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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD

EMIGRATION AND OTHER MATTERS.

We take the following from the Montreal correspondence of the Toronto Globe:— This afternoon Mr. Duncán McIntyre was at work in the Syndicate offices and was visited by a large number of gentlemen on Syndicate business.

"Where are those emigrants bound for principally?" "Most of them are going west."

"To the United States or the Dominion North-West?" "Most of them to the States I think, but a very large number are going to the Dominion North-West."

"Have the Syndicate completed their emigration arrangements?" "No, not yet. We were too late in the year."

"If we had had the contract signed before Christmas I think we would have had all things arranged for a very heavy stream of emigration this year."

"What about the statements that you are replacing Canadians with Americans in the western section of your road?" "There is no foundation for such a statement."

"We of course choose a good man for head of a department, and do not interfere with the appointments he makes."

"What about the sale of your lands? Have you succeeded as well as you anticipated?" "Yes, we have done pretty well, though some people have made an effort to show that our lands are not worth giving away."

"Do you charge that price all over the area chosen?" "Yes, we make no reservation whatever."

"I notice you Syndicate is to build the Sault Ste. Marie Branch line from Callender Station. You have changed your mind about that have you not?" "Well, no. That is the Syndicate has not."

"I think you said before you went to Europe that you were likely not to build that bit of the road at all?" "Yes, I recollect. The Syndicate had not then made up their minds to amalgamate with the Canada Central."

"It is reported that English capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of 5,000 acres of Cumberland marsh lands in Nova Scotia, for the purpose of starting a cattle ranch."

The father of the present Duke of Sutherland was thirty-seven when he married the Duchess, and was a daughter of Lord Carlisle, and was only seventeen. He was deaf, a man of delicate sensibilities and large humanitarianism.

Chicago has a Mormon church, founded by the followers of the original Joseph Smith, but it does not countenance polygamy, and claims that the following passage was in the unannotated Book of Mormon: "Wherefore, my brethren, bear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it one wife, and concubines he shall have none, for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of woman."

A few years ago John Peck became a Boston car conductor, and during the first week or two he was dreadfully vexed at the frequency with which his car got off the track.

"How have you succeeded in your disposal of the North-West land in Great Britain? Have you sold any of it?" "Yes, in the Red River district alone we have disposed of over 300,000 acres."

"Here Mr. McIntyre read a telegram in reference to locations in half a dozen townships, asking what the prospects would be of land in any of them."

"You will charge them the same prices as others pay?" "Yes; \$2.50 an acre all around."

"Are your supplies arranged for in Great Britain?" "Yes, such of them as we purchase in Great Britain. Some of them are on the way now."

"What do you purchase in Canada?" "Since the contract has been signed we have ordered in Canada 580 flat cars and 200 box cars, besides a large number of first and second class cars for passenger traffic."

"Where are these being made?" "The majority of them in London, Ontario."

"What about your locomotives—will these be made in Canada?" "They are not easy to get just now. They are rather scarce in Canada. We cannot get them, and we are likely to suffer very much from want of them."

"What about the Kingston works, will they make any for you?" "We will take them where we can get them of course."

"What is the principal attraction possessed by the North-West lands for British farmers?" "There is much interest aroused there about the cattle trade, and if we can show them that we really possess the facilities for cattle raising that we think our lands possess there need be little doubt as to the flood of emigration that will pour in."

EPPE'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. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills."

Yours respectfully, SISTER ST. ROMUALD, Superiress Congregation de Notre Dame, Joliette

We have used the pianos of Mr. A. Weber in this institution for several years, and feel pleased in recommending them for their fine tone and durability. They give entire satisfaction in every respect.

there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Patrick Cosgrove, of St. Gabriel de Val Cartier, P. Q. an event which occurred on the 13th of last April, after an illness of three weeks.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!"

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A LOSING JOKE.

Mr. G. Amyot's election for Bellechasse is to be contested.

Toronto tailors are agitating for an increase of wages.

Belleville's Corporation expenditure for the past year amounted to \$35,558.43.

In the past sixteen years the British Indian Budget has shown a deficit sixteen times.

During the past six years the population of New Zealand has increased 55 per cent.

On Friday evening last a little boy was killed by lightning at St. Charles, Bellechasse.

The last two steamers from China to San Francisco brought nearly a thousand Chinese each.

The National Exhibition at Tokio, Japan, was visited by 65,000 persons during the first 15 days.

George A. Kirkpatrick, M. P., has been elected President of the Kingston Water Works Company.

No fewer than fifty-three derelict vessels were sighted and reported to Lloyds, in January, in the north Atlantic.

The writ for the election of a representative Peer, vice Lord Dunboyna, has been issued. Lord Ardilaun is spoken of.

The autograph fan is the latest invention. It is made of parchment, and distinguished personages can write their names on it.

Two Caughnawaga Indians were drowned yesterday morning while attempting to run the Upper Joachim rapids in a small boat.

An Egyptian blue-book shows that there are 5,370 schools, 5,272 teachers, and out of 850,000 children in the country, 140,000 go to school.

The Brazilian Government has resolved to repress the system of Indian slavery and to punish all those who may possess slaves on the Amazon.

Colonel Malcolmson has been honorably acquitted by a court-martial at Bombay of the charge of cowardice and misconduct at the retreat from Malwaid.

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REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

You waged war with Lady Cecil Clive, in taking her lover from her, and she certainly never wronged you. She was your friend through all."

The hard look came over her face once more, a hard light in her large eyes.

"Was she? In your eyes of course, Lady Cecil can do no evil. But what if I told you she had done me the deepest, the deadliest wrong of all?"

He looked at her in surprise. "I don't understand," he said, a little coldly. "I believe Lady Cecil to be incapable of willfully wronging any one."

She leaned her forehead on her hands, and pushed back her hair with a long, tired sigh.

"What a mockery, what a satire it all is—the world and the people in it! We are all sinners, but I wonder what I have done, that my life should be so accursed!"

He took her hands in his, a compassion being never stirred by any human being before stirring his heart.

"What am I that I should judge? And if I thought so, would I ask you to be the companion, the sister of my sister? There is nothing but pity for you in my heart—nothing. Give up this dark and dangerous life and be true to yourself—to the noble nature Heaven has given you, once more."

She rose up—her hand still in his, a sort of inspiration shining in her face.

"I will," she answered. "You—whom I thought my enemy, shall save me. I renounce it—the plotting—the evil—the revenge. And for your sake—for the love you bear her, I will spare her."

He looked at her in mute inquiry. She smiled, drew away her hands, and resumed her seat.

"You do not understand. See here, Captain O'Donnell, I told you, did I not, my second object in returning to England was to discover my parentage? Well, I have discovered it."

"You have," he cried, breathlessly. "I have discovered it. My father lives, and the daughter of my nurse occupies my place in his heart, the name I should bear. It is a very old story—changed at nurse—and that nurse has confessed all."

"You have done this. Then I congratulate you indeed! You will go to your father at once, of course! No one, believe me, can rejoice at this more sincerely than I."

"You mistake. I will never go. This morning I had intended—but that is all past now. If I renounce my revenge and wrongdoing in one way, I renounce it in all. I never understood half-measures."

"But there is wrong-doing here—it is right—it is your duty to go."

"Captain O'Donnell, don't you see another life in my place, and misery upon her. My father is a very proud man—would it add to his pride or happiness to acknowledge such a daughter as I?"

"All that has nothing to do with it," the chasseur answered, with the firmness of right and wrong. "You say it is to go to your father, and tell him that you are his daughter. See, I am your daughter."

"Would it be your wife I—well, for example only—my father was the Earl of Ruyland. I am sure you understand, as the first I think of, I suppose I went to him and said, 'My lord, I, Katherine Dangerfield—Helen Herculiste—Gaston Dantree—any name you please—am your daughter; she whom you call Lady Cecil Clive is but the daughter of your former servant, my nurse. She hated your dead wife, my mother, and when you came to claim your child she gave you hers.' Suppose I said this—suppose I could prove it—what then? Would the earl clasp me to his bosom in a gush of parental love? Would Lady Cecil get down from her pedestal of birth and rank and let me mount? Think of the earl's shame and pain—her suffering—Sir Arthur Tregenna's humiliation; think how much happiness I, the usurper, enjoy. Bring the case home, and tell me still, I can do so."

"I tell you still to go. Right is right. Though the Earl of Ruyland were your father, though Lady Cecil had usurped your place, I should say, go—tell the truth, be the cost what it may."

"You, who love Lady Cecil, give me this advice? Captain O'Donnell, you don't love her."

"I love her so well that I leave her; I love her so well that if the thing you speak of were possible, I would be the first to go and tell her. Once again—in the face of all that may follow—I repeat, go! Tell the truth, take the place and name that are yours, and let me help you if I can."

But still she sat keeping that strange, wistful, searching gaze on his face.

"You love her so well that you leave her," she repeated, dreamily; "you leave her because she is an earl's daughter and you think above you. If you knew her to be poor—poor and low born—"

"I would still leave her. It would make no difference. Poor or rich, gentle or simple, who am I that I should marry a wife? My soldier's life in camp and desert does well enough for me. How would I do, think you, for one brought up as Lady Cecil Clive has been? I can rough it well enough—the life suits me; but I shall never care to see my wife rough it also. Let us pass all that—I don't care to talk of myself. Lady Cecil is not for me—any more than one of her Majesty's daughters. Let us speak only of you."

She rose up with a strange, unfathomable smile, crossed the room without a word, lit a candle and placed it on the table before him. He watched her in silent surprise. She drew from her pocket a folded paper, and handed it to him.

"You have done greater service than you dream of in coming here," she said. "Do one last favor. I want this paper destroyed. I have a whimsical fancy to see you do it. Hold it to the candle and let it burn."

He took it doubtfully. He read the superscription—"Confession of Harriet Harman," and hesitated. "I don't know—why should I? What is this?"

"Nothing that concerns any one on earth but myself. You will be doing a good deed, I believe, in destroying it. Let me see you burn it. I can do it, of course; but as I said, I have a fancy that yours should be the hand to destroy it. Burn it, Captain O'Donnell."

Still wondering—still doubting—he obeyed. He held the paper in the flame of the candle until it dropped in a charred cloud on the table. Then she held out her hand to him with a brave happy smile.

"Once more I thank you. You have done me a great service. You have saved me from myself. When do you and your sister leave?"

"To-day; but if I can aid you in any way—if I can take you to your father—"

"You are ready to do it I know; but I have not quite made up my mind about that yet. It is not a thing to be done in a hurry. Give me a few hours. Come back if you will before you depart, and if you have any influence with the Earl of Ruyland, don't let him send that search-warrant to-day. Let us say good-by, and part for the present."

