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VOL. XXXII.—NO. 31.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1882.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IRELAND

The Land War.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

LONDON, March 9.—Large numbers of copies of United Ireland were seized in Cork yesterday.

DUBLIN, March 8.—The Gazette contains a proclamation offering a reward of £500 for information leading to the conviction of the murderers of the tenant Morony.

A meeting of the Ladies' Land League yesterday acknowledged having received £51 for the general fund and £1,511 for the imprisoned leaguers.

James Bourke, a business partner of Egan, Treasurer of the Land League, was arrested under the Coercion Act to-day.

LIVERPOOL, March 8.—The United Ireland was again issued here on Thursday. Its imprint bears the name of Mr. Denver, who was recently fined for aiding and abetting the printing of that journal without an imprint, as the printer or William O'Brien.

The News denies the report that Parnell was recently punished by solitary confinement.

LONDON, March 9.—In the House of Commons the debate was resumed on Mr. Gladstone's resolution relative to the House of Lords' enquiry into the working of the Land Act. A motion by Mr. Gibson (Conservative) for the previous question was rejected by 303 to 219.

LONDON, March 10.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Mr. Forster, replying to a question by Mr. Healy, said he was not aware that the United States made any representations to the Government regarding the stoppage of the Irish World.

The Irish members denounced the arrest of Bourke as due to spite against Egan.

Mr. Forster denied emphatically that the arrest had any connection with Mr. Egan.

THE QUEEN'S ASSAILANT.

LONDON, March 11.—Maclean, the assailant of the Queen, on being arraigned, said he would reserve his defence. He declined to cross-examine the witnesses. His interests were watched by a solicitor. The evidence was merely a repetition of what is already known concerning his attempt on the life of the Queen. It overwhelmingly confirmed the statement that his pistol was sufficiently elevated when he fired for the ball to have struck Her Majesty. Previous to the committal of Maclean, the Treasury Solicitor stated that he is prima facie sane, and that the magistrates had no authority to inquire into the state of his mind. It appears highly improbable that the charge of high treason is advanced with a view to obtaining the death penalty. Maclean laughed several times at the evidence given by the Eton College students.

THE HATTON GARDEN ROBBERY.

PARIS, March 9.—It is believed that the three men arrested at Brussels for complicity in the Hatton Garden (London) Post Office robbery include the pretended American, Colonel Gaston, and an accomplice who robbed a Paris jeweller of 246,000 francs worth of goods.

THE CUBAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

MADRID, March 11.—After approving of the new and Liberal press law the Ministers to-day, presided over by the King, decided to maintain General Preradogast in Cuba. Though not well satisfied with his recent acts, yet, after mature deliberation, the Government deems it imprudent to send out a Conservative commander in the present agitated state of the colony.

THE BORNEO DIFFICULTY.

Active negotiations are going on between England and Spain about Borneo. The Government has decided to respond to the creation of a British company by the occupation of several islands in the Sooloo Archipelago and near Borneo.

CUBAN AUTONOMY.

MADRID, March 12.—The Government has decided to give General Preradogast full power to suspend the constitutional guarantees, the press laws and every statute he may judge necessary, if the concessions already made by Spain are used by the Orosles to promote the autonomist agitation in Cuba.

NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE.

HALIFAX, March 10.—The local Legislature closed at four o'clock this afternoon with the speech from Lt. Governor Archibald. Previous to prorogation the following resolution was passed unanimously:— "Whereas the Nova Scotia Railway Co. have requested the appointment of a commission for the purpose of investigating into and reporting upon the natural and industrial resources of Nova Scotia, and the suitability of the Province for more extensive settlement, and the expenditure of capital, and have offered to contribute \$50,000 towards the expense of such commission; and whereas the appointment of such commission is calculated to promote the interest and welfare of the Province; be it therefore resolved, that the Government be requested to procure such further aid towards the expenses of such a commission as can be obtained from the Dominion Government, and be authorized to secure a commission for

the purpose contemplated in the proposal of the Nova Scotia Railway Company."

It is understood that a similar resolution was brought up in the Legislative Council with closed doors, but the Opposition to it was so strong that it was withdrawn. The opponents of the resolution in the Council contended that it would entail enormous expense on the Province, principally to aid the Nova Scotia Railway Co. in Europe.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LEGISLATURE.

ST. JOHN'S, N.B., March 11.—The Prince Edward Island Legislature was opened on Wednesday with the following speech from the Throne:—

Mr. President and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

I am happy to meet you again for the despatch of the legislative business. You will, I am sure, unite with me in gratefully acknowledging the goodness of God for the blessings bestowed upon us during the past year. The labors of our husbandmen have been richly rewarded, and the ready sales and remunerating prices of all kinds of farm stock and produce have, I am happy to find, contributed largely to the well-being and comfort of all those engaged in agricultural pursuits. It affords me great pleasure to be enabled to congratulate you upon the leading position gained by this Province at the Dominion Exhibition, held in Halifax last autumn. The number of prizes awarded to the Island, stock, farm produce and manufactures, attest the great superiority of our exhibits, and proclaim the general success of our Province. The local exhibitions were highly creditable to the Island, and indicate a gratifying progress in the development of our industries. You will be pleased to learn that commodious and well appointed buildings have been erected on the stock farm, and that the facilities for managing that portion of the public property have thereby been greatly increased. The stocks purchased in Great Britain arrived in a very satisfactory condition, and the selections made will, I am sure, commend themselves to your approval. The advantages to be derived from improved breeds of stock is well worthy of your attention, and I venture to indulge in a confident expectation that a further promotion of agriculture in its various relations will continue to command the interest of the representatives of a people thoroughly capable of appreciating the importance of the great object.

Closely bound up with the success of agriculture and trade is the state of our communication with the inland provinces of the Dominion. Your address at last session to His Excellency the Governor General in Council on this subject was duly transmitted by me to the Dominion Government, and the reply thereto will be laid before you.

During the recess my Government forwarded to the Queen a minute of Council relating to compensation claimed by this Province for the use of our fisheries granted to citizens of the United States, at the request of Her Majesty's Imperial Government. Papers on the subject will be placed before you.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

The accounts for the past year will be laid before you. The estimates for the present year will also be submitted to you. They have been prepared with as much regard to economy as is compatible with the efficiency of the public service. You will be gratified to learn that the receipts for the past year have been more than sufficient to meet the expenditure, and that there is a considerable surplus to the credit of the Province.

Mr. President and Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

You will be asked to consider measures relative to the constitution of the Legislature; to the administration of affairs, with the object of diminishing the burdens of the people and securing increased efficiency in the public service.

A bill to repeal "The Assessment Act of 1877" will be submitted to you; a measure authorizing the revision and consolidation of the statutes will be placed before you; the law relating to Provincial elections, to the office of Sheriff and to trials in the Supreme Court require to be amended. Bills respecting the same will be submitted for your approval. I invite your attention to the several subjects mentioned as well as to the general business which will be brought before you, and I pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon your labors.

A NIHILIST WARNING.

GENEVA, March 9.—The Russian Nihilists have issued a declaration that if the executions of the recently condemned Nihilists at St. Petersburg are not averted their deaths will be avenged.

THE "BAHAMA" INVESTIGATION.

Our Quebec correspondent says:—The report that the investigation concerning the "Bahama" had been closed is contradicted by Mr. Gregory, who, finding it necessary to have authority to subpoena witnesses, with a view to fully satisfying the public, adjourned the investigation. In the beginning of next week Mr. Gregory having, in the meantime, received judicial authority, a thorough investigation will be held, and all detours of aiding it are invited to do so, witnesses being under the protection of the law in giving whatever testimony they may have, for or against the "Bahama."

Charles A. Reed, of Newton, Mass., devised \$40,000 each to his own town and Salem; to be used in pensions to children, scientific lectures and relief to poor widows.

LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

QUEBEC, March 12, 1882.

An instance of the repentance that cometh too late, occurred in our city not long since, and as the moral to be drawn from the example will be of great benefit to Irishmen in general, I shall repeat the story for the edification of your readers.

In the region of Champlain street dwell two butchers, one the son of a Polish exile, the other a thrifty Scandinavian. Both tradesmen were appealed to by the Land League collectors for assistance towards the cause of the Irish people. The Pole, promptly, and with a hearty word of sympathy, put his hand in his pocket, and gave a liberal donation. The Scandinavian refused point blank to contribute a cent. One of the collectors thinking his refusal arose from a dislike to seeing his name published in connection with a cause his friends condemned, hinted that he could give a subscription without letting his name be known, but the refusal was repeated. Now this man was largely dependent on the custom of the Irish in the neighborhood, but prejudice so blinded his cool Scandinavian forethought that he failed to see the natural result of his conduct. He was simply boycotted by the spontaneous sentiment of the Irish in Champlain street. The foolish man took it into his head that he was boycotted by order of the Land League, but in this he was grievously mistaken. His punishment was decreed by the natural disgust of his Irish customers. They went in a body to the shop of the generous Pole, and to him transferred the custom they had hitherto given the unappreciative Scandinavian. The latter is vainly begging members of the Land League to accept a liberal subscription, with a request for the slightest notice in the press, so that his Irish customers may witness his repentance and return to his shop. The League has no desire to interfere with the Scandinavian's right to do what he pleases with his money, which he had a perfect right to give or refuse, but Ireland wants no man's money unless it be accompanied with a genuine sympathy for the wrongs of her suffering people. Like many a sinner the poor Scandinavian's repentance has not only come too late, but it is based on false principles, meanwhile he can whistle for his custom while the money of the brave Pole has been returned to him a hundredfold.

I presume a future historian of the United States will yet describe the present era of the Republic as the "age of humiliation." It witnesses a President dismissed with due cause from the New York Collectorship of Customs, and installed in the Chair of Washington, honoring the flag that Washington would have destroyed. It has seen a prominent American raise a monument to the guilty accomplice of Benedict Arnold's treachery, the spy Andre, hung by the just decree of Washington. It has heard a Secretary of State openly protesting that he vied with British subjects in loyalty to Her Britannic Majesty, and proving his principles by basely deserting American citizens in British dungeons, who simply asked to be released or to be tried for any crime laid to their charge. It has read the despatch of an American Minister, that although the law in Ireland is contrary to the spirit of British and American jurisprudence, it is the law of the land, and being so, he is powerless to interfere on behalf of any American citizen who may be dying in a British prison since the same law governs all people domiciled in the country.

The King of Dahomey annually sacrifices a number of human victims. It is the law of Dahomey; therefore, according to Mr. Lowell, an American residing in Dahomey is liable to have his head cut off, and the United States could not legally interfere, because, though opposed to the spirit of British and American jurisprudence, it is still the recognized law of Dahomey and governs the people domiciled therein.

The characteristics of liberty may be admired even in a traitor, but an American Minister, combining the corruption of a traitor with the stupidity of a jackass, is a being repulsive to human nature.

DIAGNOSIS.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

SONGS OF LIBERTY.—This is a handsome volume, bound in cloth, price 30 cents, in paper 30 cents, and sold by Woodward & O'Leary, Chicago. It contains thirteen portraits of distinguished Irishmen, now living, with twenty-seven poems on Irish National subjects.

THE HARP.—This sprightly Canadian magazine has lost nothing by going into possession of its present proprietor. The number for March is up to the usual standard. The contents include "Catholic Biography," "Harvest Time," "The Priest's Choice," "Irish Bards," "Priest Hunter," "Curiosities of Memory."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, sent free by mail, price \$4 per annum; single copies, 35 cents; D. & J. Sadler.—Contents: The United States and Mexico; Six weeks in Ireland; 1881; Moles and Warts in Literature; John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; A Prayer of Doubt; A Pope of the First Century; Clement I.; The Story of a Fortunate Girl (continued); Lenten Beveries; Wood Engraving and Early Printing; Among the Hills of Morvand; Ireland—1882; A Singular Phase of Protestantism; New Publications.

THE MONTH.—Contents: An Old Established Periodical; A Week in Tunis in 1879; Tombs of a Transition Period; The Irish-American War—A chapter of Irish history, 1761-1881; The Justice of Endless Punishment; The Precursors of the Reformation; A Tale of the Terror, from the French; Folk Lore of Upper Brittany; English Beliefs—The Hand of St. James; Reviews: Literary Record; The Case of the Irish National League.

THE REV. SPEAKER WAS VISITING AND MUCH SYMPATHY WAS AWAKENED BY HIS Eloquent and touching remarks in the hearts of those present, many of whom were moved to tears.

Rev. Father Beaubien spoke briefly in French, paying a high and eloquent tribute to the memory of Canon Plamondon, sympathizing with the Diocese of Montreal in the loss of a good priest and with the Rev. Pastor of St. Gabriel in the loss of a particular friend. Rev. Canon Plamondon was most popular amongst the priests of the Diocese of Montreal, a large number of whom, from the city and outlying parishes, assisted at his obsequies on Wednesday morning at the Cathedral. He was greatly beloved by Archbishop Bourget, late Bishop of Montreal, and was the confidential friend and counsellor of Bishop Fabre, the illustrious prelate, who now fills the episcopal chair of this diocese. He superintended

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Abbo Moreau, Cure of St. Bartholomew, who accompanied Mgr. LaSalle to Europe has just returned from Rome.

