelph, and J. Martineau 1 from Millisnoe. The price asked by the majority of holders was \$5 per 100 lbs, and very few held below that figure. A small lot of live hogs realized \$7 per 100 lbs, while fresh killed dressed hogs of good quality were worth \$8.50 to \$9 according to size of lot. A report of last New York market says:—The cattle were needed and were taken at full former prices, but a decline is looked for before long. Common to prime steers ranged from 3 1/2c per lb to dress 57 lbs, less 50c per head up to 11 1/2c, to dress 57

lbs; and a few picked extra steers were taken at 12c per lb. Exporters used 50 head at 11c to 12c per lb. Private advices from London and Liverpool by cable quote American refrigerator beef a shade firmer at 4 1/2 to 5d per lb. Another New York wholesale slaughterer, Mr. T. Cunningham, has been compelled to make an assignment. His books show an indebtedness to cattle salesmen of about \$30,000; assets about \$15,000. Receipts by rail in this city are as follows for week ended March 28: Cattle, 380; horses, 134; sheep, 44; hogs, 43. Receipts for week previous: Cattle, 450; horses, 138; sheep, 141; hogs, 17.

WHOLESALE PROVISION MARKET. MARCH 29.

The butter market is in even a worse condition than formerly reported, and heavier losses must result than for some time. Accounts from Great Britain were never so discouraging and medium, and lower grades of the American and Canadian products are unsaleable except at rates approaching freezing prices. Cheese is about steady at 13c to 14c; but eggs are down to 17c, and receipts are fuller than they have been for some time. Hog products are fairly steady. A large quantity of damaged oranges are arriving which is interfering with the sale of apples, which latter we now quote from \$1.50 to \$3 per bu. Dairy butter ranges from 12c to 16c, and increasing from 20c to 24c. Mess pork, new, per bu, \$19 to \$19.75; thin do, per bu, \$18 to \$18.50. Hams, city cured, per lb, 12c to 13 1/2c. Lard, in casks, per lb, 12c to 14 1/2c. Bacon, per lb, 11c to 12c.

THE CITY RETAIL MARKETS.—MARCH 29.

Four car loads of potatoes left Montreal for New Haven last week, and two left to-day. Since the conclusion of the railway war rates of transport to New Haven have advanced from \$60 to \$75 per car. The price of potatoes on this market is 45c to 50c per bag. A quantity of green stuff is now offered. Fresh radishes are worth \$1.50 per dozen bunches; lettuce, \$1.50 per dozen heads; rhubarb, \$2 per dozen; spinach, \$2 per bushel; tomatoes, \$2 per box for Bermudas, and \$7 per bushel for Floridas, and green mint 50c per dozen bunches. Receipts of frozen oranges have spoiled the sale of apples, and we quote the latter at \$1.50 to \$3 per bu.

Flour, MEAL AND GRAIN.—Flour, per 100 lbs, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Buckwheat flour, \$2.10; Oatmeal, \$2.30; Cornmeal, do, yellow, \$1.50; do, white \$1.60; Bran, \$1.10 per 100 lbs; Barley, per bush, 80c; Oats, per bag, 90c to \$1; Peas, bush, 90c; Buckwheat, per bush, 80c; Beans, white and yellow, per bush, \$1.60 to \$1.80.

Fruit.—Cranberries, Cape Cod, \$7.00 per barrel; Apples, per barrel, to \$2.50 \$3.00; Lemons, per case, \$5.50; do, per box, \$3.50; Malaga Grapes, per lb, 30c; Malaga Grapes, per keg, \$8.00; Valencia Oranges, \$8.50 to \$9.00 per case.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bag, 45c to 50c; carrots, per bush, 45c; onions, per bu, \$3.50; cabbages, per bu, \$1; beets, per bush, 30c to 40c; celery, per dozen, 60c to \$1; potatoes, Bermuda, new, \$4 per bush; turnips, per bush, 45c.

POULTRY AND MEAT.—Dressed Poultry per pair, 60c to 80c; Black ducks do, \$1.50; turkeys, 9c to 10c per lb, \$1.80 to \$2.25; geese, \$2 to \$2.25; beef, per lb, 10c to 12c; mutton, do, 6c to 10c; lamb, per quarter, 50c to \$1.20; veal, per lb, 10c; pork, 12c; ham, 12c to 14c; lard, 14c to 15c; snipe and plover, per doz, \$3; ducks, blue bills, per pair, 90c; quails, \$2.75 per doz.; plover, \$3 per doz. Farmers' Beef 5c to 6c.

Dairy Produce.—Best print butter, 22c to 30c per lb.; best tub butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, in boxes and in baskets, 16c to 20c; Roll butter, first-class, 19c to 22c.

THE BURNED OPERA HOUSE.

Nick, March 26.—The burned Opera House was very old, being rebuilt by the Government 50 years ago. The stage fittings were of the lightest material, and the scenery painted on paper. There were only two doors,