He stood and looked at her doubtfully. He felt vaguely that never had he been farther from understanding her than at this moment.

"I will come," he said, "and I hope—I trust by that time you will have made up your mind to return to your father, and—if Rose wishes it—may I bring her to see him?"

"Certainly—he will not know her—poor fellow. He knows nobody. Farewell, Redmond O'Donnell—my friend."

There was a lingering tenderness in her voice, in her eyes, that might have told him her secret. But men are totally blind sometimes. He saw nothing. He grasped her hand. "Not farewell," he said: "an revoir."

She went with him to the door. She watched him with wistful eyes out of sight.

"Farewell," she said, softly; "farewell forever. If Henry Otis had been to me what you are, six years ago I had been saved."

CHAPTER XXVII

THREE hours later, and Redmond and Rose O'Donnell had quitted Scarswood Park forever. The last farewells had been said—to Lady Dangerfield, weeping feebly, not so much at their loss as over the general distress and misery that was falling upon the place, cold, and white, and still, giving her parting kiss to the sister—her parting hand-clasp and look to the brother. "Farewell forever, my love—my love—whom I loved me once," that long, wistful, hopeless glance said, to Lord Ruyland, politely affable and full of regrets to the last.

Confused Mrs. Everleigh and her masquerade ball, and doubly, trebly confounded Miss Herculiste for persuading Geneva to go. The only consolation is we'll have her on the hip before night falls."

"And even that consolation I must ask your lordship to forego," O'Donnell said, with a half smile. "I have been to see Miss Herculiste. And there is no need of that search-warrant, my lord. I believe you are at liberty to enter and go through Bracken Hollow as freely as you please—if you only wait until to-morrow."

"My good fellow, do you know what you are saying? Wait! with such an arch-traitress as that! Wait! give her time to make her escape, and carry off her victim—her prisoner, whoever it may be, and start life luxuriously in London or Paris, under a new alias, and with poor Sir Peter's money. My dear O'Donnell, you're a sensible fellow enough in the main, but don't you think this last suggestion of yours betrays slight symptoms of softening of the brain?"

"My lord—no. You see I know Miss Herculiste's story and you don't—that makes the difference."

"Gad!" his lordship responded, "I am not sure that I care to know any more than I do. If my previous history be in keeping with its sequel here, it must be an edifying autobiography. Is her name Herculiste, or what?"

"Her name is not Herculiste. I do not know what it is, I believe she does not know herself. My lord, she is greatly to be pitied; she has gone wrong, but circumstances have driven her wrong. The bitter cynic who deems virtue as only the absence of temptation was right, as cynics very generally are. In her place, I believe I would have done as she has done—worse. Life has dealt hardly with her—hardly—hardly. I tell you so; and to lean too greatly to the side of pity for the erring is not my weakness. Gaston Dantree is the ghost and prisoner of Bracken Hollow. She has confessed; but I believe he is well and kindly treated; and if, instead of caring for him there, she had left him to die like a dog in a ditch, she would only have given him his deserts. She has taken (fairly or unfairly as you will—I don't know) a large sum of money from Sir Peter Dangerfield; but I say there too she has served him right; in his place I would have taken every farthing if I could. She has done wrong in the matter of the ball, but even there treated as Lady Dangerfield daily treated her, I don't say I would not have done the same. From first to last I maintain Miss Herculiste has been more sinned against than sinning, and so your lordship would acknowledge if you knew all."

His eyes were flashing, his dark face flushed with an earnestness that rarely broke through the indolent calm of long habit and training. His lordship stood and stared at him agast.

"Good Heaven!" he said; "what rhodomontade is this? Is the woman a witch? and have you fallen under her spell at last? And I would acknowledge all this if I knew all. Then, my dear fellow, in the name of common-sense tell me all, for I'll be hanged if I can make top or tail of this. Who, in Heaven's name, is this greatly wronged—much-to-be-pitied Miss Herculiste?"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you—and yet it is such a marvelous story—"

"Egad! I know that beforehand; everything connected with this extraordinary young woman is marvelous. Whatever it is, it cannot be much more marvelous than what has gone before."

"My lord," O'Donnell said hastily, "I see my sister waiting, and I have no time to spare. Here is a proposal: don't go near Bracken Hollow until to-morrow, until you have heard from me. Before I leave Castleford I will send time to write you the whole thing; I really don't care to tell it, and when you have read her story, I believe I only do you justice in saying you will tell Miss Herculiste alone. I have reason to think she will leave Castleford to-day with my sister and me—that she

will share Rose's asylum in France, and that all her evil doings are at an end. To-night you shall have my letter—to-morrow do as you please—Once more, my lord, farewell!"

He lifted his hat and sprang down the steps to where Rose sat in the basket-carriage awaiting him. Once he glanced back—he half smiled to see his lordship standing petrified where he had left him. He glanced up at a particular window. A face that dead and in its coffin would never look whiter, watched him there. "He waded his hand—the poles swung up their heads and dashed down on the avenue; in a moment Scarswood lay behind them like a place in a dream."

There was not one word spoken all the way. Once Rose, about to speak, had glanced at her brother's face, and the words died on his lips. Did he love Lady Cecil after all—had he loved her vainly for years? They went to the Silver Rose. Miss O'Donnell had her former room, and there, wrenching himself from the bitterness and pain of his own loss, he told her the story of Gaston Dantree.

"If you would like to see him, now is your time," he said. "I am going to Bracken Hollow. You can come, if you like."

She listened in pale amazement, shivering and trembling as she heard. An idiot for life! At the horror of that fate all her wrongs paled into insignificance—what awful retribution was here? She rose up ashen gray with pity and horror, but fearless and quiet.

"I will go," she answered.

He procured a fly and they started at once. Again it was a very silent drive. Redmond O'Donnell forced his thoughts from his own troubles; brooding on hopeless loss of any kind was not his nature, and thought of Katherine. He almost wondered at himself at the pity he felt for her—at the sort of admiration and affection she had inspired him with. How brave she was, how resolute, how patient; what wonderful self command was hers; what elements for a noble and beautiful life, warped and gone wrong. But it was not yet too late; the courage, the generosity, the nobility within her would work for good from henceforth. He would take her to France, her better nature would assert itself. She would one day become one of those exceptionally great women whom the world delights to honor. She—he paused. They had drawn up at the gate, and standing there with folded arms, with rigidly compressed lips, with eyes that looked like gleaming steel, stood Henry Otis.

The Algerian soldier knew him at once, and knew the instant he saw him something had gone wrong. As he advanced with his sister Mr. Otis flung open the gate, took off his hat to the sister, and abruptly addressed the brother.

"I have the honor of speaking to Captain Redmond O'Donnell?"

"I am Captain O'Donnell, Mr. Otis," was the calm answer. "I come here with my sister by Miss Herculiste's permission."

"I inferred that. This is your second visit to-day?"

"My second visit," O'Donnell added, secretly wondering why the man should assume that belligerent attitude and angry tone. "I trust Miss Herculiste is here? I came expecting to meet her?"

"Miss Herculiste is not here!" Otis replied, his eyes glancing their irate steely fire; "she has gone."

"Gone!"

"Gone—fled—run away. That would not surprise me; but this does." He struck angrily an open letter he held. "Captain O'Donnell, what have you been saying to her—that influence do you possess over her that she should resign the triumph of her life, in the hour of its fulfillment, for you? By what right do you presume to come here, and meddle with what in no way concerns you?"

Redmond O'Donnell stood and looked at him, his straight black brows contracting, his voice sinking to a tone ominously low and calm.

"Rose," he said, "step in here and wait until I rejoin you." She obeyed with a startled look. "Now then, Mr. Otis, let us understand one another; I don't comprehend one word you are saying, but I do comprehend that you have taken a most disagreeable tone. Be kind enough to change it to one a little less aggressive, and to make your meaning a little more clear."

"You don't understand?" Otis repeated, still with suppressed anger. "Have you not been the one to counsel her to renounce the aim of her life, to resign her birthright because, forsooth, the woman who has usurped it is your friend? Have you not been the one to urge this flight—to compel this renunciation?"

"My good fellow," O'Donnell cried impatiently, "if you intend to talk Greek, talk it, but don't expect me to understand. And I never was clever at guessing riddles. If Miss Herculiste has run away, I am sincerely sorry to hear it—it is news to me. What you mean about renouncing her birthright and all that you may know—I don't. I urged her to give up the life of falsehood and deception she has been leading lately for one more worthy of her, and I understood her to say she would. The influence I possess over her is only the influence any true friend might possess. Farther than that, if you want me to know what you are talking about, you will be kind enough to explain."

And Henry Otis, looking into the dark, gravenly haughty face knew that he spoke the truth. He handed him the letter.

"It is from her," he said, "to me. Read it."

O'Donnell obeyed. It bore date that day, and was significantly brief.

"HENRY—MY BROTHER: You will be surprised—pained, angered, it may be—when I tell you I am going, and coming back no more. I give it all up—all the plotting, the weary, wicked, endless scheming that brought revenge perhaps, but never happiness. And the confession is burned! They shall never know—neither my father, nor she who has taken my place unwittingly, shall ever be rendered miserable by the truth. I can remember now that she at least was ever gentle and sweet to me. If I told them to-morrow, I could not, would not take her place; my father would never care for me—would look upon me as a shame and disgrace. Let it go with all the rest. Captain O'Donnell has proven himself my friend; for his sake I renounce my cherished vengeance. Let the miserable woman we have lured here go. Care for poor Gaston as you have always cared. Do not follow me; when happier days come I will follow you. Do not fear for me. Sir Peter Dangerfield's money is in Hannah's keeping; restore it to me; I would die sooner than use it. Tell Captain O'Donnell that while I thank him—thank him with all my heart and soul—I still cannot go with him. For my own sake I cannot. He has been my salvation; to my dying day his memory and yours will be the dearest in my heart. Dear Henry, my best friend, my dearest brother, farewell! I have been a trouble, a distress to you, from the first; this last flight will be for the best—the rest never were.—Farewell!"

KATHERINE

Redmond O'Donnell looked up from the letter with a face of pale wonder.

"What does she mean?" he asked. "Dar-

not come with me for her own sake!" "Why folly is this?"

Henry Otis returned his glance gloomily enough. He understood, if O'Donnell did not.

"Who can comprehend a woman—least of all such a woman as Katherine Dangerfield. But for once she shall be disobeyed and in evil; now I refuse to obey longer. Let their pride suffer as it may. Heaven! know that the girl upon whom they trampled is of their blood! He, with all his dignity and mightiness, shall find she is his daughter!"