The collections taken up in the various Toronto Roman Catholic Churches on Sunday, March 13th, for the Pope, amounted to \$2,300.

Von Schlozer, the German representative at the Vatican, had an audience with the Pope yesterday, March 12th. The interview was cordial.

Bishop Sweeny, of St. John, N. B., was unable to take part in the church service yesterday, March 12th, having been slightly hurt by an explosion of gas in his house on Friday night.

At a meeting held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, on the afternoon of March 13th, eight thousand dollars were subscribed to assist St. Patrick's to rebuild their church, and Committees were appointed to canvass the city for further subscriptions.

Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Catholic Bishop of London, Ont., is in Ottawa. He has purchased four townships in the vicinity of Touchwood Hills, upon which it is proposed to establish an Irish Catholic colony. The Souris and Rocky Mountain Railway will pass near the district.

ST. GABRIEL.

SOLEMN REQUIEM SERVICE FOR THE REV. CANON PLAMONDON.

A solemn requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. Canon Plamondon, Dean of the Chapter of the Cathedral, Montreal, was held in St. Gabriel's Church on Thursday morning, at nine o'clock. The church was heavily draped in black, and in the centre aisle a large catafalque, surrounded with tapers, gave to the scene a sombre appearance, but which feebly expressed the sorrow for the deceased felt by the large congregation present. The celebrant on the solemn occasion was the Rev. J. J. Salmon, Pastor of St. Gabriel's, assisted by Rev. Father Beaubien, of Cote St. Paul, as Deacon; Rev. Father Fahey, of St. Anne's, as Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Father Ducharme as Master of Ceremonies. The singing was under the direction of Professor Theriault, and the Dies Ira, Libera and the other chants peculiar to the sacred ceremony were rendered in a manner well calculated to inspire those salutary thoughts which this event was naturally calculated to suggest. In the choir we noticed U. Denny, Esq., advocate, of the choir of the Gesù; E. Rossell, Esq., of St. James Church; E. St. Cyr, of St. Anne's; and other gentlemen distinguished as vocalists, whose efforts tended to render the service most impressive. The teachers and pupils of St. Gabriel's Academy assisted in a body, and occupied seats near the Sanctuary. At the end of the Mass, the rev. celebrant, Father Salmon, read the office of the dead, which the liturgy of the Church prescribes for the repose of the souls of her deceased members, and at the end of the sacred rite addressed the congregation. He was glad to recall such a large number present to honor the memory of a deceased dignitary of the Church, who had done honor whilst on earth to the exalted position he held as a minister of God's altar, and who had now gone to receive his reward. It was unnecessary for him to speak of the merits of the deceased Canon, for they were well known. But while he had ever been a shining light in the Church, and although his light shone to all who had intercourse with him, he had many hidden virtues which escaped the eyes of the world, and which were known only to those who had an intimate knowledge of his inner life, and who had received the benefit of his sympathy and counsel. The Rev. Canon had always been a devoted friend to the Irish race, and as an instance of this devotion, he had only to bring to their recollection the terrible scenes which, some years ago, followed the arrival of the immigrant ships, laden with fever-stricken patients who were landed on our shores; for amongst those who visited them and ministered to their wants, none showed greater zeal in alleviating their sufferings than Rev. Canon Plamondon. His charity towards the orphans left friendless on this sad occasion also made his memory cherished in many Irish hearts. He cared for them, enabled many of them to obtain a good education, and take some of the leading positions in society. The Rev. speaker then referred very feelingly to the friendship which always existed between the deceased and himself. He had always listened to the Rev. Canon's pastoral counsel, and felt he was having the advice of a father and friend. Canon Plamondon had known him when a boy, and had encouraged him in the various stages of his career. It was his happy privilege to pay the deceased several visits during his illness, and at his last interview he had the honor of receiving, as a memento of him, the valuable ring which the Canon had worn for years, and which had been worn by the late lamented Bishop Larigue, first Bishop of Montreal.

The Rev. speaker was visibly affected, and much sympathy was awakened by his eloquent and touching remarks in the hearts of those present, many of whom were moved to tears.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

During the last year 273 cases of suicide occurred in the Prussian army.

A despatch from Ottawa says St. Patrick's day in that city will be celebrated by a concert.

The religious people of Clarinda, Iowa, had a week of prayer for exemption from small-pox. The scourge passed by the town, and now a day of thanksgiving is appointed.

Mrs. Fish, a school teacher in the town of Scriba, Oswego county, was hit in the back of the neck with a snowball a short time ago. Brain fever resulted, and she died in a day or two.

Intelligence has reached Panama of an appalling earthquake at Costa Rica. The towns of Alajuela, San Ramon, Grecia and Heredia have been destroyed. In Alajuela alone several thousand lives were lost. Those left alive there are homeless.

A Land League meeting in New York last night adapted resolutions urging on the Government to recall Minister Lowell and requesting the legislature to ask the national Government to define its policy on the question of protection to American citizens abroad.

A dog stole a piece of meat from Stranahan's butcher shop at Holly, Mich., and the man threw a knife at the thief, which killed him. The owner of the dog prosecuted Stranahan for cruelty, the town became excitedly divided in sentiment, the trial employed the best legal talent in the county, and the butcher was finally fined \$10.

BREVITIES.

Abbotsford is again to be let.

The late Gov. Blue Jeans Williams of Indiana is to have a granite monument 28 feet 9 inches high, to cost \$2,000.

German officers say Italy is not of much account as a military ally so long as its army remains as it now, a very imperfect machine.

Italians emigrate from Italy to the United States with the idea of making a fortune by picking up gold in the streets. Arrived, they sweep the streets for it.

Mr. John Langdon Bibb, the Librarian emeritus of Harvard, who is now in his seventy-fifth year, is at work on the third volume of his "Harvard Graduates."

Merrill of Gwinnett, Ga., imagined that he was responsible for the bad weather that had prevailed in that region. He therefore hanged himself, as he explained, for the good of his neighbors.

On the house 7 Craven street, Strand, London, a circular tablet has been fixed, with these words: "Lived here, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman. Born 1706. Died 1790."

A Toronto man was arrested for whipping his grown-up daughter. His plea was that, being a pious man, he desired the girl to keep Lent, and only struck her a dozen times with a cane for punishment.

The Princess Zoussouloff, now engaged to Prince Soumarokov, is reputed the richest heiress in Russia, being worth twelve million roubles. Her father refused his consent to her marriage with the Prince of Bulgaria.

Hardy Solomon before the war was President of a South Carolina bank in which ex-Senator Patterson was a director. Patterson lately came across him in Kansas City, impoverished, but working industriously as a baker, and made him his secretary, at \$6,000 a year.

Ben Hogan, once a pugilist, now a Chicago avogadist, says that most prize fighters die prematurely of weakness and disease brought on by injuries received in the ring. He cites a number of instances in point, and declares that he is himself a sufferer from old poundings.

Two fellows went into a ring to fight at Waterford, N. Y. The first blow did not knock his recipient down, or injure him much, but it convinced him that there would be no fun in even finishing the round, and he took the sponge out of his second's hands and threw it up.

A deaf and dumb lunatic recently entered a church on the Esplanade Hill at Rome, and going up to the altar, commenced eating the sacred wafers out of the ciborium. The people who were at prayers shrieked for the police, and the madman was manacled. He had been fasting forty-eight hours.

Schiller's letters to his doctor, Privy Councillor Stark, are not to be printed after all. They are owned by Prof. Martin of Jelske, who says that "good taste and piety" alike prevent him from giving to the world these confidential communications from a patient to his physician.

An act is about to be introduced into the French Chambers which may have the effect of keeping alive a great many children who would otherwise die. It gives the municipal authorities the power, which they have never yet had, to deal stringently with parents who neglect their offspring morally and physically.

The English Secretary of Legation at Buenos Ayres reports that when visiting the interior lately he found that all agricultural implements and machinery were supplied by the United States. "In the School of Agriculture in Mendoza," he says, "I do not remember seeing a single article of English manufacture among all the machiner, &c., except one for threshing."

The British House of Commons has nominally 652 members, but, as in thirteen cases the issue of writs has been suspended, there are only 639 representatives at present entitled to sit. Of these, 329 may be described as Ministerialists, 246 as Conservatives, and sixty as Home Rulers. This gives the Ministry a majority of only twenty-three over nominal Home Rulers and Conservatives combined.

A gentleman in Paris owns a handsome and valuable dog named Bismarck. He recently received a note from the German Embassy inviting him to remove the name from the dog's collar, and to cease calling the animal by it, under pain of prosecution, upon the ground that the patronymic belongs exclusively to the German Chancellor, and the Embassy cannot allow it to be publicly applied to a dog.

The Russian Official Gazette publishes a report upon the conscription for 1881. The number of those liable to military service was 770,000, about 15,000 less than the previous year. Originally the contingent was fixed at 235,000, but it was afterward reduced by a decree of the Emperor to 212,000. The recruits taken numbered 210,106. The defaulters amounted to thirty-one per cent of Jews and three per cent of Christians.

The only baggage of Mr. Johns, when he arrived at a hotel in Bismarck, Dakota, was a worn, cheap-looking little trunk. Being called away on imperative business, he left it six weeks in the storeroom. Nobody thought it worth while to steal or open it. On his return he took out of it \$12,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets. His plan of escaping the attention of thieves had proved successful.

A Parisian lawsuit of sixty years is recalled to mind by the death, at the age of 86, of Mlle. Fallix, the owner of the sands off Mont St. Michel. The State, repeatedly offered to compromise her claim to this property, and would have given 3,000,000 francs, but she was inexorable, and remained poor nearly all her life. All these years ago she threatened she would underbid the State, and she has done so. Her claim is valued at 4,000,000 francs.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

There is extraordinary activity just now in the shipbuilding yards of the Tyne. The weekly pay roll of one firm was lately within \$5 of \$50,000.

An Irish male hospital nurse when asked what case in his ward he deemed the most dangerous, pointed with a grin to the case of surgical instruments on the table and said, "That, sur."

A certain master of hounds sent as a New Year's present a pate de foie gras to a farmer in his locality, who, in acknowledging with much gratitude the receipt of the delicate assured the donor that since his wife had dressed her children with the same he had experienced the greatest possible relief.

The Lakeview (Oregon) Herald says that the remnants of the Modoc Indians that were transferred from the lava beds to the Indian Territory are only 100 left, but they cultivate 460 acres of land, have established schools, and are thriving generally.

At a recent meeting of the Philological Society in London, Dr. Murray gave his annual report on the progress of the society's Dictionary. Of about a million slips sent out by him, nearly 900,000 had come back.

When Jasper Jones enlisted for the war, in a Maine regiment, he was by mistake paid the bounty of \$350 twice over. When he was recently on his death-bed, eighteen years afterward, he confessed his fault in keeping the money, and died bewailing his inability to refund it.

It is told of the late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis that when canvassing Herefordshire in 1852 he was in the midst of an inquiry into the truth of reported cases of longevity.

Mr. Carlyle gave the lately discovered manuscript of his Irish diary to a friend who is now dead, and who preserved it as a kind of secret treasure so carefully that its existence was long unknown.

The question, "Was the death of President Garfield an irreparable loss to the republic?" was to be discussed by the debating society of a public school in Virginia, Nev., but none of the pupils would take the negative.

Here is a real adventure in the far West for boys to read: Christian Alfozo, aged 12, wandered into Utah. He was employed awhile on a sheep ranch, but was too small to do the work, and was discharged.

In reference to the late drawing-room in London, the World of that city says: "The beauty of the day was a lady in black, who wore a bouquet made entirely of daffodils. Lady Colin Campbell was there, looking superb."

A man named Pietro Fosco recently died at a hotel in Pesth, where he had been a waiter, who, in 1872, under a much more sounding title, took the tradesman of Paris by storm.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Look you, how she cometh, trilling Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss! Merry as a bird, and as a bird With the dew and sunshine's kiss."

Ruddy gossips of her beauty, In its ripe warmth, smileth fruitly As a garden of the south."

GERALD MASSEY.

To Georgie the life at the vicarage is quite supportable—is, indeed, balm to her wounded spirit. Mrs. Redmond may, of course, chop and change as readily as the east wind, and in fact, may sit in any quarter, being somewhat erratic in her humors; but they are short-lived; and, if faintly trying, she is at least kindly and tender at heart.

As for the vicar, he is—Miss Georgie tells him, even without a blush—"a simply adorable" man, and the children are sweet good-natured little souls, true-hearted and earnest, to whom the loss of an empire would be as drops in comparison with the gain of a friend.

They are young! To Dorian Branscombe, Miss Droughton is "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever; her loveliness increases" each moment, rendering her more dear. Perhaps he himself hardly knows how dear she is to his heart, though day after day he haunts the vicarage, persecuting the vicar with parochial business of an outside sort.

It ought, indeed, to be "half in remembrance," the amount of charity this young man expended upon the poor during all this early part of the year.

Then there is always Sunday, when he sits opposite to her in the old church, watching her pretty mischievous little face meditatively throughout the service, and listening to her perfect voice as it rises clear and full of pathos, in anthem and in hymn.

The spring has come at last, though tardy and slow in its approach. Now—"Duds are bursting on the brier And all the kindred greenery grows, And morning fields are ringed with fire."

Winter is almost forgotten. The snow and frost and ice are as a dream that was told. No one heeds them now, or thinks of them, or feels aught about them, save a sudden chill that such things might have been.

To-day is beautiful beyond compare. The sun is high in the heavens; the birds are twittering and preening their soft feathers in the yellow light that Phœbus flings broadcast upon the loving earth. The flowers are waking slowly into life, and stud the mossy woods with colorings distinct though faint;

Nooks of greening bloom Are rich with violet and blue, In the cool dark of dewy leaves.

Primroses, too, are all alive, and sit staring at the heavens with their soft eyes, as though in their hearts they feel they are earth's stars. Each subtle green is widening, growing. All nature has arisen from its long slumber and "beauty walks in bravest dress."

Coming up the road, Dorian meets Georgie Broughton, walking with quick steps, and in evident haste, toward the vicarage. She is lifting some merry little song of her own fancy, and has her hat pushed well back from her forehead, so that all her sunny hair can be seen. It is a lovely hat— inexpensive, perhaps, but lovely, nevertheless, in that it is becoming to the last degree. It is a great big hat, like a coal-scuttle— as scuttles used to be—and gives her all the appearance of being the original one of Kate Greenaway's charming impersonations.

"Good-morning," says Dorian, though, in truth, he hardly takes to heart the full beauty of the fair morning that has been sent, so rapt he is in joy at the very sight of her.

"Going back to the vicarage now?" "Yes." She is smiling sweetly to him—the little, kind, indifferent smile that comes so readily to her red lips.

"Well, so am I," says Dorian, turning to accompany her. Miss Broughton glances at him demurely. "You can't wait to go to the vicarage again?" she says, lifting her brows.

"How do you know I have been there at all to-day?" says Dorian. "Oh, because you are always there, aren't you?" says Georgie, shrugging her shoulders, and biting a little flower, she has been holding, into two clean halves.

"As you know so much, perhaps you also know why I am always there," says Branscombe, who is half amused, half offended, by her willfulness.

"No, I don't," replies she, easily, turning her eyes, for the first time, full upon his. "Tell me."

She is quite calm, quite composed; there is even the very faintest touch of malice beneath her long lashes. Dorian colors perceptibly. Is she a coquette, or unthinking, or merely mischievous?

"No, not now," he says, slowly. "I hardly think you would care to hear. Some day, if I may— What a very charming hat you have to-day!"

She smiles again, what true woman can resist a compliment?—and blushes faintly, but very sweetly, until her face is like a pale rosebud brightly blowing.

"This old hat!" she says, with a small attempt at scorn, and a very well got-up belief that she misunderstood him; "why it has been the rise and fall of many generations. You can't mean this hat?"

"Yes, I do. To me it is the most beautiful hat in the world, no matter how many generations have been permitted, to gaze upon it. It is yours?"

"I suppose—I am afraid it is very great vanity on my part, but I love my own voice. It is like a friend to me—the only thing I love best on earth."

"Are you always going to love it the best on earth?" "Ah! Well, that, perhaps was an exaggeration. I love Clarissa. I am happier with her than with any one else. You?" "Meditatively—'I love her, too!'"

"Yes, very much indeed. But I love somebody else with whom I am even happier."

"Well that is the girl you are going to marry, I suppose," says Georgie, easily,—to which Dorian feels a touch of disappointment, that is almost pain, fall on his heart. "But as for Clarissa,—in a puzzled tone,— 'I cannot understand her. She is going to marry a man utterly unsuited to her. I met him at the ball the other night, and— thoughtlessly—I don't like him.'"

"Poor Horace!" says Dorian, rather taken aback. Then she remembers, and is in an instant covered with shame and confusion. "I beg your pardon," she says, hurriedly. "I quite forgot. It never occurred to me he was your brother,—never, really. You believe me, don't you? And don't think me rude. I am not,—plaintively— naturally rude, and— and, after all, with an upward glance, full of honest liking,—he is not a bit like you!"

"If you don't like him, I am glad you think he isn't," says Dorian; "but Horace is a very good fellow all through, and I fancy you are a little unjust to him."

"Oh, not unjust," says Georgie, softly. "I have not accused him of any feeling; it is only that something in my heart says to me, 'Don't like him.'"

"Does something in your heart ever say to you, 'Likes some one?'" "Very often." She is to confess the honest truth just a little bit of a coquette at heart, so that when she says this she lifts her exquisite eyes (that always seem full of tears) to his for as long as it would take him to know they had been there, and then lowers them.

"I shall have to hurry," she says; "it is my hour for Art's and Leo's lesson."

"Do you like teaching?" she asks, idly, more for the sake of hearing her plaintive voice again than from any desire to know.

"Like it?" She stops short on the pretty woodland path, and confronts him curiously. "Now, do you think I could like it? I don't think I perfectly hate it! The perpetual over and over again, the knowledge that tomorrow will always be as to-day, the feeling that one can't get away from it, is maddening. And then there are the mistakes, and the false notes and everything. What a question to ask me! Did any one ever like it, I wonder?"

There is some passion, and a great deal of petulance, in her tone; and her lovely flower-like face flushes warmly, and there is something besides in her expression that is reproachful. Dorian begins to hate himself.

How could he have asked her such a senseless question? He hesitates, hardly knowing what to say to her so deep in his sympathy; and so, before he has time to decide on any course, speaks again.

"It is so monotonous," she says, wearily. "One goes to bed only to get up again; and one gets up with no expectation of change, except to go to bed again."

"One dem'd horrid grind," quotes Mr. Branscombe, in a low tone. He is filled with honest pity for her. Instinctively he puts out his hand, and takes one of hers, and presses it ever so gently. "Poor child!" he says, from his heart. To him, with her baby face, and her odd impulsive manner, that changes and varies with every thought, she is merely a child.

She looks at him and shakes her head. "You must not think me unhappy," she says, hastily. "I am not that. I was twice as unhappy before I came here. Everybody now is so kind to me,—Clarissa, and the Redmonds, and— with another glance from under the long lashes—"you, and—Mr. Hastings."

The curate? "says Dorian, in such a tone as compels Miss Broughton, on the instant, to believe that he and Mr. Hastings are at deadly feud."

"I thought you knew him," she says, with some hesitation.

"I have met him," returns he, "generally, I think, on tennis-grounds. He can run about a good deal, but it seems a pity to waste a good bat on him. He never hits a ball by any chance, and as for serving—I don't think I swore for six months until the last time I met him."

"Why, what did he do?" "More than I can recall in a hurry. For one thing, he drank more tea than any four people together than ever I knew."

"Was that all? I see no reason why any one should be ashamed of liking tea." "Neither do I. On the contrary, one should be proud of it. It betrays such meekness, such simplicity, such contentment. I myself am not fond of tea,—a fact I deplore morning, noon, and night."

"It is a mere matter of education," says Georgie, laughing. "I used not to care for it, except at breakfast, and now I love it."

"Do you? I wish with all my heart I was good enough," says Mr. Branscombe, at which she laughs again.

"One can't have all one's desires," she says. "Now, with my music is a passion; yet I have never heard any of the great singers of the age. Isn't that hard?"

"For you it must be, indeed. But how is it for you?" "Because I have no time, no money, no—no anything."

"What a hesitation! Tell me what the 'anything' stands for." "Well, I mean no home,—that is, no husband, I suppose," says Georgie. She is quite unconcerned, and smiles at him very prettily as she says it. Of the fact that he is actually in love with her, she is totally unaware.

"That is a regret likely to be of short standing," he says, his eyes on hers. But her thoughts are far away, and she hardly sees the warmth of his gaze or the evident meaning in his tone.

"I suppose if I did marry somebody he would take me to hear all the great people?" she says, a little doubtfully, looking at him as though for confirmation of her hope.

"I should think he would take you wherever you wanted to go, and to hear what ever you wished to hear," he says, slowly.

"What a charming picture you conjure up!" says Georgie, looking at him. "You encourage me. The very first rich man that asks me to marry him, I shall say 'yes' to."

"You have made up your mind, then, to marry for money?" He is watching her closely, and his brow has contracted a good deal, and his lips show some pain.

"I don't want anything; I merely ask you to be careful. She is very young, and has seen few men; and if you persist in your attentions she may fall in love with you."

"I wish to goodness she would," says Branscombe; and then something in his own mind strikes him, and he leans back in his chair, and laughs aloud: "There is, perhaps, more bitterness than mirth in his laugh; yet Miss Peyton hears only the mirth."

"I hope she won't," she says, severely. "Nothing would cause me greater sorrow, underneath her childish manner than lies a passionate amount of feeling that, once called into play, would be impossible to check. Amuse yourself elsewhere, Dorian; unless you mean to marry her."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry her?" says Dorian.

"I see no reason why you shouldn't. I only know you have no intention whatever of doing so."

"If you keep on saying that over and over again, I dare say I shall want to marry her," says Dorian.

"There have been hearts whose friendship gave them thoughts at once both soft and grave. In the drawing-room he finds Clarissa sitting among innumerable spring offerings. The whole place seems alive with them. 'The breath of flowers is on the air.' Primroses and violets shine out from tiny Etruscan vases, and little baskets of pale Belleek are hidden by clustering roses brought from the conservatory to make sweet the sitting-room of their mistress."

"I am so glad you have come," says Clarissa, rising with a smile to welcome him, as he came up to her. "The day was beginning to drag a little. Come over here, and make yourself comfortable."

"I am glad to be here," says Dorian, and straightway, sinking into the desirable lounging-chair she has pointed out, makes himself thoroughly happy.

A low bright fire is burning merrily; upon the rug a snow-white Persian cat sits blinking; while Billy, the Irish terrier, whose head is bigger than his body, and whose hair is of the shaggy, reclines gracefully upon an ottoman near. Clarissa, herself, is lying back upon a cushioned chair, looking particularly pretty, if a trifle indolent. "Now for your news," she says, in the tone one adopts when expecting to be amused.

Dorian, lifting his arms, says them behind his head. "I wonder if ever in all my life I had any news," he says meditatively. "After all, I begin to think I'm not much. Well, let me see; would it be news to say I met, and talked with, and walked with your 'lassie' at the Mint-water locks?"

"George? You— She was with me all the morning."

"So she told me."

"Ah! And how far did you go with her?" "To the vicarage. As I had been there all the morning, I couldn't well go in again—a fact I felt and deplored."

"I am glad you walked back with her," says Miss Peyton; but she doesn't look glad. "I hope you were nice to her?"

"Extremely nice: ask her if I wasn't. And our conversation was of the freshest. We both thought it was the warmest spring we had ever known, until we remembered last Thursday, and then we agreed that was the warmest spring day we had ever known. And then, the thought of spring was preferable to summer. And then, that Olsey Redmond would be very pretty if she hadn't a cocked nose. Don't look so amused, my dear Clarissa; it was Miss Broughton's expression, not mine, and a very good one, too, I think. We say a cocked hat; therefore why not a cocked nose? And then we said all education was a bore and a swindle, and then— How old is she, Clarissa?"

"You mean Georgie?" "Yes."

"Neither nineteen nor twenty." "So much! Then I really think she is the youngest-looking girl I ever met at that age. She looks more like sweet seventeen."

"You think her pretty?" "Rather more than that: she reminds me always of Maggie Lauder."

"Her face is as the summer cloud, whereon The dawning sun delights to rest his rays." And, again, surely Apollo loves to "Play at hide-and-seek amid her golden hair."

"Dorian, don't—don't make her unhappy," says Clarissa, blushing hotly.

"I wish I could," says Dorian. He laughs as he speaks, but there is truth hidden in his jesting tone. Oh, to make her feel something,—that cold, indolent child!

"No, no, I am in earnest," says Clarissa, a little anxiously. "Don't pay her too much attention, if you don't mean it."

"Perhaps I do mean it."

"She is very young,—ignoring his last speech altogether. "She is a perfect baby in some ways. It isn't kind of you, I think."

"My dear child, what am I doing? If I hand Miss Broughton a chair, or ask her if she would like another cup of tea, is that making you unhappy? I really begin to think society is too moral for me. I shall give it up, and betake myself to Salt Lake City."

"You won't understand me," begins she, sitting more upright, as though desirous of argument; but he interrupts her.

"There, you mistake me," he says. "My motives are quite pure. I am dying to understand you, only I can't. If you would try to be a little more lucid, all would be well; but why am I to be sat upon, and generally maltreated, because I walked a mile or so with a friend of yours, is more than I can grasp."

"I don't want to sit upon you," says Clarissa, a little vexed.

"No! I dare say that chair is more comfortable."

"I don't want anything; I merely ask you to be careful. She is very young, and has seen few men; and if you persist in your attentions she may fall in love with you."

says Dorian. "There is nothing like opposition for that kind of thing; you go and tell a fellow he can't and shouldn't marry such-and-such a girl, and ten to one he goes and does it directly."

"Don't speak like that," says Clarissa, enviously; she is plainly unhappy.