"Who?" O'Donnell asked, with a piercing glance. But Henry Otis moodily drew back his miserable wretch hidden for five years at the Bracken Hollow, you had better go. I shall tell him, not you."

His angry jealousy flashed out in every look, in every word. He hated this man—the dark, dashing, Irish soldier—with his magnificent stature, his handsome, dark face, his Katherine loved him! Was it part of that wretched destiny always to love men utterly indifferent to her, while he—all his life seemed to him he had lain his heart at her feet, and it had been less to her than to ground she trod.

He turned away from him in a passion, wrath against her, against the tall, haggard, amazed chasseur, against himself and his situation, and dashed into the belt of gloomy woodland that shut in the gloomy house.

"I'll tell at least!" he thought savagely. "I'll humble the Earl of Ruyland; and her—let her resent it if she will. I have been her puppet long enough. While she cared for no one more, I hoped against hope, but now that she has fallen in love with the Irish free lance, let her go. My slavery ends from to-day."

O'Donnell looked after him, angry in his turn—then glancing at his watch and seeing that time was flying, he rejoined his sister, waiting anxiously in the porch.

"Who is that man, Redmond?" she asked timidly—"were you quarrelling?" He angry he looked!

"I was not quarrelling," he answered shortly. "Rose, we have no time to spare. See this man if you will, and let us go. I want to catch the five o'clock train."

Old Hannah was in waiting—she too looked gloomy and forbidding. Her nursing had fled—in some way this young man had to do with it, and Hannah resented it accordingly. He saw it and asked no questions—he felt inclination to subject himself to further buffets. Let them all go—he did not understand them—he washed his hands from henceforth of the whole affair.

Hannah in silence led the way up a dark spiral staircase to an upper room. She cautiously inserted a key and unlocked the door.

"Make no noise," she said in a whisper, "he's asleep."

She softly opened the door and led them in. They followed, Rose clinging to her brother—white, trembling from head to foot. She was led to a bed; upon its floor, asleep, motionless. A hot mist was before her eyes; for

May 11, 1881.

...it wasn't owing to the dampness of the grass, and the rheumatism that does...

heard the story of Katherine, Dangerfield until the mere sound of her name...

horse, and dashing down the avenue like the wind. "I might have known," he said between his clenched teeth...

THE HISTORY OF SILVER. The meeting of the International Monetary Conference in Paris, coupled with the multiplying assurances that practical results are likely to ensue...

and other products of the United States in exchange for their productions. It is now admitted that the discussion of the dual standard was premature when we were about to fund sixteen milliards of gold...

SCOTCH NEWS. It has been suggested that the new docks at Leith should be called "The Gladstone Docks." There is some probability of a series of deep sea soundings being taken...

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR ON DICKENS.

Mr. Editor, I see by the Montreal papers of May 3rd, that you have had that shining light, Vice-Chancellor Blake, all the way from Toronto to Montreal...

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN.

A Lieutenant Keating was in command of a detachment of Catholic soldiers at Barr during Divine Service on Sunday, the 10th of April, and hearing something in the sermon that displeased him...

THE WAR IN NORTH AFRICA.

PARIS, May 3.—General exasperation has been caused here by mendacious letters which Ali Bey has just addressed to his brother Mohammed Elshadok, accusing the French troops of horrible atrocities at Bumbachir...

FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, May 5.—The crop of hay this year is likely to be poor all over the country. The growth has not been good and the grass of last season was not clearer than ever known before...

THE NIBBLISTS.

VIENNA, May 5.—While on the one hand preparations are going forward for the great fête to signalize the entrance of the Princess Stephanie of Belgium into Vienna...

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Special Notice To Subscribers.

Commencing Dec. 22nd, 1880 all subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR For May, 1881.

THURSDAY, 12.—St. Nereus, Achilleus, Domitilla, and Pancratius, Martyrs. FRIDAY, 13.—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church (April 21). Cona, Bp. Moore, St. Augustine, 1877.

Notice to Shareholders.

Subscribers to the Capital Stock of THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY are particularly requested to pay the amount due on the Calls made on them, as per account rendered.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN MINISTRY

The South African Ministry has been overthrown and the Opposition has formed a new Government in which such names figure as Scanlan, Sauer, Hofmeyer and Molbena.

THE DEBATE ON THE IRISH LAND BILL

The debate on the Irish Land Bill has been adjourned in order that the Beaconsfield monument might be discussed. It is of more importance to talk about a monument in Westminster Abbey for the dead novelists than to try to ameliorate the condition of a nation.

THE OTTAWA HERALD

The Ottawa Herald is our authority for the report that Principal Dawson, with others, is to be created "a Knight of St. Michael and St. George."

M. MASPERO

M. Maspero, a French traveller and scientist, has opened one of the Egyptian Pyramids enclosing the tombs of what is known as the fifth dynasty, and found a good deal of information concerning them written in the mortuary chapels.

MR. McSHANE

Mr. McShane did what was quite right in claiming a place on the Standing Committee of the Quebec House for an Irish Catholic, and the Irish Catholics owe him gratitude for the same.

THE IRISH WORLD

The Irish World claimed—before Mr. Forster stopped its delivery in Ireland—to have a circulation of 20,000 in that country.

government of the latter country is not justified in preventing the circulation of the Irish World, and he advances such solid arguments against the arbitrary action of the Irish Chief Secretary that no unprejudiced person will refuse to agree with him.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

The British Government is intensely anxious to drive the Irish people from their country, but there their anxiety ends, for whether they reach another country or die en voyage is a matter of profound indifference.

IT MUST BE A GREAT CONSOLATION

It must be a great consolation to the Irish people to have such a man as the Right Honorable John Bright to defend them in Parliament. John is a great English radical, and it is said, speaks better Saxon than any other man in the world.

AS A GENERAL RULE

As a general rule a percentage of students, medical or legal, are plucked at every examination. Some of them have brave hearts, try again and succeed; others realize that law or medicine is not their vocation and retire, while a few think to themselves that they have not been fairly treated by the examiners.

THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE

Things are getting worse and worse in Ireland. Despair seems to have settled on the land. The people are flying by thousands every week from the merciful Gladstone and the paternal landlords, and it is supposed that by the end of 1881 the island will not contain four millions of a population.

WE ARE HAPPY TO OBSERVE

We are happy to observe the unanimity with which Mr. Beaubien's appeal in the Quebec Legislature, in regard to a grant to the Trappists at Oka, has been received.

THE LAND LEAGUE

The Land League has been, and is a success for it has succeeded in dragging forward to the garish light of day the thing called landlordism, and showing the world what a terribly ugly monster it is which exists even in this last quarter of the nineteenth century in the heart of the British Empire.

the admiration of all beholders, and the change has been effected solely by the hands of the Trappists. Wherever the Trappists sojourn they do good, and for that reason they are heartily welcome to Canada.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.

The Convention held in the Irish Capital on the 21st and 22nd of April, was the first real representative meeting of Irishmen which assembled since 1782, when the volunteers met at Dungannon. It was in fact an Irish Parliament in the truest sense of the word.

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE TUNISIAN EMBROGLIO.

The action of the Kroumir marauders, of which so little notice was taken in the beginning, may have yet potent influence upon the nations of Europe. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, North Africa has risen a thousand per cent in importance, becoming as it did at a bound one of the great highways for the traffic of the world.

THE EXODUS AND OUR MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENTS.

Our Canadian eyes open wide with amazement when they read every day of the thousands of immigrants who arrive at New York and other Atlantic ports from Europe, and our Canadian brows knit with vexation when we learn that instead of emigrants seeking this great Dominion of Canada for their future homes Canadians are becoming emigrants themselves, and swelling the population of a country of which we aspire to be a rival.

THE FUTURE OF LACROSSE.

It is a great pity that party journals and their correspondents do not spare national and other societies outside of the domain of politics in their eagerness to score an imaginary point against their adversaries.

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where, and if not to the States, where then? Let us acknowledge the exodus, and ease our conscience.

THE FUTURE OF LACROSSE.

But why is there an exodus? Is Canada not broad enough, and fertile enough, and does she not contain lands enough to feed and clothe 100,000,000 of people in comfort? Aye, and treble the number.

THE FUTURE OF LACROSSE.

Many unthinking people are under the impression that no matter what may said of our numerous other Governments the Municipal Corporations, at least, are necessary, and not oppressive. They are, of course, necessary, but they are made oppressive, and as our municipal affairs are domestic, as they come home to us all and interfere with us directly, their workings, if for evil, are more keenly felt than the outer circles of administration.

THE FUTURE OF LACROSSE.

Let us suppose an immigrant—a mechanic—comes here and settles in Montreal. He is an honest, industrious man; he has a family, and he is liable to fall sick. He cannot pay his taxes, let us say his water taxes, and down swoops the bailiff, who seizes on his furniture, and leaves him not only poor but destitute, for the municipal laws are so arranged that he has actually no protection, and, besides, must pay in advance.

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we tremble for the result if the championship ever leaves Canada. It must be considered that if lacrosse becomes the national game of our neighbors—which is more than possible—they will have fifty millions of a population upon which to draw for players, while Canada will have but a tenth of the number, and that the chances of our retaining the championship will become smaller unless our training climate—so conducive to physical development—favor us, and our players prove themselves so superior as to make up in science what is lacking in the scarcity of the material.

THE FUTURE OF LACROSSE.

If the Americans take universally to lacrosse they will not stop half way. We shall hear of gymnastiums springing up in all directions and professors of athletics appointed to teach the young idea how to handle its lacrosse in a proper manner. It is true we have beaten the Americans hollow on the waters, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, but it is not every time we want one that a Hanlan steps to the front. If we would retain our laurels as lacrosse players we must work hard and look to the future. It was by hard practice, patience and perseverance that the most famous of all clubs, the Shamrock, has attained to its present position in the world of lacrosse.

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City and Suburban News.

By the latter end of June, the Q. M. O. & C. Extension will be so far advanced as to allow of trains being run down to the new depot at the Quebec Gate Barracks.

Mr. John E. Walsh, on the occasion of his marriage, was presented with a handsome pocket watch and silver-plated wrist-stand, by his fellow clerks in the General Freight Agents' Office of the Grand Trunk Railway.

The contract for the construction of that part of the Missisquoi and Black River Railroad, which is between Stukely and Richmond, a distance of 65 miles, has been awarded to Messrs. Loberge and Roberge, contractors of this city.