"Like what? What nonsense you have been talking all this time! Has it never occurred to you that, though, no doubt, I am endowed with many qualities above the average, still I am not an 'Adonis,' or an 'Apollo,' or an 'Admiral Crichton,' or anything of that sort, and that it is probable your Miss Broughton might be in my society from this till the day she dies without experiencing a pang, so far as I am concerned."

"I don't know about 'Apollo' or 'Crichton,'" says Clarissa; "but let her alone. I want her to marry Mr. Hastings."

"The curate?" says Dorian, for the second time to-day.

"Yes. Why should you be so amazed? He is very charming, and I think she likes him. He is very kind-hearted, and would make her happy; and she doesn't like teaching."

"I don't believe she likes Hastings," says Dorian; yet his heart dies within him as he remembers how she defended him about his unlimited affection for the curate that "cheers but not inebriates."

"I believe she does," says Clarissa.

"Can't you do something for me, Clarissa?" says Dorian, with a rather strained laugh; "you are evidently bent on making the entire country, yet you ignore my case, even when I set my heart upon a woman, you instantly marry her to the curate. I hate curates! They are so mild, so inoffensive, so abominably respectable. It is almost criminal of you to insist on handing over to one of them that gay friend of yours with the yellow hair. She will die of Hastings, in a month. The very next time I have the good fortune to find her alone, I shall feel it my duty to warn her of him."

"Does anybody ever take advice unless it falls in with their own wishes?" says Clarissa. "You may warn her as you will?"

"I shan't warn her at all," says Dorian. "When he has left Clarissa, and is on his homeward way, this thought still haunts him. Can that pretty child be in love with the lanky young man in the long-failed coat? She can't! No; it is impossible! Yet, how sure Clarissa seemed, and of course women understand each other, and perhaps Georgie had been pouring confidences of a tender nature into her ears. This last is a very unpleasant idea, and helps to decapitate three unflattering primroses."

Certainly she had defended that fellow very warmly (the curate is now "that fellow") and had spoken of him as though she had felt some keen interest in him. After all, what is it to him? (This somewhat savagely, and with the aid of a few more flowers.) If he is in love with her, it would be another thing; but as it is—yes, as it is.

How often people have advised him to marry and settle down! Well, hang it all, he is surely as good to look at as the curate, and his position is better; and only a few hours ago she had expressed a desire to see something of life. What would Arthur think of—

His thoughts change. Georgie's riant lovely face fades into some deeper shade of his heart, and a gaunt old figure, and a face stern and disappointed, rises before him. Ever since that day at Sartoris, when the handkerchief had been discovered, a coldness, a nameless but stubborn shadow, had fallen between him and his uncle—a shadow impossible to lift until some explanation be vouchsafed by the younger man.

Such an explanation it is out of Dorian's power to give. The occurrence altogether was unhappy, but really nothing worthy of a violent quarrel. Branscombe, as is his nature, pertinaciously thrusts the whole affair out of sight, refusing to let it trouble him, except on such occasions as the present, when it pushes itself upon him unawares, and will not be suppressed.

Horace has never been to Pullingham since the night of the ball, and his letters to Clarissa have been many and constant, so that Dorian's suspicions have somewhat languished, and are now, indeed, almost dead, he being slow to entertain evil thoughts of any kind.

Both Annersley, too,—though plainly desirous of avoiding his society ever since his meeting with her in the shrubberies,—seems happy and content, if very quiet and subdued. Once, indeed, coming upon her unexpectedly, he had been startled by an expression in her eyes foreign to their usual calm; it was a look half terrified, half defiant, and it haunted him for some time afterward. But the remembrance of that faded, too; and she never afterward risked the chance of a tete-a-tete with him.

Meantime, Miss Peyton's little romance about the Broughton Hastings affair rather falls to bits. Georgie, taking advantage of an afternoon that sees the small Redmonds on the road to a juvenile party, goes up to Gowran, and, making her way to the morning room, runs to Clarissa and gives her a dainty little ring.

"Aren't you glad I have come?" she says, with the utmost naivete. "I'm awfully glad myself. The children have all gone to the Uggdale's, and so I'm my own mistress."

"And so you came to me," says Clarissa. "Yes, of course."

"And now to make you happy," says Clarissa, meditatively.

"Don't take any thought about that. It is already an accomplished fact. I am with you, and therefore I am perfectly happy."

"Still, you so seldom get a holiday," goes on Clarissa, regretfully, which is a little unfair, as the Redmonds are the easiest going people in the world, and have a sort of hankering after the giving of holidays and the encouragement of idleness generally. The vicar, indeed, is laden with a suppressed and carefully hidden theory that children should never do anything but laugh and sit in the sun. In his heart of hearts he condemns all Sunday-schools, as making the most blessed day one of toil, and a wearying of the flesh, to the little ones.

"Why—why," said he, once, in an unguarded moment, bitterly repented of afterward, "forbid them their rest on the Sabbath day?"

"What a pity! The afternoon is so uncertain!" says Clarissa. "We might have gone for a nice long drive."

She goes over to the window, and gazes disconsolately at the huge shining drops that cling themselves heavily against the panes, and on the leaves and flowers outside; while

"The third earth soaks up the rain, And drinks, and gapes for drink again."

"I cannot feel anything to be a 'pity' to-day," says Georgie. "I can feel only a sense of freedom. Clarissa, let us play a game of Battleships and shuttlecock. I used to be such a Branscombe; try if you can beat me now."

Into the large hall they go, and, armed with battleships, commence their play. With a backward and forward move the little figures of the girls. The game is at its height; it is just the absorbing moment, when '189 has been delivered, and received, and returned,—when

Georgie, stopping short suddenly, cries "Oh!" and 200 flutters to the ground.

Clarissa, who is standing with her back to the hall door, turns instinctively toward it, and sees Dorian Branscombe.

"I have disturbed you. I have come in at the wrong moment?" asks that young man, fearfully.

"Ah! you have spoiled our game. And we were so well into it. Your sudden entrance startled Georgie, and she raised her arm."

"I am sorry my mere presence should reduce Miss Broughton to a state of abject fright," says Dorian, speaking to Clarissa, but looking at Georgie.

Her arm is still half raised, her color deep and rich, her eyes larger, darker than usual; the excitement of the game is still full upon her. As Dorian speaks, her lips part, and a slow sweet smile creeps round them, and she looks earnestly at him, as though to assure him that she is making him a free present of it—an assurance that heightens her beauty to his mind. Gazing at her with open and sincere admiration, he tells himself that.

"Nature might no more her child advance," "Your presence would not frighten me," she says, shaking her head; "but it was—I don't know what; I only know that I forgot myself for the moment and missed my aim. Now, that was hard, because we were so near our second hundred. Why did you not come a little sooner or a little later?"

"Because a thoughtless animal is man," quotes he, his blue eyes full of contrition. "And the door was wide open, and the picture before me put all other thoughts out of my head. I wish I was a girl! I should do nothing but play battleships and shuttlecock from morning till night." Then, reproachfully, "I think you might both shake hands with me, especially as I can say only 'how d'ye do' and 'good-by' in one breath; I am bound to meet Arthur at three precisely."

"What a comfort!" says Clarissa, devoutly. "Then there is some faint chance we may be allowed to end our afternoon in peace!"

"If there is one thing on earth for which I have a keen admiration, it is candor," says Branscombe; "I thank you, Clarissa, for even this small touch of it. Miss Broughton, be candid too, and say you, at least, will regret me."

"I shall," says Georgie, with decided—and it must be confessed, unexpected—promptness.

"Ha!" says Dorian, victoriously. "Now I am content to go. A fit for your civility, Clarissa! At least I leave one true mourner behind."

"Two," says Clarissa, relenting. "Too late now; a dog is useless! Well, I'm off. Can I do anything for either of you?"

"Yes; bring me up that little dog you promised me—one of Sancho's puppies."

"You shall have the very prettiest to-morrow, in spite of your ill treatment. And you, Miss Broughton, what can I do for you?"

He is looking tenderly at the small child-like face, framed in gold, that is gazing at him smilingly from the distance.

"Me?" she says, waking, as if from a reverie, with a faint blush. "Oh! give me my liberty!" She says it jestingly, but with a somewhat sad shrug of her rounded shoulders, as she remembers the dismal school-room, and the restraint that, however gentle, is hateful to her gay, petulant nature. Her smile dies, and tears creep into her eyes.

In another moment she is laughing again; but months go by before Dorian forgets the sad little petition and the longing glance that accompanied it, and the sigh that was only half-repressed.

"I like Mr. Branscombe so much," says Georgie, a little later on, when Dorian has disappeared. "They have forsaken their late game, and are now in Clarissa's own room, standing in a deep orbit window that overlooks the long sweep of avenue on one side, and the parterre beneath where early spring flowers are gleaming wet with the rain that fell so heavily on the eve."

"Every one likes Dorian," says Clarissa, pleasantly, but without her usual warmth when speaking of Branscombe. "He is a general favorite, and I think he knows it. He is like a spoiled child; he says what he likes to every one, but nobody takes anything he

"I think it was far nicer your saying nothing," says Clarissa, very gently. She is a little disappointed in George; a woman may be glad to marry a man, but she shouldn't say so, at least not exactly in such a cold-blooded fashion.

"Oh, you always know everything," says George, so lovingly that Clarissa hates herself for thinking even one unpleasant thought of her. "Well, he went on to say he never loved before. Now, honestly, Clarissa, in a thoroughly matter-of-fact tone—" do you think that could be true?"

"Why shouldn't it be true?" says Clarissa, wishing with all her heart the other would be a little more sentimental over her own first love affair, as she believes it to be. "Well, yes, of course; he is rather young, and beauty goes a long way with some men."

Again Clarissa stares. She hadn't thought George vain of her own charms. How difficult it is to know any one, even one's chiefest friend! "Then he went on to say he could never feel real happiness again until he knew he was loved in return."

"Well?"—breathlessly—"and then—?" "I said,"—with the gayest little laugh imaginable—"I thought he was loved in return."

"You thought, George! What a strange answer! I do think you are a little bit coquette! I am so glad, though. Do you know, I guessed all along how it would be?"

"So did I. I knew very well how it would end. I felt he would fall a victim sooner or later. It is rather soon, isn't it? But of course it is only natural I should know about it?"

"Yes, only natural." Clarissa can think of nothing else to say. Not like this had she felt when— To talk of him as a victim! "I hope everything will be settled soon," goes on Miss Broughton, gayly, "Happy is the woman that isn't long adoring. And I should like the marriage to be soon; wouldn't you? I think next time I see him I shall ask him about it."

"Oh, George, don't. Indeed I would not, if I were you," exclaims Clarissa, in an agony. Good gracious! Is she lost to all sense of shame? "He won't like it. It is surely the man's part to speak first about that."

"Oh, very well,"—amicably. "But there couldn't be any harm in my speaking about it." "Just as much as in any other woman's."

"Not so much as if it were Cissy?" "Twice as much. What has she got to do with it?" "Well, a great deal, I take it,"—laughing again.

"As a friend she may feel some interest in him, I suppose. But she is not going to marry him."

"Well, I think she is. You don't think she will refuse him, do you?"—anxiously. "Cissy Redmond?" "Cissy Redmond."

INVOCATION.
FROM THE GARLIC.
Come, come, come, my love, come and hurry,
And come my dear;
You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my back,
For love of you has burned me through—has
opened a gap for Death, I fear;
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand
is there.

Though angel's swords should bar your way,
Turn you not back, but persevere;
Though heaven should send down fiery hail,
rain lightnings, do not fear;
Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over
olives and mountains, o'er
Bridges near, scatter armed foes, shine on the
hillsides near.

Like citizens to greet their Queen, then shall
my hopes, desires, troop out,
Eager to meet you on your way and compass
you about—
To speed, to urge, to lift you on, 'mid storms of
joy and floods of tears,
To the tower, the battered wall, delivered
by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings
from your glorious face,
Shall drive away death's armies gray in ruin
and disgrace.
Lift me on high, and succour me; my ancient
courage you shall rouse,
Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on
my brows.

Then, hand-in-hand, we'll laugh at Death, his
brainless skull, his nervous arm;
How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, or do
us harm?
For what so weak a thing as Death when you
are near, when you are near?
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand
is here!
—Roger Jordan, in Century.

GOLDEN INFORMATION!
A white girl, said Mrs. Dr. A. Jordan, 51
Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass., one of my
friends from the South spoke to me very
highly of St. Jacobs Oil. I resolved to try
it on my patients, and I must confess that I
was surprised at the results. It has never
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deserve better of his country if he were to
endeavour to emulate the tactfulness of Grant
or the prudent reserve of Moltke.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River street, Toronto, uses
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her corns, for-
cracked and sore feet, she thinks there is
nothing like it. She also used it when her
horses had the epizootic, with the very best
results.

INVOCATION.
FROM THE GARLIC.
Come, come, come, my love, come and hurry,
And come my dear;
You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my back,
For love of you has burned me through—has
opened a gap for Death, I fear;
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand
is there.

Though angel's swords should bar your way,
Turn you not back, but persevere;
Though heaven should send down fiery hail,
rain lightnings, do not fear;
Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over
olives and mountains, o'er
Bridges near, scatter armed foes, shine on the
hillsides near.