The instruction of the electoral petition for the electoral district of the County of Vercheres under the Quebec Constructed Election Act of 1875 in re Joseph Dansereau, petitioner vs. A. Larose, respondent, and A. Laroché intervening party, is continued till the 11th inst.

The new College for the St. Croix Brothers, at Cote des Neiges, is progressing, one-and-a-half stories being completed. There will be no public ceremony in connection with it till after the session of the Local Parliament, when Mr. Chapleau and other members will be able to attend.

The numerous friends of Mr. James Brady (formerly of Her Majesty's Customs) will be pleased to learn of his appointment as Station Agent of the G. T. R. at Belleville. Mr. Brady, with his many good qualities, will no doubt make many friends in the city in which he will now take up his residence.

A man named Lawrence Foran met with an accident at Huntingdon on Wednesday last while blasting in the iron mines. A blast struck him, destroying both his eyes, and inflicting a wound on the head. He was taken to the Montreal General Hospital yesterday, where his wounds were attended to.

The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association has presented a bill in the Quebec Legislature to incorporate the same. The applicants are Messrs. A. Whitty, Angus Grant, H. Hughes, Wm. R. Maltby, Arch. W. Stenerson, Robert D. McGibbon, Hugh Wylie Beckett, Robert McGill Stewart, Samuel L. Baylis, Thos. L. Patton, Jas. King Whyte and George S. Shanks.

It is the intention of the Directors of the Montreal Cotton Manufacturing Company to send to England for the engine which is to run the machinery in their works. This action is causing a great deal of dissatisfaction among the iron firms of the Province, who say that they can turn out as good a piece of work as ever came from England and at 30 per cent less cost.

Several wealthy farmers' sons of Cote des Neiges and of the environs are anxious to organize a troop of cavalry in that neighborhood. A number of them interviewed ex-Major Lapointe, late of the 65th, and offered him the command of the troop, and stated that each man could furnish his own horse. It is understood that Mr. Desjardins and Mr. Beaulieu, members for Hochelaga, approve of the idea.

The Orangemen built a monument to Thomas Lett Hackett, killed during a riot in this city, on the 12th July, 1878, in the Protestant Cemetery, and placed thereon a very objectionable inscription, to the effect that the murder was committed by Irish Catholics. This was all very well for the Scotch and English Orangemen who erected the monument, but it was this morning caused to be erased by the authorities of the churchyard.

Jean B. Boucher and Madame Dagenais are both inhabitants and neighbors in Cote St. Louis. The latter, it appears, was outrageously abusive in her language to the former and his wife. Boucher contended that Madame Dagenais had assailed him with the most vile epithets on the public road; the defence argued that she opened fire in the back yard and did not venture on the highway to abuse him. The case was taken on Friday.

An association entitled the "Homeopathic Medical Society of the Quebec Province" was organized on Wednesday at a meeting held in this city, when the following gentlemen were elected officers:—President, Dr. J. Wanless; Vice-President, Dr. F. Muller; Secretary, Dr. G. G. Gale; Treasurer, Dr. D. C. McLellan. Arrangements are to be made for holding annual meetings alternately in Montreal and Quebec, and the President was appointed to deliver a lecture at the next.

The petition of the Hochelaga hotel-keepers, claiming that the resolutions of the 4th of April, passed by the Hochelaga Municipal Council, be set aside, was heard before Judge Rainville. His Honor rendered judgment this morning in the case and declared the Council's resolution to be illegal, and in consequence to be set aside, first, in as much as the two councillors had been excluded by the same resolution; and secondly, because Charreter, a Councillor, had been illegally excluded, as he had no personal interest in the affair which was submitted.

The Trustees of the toll gates have sent in a protest to the municipality of Hochelaga, claiming that the corporation does not fulfil its agreement with them. The latter allege that the Trustees are charging the town twice as much as they are other municipalities, some only paying \$100, while Hochelaga has to pay \$700 a year. If the dispute is not shortly settled to the satisfaction of the Trustees, they intend to put up the toll gate on St. Mary street, which was taken down some 10 years ago. The result of the action will be that every car of the City Passenger Railway on that division will have to pay toll.

YOUNG MEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION.—At the semi-annual meeting of the above association held in their hall last Tuesday evening, the following gentlemen were elected office bearers for the ensuing term:—President, O. McDonnell; 1st Vice-President, D. O'Shaughnessy; 2nd Vice-President, H. Brady; Treasurer, W. E. Durack; Recording Secretary, J. J. Kavanagh; Corresponding Secretary, J. Maher; Collecting Treasurer, T. Finn; Asst. Collecting Treasurer, O. Curran; Librarian, L. Mooney; Asst. Librarian, J. F. Kelly; Marshal, Ed. Kennedy; Hall Committee—B. Hale, M. Quigley, W. Young, E. Boyne, C. McCambridge, M. Ferguson.

MONTEAL ABROAD.—The Chicago Sun says:—"On Easter, St. Gabriel's choir, after months of rehearsing, sang 'Haydn's Third Mass,' except the Gloria, which was Mozart's 12th. The choir, on this occasion, was assisted by a chorus of twenty-five picked voices, who did justice to the music. The congregation was so carried away with the singing that the choir was repeatedly complimented during the services. Mr. Ed. Cummine, of Montreal, who on this occasion sang the Easter Hymn, was considered by one and all the king of the bass singers in Chicago. We wish the choir success, and hope they will continue in future, as at present, the pride of the town."

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.—At the monthly meeting of the Society, held in the Hall, 222 McGill street, on Thursday evening, the 5th inst., the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:

months.—President, Mr. John Power, re-elected; 1st Vice-President, Prof. Wm. McKay; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Martin Newell; Secretary, Mr. Joseph McCann, re-elected; Asst. Secretary, Mr. Martin Curran; Treasurer, Mr. Michael O'Brien, re-elected; Collecting Treasurer; Mr. Loughlin Coghlin, re-elected; Assistant Collecting Treasurer, Mr. Edward Wheeler, re-elected; Grand Marshal, Mr. William Burns; Assistant Marshals, Messrs. John Cuggy and James Toland. The Auditor's Report showed the financial condition of the Society to be advancing in prosperity, having to its credit in bank the sum of \$1,975.75.

THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

A meeting to complete the organization of the Montreal branch of the Irish Ladies' Land League, was held Friday night, in St. Patrick's Hall. There was a very large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, and the Association was inaugurated under most favorable circumstances. Miss Annie O. Davis the lady to whom all credit is due for the success which has attended her efforts in this direction, opened the proceedings by an address, in which she explained the reasons why a branch of the Ladies' Land League should be organized in Montreal. Alluding to the condition of Ireland she said that the English Government represented the oppressor, and the Irish landlord the Norman invader down to the present period, Ireland had been the victim of robbery, spoliation, falsehood, deceit and treachery. By the Act of Settlement passed in the reign of James I. four-fifths of the lands of Ireland had passed into the possession of unscrupulous partisans of the Government. These partizan grants had been confirmed by Dutch William who made further confiscations to satisfy the avarice of his followers. Miss Davis then traced the history of Ireland's wrongs down to the present day, and concluded by expressing the hope that the dawn of the long-looked for day of freedom had opened, and that the spirit of Irish independence would assert itself, though confronted by the armed military power of despotic England. She also introduced, as an epilogue, a portrait of a landlord in Ireland. In 1776 Young had written that the landlord of an Irish estate is a sort of despot who yields obedience in whatever concerned the poor to no law but that of his will. A long series of oppressions, aided by very many ill-judged laws, had brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission—speaking a language that is despised, and professing a religion that is abhorred.

Miss Davis further entertained the audience with a number of recitations in which she fully sustained her enviable reputation as an elocutionist. Miss E. Hayes also recited several pieces in admirable style, and frequently drew forth the applause of those present. Piano solos by Miss Foley contributed greatly to the pleasure derived from the entertainment and displayed considerable skill and taste on the part of the young lady executante. Mr. P. Carroll, President of the Montreal Branch of the Land League, also delivered an address, after which the election of officers was proceeded with, the following result being obtained:—Miss Fanny Farnell, Hon. President; Miss A. O. Davis, President; Mrs. Lane, Sec.-Treasurer; Mrs. H. Sheehan, Asst. Secretary; Committee: Mrs. Farrell, Miss McCann, Miss Hayes, Miss Foley and Miss Walsh. About thirty ladies were admitted as members.

THE ADVANCE AGENT.

THE END MEN OF THE PROFESSION.

He left his card at the office of a contemporary a few days ago, for the talented young gentleman who "did" the theatres was absent. It was inscribed—the card was—with the name of "J. Plaushell, avant courier," and then followed an announcement of the special great attraction which it was the agent's duty and pleasure to herald. He called again the following day, and then the critic, who had just returned from a dog fight which he had been called upon to report in his capacity as amusement editor, was pleased to receive him in the apartment. He occupied the other one himself. The agent advanced with great emphasis, and as he announced himself, shook hands with the scribe, with the air of a man who considered the familiarity as a privilege beyond price.

"Mr. Blank," said he, and there is nothing personal intended by the fictitious name chosen, "allow me to assure you of my pleasure I experience in meeting you. I have heard of you frequently before, and more for the purpose of forming your acquaintance than for any other object, I decided to bring our party to Montreal."

It is unnecessary to say that he wore a silk hat. His moustache ran on either side at right angles to his nose, and he had a heavy gold ring on his finger, and a slight tremulous one in his voice.

The reporter, with characteristic modesty, blushed, but recognized the presence of an article which children expend all their wealth for, and which is popularly believed to be bad for the teeth. The advance man, having thus gone through the preliminaries, proceeded to expatiate upon the merits of the "show" with which he was connected.

"I tell you, sir, that we bring the finest show at present on the road. Crowded houses everywhere, and the highest encomiums from the press. There is Miss So-and-So. She's great, and Mr. Heavyman. He's fine. You must not fail to see him in his favorite character. In the second act he is—he is—well, he's fine. There is also Miss Ullitite. I assure you she's great."

"Are there any pretty girls in the company?" ventures the reporter. "I should smile," answers the agent. "See our business man when the party arrives. He'll show you around. I'll just leave a few notices from the papers, which you might please put in, so that your readers may get an idea of what our entertainment is like. Come and take something?"

GRAND CONCERT

IN THE SEPARATE SCHOOL BUILDING AT ALEXANDRIA, GLENHARRY, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WORTHY PASTOR, REV. FATHER McDONNELL, IN AID OF THE BUILDING FUND OF HIS CHURCH.

The concert looked forward to with anxiety and curiosity—curiosity because the young men of Alexandria constituted the troupe—was held in the separate school building, Alexandria, on Monday evening, April 18th, and as I had the special honor of being present, I purpose placing before the public some idea of how the young men of Alexandria carried out their intentions. Being a Montrealer, before going further, I desire to suppress the hope that no one will accept my critique as implying any particularity to any of the young gentlemen interested, with whom I have not had the honor of being acquainted.

The concert may be truly said to have been the greatest success in its line ever held in Alexandria. Even as early as 6.30 the crowd began to force its way into the hall and by 7 o'clock the hall was crowded to excess, and it is estimated that at least 150 persons were turned away unable to gain admittance. The stage was beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns and the whole presented an appearance which exceeded any that the most fertile genius could conceive of. Notwithstanding the influence of the opinions set forth by millers, milliners, fops and others, to the effect that the boys of Alexandria were not capable of presenting an entertainment worth going to, to their (the millers, &c.) disgust and disappointment, as well as to the entire satisfaction of the immense audience, they succeeded in placing before them one of the best amateur or even professional entertainments ever held in Alexandria. This could not be more clearly demonstrated than by the fact that during the whole evening the audience kept up a continuous uproar, thus testifying their appreciation of the efforts of their young friends. Among those who received special invitations to be present were, Rev. Father Gauthier, Rev. Father Masterson, of St. Raphael, Rev. Father Graham, of Lochiel, and Rev. Mr. McLennan, all of whom were present. The music for the evening was contributed by Miss McMillan, Mr. A. P. McDonald and Mr. McDonnell, the first two of whom entertained the audience during the intermissions with selections from Scotch music. The chairman's address was not characterized by any great length, but the choice language used, and the curt manner in which the sentiments were expressed were appreciated by the audience fully as well as though Demosthenes had risen from the dead and had come to address them. The prompter deserves to be congratulated on his success in keeping the Chairman on his feet until his speech was concluded.

"Brannigan's Band" being the first on the programme, this renowned company was introduced to the audience with a few opening remarks by their Captain, Mr. Auburn. It is needless to eulogize the efforts of the young men to make this particular part of the programme a success, as the soldierly appearance they presented, and Mr. Auburn's rendition of this famous song, assisted by the company in chorus, was, without doubt, executed to perfection. In response to the tremendous shouts of the audience, the young soldiers again made their appearance when Mr. Auburn sang that well-known song "The Regular Army O" and was assisted in the chorus, as before, by the full company, which was also received with equal enthusiasm.

"Bad whiskey," which is a comic Irish sketch was next introduced by the appearance of Mr. Auburn in the personation of Mary Ann, E. Connelly, a low Irish washer-woman, struggling under the disadvantage of being the slave of a husband who is addicted to the somewhat uncommon habit of being on very good terms with "Mr. John Barleycorn." Mary Ann's apparent experience with the wash-tub almost induced some of the young swells of the village to send in their linen to her, but her very sudden departure from the village to live with her brother Tim caused them with very deep regrets to retract the execution of this intention. Mr. Samuel McDonnell's personation of Owen Connelly, was, in short, perfection itself, and the closing up by the appearance of a policeman, Mr. Dan Donovan, on the scene, the struggle between the policeman and Owen, eventually Mary Ann's taking up of her husband's cause, although a few moments previous she requested his arrest, elicited tremendous applause from the audience. When the curtain was again drawn, Mr. Auburn sang, in character, that most inspiring song, "Those cruel slavery days," which elicited much applause. Mr. Dan Donovan was next introduced, and his tripping of the clog dance requires no eulogism from me, as I hear it said that he is well-known in this vicinity as a master of his art. Mr. Macdougall was next introduced to the audience in his character of "Old Steve," and entertained them for upwards of ten minutes with a most amusing stump oration, prepared by himself, and contributing several witty local hits. If we are to judge of the applause Mr. Macdougall received from his audience, his stump speech was one of the greatest successes of the evening.

The audience clapped hands most enthusiastically on his exit, and on his re-appearance as "Father Prout" he was again enthusiastically received. Then followed "Striped Servant," a farce, there being two characters, "Mr. Figet," an old time bachelor, personated by Donald Alex. McDonald, and "Gauthrain," a negro applicant for hire, personated by Mr. Henry Leclair. Both these gentlemen performed their parts well, and in particular I noticed Mr. Leclair's success. He seemed to entertain a vivid idea of the requirements of a successful negro performer. No member of the troupe elicited more applause from the audience than did Mr. Leclair; and, if I am a judge, this is about the best recommendation he can receive. "Happy Uncle Tommy," a negro burlesque, then followed, in which Mr. Mr. Auburn and Mr. Leclair personated "Uncle Tommy" and "Uncle Jeff" respectively. This burlesque was one of the greatest successes of the evening, and calls for no eulogism from me, as the two gentlemen who figured in it speak for themselves. This ended the first part of the programme, and fifteen minutes' intermission intervened, during which time Miss McMillan and Mr. A. P. McDonald applied their well known talents as musicians to the entertainment of the audience.

After intermission the chairman introduced Mr. Duncan L. McMillan, who sang very effectively that well known song, "Poor but a gentleman still." Then followed "The Highland Fling," by Mr. R. McDonald in kilts, to pipe music by Mr. McDonald, of Lochiel. He was exceedingly well received by the audience, as his accomplishments in his department deserved. After a few strains on the violin, with organ accompani-

ment by Miss McMillan, the chairman introduced Mr. Macdougall, who sang "McSorley's Twins," which was received with uproarious laughter. "Darkies' Strategem" was then brought to the fore: "Cupid," "Cruncher," "Jenkins" and "Lucy" being personated respectively by Messrs. S. McDonald, J. McDonald, Donald Alex. McDonald, and Duncan L. McMillan. It is difficult for me to say anything respecting this play in the direction of distinguishing it from any other part of the programme as a success, because it was received like everything else, with tremendous uproar. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to particularize, but if I were to express an opinion respecting the characters in this play I would say that "Cupid" carried off all the honors.

Mr. Auburn was then introduced, and sang very inspiringly "Trabbling back to Georgia." "Slippery Day," a comedy, was then brought to the fore, and the various characters represented all contributed to make it one of the best plays exhibited.

The programme was then wound up by the full complement rendering "You will get a Church bye-and-by." The performance on the second evening, it is said, even exceeded that of the first, and the sum realized from both evening's entertainments nets \$140, exclusive of expenses.

ST. DENIS SSKRKT. [The above was mislaid for a few days or it would have appeared in last week's issue.—Ed. T. W.]

DAVITT FUND.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for The Post (\$50.00), A few friends of the cause, Ottawa (3.00), Henry J. Stafford (5.00), W. C. (1.00), John Curran (5.00), Father Graham (5.00), James Kelly (1.00), Francis Curran, Teacher, Charlottetown, P.E.I. (1.00), A Friend (3.00), J. C. Hanley, Read, Ont. (1.00), James Farrell (1.00), Archie Stewart (1.00), Daniel Byrn (1.00).

CATHOLIC NEWS.

It is rumored that Ottawa will be created an Archdiocese, and His Grace Bishop Duhamel appointed Archbishop.

David Bernard O'Leone was received into the priesthood at Toronto on Sunday morning by Archbishop Lynch.

Part of the head of St. John the Baptist is said to be kept in the Church of St. Sylvester at Rome, and another part at Amiens, in France.

The citizens of Cork have enriched the shrine of Knock with a beautiful altar. It has been erected beneath the southern window in the eastern transept.

The Rev. Jules Perrin (in religion Pere Camille) and the Rev. Joseph Serbier (in religion Pere Joachim), both Capuchins, have been ordered by the authorities to quit the Canton of Geneva, where they had been staying temporarily.

Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, Roman Catholic, has issued a pastoral, forbidding the Catholics of his diocese to originate or participate in picnics and excursions, or holding fairs for the benefit of churches, schools and other charitable institutions without his approval.

In July, on the occasion of the feast of the Slav Apostles SS. Cyril and Methodius, there will be a great pilgrimage to Rome. It will be composed of Poles, Bulgarians, Roumelians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians, and it is said that those who have already signified their intention of joining it are for the most part men of letters and wealthy proprietors.

The Protestants of Barnesville, Virginia, have invited Bishop Kuane to preach to them a series of sermons explanatory of Catholic doctrines and practices. The Bishop complied with their request on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 3rd and 4th instants, when he delivered four discourses in the chapel of the Catholic colony located at that place. It is thought conversions are numerous.

The affecting burial service of the Catholic Church was recently performed in Philadelphia over the widow of the late Lewis C. Levin, who thirty-seven years ago was the leader of the Know-Nothing anti-Catholic party in Philadelphia, and who was sent by it to Congress for two terms. The late Mrs. Levin was received upon her deathbed into the Church which her husband had so bitterly and conspicuously attacked, and soon after his death, twenty-one years ago, all of his daughters embraced the same faith.

Miss Edmonia Lewis is of mixed Indian and African blood, her father being a negro and her mother being an Indian squaw, of the Chippewa tribe, in New York. She was born near Albany. William Lloyd Garrison discovered her bent toward imitation, and took her to the studio of Mr. Becker, in Boston. Her first stroke of success was with a bust of Colonel Shaw, of Fort Wagner fame, whose friend ordered one hundred copies and paid for them at the rate of \$15 each. The Marquis of Bute has her "Madonna and Child," and Lady Ashburton "The Old Arrowmaker and his Daughter." She became a Catholic, and is said to have received a visit from Pius IX at her studio in Rome.—New York Times.

It will rejoice our Catholic readers to know that Hon. H. B. Wells, formerly known as a barrister of large practice, and more recently as judge of the County of Kent, a position which he filled with ability and honor for twenty-seven years. Two years ago he resigned it and went to live in Toronto. Catholic Record.

The Pilgrimage under the auspices of St. Bridget's Bazaar and Benevolent Society will take place to St. Ann's of Verannes on Thursday, June 2nd. Notice hereafter.

We are also informed that a Bazaar in aid of St. Mary's Church will open in the basement of the new church, corner of Craig and Panet streets, on or about the 20th June next. Articles and contributions will be most gratefully received by the Rev. Father Lonergan, at St. Bridget's Presbytery, No. 34 Champlain street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

To the Editor of This Post.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed in your valuable journal of Monday last a letter from a correspondent signing himself "Suggestion," in which he deplores the fact that there is no gymnasium or institution in Montreal in which young men of moderate means may develop their muscles. I would beg to call his attention to the fact of the existence of a club called the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, on whose grounds may be found almost all the requisites for said development, viz, Indian clubs, bars, dumb-bells, foot-ball, weights, running-track, shower-baths, archery, etc., etc.

The above Club may be said to be the most democratic in America, its membership being composed of merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, journalists, laborers, of every trade and occupation in fact.