Like citizens to greet their Queen, then shall
my hopes, desires, troop out,
Eager to meet you on your way and compass
you about—
To speed, to urge, to lift you on, 'mid storms of
joy and floods of tears,
To the tower, the battered wall, delivered
by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings
from your glorious face,
Shall drive away death's armies gray in ruin
and disgrace.
Lift me on high, and succour me; my ancient
courage you shall rouse,
Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on
my brows.

Then, hand-in-hand, we'll laugh at Death, his
brainless skull, his nervous arm;
How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, or do
us harm?
For what so weak a thing as Death when you
are near, when you are near?
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand
is here!
—Roger Jordan, in Century.

GOLDEN INFORMATION!
A white girl, said Mrs. Dr. A. Jordan, 51
Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass., one of my
friends from the South spoke to me very
highly of St. Jacobs Oil. I resolved to try
it on my patients, and I must confess that I
was surprised at the results. It has never
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Nursery Tales.
[Dinner Tribune.]
What is the Man in the Big Coat and
Broad Hat? It is a Hack-Driver. What is
a Hack-Driver? He frequently is a Reformed
Train-Robber. He does not rob Trains any
more, but he robs poor young men who are
too Fat to Walk Home at Night. Does the
Hack-Driver Drink? Yes, whenever he is
Invited. He will also Smoke one of your
Cigars if you will Urge him. Will the Hack-
Driver stop the Hack at the Corner and let
you Walk the Rest of the Way to the House
so that you may Tell your Wife that you
walked all the Way Home? He will by a
Large Majority.

Here we have an Oyster. It is going to a
Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it
will Swim around in a big Kettle of Warm
Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and
Sell the Warm Water for Two Bits a Pint.
Then the Oyster will Move on to the next
Fair. In all this way the Oyster will visit
all the Church Fairs in town, and Bring a
great many Dollars into the Treasury. The
Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

Is this a Locomotive Head-light? No.
Then it must be a Drug Store Illuminated.
No, it is a man's Nose. What a funny Nose it
is. It looks like a Bonfire. Half a dozen
such Noses would make a Gaudy Fourth of
July Celebration. It is too bad that such a
lovely-tinted Nose should have such a Homely
Man Behind it. The Nose has cost the Man
a great Deal of Borrowed Money. If it were
not for the Nose a great many Breweries would
Close and a great many Distilleries would
Suspend. If the Man drinks too much Water,
his Nose will lose its Color. He must be
careful about this. How many such Noses
would it Take to make a Rainbow half a Mile
long? Ask the Man to let you Light your
Cigar by his Nose.

This is a Contribution Plate. It has just
been Handed around. What is there upon
it? Now Count very Slow or you will make
a Mistake. Four Buttons, one Nickel, a
Blue Chip, and one Spectacle Glass. Yes,
that is Right. What will be done with all
these Nice Things? They will be sent to
Foreign Countries for the good of the poor
Heathens. How the poor Heathens will
Rejoice.

Here is a Man who has just stopped his
Paper. What a miserable looking Creature
he is. He looks as if he had been stealing
sheep. How will he know what is going on,
now that he has stopped his Paper? He will
Borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these
Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate
for Office, and then the Paper will say nothing
about it. That will be Treating him just
Right, will it not, little Children?

This man is a School Teacher. He is
going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a
Bent Pin in the Chair and it will Bite the
School Teacher. The School Teacher is a
very Able Man, and he will find it out as
soon as the Bent Pin tackles him. Will
the School Teacher also teach? We should
Spect. He will Play a Sonata with the Fer-
rulo on the Boy's Back. The boy put the
Bent Pin in the Chair. He is trying to be a
Humorist. When the School Teacher gets
Through with him the Boy will eat his meals
from the Mantel-Piece for a week.

Consumption Cured.
FROM ANSELM ARCHER, of Fairfeld, Me.
"Seeing numerous certificates in the
Maine Farmer, endorsing the Great Lung
Remedy, WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, I
take great pleasure in giving publicity to the
great cure it accomplished in my family in
the year 1856. During the summer of that
year my son, Henry A. Archer, now post-
master of this place, was attacked with spit-
ting of blood, cough, weakness of lungs, and
general debility; so much so that our family
physician declared him to have a "seated
consumption." He was under medical treat-
ment for a number of months, but received
no benefit. I was induced to purchase one
bottle of WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,
which benefited him so much I obtained
another, which in a short time restored him
to his usual state of health. I can safely
recommend this remedy to others in like con-
dition, for it is, I think, all it purports to be.
—THE GREAT LUNG REMEDY FOR THE TIMES!
The above statement, gentlemen, is my volun-
tary offering to you in favor of your BALSAM,
and it is at your disposal."
50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers
generally.

MR. EGAN'S FINANCIAL REPORT.
THE LAND LEAGUE FUNDS INTACT AND SAFELY AND
JUDICIOUSLY INVESTED.
Hon. D. C. Birdsall, a member of the
General Executive Committee appointed by
the Chicago Land League Convention, has
received the following letter from Patrick
Egan, Treasurer of the Land League Funds:
Hon. D. C. Birdsall, No. 165 Broadway,
New York:
MY DEAR SIR:—To you, as a leading mem-
ber of the Committee of Seven appointed by
the Irish National Convention at Chicago, I
desire to make, on behalf of the Trustees of
the Land League Fund, a proposition, which
I beg you will place before your committee
and before the several organizations which
have contributed to the fund, should you deem
it necessary to do so.
My colleagues, and especially I, as acting
treasurer, feel that the handling of so large a
fund as that so generously subscribed for the
support of the mighty struggle carried on by
the Land League, is a heavy responsibility.
Up to the present date we have received
from all sources in America, including \$1,000
from Canada, the vast sum of \$106,000
(\$530,000) for general Land League purposes.
This is independent of nearly £200,000 (\$300,
000) contributed through the medium of the
Land League to the relief of distress in Ire-
land in 1880. Yet such is the generous con-
fidence reposed in us that only in some two
or three instances, and those from the send-
ers of small sums, have any requests
reached us for particulars of disbursements.
We would ourselves, however, be more than
anxious to publish the fullest details regard-
ing the application of the fund, but it must
be apparent to our friends that it would be
impossible to do so without giving to the
enemy information which they would in-
evitably use to the detriment of our move-
ment.

The course we propose under the circum-
stances is: That for the satisfaction of our
friends who have nobly and so freely contrib-
uted this large amount, and for our own pro-
tection against the slanders of enemies, an
audit committee, to be composed of a limited
number of gentlemen, in whose honor and
discretion the subscribers on your side, and
our executive on this, would have entire con-
fidence, should be appointed, by your com-
mittee, or by the several organizations al-

INGENIOUS INVENTION.
Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key
that will wind any watch; it is not attached
to a chain, and it is said to work like a
charm. So does that grand Key to Health—
Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery
of the age. It unlocks all the secretions, and
cleanses and invigorates the entire system.
Sample bottles, 10 cents; large size, \$1.00.
All medicine dealers.

ready referred to. If this proposition be
acted upon, we will be prepared to give to
such a committee the fullest satisfaction in
regard to every detail of the expenditure.
As regards the position of the fund, I may
state, approximately, that we have at present,
notwithstanding the heavy outlays which we
were obliged to meet during the past eight
months, a reserve fund of about \$37,500,
which is placed as follows: United States
Government 4 per cent. bonds, \$11,000;
American railway first mortgage bonds, \$20,
500; late receipts not yet invested, in the
hands of American bankers here, \$18,000;
and in Ireland to meet current outlay, \$2,000.

I take this opportunity of conveying
through your committee to the various Irish
national organizations throughout America
the grateful thanks of the League Executive
at home for the splendid and unparalleled
manner in which they have sustained the
movement throughout the long struggle—a
struggle which we hope before long will be
crowned not only by the satisfactory settle-
ment of the land question, but by the
achievement of national independence for our
oppressed country. I remain, my dear
sirs, yours very faithfully,
PATRICK EGAN.

WORKINGMEN.
Before you begin your heavy spring work
after a winter of relaxation, your system
needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent
an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever,
or some other Spring sickness that will unfit
you for a season's work. You will save time,
much sickness, and great expense if you will
use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family
this month. Don't wait.—Burlington Hawk-
eye.

MR. FORSTER IN IRELAND.
HIS SPEECH AT TULLAMORE, KING'S COUNTY.
The following is a more extended synopsis
of the speech delivered by Mr. Forster at
Tullamore on Monday:—
Mr. Forster made here to-day a very im-
portant speech to a crowd assembled outside
of the hotel. He spoke from a window.
He said that the reason he had under-
taken a personal tour was to see for himself
whether the stories which came to Dublin
Castle were exaggerated. He was sorry that
he had found them to a great extent true.
The result of his inspection on his mind was
that the people had it in their own
power to stop the outrages which dis-
grace the name of Ireland, and which would
not happen in Great Britain or on the Con-
tinent. There were no more courageous
people in the world in battle than the Irish—
[A voice interrupted him with "Soft
sawder! Release the prisoners!"]
Mr. Forster continued:—But there is one
way out of the Irish people, namely, the
determination to stand against the majority
around them, or even against the noisy and
violent minority. Those who commit the
outrages are broken down men and violent,
reckless boys. Whether you stop them or
not it is the duty of the Government to do so.
It is especially my duty, and stop them we
will. The instigators of outrage have several
powers to contend with, namely, the Irish
Government, though perhaps they think they
can defy that; also the Imperial Govern-
ment and the people of Great
Britain. But they have also a stronger
force, the force of God's law, which says that
the man who tries to injure his neighbor's
—[A voice, interrupting—"That is the
landlord."] Mr. Forster, continuing, said:
—There may be bad landlords, but that does
not excuse the burning of houses, the tortur-
ing of animals, the killing of men. [A voice
—Who did that but the soldiers and the
police?"] Mr. Forster then went on to
speak of his experience years ago in Ireland
when a young man. His determination then
was to get an alteration in the laws. He
spoke of his present joy to see the change
accomplished, and of his belief that in five
years, perhaps in less, it would be ac-
knowledged to be a great beneficial change
in the agricultural industry in Ireland. Mr.
Forster then referred to his visit to the
deathbed of Morony, the memory of which,
he said, would remain throughout his life.
"I call on you to do what you can to stop
these things," he continued. "Let me say
one word about the English people. There is
no ill-will in England toward Ireland. We
know that you have been a miserably and bad
governed country, that the English Govern-
ment of past days has done many cruel and
very unjust things to Ireland, and has al-
lowed many to be done. We must not
forget that; make us prosperous, rich, and pow-
erful as ourselves. But we view those terrible
outrages, and hardly know how to do so.
I will conclude with the words I have often
read, 'God Save Ireland,' words which some-
times and letters telling me I must have a
bullet through my head, or go to a place
warmer than we are in now. I say 'God
save Ireland' too, but from the man who
makes that threat. God save Ireland from
cruel men, grasping landlords, rack-renting
landlords, dishonest tenants, and midnight
marauders. God save Ireland from the pestilence
which walketh at noon, and the terror
which eteatheth at night. And I believe
God will save Ireland, for with all her
faults the amount of virtue among the
Irish people, the love

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH LADIES.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: DEAR SIR,—Through your columns I would most earnestly call the attention of every Irishman in Canada to the following editorial clipped from the Canadian Illustrated News:—

The latest reliable news from Ireland is the most satisfactory that we have had for some time. The Land League are fairly beaten, and the "ladies" whose status must be taken on the authority of Mr. Redmond, are doing little in their cause. Mr. Sexton's anticipation that fewer rents will be paid in March than in October last is fair to be said. Law and order, in short, are beginning to recover their lost prestige, and the Government measures are being paid as they have not been for the last two years. As the so-called "ladies" hold the purse-strings of all the funds known to be devoted to the "cause," it would be interesting to know what connection there exists between this fact and that elicited by the Mill street examinations relative to the robbery and Parnell's immediate furnished to a central organization in Dublin. If this be proven against the committee in question, it would be interesting to know who will attach some meaning to the old-fashioned word "lady," to find that with the exception of Hon. Mrs. Dugmore, and possibly Miss Farnell, there is scarcely one to whom the term in its conservative sense could be fully applied.

This exclamation from the mind of a coarse British blackguard, of itself, might be worthy of notice, but where it is the authorized expression of a public journal, it should be treated with more than severe contempt. No journal that would be the publishing medium of such low scurrility should be admitted into the house of any Irishman, whatever be his creed, with one exception of respect for the women of his race. That any Irish subject should continue to patronize such a paper after so bitter an insult to the cream of Irish womanhood, would, indeed, stamp its members as no better than those creatures whom Byron describes as: "Tapers that creep where man disclaims to climb."

It seems to me that too much latitude is given to these scribbling cads, and a judicious use of the cowhide on their castles would materially increase public respect for the Irish name and race.

Yours very truly, J. P. S. Quebec, 8th March, 1882.