I believe the members intend to arrange for during the next winter—in the centre of the city—a club-room and gymnasium, with a reading-room and library combined, which is the very want your correspondent complains of. I have been informed that since their annual meeting in April this year (one month) the Club has added to its roll 64 new members, which is not strange, considering the very small subscription—\$2 per annum, only.

Not alone in athletics are the benefits of membership in the Shamrock Club to be found. I consider that the Club by drawing young men to their grounds, in the summer evenings, and thereby, probably, keeping them from saloons, etc., has a moral as well as physical influence on the youth of our city. This is a fact which, I think, can not be denied.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, I argue that the above Club is a public benefactor, and as such should be encouraged by all having the welfare of our young men at heart; and the best encouragement is to become members of it and to help in the good work by voice and example.

FRIEND.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

To the Editor of This Post and True Witness.

Never was there a time when intemperance was so closely hemmed in as at present, and why? Because never was there a time when its woeful consequences were so fully conceived by people in general as at present. Old and young alike concede that intemperance is a great evil which should be carefully watched, for once contracted it leads inevitably to demoralization and death. So true is this that the very word intemperance conveys to the most superficial mind, the ideas of discontent, misery and wickedness. It is not, then, surprising that fierce warfare is everywhere raging against this vice, and that it is accursed by all. Cursed drink! says the mother, and the wife and the child. Would that this curse were realized and that drink had the same disastrous fate as the three impious opponents of God's law-giver, Moses.

In the means adopted to combat the progress of intemperance there has been perhaps, till lately, more earnestness displayed than judgment and wisdom, for what have been the practical results of that grand and sublime scheme of total abolition of intoxicating liquor? This grand and sublime scheme has had no practical result. There is as much liquor traffic now as before the conception of this superhuman project. There has been perhaps even a greater consumption of liquor where this project was put in force, for as every one well knows, many who never tolerated liquor in their houses, thought it prudent to make provisions for emergency, they now have it at hand through curiosity they follow the lunge or the cork, as the case was, and tasted the contents, and tasted them again and so often, that they soon became confirmed tipplers. If the members of society were all inclined to be perfect and self-denying like the advocates of abolition, abolition would be the most efficacious remedy for intemperance, but anyone who knows night about the state of society is aware that its members are not so well inclined, consequently we must have recourse to some other means. Those who are addicted to drink will satisfy their appetites by fair or foul means, by honest or dishonest means. So as to allow their drink to pass through the Customs they will change the names, if necessary, substituting less objectionable ones than brandy, gin, rye, whiskey. Abolition in this age of ingenuity will not then save society.

The authorities upon whose shoulders we all charitably lay the maintenance of order and peace, are aware of the incompetency of prohibitory measures. They have, therefore, directed their efforts against "the too prevailing evils" into another channel. They are now sincerely co-operating, as may be seen by the decreased number of licenses, with the Vigilance Committees, who are on the trail of those "shobees" where the "cup that inebriates" is so cheerfully passed round to the detriment of public morality and domestic happiness. These Committees, which are due to the zeal and energy of our French Canadian fellow-citizens, are working to undermine intemperance by regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, and for this purpose they employ all legal means. They intend, first, to prevent as much as lies in their power, the sale of spirits by unlicensed persons; secondly, to diminish the number of licensed houses; and, thirdly, to forward all changes that may be deemed expedient in the liquor laws. By working for their triple end, these Vigilance Committees strike effectually and practically at the very root of intemperance, for it is not precisely respectable and principled inn-keepers that occasion the misfortunes among us, but it is these low dens in back streets, which certainly cannot contain the number of apartments required by law; these grocery stores with a back counter and a hidden entrance, where women even, who have still a tinge of respectability, a feeling of decorum which keeps them out of public saloons, can procure a glass in blissful quiet and seclusion; these persons who are so dead to all sense of responsibility that they care not for the purchaser is, what he is, or how old he is; yes, it is, places of this cast, it is persons of this character that are demoralizing Montreal, offering, as they do, the bait of temptation to men, women and children who are otherwise well disposed, contributing thus to make them unmisgiving of their duties towards their God and their fellow-creatures. Grateful should we then be to the generous members of these Vigilance Committees, who spontaneously, in the interests of society at large, burden themselves with these onerous and unpleasant obligations. Success to the civil authorities who act on the information received from Vigilance Committees, whose members are every day on the increase, and living in all parts of the city. May we soon see the welcome decline of the days of intemperance—for it would cheer up many a sorrowing witness of the unhappy effects of its passage.

TEMPERANCE.

ROUND THE WORLD.

It is rumored that Ottawa will be created an Arch-diocese, and Bishop Duhamel appointed Archbishop.

L. S. Adam, notary, has been appointed Sheriff of the District of St. Hyacinthe, vacant by the death of Mr. Tache.

The body of Mr. John Harris, of London, Ont., has been found in the river Thames, under Blackfriars Bridge.

Highly encouraging reports are received at Chicago from all the spring wheat growing counties of the North-West.

Dick Torke was crazed by the honor of being elected Grand Master of Odd Fellows, at Navasota, Texas and had to be sent to an asylum.

James Daly, editor of the Castlebar Telegraph, was arrested under the Coercion Act and lodged in Kilmalnam gaol, has been released.

The death is announced in France of Comte Leon, who was always reputed to be a natural son of Napoleon I., and whom he resembled in a remarkable manner.

The Marquis of Salisbury was formally elected leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords at the meeting of Conservative Peers held yesterday.

Lord Lansdale, who has been lately in America with his yacht, the Northumbria, has purchased a steamer of 1,000 tons to attempt to reach the North Pole.

Capt. G. V. Hamilton, aged 82, an old resident of St. Catharines, died in that city yesterday. Deceased was an Irishman, and held his title from the British army.

Rev. Mr. Brookman publicly seceded from the Baptist Church at Toronto yesterday, declaring his disbelief in the doctrines of eternal punishment and close communion.

Bricklayers' assistants in Toronto are on strike for \$1.50 per day. The Grand Trunk conductors in the same city are asking for more pay, and the freight shed men are agitating for an increase to \$1.37 per day.

The Pope has ratified the erection of the diocese of Deserport, Iowa, cut from the diocese of Dubuque, which comprises the whole State. Rev. John McMillan, Vicar-General of Chicago will be Bishop of Deserport, and Rev. K. C. Flash will be Bishop of Lacrosse.

La Liberté, a French journal, announces the arrival in Paris of Mr. Marwood, the English hangman, accompanied by his wife and three children. "Business being slack," says our transatlantic contemporary, "Monieur, the executor of public works, is able to take a little recreation."

At the launch of the new Cunarder Servia, built by Messrs. Thomson, Clydebank, Mr. J. R. Thomson said that the first vessel they built for the Cunard Company measured 123 feet long, 50 feet beam, and 10 feet deep, with a gross tonnage of 175 tons. "That vessel was still working, and likely to work for a long time."

The black man is good on election days. So think the Republican party when they pat the man and brother on the back and sentimentally grate on the blessings and benefits of emancipation. But how is it on other days? At Springfield, Ill.—the home of the Emancipator—Republican hotel-keepers refuse to receive and accommodate the colored jubilee singers from the Fisk University of Tennessee. And yet they are not happy.

Hindman Barney, who has become a Baptist exhorter, says that he was an actor until he lost an arm, and then he reformed. A one-armed actor could not be of use on the stage. It is a fact, by the way, that few actors are convinced of the wickedness of their profession until they fall in it. Drunkenness is usually what causes the manager to receive content to the retirement of the conculous-stricken performer; but sometimes a lack of ability to act makes the pulpit's gain no appreciable loss on the stage.

Last Saturday a Will of the late Wm. Ford, deceased, was filed in the Probate Court, Washington City, dated January 12, 1865, in which year he died. He bequeathed three houses and personal property to his widow as long as she remained unmarried; but if she married, it was to go to the authorities of the Catholic Church. Shortly after Ford's death, it appears, a Will dated 1861 was filed and probated, leaving this property to the widow for her natural life, whereupon she remarried and has since settled down to the enjoyment of the property. This latter Will though has just turned up among the papers of the late Justice Plant, and of course will be the basis of a legal contest, as according to its provisions the property rightly belongs to the Church.—Baltimore Mirror.

DROWNED.

On Thursday morning while two men were working on the edge of the canal, at Chamby, they were surprised to observe a buggy-top standing on a little above the water. Looking more intently they were horrified to see a human hand raised beside it as if in mute appeal for help. The alarm was given and men set to work to rescue the body. After a little trouble it was taken out of the canal and laid on the bank. The corpse was immediately recognized as being that of one Jacques Junior, a wealthy farmer of Maryville. When found one of the dead man's hands held the dash board of the buggy in a death grip. The horse was also drowned. It appears that Mr. Junior was on his way home from Montreal, where he had been to visit his two sons, who are engaged in the beer-bottling business in the city. Feeling tired he had fallen asleep, letting the reins fall from his hands. The horse, not knowing the road, wandered off until it went over the edge of the canal into the water below, dragging the buggy and the deceased along with it. The scene of the accident lay between Chamby Canton and Chamby Basté, near Mr. Robertson's. The sudden immersion into the cold water must have stiffened the limbs, or he might easily have saved himself by climbing upon top of the buggy. Coroner Martel will hold an inquest to-day.

LACROSSE AND ITS PLAYERS IN CHICAGO.—The Tribune of May 5th says:—"The Chicago Lacrosse Club met last evening at 54 West Lake street, Mr. J. Feron presiding. A portion of the constitution submitted by the Committee on Organization was adopted, and the Club elected the following officers: President, James Feron; Vice-President, John Higgins; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Albert Wines; Treasurer, O. Flanagan; Financial Secretary, R. Feeney; Field Captain, C. McCarthy. The Club numbers about thirty members, twelve being elected last evening. Among them were several expert players from Canada. Grounds for practice are soon to be secured, and public exhibitions are to be given during the summer. Arrangements are also to be made for uniforms. It is the intention of the club to play a matched game here some time in July with one of the famous Indian teams of Canada, and with some of the clubs in this country. They hope to awaken a public interest in the game, and make it eventually as popular in the States as it is in Canada."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Wellkoff has accepted the Russian Premiership. Meat is 20 cents per pound in Winnipeg, Minn. Russian intrigues in Afghanistan are again rumored. It is intended to abolish public executions in Russia. Mr. J. A. Boyd, of Toronto, has been appointed Chancellor of Ontario. The crop prospects in the vicinity of Kingston, Ont., are unusually good. Point Levi farmers commenced sowing wheat on the 29th of last month. The new Spanish Government seems disposed to liberate the Cuban prisoners. It is the general opinion that the Marquis of Salisbury will lead the Tory party. There is still three feet of snow in the woods in the Province of New Brunswick. Alarming agitation has broken out among the peasantry in the Baltic provinces of Russia. There is some talk of a paper mill being established on the Humber River, near Toronto. Mr. Sheard, of the firm of Thoburn & Sheard, woolen mills, Almonte, has disappeared. Russia's proposal for a conference to extinguish Nihilism has been declined by the Powers. It is rumored that Lord High Chancellor Selborne has resigned his seat in the Imperial Cabinet. The Kroumirs have expressed their determination of resisting the French to the last extremity. Mr. S. Cook, ex-M. P. for Dundas, Ont., has been appointed to the Registrarship of that county. A true bill has been found against Herr Most, editor of the Socialist organ in London, the Freiheit. The Wesleyans are raising large sums of money for a memorial to the late Rev. Morley Hanson. Lady Colley has visited the resting place of her late husband. A monument has been placed over his grave. Rev. T. W. Handford, of Toronto, has gone to Chicago, where he will again enter the journalistic profession. A thousand cars of freight and many loaded with stock are standing in the Chicago yards, on account of the railroad strike. A canister of powder was found with a lighted fuse attached to the ammunition magazine at Wolverhampton, Eng., yesterday. The meeting promoted by Rochefort and other radicals in Paris to protest against the execution of Hesse Helfmann has been prohibited. Twenty persons are lying in prison at Constantinople, charged with complicity in the murder of the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, of Turkey. Captain Scott, of the Royal Navy, has been delegated by the Marine and Fisheries Department to bring out the Charybdis from England. The Home Rulers will propose an adjournment of the House of Commons, with a view to discuss the Government policy in relation to Ireland. Bebel, a member of the German Reichstag, says that the German people have now only one want, and that is for money enough to get to America. The "Army" of the Colony of Victoria numbers 3,387 officers and men, and its "navy" of two gunboats and a steamship is manned by 448 men. The Madrid Liberal states that a Catholic congress will be held in October, which will be attended by distinguished Catholics from every part of the world. The news from the Transvaal tends to increase the fear that the natives will attack the Boers when the British have withdrawn. A number of Caffre chiefs have formed a league against the Boers. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at Kettering, assured his hearers that there would be no discussion among the Tory chiefs relative to the leadership, and intimated that the question was not a pressing one. Mr. Labouchere announces in Truth that Lord Colin Campbell, M. P. for Argyleshire, the youngest and only unmarried son of the Duke of Argyll, will be married in the last week of June to Miss Gertrude Blood. The Russian Czarina is said to be in terror for her children, and to suspect her maids of honour of complicity with the Nihilists. The Czar, it is said, has had a narrow escape of being blown up by means of explosive tubes hidden in the wax candles which are burned at his desk. Two enormous bronze sphinxes are to be placed at the base of Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment, London, in August. One of them is nearly completed already, and is the largest bronze casting in one piece ever made, weighing, as it does, about seven tons, and standing nine feet high. A volunteer, writing from Colonel Carrington's camp, speaks of the way in which the Basuto chiefs concentrated their men as simply wonderful. "You may move from the camp without seeing more than a few of their videttes, yet in one half hour there will be 7,000 or 8,000 directly in front of you." The inhabitants of that part of Chester, England, near the Cathedral Church of St. John's were roused about 2 o'clock on the morning of April 14 by a terrible crash of falling masonry and the clangor of bells. Half of the tower of St. John's Church, which rose to a height of 150 feet, and was a landmark for the surrounding country, had fallen, and with it several of the bells. A number of Liverpool opticians, cordial admirers of Mr. Gladstone, have manufactured for his special use a masterpiece of their handicraft in the shape of a pair of spectacles. The difficulty of obtaining the Premier's true "sight" was overcome by obtaining private information as to the strength of the glasses which Mr. Gladstone has in ordinary use. It may be interesting to know that his sight is clasped by these skilled opticians as remarkably young for his time of life. Much interest was displayed at the trial of the murderers of the Czar as the slight figure of Petrovka, one of the young women accused, rose, and waiting calmly till there was perfect silence, proceeded in measured and well modulated tones to address the court. Her manner throughout was perfectly moderate, as she admitted her various crimes, and delivered herself of the well-known Socialist sentiments. She concluded by saying: "What I have done has been prompted solely by love of my country; and I desire no other fate but to share the lot of my companions."

LETTER FROM URANUS.

ADVENTURES OF MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor.—The majority of your readers smile sarcastically and shake their heads incredulously at the idea of a man—or shadow—in Uranus, writing letters to a newspaper in Diritana, for so your earth is termed here. Let them smile, let them shake, it is all the same to me, but I would simply remind them that their fathers in their generation did the same when those whom they considered lunatics, went round raving about steam and electricity. There are a great many things in your, and other worlds, that were never dreamed of by Horatio, and if I, through the superior intellect that has often stung me in good need, can manage to drop you a line occasionally it is nobody's business. I can't in one short sentence let you into such vast secrets as would make your moustache turn white in a single night, but I refrain. I could show you a way by which the planets would be as accessible to the inhabitants of Diritana as are now the United States of America to an enterprising defaulter, but in mercy to the inhabitants of those places I forbear. If I did so, space would swarm before long with newspaper correspondents, bent on interviewing the great spirits, and election bunnies and carpet baggers jostling the demons themselves in their eagerness for advancement. Affairs are quiet around here at present and long may they continue so. The astronomers of Diritana are lying villains surely. I don't blame them for talking of the billions of miles between Uranus and Diritana, for the poor creatures know no better, and after all a few millions is nothing in this region, but the idea of talking of the stars as stupendous bodies, thousands of times larger than the earth, is where they deceive with intent. Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, Uranus is not much larger than a good sized pond, and I am given to understand that not one of the stars is any bigger than your Victoria Square. But the size really matters not for, as I think I have remarked, here space is of no account in these here diggins. We are so constituted that a thousand of us could find room in a blacking box, or for the matter of that, we could swell ourselves out to almost the size of Mike, or Fin McCool. I cannot undertake to describe to you our personal appearance, if I may use such an expression in speaking of spirits. I could describe a horse to you or a man, because you have seen those animals before, or a centaur, because, though you have not seen it, you have seen a man on horseback, and you can conceive both might be united like the Siamese twins. Uranus is about two hundred and fifty miles from Diritana, and Heaven bless you, we can see everything you do from here. We are all eyes in Uranus, and a powerful eye it is nothing can escape it, and we know what is going on in the Queen's Palace as well as in the hut of the peasant. Our companions are twenty-eight in number, all poor, miserable wretches not worth speaking of, who could not secure a single disciple in their life time, like myself, but who, unlike me, were not successful in advancing themselves to the position of Usher of the Back-stairs-in-Waiting. Mr. Editor, I was in Uranus only a few days (I try to adapt myself to your understanding) when I observed that one of my companions eyed me narrowly, but when he met my gaze he would turn away with a sigh heavily. I thought I recognized his features, for, you must know, that though we have a very singular shape, the earthly features are more or less distinctly imprinted on it for awhile, although it wears off gradually just like the echo of a bell sound. The individual I refer to had a long melancholy aspect, as if he had left something tangible behind him in Diritana, for which he was sorry, and I so pitied his condition that, although speaking is not much indulged in, I advanced towards him and said, "My friend, are you long in Uranus?" "I fancy I have seen you somewhere before." "Alas, O'Regan, is that you?" I thought I recognized you, I am Benjamin Dirsall whom you called Beaconsfield down below. "What is it possible you never made a disciple?" "How the deuce could I? What had I to preach? I believed in nothing myself." "Not even in the Tory party?" "In that fraud less than anything else?" "But, surely you believed in monarchy—the Queen?" "No I didn't. I only believed in Beaconsfield, but the law of the universe says one cannot worship one's self if he would escape Uranus." "Hem. You seem to be well posted. Would you go back again if you were allowed?" "Hardly, although I should like to give Gladstone another bustle for the Treasury." "What do you think of Gladstone; honestly now?" "I consider him a greater fraud even than I. I was only a cynical egotist, while he is a terrible hypocrite." "Do you think they'll miss you below?" "Where, in h—? Oh, I understand, in England. I should think so. I was the only man who could pacify Ireland. I would have made it a scientific frontier in which cattle could graze at their leisure ready for the British market, while that idiot Gladstone would end by giving the Irish autonomy." "I imagine that letter to 'my dear Duke' dishd you?" "It did temporarily, no doubt, but I would have recovered myself." "Couldn't we get up some kind of a Government here in which you would be Prime Minister, and I would be—?" "Yes; why don't you go on—in which you would be King. No, thank you. If I serve any one he or she must be of blood royal." "Well, isn't it? The O'Regans ruled Ireland long before the Fibolgas—had luck to them—over set foot in the country. By the way, I have a grudge against you, Becky. Do you know why I was kidnapped and taken to South Africa? It was you stirred up that strife, and hence I lay my death at your door." "Your rapid promotion created jealousy among your friends, especially Bence-Jones and Captain Boycott. I resisted as long as I could, until they showed me a scurrilous song composed by you about Her Majesty, and then I submitted to the intrigue which shipped you to the Transvaal." "What kind of a song was it, The Lament of the Irish Landlord?" "No, it commenced with these two lines:— "When the Queen she came to Ireland we treated her like a man, And the whiskey we showed into her as long as she could stand." "Well, I don't see any harm in that; of course stand and man do not rhyme very well, but then when one has loyal emotions—" "One shouldn't; and besides it wasn't the rhyme was objected to; it was the idea of showing whiskey into Her Majesty." "What then, do Kings and Queens drink?" "I suppose tis gin—the whiskey I made the mistake of." "But I believe you to be an infernal scoundrel and that you have been the