X. I. C. B. ASSOCIATION OF KINGSTON.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness. DEAR SIR,—At the regular meeting of the above Association, held in their hall, on the evening of March 6th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas—We, the members of Branch No. 9, of the X. I. C. B. U. of Canada, believe that the people of Ireland are entitled to the same system of local government that has worked so beneficially in Canada; we hereby resolve—

1st. That we do heartily sympathize with our fellow countrymen in Ireland in their struggle for liberty and justice, and that we consider that it would be in the interests of the Empire that "Home Rule" should be granted to Ireland, and that the political prisoners should be immediately released.

2nd. That we request Mr. John Costigan to move a resolution in the House of Commons at Ottawa, to the effect that such are the opinions and wishes of the Irish people in Canada.

3rd. That Messrs. A. Gunn and G. A. Kirkpatrick, members of Parliament for this district, be requested to support any motion to this effect that may be made by Mr. Costigan, M.P.

4th. That copies of these resolutions be sent to Messrs. A. Gunn, G. A. Kirkpatrick and John Costigan, M. P., and to the Press.

Secretary Branch No. 9, X. I. C. B. U. Kingston, March 7th, 1882.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: SIR,—As the question of granting manhood suffrage is now occupying the minds of a great many persons in Canada, I think the following sketch of the Electoral Law in Victoria, Australia, may be opportune:

Of course, there, as here, every ratepayer is entitled to a vote; but manhood suffrage is also allowed, with the qualification that all those not ratepayers desirous of availing themselves of that privilege must be able to read and write, thus ensuring that all those who wish to vote, are able to read, and thus judge for themselves. There is also another reason for this rule, which I will explain further on. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The intending voter first presents himself to the Electoral Registrar of the district, and is sworn that he is either a born or naturalized subject of Her Majesty. The Registrar then makes out an Elector's Right, in duplicate, giving the applicant's name, age, residence and business, which the latter has to sign. One of the Elector's Rights is then given him for which he pays a fee of one shilling. This right remains in force until the electoral roll is revised, which may be every three, four or five years. The voter, when an election is going on proceeds to the polling place and tenders his Elector's Right to the returning officer, who, if he finds it all right on the roll, places his initials on it and the date, thus rendering it impossible to vote twice at the same election. If the scrutineers have any doubt of the identity of the voter, he is asked to sign his name on a blank piece of paper, which they then compare with his signature on the Elector's Right. By this method telegraphing is rendered impossible. The Upper House, or Legislative Council, as it is called there, is also elected; the qualifications for a vote there is, if I remember rightly, an assessment of £200 sterling. I fear I have occupied a large portion of your space, but I desired to place the arrangements in as clear a light as possible.

Yours truly, ALFRED ATKINS. Montreal, March 13th, 1882.

NORA'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: DEAR SIR,—The Post has taken such an interest in this subject that you will not deem me troublesome if I say a few pertinent words on it once more. I have, up to this, as will have been seen by your columns, collected some two hundred and fifty dollars for the publication of those letters at much time and labor, and let me add, expense to myself. While this sum is satisfactory in a degree it is not entirely so, and I confess I am not a little surprised at the apathy displayed. I consider the letters of Mrs. McDougall, both in the New York and Montreal *Witness*, have rendered service almost incalculable in the cause of justice and toleration. This has been admitted to me both by my Protestant and Catholic friends in Montreal and elsewhere by mail, and that being so, I repeat it, I am surprised that Irishmen, Catholics as well as Protestants—say all men who desire peace and good will—should not come forward with their donations. It is very true that none have yet refused me, when asked, but I would like to see more spontaneity of feeling displayed, and instead,

of Mahomet going to the mountain I would wish the mountain to come to Mahomet. In other words, Mr. Editor, most people know where I live—if not, they have seen it in The Post—and, as I cannot call upon every one, those willing to subscribe should call upon me or send their subscriptions to The Post, or to me by mail, which will answer the purpose exceedingly well.

Yours, very truly, WILLIAM WILSON. 130 St. Antoine street, Montreal, March 14.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15

CATHOLIC CALENDAR. MARCH.

THURSDAY, 16.—Feria. FRIDAY, 17.—Five Wounds of our Lord. (St. Patrick's, March 20.) SATURDAY, 18.—St. Gabriel, Archangel. SUNDAY, 19.—Fourth Sunday in Lent. St. Joseph, Confessor, Spouse of the B.V.M., and Patron of the Universal Church. Less. Eccles. xiv. 1-6; Gosp. Matt. i. 18-21; Last Gosp. John vi. 1-15. Cons. Abp. Henn, Milwaukee, 1844; Bp. Tullig, Pittsburgh, 1876. MONDAY, 20.—St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland (March 17). TUESDAY, 21.—St. Benedict, Abbot. WEDNESDAY, 22.—Feria.

HENDRIX, the alleged defacer of the Andre monument, has been discharged by Judge Donahoe owing to a flaw in the indictment but re-arrested by Cyrus W. Field for doing \$1,500 worth of damage to his property.

It is denied by the British hostile authorities that Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Irish race, has been placed in solitary confinement for one week. It would be better for them if they could truthfully deny that such a man is in one of their prisons at all. Perhaps they wish now that they could.

We freely accept the explanation of our contemporary, the *Irish Canadian*. We fancied we saw the fine Roman hand of a certain individual in the brutal expression used, but may have been mistaken. But is not the *Irish Canadian* rather hard upon the person who makes charges against an informer? Has it no condemnation for the informer himself?

Was it not that Scoville is only related to Guiteau by marriage it might be thought that crankiness ran in his blood. Scoville is about a fifteenth class lawyer, who, by the merest accident, was brought permanently before the public for a season. He now looks as big, not as the frog, but as the ox in the fable, and talks of organizing a third party in the State. He may, if he attempts it, obtain a following of pure unadulterated cranks. Alas for pure human nature!

During the administration of the illustrious Jingo, Lord Beaconsfield, the freedom of the native press of India was suppressed, but when the Liberals obtained power most of the restrictions were removed. The native editors took advantage of this removal to give Parnell's speeches so wide a circulation that the leader of the Land League is now almost as popular in India as he is in Ireland. The natives think Parnell's policy an excellent one, and believe the tillers of the soil should be the owners of the soil. The light is spreading in all directions.

Since the article appeared in The Post endorsing the movement for a petition to the Queen asking for Home Rule for Ireland and the release of the suspects, several Irish societies have forwarded resolutions to Mr. Costigan requesting him to move the resolutions. We would like to see all the societies unanimous in the matter so as to encourage Mr. Costigan and give him authority, and the sooner it is done the better. A Parliament generous enough to grant \$100,000 to Ireland will not refuse to pass the resolutions.

In the House of Lords a bill has been read the first time excluding Atheists from both Houses of Parliament. What the Commons will have to say to this remains to be seen. It is notorious that in the House of Lords itself, there are at least a dozen of Atheists, of the mild aesthetic type, who do not believe in a Supreme Being, but express their belief in such an elegant way, as not to offend the established church of which they are supposed to be the pillars as well as of the State. In the House of Commons there are scores of them who make no secret of their unbelief. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Lords and Tories hate Bradlaugh because he is an Atheist, it is for his republican opinions they detest him, and the little bill of the Lords is designed for Bradlaugh and those of his political way of thinking. Provided a man believes that the constitution, as it stands, is an excellent thing the Lords care not what religion he professes. It is at the same time a pity that a man as bold and clever as Bradlaugh cannot be

found who at the same time bears a good moral character and is a true Christian, to commence an assault against abuses and pensions, and if necessary against the House of Lords itself. But perhaps he will come in time.

The Kingston Catholic Young Men's Benevolent Association has passed resolutions endorsing the proposed action of Mr. Costigan in the matter of moving the Dominion Parliament to petition the Queen to release the prisoners and grant home rule to Ireland, and at the same time requests the members for Frontenac and Kingston to vote for the measure. We respectfully call the attention of the Irish societies, Protestant and Catholic to the resolutions.

Miss O'NEILL, daughter of the Superintendent of the Dominion Police at Ottawa, is a veritable heroine. The Superintendent lives not far from Kettle Island on the Ottawa, and from the house his family have a full view of that part of the river in their vicinity. It is not long since Miss O'Neill rescued a man from drowning by bringing a boat to his assistance, and last week she, at the imminent risk of her own life, saved a man and a boy from sinking through a hole in the ice. Such heroism should be appreciated and rewarded as it deserves.

Mr. WALLACE, of Norfolk, who, although a Conservative, is a very independent one, and somewhat of a Reformer to boot, has given notice of a motion to make the franchise throughout the Dominion uniform. Under the present voting system there is something like manhood suffrage in British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, two Provinces admitted to federation lately, while in the old Provinces there is a household or property qualification. Mr. Wallace is in favor of universal suffrage, and there are not a great many in or out of Parliament who will disagree with him in his ideas, always keeping in view that there must be certain restrictions.

The United Empire Club, started in Toronto six years ago, has died of inanition. The club was an exotic in this country. It came a hundred years too late or too early. It might have done excellently well when the population of Canada was composed chiefly of army officers and imperial Government officials, or it might answer in a century from now when the holders of the North-West lands will have established a law of primogeniture and entail with all that the thing implies. At present it is not wanted, and has, therefore, gone to Winnipeg; at least its aristocratic Secretary has, leaving servants' wages unpaid and an insecure mode of ingress open to the burglars. So perish all Clubs which seek to widen the lines between races and classes in this country, and import institutions which are dying of rottenness in another.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE MR. FORSTER, Irish Chief Secretary, is stumping Ireland with a certain amount of success. He finds, as he travels onward, that if he would gain attention he must abuse "rack-renting landlords" as well as "dishonest tenants," and that, on the whole, his speeches must be a little unparliamentary. He is received, says the cable, with courtesy and is not insulted. Mr. Forster uses the stock argument that England governed Ireland unjustly in times past, but that now everything is lovely, and in future it will be lovelier. He does not think the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act anything to complain of, nor the cramming of the jails with the best men in Ireland. He says that when outrages cease the suspects will be released, forgetting all the while that he himself is one vast outrage, and that his indiscriminate distribution of buckshot is another. If Ireland were really a free country, the first thing its authorities should do would be to arrest Mr. Forster for homicide, have him tried by an impartial jury, and if found guilty, sentenced to Mountjoy or Kilmalsham for a number of years, all which would be in accordance with the law if a coroner's jury verdict is not a farce. But might it be right for the present and Forster will remain outside to insult the people in their misery, while such men as Parnell, Dillon and Davitt are inside the walls of a prison. Truly the mills of the gods grind but slowly.

The Hon. Senator Howland, of Prince Edward Island, forwarded by last mail to Justin McCarthy, M. P., leader of the Irish party in the British House of Commons, a letter descriptive of the peasant proprietary system on the Island. The Senator, in his letter, says that for years there was a strong agitation carried on against absentee and irresponsible landlordism, just as there is now in Ireland. Military were quartered in different localities; police were empowered to make arrests, and Magistrates were granted extraordinary powers, but all to no purpose, as the landlords had to sell out to the cultivators at sixteen-and-a-half years purchase. Boycotting was a favourite weapon in the struggle, and tended largely to the victory of the people, as the landlords could get no assistance except from police and soldiers. The Senator says the Islanders under the new system are prosperous and contented, and the land is much better cultivated. He also sent to Mr. McCarthy an atlas of the Island, and an official volume of papers and correspondence covering the entire period of the agitation. It is reported that the Dominion Government, at his request, sent to Mr. Gladstone a large number of documents relating to Prince Edward Island, and it is only right that the Irish leaders should be as well informed on the subject as the English Prime Minister, and no doubt the Irish people and his fellow-citizens will very much appreciate the commendable action of the hon. Senator.

Mr. PHILLIPS THOMPSON, the now well known Irish correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* is on a lecturing tour, as we see by the *Buffalo Courier*, which takes in both Canada and the Northern States. Mr. Thompson is just fresh from Ireland, and before the impressions he received there fade from his mind—if indeed they ever shall—it is well to hear him speak on a subject on which he has written so graphically and so truthfully. We understand it is the intention of the Land League to have him lecture in the Albert Hall on St. Patrick's night, and they certainly cannot do a better thing, for, although an Englishman born, Mr. Thompson is a lover of right and justice.

The sentence passed on Smith, the murderer of Mr. John J. Hayes, should be a warning to those in the habit of carrying revolvers. Some men, otherwise good and well-intentioned enough, are of so violent and excitable of temper that the mere fact of their having a revolver in their possession often leads to unpremeditated murder. How many men there are who, under certain circumstances would use revolvers if they had them on them, but who, afterwards, in cooler moments, thank God they had not. If a man intends committing murder, well and good, let him carry a pistol, if he does not, where is its use. The sentence passed on Smith was a just one, and not too severe. He had taken away a life infinitely more valuable than his own; but the slight doubt that attached to the struggle had its effect on the jury. Twenty years' imprisonment is a heavy sentence, but not too heavy for the great crime.