cause of my downfall, and only you are not worth striking." Well, Mr. Editor, I regret to say that we both lost our temper and fought like tigers, thus for the first time creating a row in the planet Uranus, and at the same time exciting an interest in the breasts of its few inhabitants. Yours truly, MYLES O'REGAN. "ANOTHER FENIAN PLOT." CHESTER, May 6.—Great excitement was caused here, to-day, by the discovery of what is believed to be another Fenian plot. The militia of the county are assembled here for annual instruction and drill. They are quartered in the old barracks, the regular garrison of the place occupying other quarters. This morning, at the time of changing guard, an explosion occurred in a place immediately outside the guard-room. A hole had been dug close to the wall of the barracks, and filled with packages of gunpowder and a fuse attached. The hole was not deep enough to undermine the wall, or the powder was not sufficient, and little damage was done. It is thought to have been done by Fenian spies lurking around Chester. A parcel of powder was exploded under the walls of the Barracks at Chester last night. The damage was trifling. It is believed the perpetrators are some militia men who had been punished. AN AUDIENCE OF ONE. JOE EMMETT'S STORY OF HOW HE PLAYED TO A MATINEE OF ONE MAN. Joe Emmett tells the following story of the smallest audience he ever played to: The smallest audience I ever had was in Columbus, Ohio. The managers had been trying to introduce matinee, but with not much success. Joe Jefferson, Denman Thompson, and some of the big stars had gone through the mill, and the audience had been so small that they had shied, and refused to take the gate. The money had been returned at the box office, and the disappointed ticket buyers had departed determined never again to patronize a matinee in Columbus. The afternoon business was at its lowest ebb when I struck the town. After two or three performances the posters announced a matinee. I went to the theatre at two o'clock that afternoon, found my Company skylarking behind the curtain, in their every day suits. I looked out in the auditorium. There was just one man in the theatre. He sat clear back in the parquet. It was as much as I could do to outline him in the darkness. I went out to the box office. "Did that man pay for his ticket?" I asked. "Yes, fifty cents," the treasurer replied. "The manager told me to return him his money and close the theatre." "No, you won't," I said. "I have never disappointed an audience when I'm sober, and I don't propose to do so now. We'll play for him." I went into the parquet, introduced myself to the man, and thanked him for his attendance. I told him that as he had thought enough of me to come and see me and pay fifty cents for the privilege, he should have as good a performance as though the house was packed. I then went behind the curtain and requested the company to dress. "Great Caesar, Joe," one of them said, "you ain't a going to play to that one man, are you?" "Yes I am," I replied. "He's paid his money, and he shall have his money's worth." "Oh the devil," I'll pay his fifty cents and you let him go." I told him that the performance must go on as usual, and I warned each one that any attempt to grieve the audience or any failure to play a part in full would be the signal for a discharge. "Well, the orchestra played an overture and the curtain arose," Fritz continued. "I walked down to the footlights. I invited the audience to come forward and take a front seat, where he could see and be seen. He thanked me and settled himself in the front row. I suggested that a little generous applause thrown in where he thought the actors deserved it would be inspiring them and warm them to their work. He seemed to appreciate the situation and agreed to give us all the encouragement that he thought we deserved. The performance began. I don't think I ever played better. I threw myself heart and soul into the character, and sang the 'Lullaby' so tenderly that the entire audience was in tears. He called for an encore. I told him that we rarely gave an encore, but as this was an extraordinary occasion he should have one. He applauded liberally at times where no applause was deserved, and again failed to applaud where applause was deserved. At such times I called his attention to the omission, and asked whether on reflection he did not really think he had made a mistake. A hint was sufficient. He would clap his hands as though perfectly enchanted and shout, 'Bravo!' like an Italian over Salvini. The company paid no attention to him, but went on with the performance as regular as clock work. Between the acts, however, one or two of them evinced a disposition to go out into the auditorium and mingle with the audience. I set my face against it and they refrained. At the close of the second act the manager entered the theatre. He had been out for a walk. He seemed dumbfounded at seeing the house brilliantly lighted, and the orchestra playing soberly to one man. But he was more astonished when the curtain arose and the performance was resumed with as much unconcern as though there were \$1,000 in the house. But he had an eye to business. He sent word to the newspaper reporters, and half a dozen of them arrived in time for the last act. No actor ever received better newspaper criticisms. Some of them were over a column long. It turned out that the audience was the owner of a copper mine in Michigan, and very wealthy. On the following night he gave the whole company a banquet at the leading hotel. He entertained us as handsomely as we had entertained him, and we parted with mutual regrets. Just a year afterward I announced another matinee at Columbus. It was well advertised, and the house was packed to suffocation. I took in over \$1,200. My sense of duty to that one man, who had invested the small sum of half a dollar, had returned me a golden harvest." The Earl of Cathness, who died recently in New York, had a strong liking for mechanics, and in his younger days worked for some time in large engineering works in Manchester, England. He was patentee of several inventions, including an improvement on the tape-loom, for which he received £500. Among his other inventions were a gravitating compass, a road locomotive, with carriage (in which he, along with the Countess travelled on one occasion from Inverness to Barrigill Castle at the rate of one hundred miles an hour on the level road, creating quite a sensation). He was the inventor of a railway carriage, &c. He was the first in the north of Scotland to use the steam plough, by which he reclaimed a large portion of land.

WIT AND HUMOR. It was a man who was arrested for stealing a mirror who discovered he had a glass too much. Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception. The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them. "It's very curious," says a young lady whom we know, "that a tortoise from whom we get all our tortoise-shell combs, has no hair!" "All seems to hinge on this," remarked the lover when he proposed to his sweetheart while swinging on the gate in front of her house. A cross-eyed man who said that he was going to "vote as he shot," had his ballot carefully put among the "scattering," by a judicious inspector. To the query of a Danbury dentist to an applicant for a new set as to what sort of teeth she wanted, she said:—"Something that won't show dirt." A man in Boston in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention. The New Orleans Picayune says that life insurance companies furnish tombstones in cases where they are allowed to inscribe an advertisement of the company on the stone. We think they would be much more effective as advertisements for fire insurance companies. Young Lady—"My dear professor, I want to thank you for your lecture. You made it all so plain that I could understand every word." Professor—"I am truly glad you did understand it. I have studied the subject for about thirteen years, and am not clear that I understand it yet." In Boston: "Aesthetic young lady—"By the way, Mr. Gosloff, have you read Bascom's 'Science of Mind'?" "N-n naw. I'm not reading much nowadays. I pass my time in original thought." "Aesthetic young lady (with sympathy).—"How very dreary, to be sure." "I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing a manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that, when it came to speed no long-haired poet could distance him; and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste basket. In a Nashville court, recently, a juror asked to be excused because he was deaf, although there were reasons for supposing that his hearing was not affected. "He is excused," said the Judge, "for if he is deaf we don't want him, and if he is a liar we don't want him either." "So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a Hammersthit young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes. And, do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties." "Why do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past, brooding over the days that are forever gone?" asks a young lady in a communication entitled "Life's Aims." "They don't." On the contrary, they wander around the dry goods stores of the present, picking things they have no idea of buying. The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she had ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?" A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church declared that when she saw the shawls of those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do. A Newark lady, on entering the ladies cabin of a ferry-boat, and finding the seats occupied by men, remarked to a friend that she had often noticed in the papers quotations of prices of dressed hogs, and it had never dawned on her mind what the article was until then. A famous surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it very severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor; "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator." "How so?" "We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times." The author of a popular "new and original" play, which had a great run some years ago, was the other day congratulating himself on his old triumph, and boasting about his piece, "which," said he, "has been imitated a good deal since." "But particularly—before," observed a cynical critic who was present. Scene at Continental kursal; English party at card table—"Hello, we are two to two." English party at opposite table—"We are two to two, too." German spectator, who "speaks English," to companion, who is acquiring the language—"Well, now you see how dis is. Off you want to give expression to yourself in English all you have to do is to blay mit der French horn!" HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—For bad legs, bad breasts, scrofulic and scrofulous sores this is a genuine specific. The grateful and earnest gratitude of thousands who have experienced its unrivalled power over these complaints, and who have been raised from prostrate helplessness and a condition loathsome to themselves and others, renders it quite unnecessary to enlarge in this place upon its extraordinary virtues. The parts affected should be bathed with lukewarm water, and when the pores are thereby opened the Ointment should be well rubbed in, at least twice a day. It is always advisable to take Holloway's Pills in these disorders, as this much assists the Ointment's action. The Pills check the fever, purify the blood, and eject all morbid matter engendered by these diseases. ELECTRICITY AS GAS. The relative cost of lighting by gas and electricity in England has been estimated by experiments at the South Kensington Museum. Light is wanted for about seven hundred hours during the year, and the expense of the electric light—the actual working expense—is \$3 10d an hour; whereas gas formerly cost 18s an hour. There is thus a saving of 12s 2d an hour; but from this must be deducted interest on capital and a sinking fund to cover the effects of wear and tear and a depreciation.

THINGS IN GENERAL. The oldest man in Texas has just been killed. He was almost 42. The hens that did good work last week will be given another year's trial before being sold for spring chickens. An editor in Cincinnati, puffing air-tight coffins, said: "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other." A monument consisting of three pyramids of granite is to be erected on the spot where Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia were executed. "I'm afraid that bed is not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied, "I'll add two more feet to it when I see it." Jones—"I get Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?" Robinson—"Oh, a very simple reason—to prevent Mrs. Smith from going with him." The North Western Railway is going to make Portage La Prairie its terminus, and in consideration of \$100,000 as a bonus, the headquarters of the company are to be established there. Safe, Vault Doors, &c. GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, Galt, Ont. FIRE and BURGLAR PROOF SAFES VAULT DOORS. (Awarded First Prize at the late Toronto Exhibition) With every facility at command, the most thorough & reliable work in Safes and Vaults is guaranteed. PRICES LOW! TERMS OF PAYMENT EASY! Safes on view and for sale at our Warerooms, 29 St. Bonaventure Street. ALFRED BENN, Agent for Province of Quebec. SAW, PLANING, FLOURING and WOOL WORKING MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS. 29 St. Bonaventure Street. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00 Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. 25c Groups of Land Leaguers, 16 lithographs, 9x11. \$1.00 Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24 60c SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. LANE & CO. 36 364 BLEURY ST., Montreal. POND'S EXTRACT. THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER and SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRAGES. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hemorrhages, Diphtheria & Sore Throat, Catarrh, Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Inflamed or Sore Eyes, Earache, Toothache and Faceache, Piles, Blind, Bleeding, or Itching, For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples, Female Complaints. CAUTION. Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and comes in a wrapper of red wax. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. This no other product. It is never sold by weight, or by measure. Price of Pond's Extract, Toilet Article, and Specialties. Pond's Extract, 50c. Pond's Extract, 75c. Pond's Extract, 1.00. Pond's Extract, 1.25. Pond's Extract, 1.50. Pond's Extract, 2.00. Pond's Extract, 2.50. Pond's Extract, 3.00. Pond's Extract, 3.50. Pond's Extract, 4.00. Pond's Extract, 4.50. Pond's Extract, 5.00. Pond's Extract, 5.50. Pond's Extract, 6.00. Pond's Extract, 6.50. Pond's Extract, 7.00. Pond's Extract, 7.50. 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