It need surprise no one if, at a very early date, there be a general jail delivery in Ireland. Her Majesty's Government see the fatal mistake they made in their terribly stringent coercion policy and wish to remedy it. The Right Honorable Mr. Forster's late tour was taken so that he might give a favorable report of the country, and thus enable the Government to release, at least, some of the prisoners and withdraw some of the troops. It would have a good effect on foreign nations who look with amazement on the state of an integral portion of the British Empire. It is always easy to guess at the intentions of the Ministry by reading their London organs carefully. If the Ministers tell them that Ireland is becoming quiet, it is not a sign that it is quiet, but that the said Ministry wish it should be believed so, in order that they might take a few back turns of the coercion crank. It is not likely that all the prisoners will be released at once, that would be too magnanimous a policy for a Liberal-Radical Government steeped to the lips in coercion. Parnell, and Kelly, and Dillon, and Davitt, the members of Parliament, will be kept in durance vile until before, or shortly after, the close of the present session. In the struggle which Gladstone sees before him with the lords he does not wish to be handicapped by the bitter hostility of the Irish members, and there are besides foreign complications developing themselves which may turn out disagreeably pressing. But whether he release some or all, or none or all, the sentiments of Ireland towards the Ministry will remain the same as they were before. An innocent prisoner does not evince gratitude to the jailer who releases him after having unjustly confined him.

The days of Mormonism are numbered; a crisis in its history is at hand. Polygamy will not flourish much longer in the free and enlightened Republic of North America. The rats are already about to leave the sinking ship, and several Mormons of high station have declared against the illegal part of Joseph Smith's creed. Congress has now before it a bill providing for the abolition of polygamy, which the Legislature of Salt Lake have no doubt will pass, and they govern themselves accordingly. The Governor of Utah, (appointed by the Federal authority) has vetoed several Mormon bills in view of the coming legislation at Washington, and the younger generation of Mormons, at least, have accepted his veto power with cheerfulness. It is merely an succumbing to the inevitable. Time was when the Mormons might have hoped to defy the Federal authorities, but that time passed away when the Pacific Railroad was pushed right through Ogden and Uintah. After the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and similar atrocities by the Saints, General Sydney Johnson was sent with a well equipped army to wipe out the Mormons, but the troops lost their way in a frightful snow-storm of two days duration, they scattered among defiles and ravines; men and mules died of exposure and hunger, and when the remnant of Johnson's army entered Salt Lake it was in humor for anything but fighting. The Mormons were told that a miracle had interposed in their behalf and they believed it, while, in truth, it was only a Rocky Mountain storm that saved them from the notice. People wonder how it is that such an iniquity could find its way into the heart of a great, free and enlightened country in an age like the present. But the wonder is there are not more iniquities like it—no, indeed, there are a few in the Onondaga Community and associations of a similar nature. Mormonism and free love are exercises on society, and they are the legitimate offspring of that part of so-called Christianity which, rejecting the discipline of any regular Church, sets up for itself on the strength of texts of Scripture it does not understand, and indulges in all kinds of moral nastiness. The action of the United States Congress will act as a check on this kind of excesses for some time, but when suppressed in one spot it, or something like it, will break out in another, until the morals of the age are improved, and religious discipline of some sort observed in Protestant communities, for speaking in all candor, Mormonism is the child of Protestantism.

THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

When pugilists are in good condition, they are more liable to go in for a fight than when they are not; in fact they spoil for a fight, and so with nations. The European nations are all armed to the teeth, and their armies are the past number of years. Their armies are reported to be perfect in discipline and provided with the most approved weapons the world has ever known. Since the last great war between France and Germany numerous improvements have been effected in both large and small arms, as well as in the organization of the forces which are to wield them, and war has been made more a science of than ever before. The men are there, and the horses and the cannon and the maps, all in readiness for the order to march. The Generals are restive over delay and ambitious of glory, promotion and honor, and when such a state of things exists, war is only a question of time. As for the *casus belli*, it is only a trifle which can be had at any moment. If the question of peace or war were left in the hands of the people it would not be difficult to decide, for they are the real sufferers in the end; but it is not. Aristocracy governs all the European armies, and its sword is rusting; its steeds bite the bridle. The present time is opportune for war and it is coming. The rumor that Germany is willing to permit France to take possession of Luxembourg reminds us of the permission Bismarck so generously gave France, before the war of 1870, to occupy Belgium, while German engineers were all the time drawing plans of French fortresses, just as they are now. There may be nothing in the rumor, but straws best show how the wind blows. The capture of a German officer in Lyons is quite enough to excite the French almost to madness, and no wonder. Then there is the Bosnian insurrection, which is nothing but an outcome of the Pan-Slavist idea. The speeches of General Scobelev in Belgrade, in Paris and in Warsaw have produced the profound sensation in Europe they were intended to produce, and have aroused the alarm of Austria and Germany. It is now believed that neither the Czar nor General Iguatieff is displeased with the warlike utterances of the idol of the Pan-Slavist party, of the party which is really loyal to the Czar. We know that both Austria and Germany have asked for Scobelev's disgrace and that the Czar has refused to accept even his resignation. This was so ominous and indicative of a coming conflict that European stocks immediately fell.

There are many reasons why Russia, if assisted by France, should like to go to war with Germany and Austria. There is first the rivalry existing between the two great and rival races of the Slav and the Teuton. It may be assumed that the Russian people are sincere in their aspirations for the union of the Slav element in Eastern Europe, and that they believe their destiny is drawing them to Constantinople. This would be dangerous to the very existence of Austria, and more than Austria, for the Slavs, once set moving, would not stop short of universal conquest. Another reason why Russia is eager for war is to right the wrongs inflicted by the Berlin Conference. Russia lost immensely in blood and treasure fighting for the liberation of her kinsmen in Turkey; but when victorious the Jackal, Austria—put forward by Bismarck and Beaconsfield—walked off with the lion's share of the spoils in the shape of Bosnia and Herzegovina, now in revolt at the instigation of Russia. In the war, which is surely coming, it is probable all the European powers will be engaged; they will range themselves on the side most likely to win or in which their interests lie. Italy is hungry for Trente, Trieste and Dalmatia, and may side with Russia. Turkey, will, of course, be with Austria, France wanting Alsace-Lorraine, and perhaps, a Rhine boundary, will be hostile to Germany. England—fortunate, insular England—will be neutral, and will have the opportunity of seizing Egypt and Asia Minor, and a few other scattered trifles here and there, just to render her present possessions secure. But this war—if it comes—may affect domestic changes the kings and kaisers dream not of. There may be an uprising of the people and a toppling over of thrones, in comparison with which '48 was but child's play.

The sentence passed on Sergeant Mason for attempting to assassinate an assassin will give every one more respect for the majesty of the law in the United States. No doubt Mason thought when firing at the helpless Guiteau that he was performing a heroic action for which he would receive a nominal punishment and a real reward, and if he now finds his mistake, when too late, he has only himself to blame and his ignorance of the real forbearance of American justice. The attempted act of Mason implied that there was no real law in America, that the President had been shot and his murderer would go unscathed, but that he (Mason) would step in and take the place of judge, jury and hangman, and thus save the nation's credit. The truth is, and it is just as well people should know it, there is no country in the world where justice is more sure than in the United States of America; except, perhaps, it is in Canada. Since the 1st of March two bank directors and three or four bank officials have been sent to the penitentiary, who, if they had been in England, would be permitted to "walk abroad in their own majesty." When the public found that Tweed was really the swindler and thief the newspapers charged him with being, he and his confederates were punished. Justice in his place was slow but sure, as it is in the case of Guiteau. There is much license given to American news-

papers, and they take advantage of it to such a degree that they bring forward the most outrageous charges against political opponents, and the consequence is that "wolf" is shouted so often that when he does come people are slow to believe in his presence. But let the American people once understand a man is guilty, and though lots of time may be given him, he is sure to meet his deserts. So it has been with Mason; so shall it be with Guiteau.

GENERAL SCOBELFF's series of speeches has set all Europe in commotion. Semi-inspired newspapers of Berlin and Vienna have, it is true, stated that no one who knows the famous soldier, pays any attention to what he says, least of all when he is after drinking a few bumpers of sparkling champagne. But that is all nonsense. If Scobelev's utterances did not create such a sensation there would not be such confusion among cabinets, such hurrying to and fro of diplomats, such exchange of notes and such an inspection of battalions. The world is still left in doubt as to whether the Czar inspired the speeches or not, but it can readily believe that a hero like Scobelev cares little for the opinions of a master who is a prisoner, or something like it, so long as his opinions are endorsed by the national party, his master and the Czar, though the latter be nominally autocrat of all the Russias.

The marriage with a deceased wife's sister bill has once more been discussed in Parliament, and so modified and amended that Mr. Grouard and its other friends entertain the hope that the objections of the Senate towards it will be removed, and it will become law this session. There was little to be said in favor of the bill, and there was a good deal against it, but it was one of those questions which had to be settled. We do not know if it contains any clause preventing a man much given to matrimony marrying the other sister of his deceased wife's sister in the not impossible cases of his having buried two of them already; or, in other words, suppose his wife should die and that he marry her sister, and that the sister should also die, he marry a third sister, and so on. The Senate should draw the line somewhere, else confusion may arise as regards issue which will puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer.

The Montreal Branch of the Land League sent a thousand dollars to Patrick Egan last week as their quota towards the \$250,000 promised at the Chicago Convention. For this its members deserve great credit, but whether they get it or no they have at least the satisfaction of having done their duty. If it be true that there are ten millions of Irishmen and their descendants on this continent, then has Montreal sent on more than its share to the general fund but that is a fault which every one can forgive very readily. At yesterday's meeting of the League the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars was handed in by the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society as their subscription for the current year. They gave a still larger sum last year. It is incidents like these that make one believe in the redemption of Ireland. A country that has children capable of such self-sacrifice at home and sold generosity abroad need never despair of the future. We beg to congratulate the Land League and the Young Irishmen's Association also; they deserve well of their country, native or adopted.

OBITUARY.

A despatch from Rome states that General de Medici is dead. Dr. Horatio Yates, of Kingston, died on Saturday, March 11th.

The editor of the *Rome Monitor* committed suicide yesterday by shooting.

J. B. Aubin, aged 80, was found dead in his bed on the morning of March 8th, at his residence, St. Agapit.

Paul Louis Edouard Brindeau, a distinguished French actor, is dead. He was in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Captain Johnson P. Robertson, till lately a large steamboat owner on Lake Erie, died in Victoria, B.C., on the night of March 5th, aged 72 years.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds, of St. John, N.B., builder of the Suspension Bridge, projector of the Street Railway and interested in other public works, died on March 9th in his 71st year.

Mrs. Jacques Bolduc, aged 65, died lately at St. Raphael, County of Bellechasse. She leaves 318 grand-children and great grand-children. Her eldest daughter has 98 children and grand-children.

Jonathan Holmes Cobb, a prominent lawyer and well known in connection with his experiment in 1829 to manufacture silk by cultivation at large Mulberry Orchards, Boston and in Virginia, died on March 12th, aged 83.

Sarah Burk died on Monday, March 6th, in New York. Her own estate, property inherited from two sisters, all valued at three million dollars, except several small legacies, will be divided among benevolent and religious societies in New York city.

—Rev. Isaac Roy, Oure of Thurso, diocese of Ottawa, died last evening at St. Joseph's Hospital. The deceased was a member of the Society of One Mass. The funeral service will take place to-morrow morning at eight o'clock in the Providence Asylum.

John McHenry, a plumber, died very suddenly on the afternoon of March 9th in the Wellington Hotel, Toronto, where he boarded. Apoplexy was the cause. Deceased has a sister living in Montreal, and Sister St. Gabriel, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, is a relative.

A SPOOK OF WAR.

LONDON, March 9.—There has been today a sudden fall in prices of nearly all European securities dealt in at the London Stock Exchange. It is admitted that the cause of the decline is the prevalence of the belief that Russia plainly refused to tender to Germany a satisfactory answer in relation to Scobelev's speech.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

A new arrangement has been made by the C. M. O. & O. Railway, by which the carriage of wood is to be paid for by weight instead of by the cord as formerly.

Mr. H. B. Gray delivered a lecture before the Catholic Club last Thursday evening on "Opium eating and smoking."

The St. Ann's Temperance Association and Benefit Society held their regular monthly meeting in the St. Ann's Hall, yesterday afternoon, when the final arrangements for the participation of the Society in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day were made.

The first sale of thoroughbred cattle this season took place last Wednesday at J. Henderson's farm, Petite Cote. A very large audience attended, comprising many of our leading breeders.

THE YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

At the weekly meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Irish National Land League, a contribution to the funds of one hundred and twenty-seven dollars was handed in by Mr. C. McDonald.

MONTREAL AS A GRAIN CENTRE.

It appears that for some time past, a gentleman, who, some years ago was managing clerk for a number of large real estate owners in the East End, has, for the past few weeks, been quietly buying up property along the river side, commencing at the Q. M. O. & O. Railway cutting, and bridge leading across St. Mary street to the wharf.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Association, held on Sunday, 12th inst., the President Mr. John O'Neill in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions on the death of the Very Rev. Canon Plamondon were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That this society deeply deprecates the death of the Very Rev. Canon Plamondon, whose life was spent in the interests of religion, who won the esteem of our Right Rev. Bishop, as well as the good will of the priests of the diocese, with whom, in his administration, he had frequent intercourse; also

relatives of the deceased Canon, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of so distinguished a kinsman, and to our Rev. Pastor in the loss of a friend whom he so justly esteemed; and further

CITY COUNCIL.

The installation of the Mayor and new Aldermen occupied some time, after which Ald. Grenier presented a motion expressing the Council's gratification at the Queen's providential escape.

The following standing committees were then proposed by Ald. Grenier:— Finance—Ald. Grenier (Chairman), Laurent, Mooney, Fairbairn, Provost, Farrell and Brown.

Roads—Ald. Laurent (Chairman), Kennedy, Hood, Robert, Proctor, Hagar and Jeanotte.

Police—Ald. Kennedy (Chairman), Grenier, Hood, Thos. Wilson, Dubuc, Hagar and Stevenson.

Fire—Ald. Hood (Chairman), Laberge, McCord, J. C. Wilson, Tansey, Beausoleil and Mount.

Water—Ald. Donovan (Chairman), Proctor, Prevost, Farrell, Rainville, Holland and Roy.

Markets—Ald. Laberge (Chairman), Kennedy, Mooney, Beauchamp, Stevenson, Holland and Beausoleil.

Light—Ald. J. C. Wilson (Chairman), Robert, Fairbairn, Tansey, Dubuc, Rainville and Roy.

City Hall—Ald. Robert (Chairman), Laberge, Thos. Wilson, McCord, Farrell, Stevenson and Holland.

Health—Ald. Mooney (Chairman), Fairbairn, Tansey, Beauchamp, Stevenson, Mount and Roy.

Parks and Ferries—Ald. Thos. Wilson (Chairman), J. C. Wilson, McCord, Brown, Tansey, Rainville and Beausoleil.

Park Commissioners—Ald. Proctor (Chairman), Grenier and Donovan.

Ald. Wilson commenced a discussion by moving that Ald. Holland's name be substituted for that of Ald. Rainville on the Light Committee. The motion was lost.

THE PURITY OF OUR WATER.

Dr. J. Baker Edwards furnishes an edifying report on the water supplied to the town of Cornwall. From this it appears that of 22 specimens analyzed, 13 are condemned as unfit for consumption, being contaminated by sewage; 2 are contaminated by surface drainage; 1 is a "potable water of the 3rd class," and 3 of the 2nd class; 1 is wholesome water of the 1st class; while only 2 are described of exceptional purity.

THE SERVANT GIRL FAMINE.

Mr. W. J. Tabb, Canadian Emigration Agent in Ireland, now stopping at the Imperial Hotel, in Sligo, writes informing us that he has made arrangements for sending out efficient servant girls from that country of good character, and that the first batch will come in May.

SMITH SENTENCED TO TWENTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT.

The following is the verdict and sentence against Smith for the shooting of John J. Hayes:— The jury again retired, but returned almost immediately after and announced a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter."

expect. The crime you have been found guilty of is a terrible one. You have launched a fellow being into eternity without one moment's notice, and it becomes my duty to sentence you for this terrible offence.

The prisoners were immediately taken to a carriage in waiting and driven to the gaol, whence he will be removed to the penitentiary to serve out his long term.

THE SHAMROCK TEAM.

Mr. Notman has now completed the most magnificent picture he ever turned out from his brush. The subject is the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, as taken on their own grounds on a bright and sunny day.

THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF KINGSTON.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness:— Sir, Since the columns of your excellent journal are open to ventilate anything in the interests of Catholicity, I send you a few words on the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

A STRANGE CASE OF POVERTY.

LADIES IN A WORKHOUSE.

At a meeting of the Guardians of Macroom Union on Saturday a relieving officer (Percy) read out amongst the names of those who had entered the work-house during the week the names of Mrs. Coll, Annie Leader, Miss Leader, her daughter, and also Miss Kate Leader, her youngest daughter.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

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Mr. James Rice, P. L. G., Killally, recently built a fence on the roadside on his Ballincarriga farm, near Kiltworth.

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Prince Bismarck excels in the employment of a particular class of spies, who are known to his countrymen as "reptiles."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The New Haven Register wants a Patti night in that village. Dear sir, a Patti night includes Nicotini, and Nicky is said to be very expensive. —Atlanta Constitution.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

Never despair. Many a boy who goes around with a yellow patch on his blue pantaloons may some day write a volume of poetry in blue and gold, or have a silver plate on his door.

A man intruded into an Irishman's shanty the other day. "What do you want?" asked Pat. "Nothing was the visitor's reply. "Then you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

Says the Albany Argus: "Great truths are often said in the fewest words." Do you mean the remark of the Indian who, sitting upon a wasp's nest, arose and remarked: "Heap hell!" —Boston Post.

Persistent Party.—Not at home? But are you sure he isn't? Don't you think you had better go and ask? "Now, Madam—No, sir, it wouldn't be a bit of good." He told me he wasn't, most distinctly. —Tudor.

Sophia, sentimentally: "I dearly love to listen to the ticking of a clock. It seems to me that a clock has a language of its own." Mr. Smart: "Yes, Sophia; the clock has a language—you may say a dial-ect."

The great American punsters must be off sleigh riding. Not one of them has noted that the bride of the son of the New York Times proprietor was formerly Caldwell and is now called Jones. —Philadelphia News.

A gentleman, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said, "You have all heard of a man drowning; how does that happen?" The ready answer was, "Cause he can't swim."

"Father," said an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations who never give you a cent." The boy said the old man, then, was the "closest" relation he'd got.

"Ella, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something to him." "No Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did, with perfect success.

A charming young actress who called upon a prominent critic to beg some good words in a forthcoming article, began the conversation by saying, with an appealing look, "It is the first time that I have ever been out without my mother." —La Figaro.

Those brutes of men.—First Benedict:—"Well, this weather suits you?" Second Ditto:—"Capital, capital! And you?" First Ditto:—"I believe you; my wife has such a cold she can't speak. Ha, ha." Second Ditto:—"Splendid! So has mine. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I just went out to see a friend for a moment," remarked Jones to his wife, as he returned to his seat in the theatre. "Indeed," replied Mrs. J. with sarcastic surprise. "I supposed, from the odor of your breath, that you had been out to see your worst enemy." Jones winced.

The New York Mail's society reporter states that Miss Fidget broke a \$5,000 vase at Mrs. Gush's party the other night and never apologized. "She didn't think it worth while to apologize for such a trifle, knowing, as she did, that Mrs. Gush could buy another just like it for 75 cents."

In Paris every employe demands a New Year's gift of somebody. A young man presented himself at the door of Mr. G. "What can I do for you, my friend?" "I've come for my New Year's present." "I don't know you; who are you, anyway?" "I'm the clerk of the Sheriff who make a seizure here the other day."

Couldn't see the fun: A man at a church fair thought it would be a good joke to put up a leather medal to be voted to the most unpopular man in the ward at 10 cents a vote. But he wasn't so tickled with the notion when he was unanimously elected to take it. He could not see anything funny in the result. —Anon.

A little girl once told a letter from her mother to an old lady friend. "Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are a good child and are a faithful little messenger." "Thank you, ma'am; and I shall tell her too that I didn't ask you for 10 cents, because mamma told me not to."

At a table d'ote in Normandy a very polite gentleman notices the older carafe and pours out for all his neighbors. "Madam, a little cider?" "Oh, monsieur, thank you." "And you, monsieur?" "With pleasure. But you are giving me all; you have none left for yourself." The gentlemen, with satisfaction: "Ah, now I can have some fresh."

Peppery pleasure: "Miserable!" said young Byrds. "Of course I'm miserable, and I can't help looking so. I'm invited, and can't refuse to attend a party given by the girls at the boarding-school. They're going to cook the supper themselves, and I shall have to eat some of the bread and cake, and I shall die in awful agony before morning. I know I shall." —Boston Post.

At a Sunday-school examination, the teacher, after what he had been studying and repeating, said he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you?" said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Yes-sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I think—I could, but he added in a much more rapid manner, "I could if he was bigger than I am."

ACCURATE TIME-KEEPING. Many of the discoveries of science which at the time are regarded merely as refinements—very interesting, but without practical value—sooner or later find their special use in supplying wants before unmet. It is but one of the evidences of the advance of civilization that exact methods of dividing and measuring time are now in demand, not only by scientists and professional men, but also by individuals as a matter of convenience. It has come to be highly important to know what the exact time of day is, and to know the exact time of day, half a century ago, it would have quite a different value.

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 cereals, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever 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.

Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled "James' Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Epps' Diabetes Remedy.

Consumption Cured. Since 1870 Dr. Sberar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English.—W. A. Novis, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 16-1360w

SKOBELEFF'S SPEECHES. The Times prints a letter from St. Petersburg which it says has the best of reasons for knowing accurately describes the situation. The letter declares that Skobelev's speeches were pre-arranged between him and Ignatieff. It is said the object of the latter is to embroil matters to such a degree as to create an opportunity for him to offer his services to the Czar as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A RUSSO-AUSTRIAN WAR IMPENDING. CONSTANTINOPLE, March 9.—It is feared in official circles that a war between Russia and Austria is inevitable. The question of calling out the reserves is seriously discussed. It has, at least, been decided in principle that some preparatory measures should be taken. Exaggerated apprehensions of the palace party cause them to look favorably on a rapprochement with Austria.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR. St. Petersburg, March 6.—When General Skobelev arrived here on Saturday last about one hundred persons assembled to meet him. Admission to the railway station was refused them. As soon as the General made his appearance he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He rapidly traversed the crowd smiling, saluting, and distributing here and there a warm shake of the hands. He got into a carriage without delay accompanied by his Lieutenant. There were only three or four officials in the crowd.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it; there is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. (G26)

APPARITION OF THE VIRGIN. A CHILD WHO SAW IT TELLING HER FATHER—THIS SPECTACLE SEEN IN FRANCE IN 1824. Troy, March 6.—The Rev. Peter Havermans is the pastor of St. Mary's Church, which is the richest Roman Catholic congregation in this city. He was ordained in the priesthood over half a century ago. A correspondent of The Sun called upon the aged clergyman this evening to obtain his opinion of the alleged apparition of the Virgin Mary at the Jones domicile in this city. Father Havermans said that yesterday afternoon Annie Maloney, aged 14 years, who lives in the Jones house, called on him and asked what she ought to do when people told her not to tell the truth.

"Do not heed them, my child," replied the priest, "but tell the truth at all times." "That is what I thought," answered the child, "and I will tell you what I saw. I know, Father, that I saw the Blessed Virgin at the house where I live in the rear of 300 Flat street. I saw it first and told the others, I began to tell about it outside, and was told that I must not do so."

Father Havermans did not wish to give an opinion of the alleged apparition of the Virgin at Mr. Jones' house, but said it was possible that what the Maloney girl had said was true. She was a very good girl. That again it might be a delusion, he said. It was not in his parish, and he had not made any investigation. "But," he added, "a miracle is as liable to happen here as anywhere else. I am not a skeptic; but I remember an apparition which was witnessed by thousands besides myself. It was while I was a student at Poitiers, in France, on the Jubilee of Leo XII., in 1824. When the services were about to commence at mid-day, across, apparently two hundred feet high, waved over the edifice and remained for nearly an hour. This wonderful spectacle was discussed by the press, and the name of the structure was changed to the Church of the Holy Cross. On the occasion of my recent visit to Europe I saw a man who had been a paralytic who was instantly cured by a visit to Knock Chapel in Ireland. The Church is very reluctant to move in these matters, and, in fact, discommences them, and up to this time the alleged miracles at Knock have not received the approval of the Church. Whether anything will be done in this case I do not know; but it is within the province of the Bishop of the diocese to appoint a committee of investigation."

The excitement over the alleged apparition does not diminish. At 5 this afternoon it is estimated that there were over five hundred persons in the neighborhood of the Jones residence, but only a favored few were admitted. —N. Y. Sun.

EPPS' 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 cereals, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever 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. Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled "James' Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Epps' Diabetes Remedy.

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APPARITION OF THE VIRGIN. A CHILD WHO SAW IT TELLING HER FATHER—THIS SPECTACLE SEEN IN FRANCE IN 1824. Troy, March 6.—The Rev. Peter Havermans is the pastor of St. Mary's Church, which is the richest Roman Catholic congregation in this city. He was ordained in the priesthood over half a century ago. A correspondent of The Sun called upon the aged clergyman this evening to obtain his opinion of the alleged apparition of the Virgin Mary at the Jones domicile in this city. Father Havermans said that yesterday afternoon Annie Maloney, aged 14 years, who lives in the Jones house, called on him and asked what she ought to do when people told her not to tell the truth.

"Do not heed them, my child," replied the priest, "but tell the truth at all times." "That is what I thought," answered the child, "and I will tell you what I saw. I know, Father, that I saw the Blessed Virgin at the house where I live in the rear of 300 Flat street. I saw it first and told the others, I began to tell about it outside, and was told that I must not do so."

Father Havermans did not wish to give an opinion of the alleged apparition of the Virgin at Mr. Jones' house, but said it was possible that what the Maloney girl had said was true. She was a very good girl. That again it might be a delusion, he said. It was not in his parish, and he had not made any investigation. "But," he added, "a miracle is as liable to happen here as anywhere else. I am not a skeptic; but I remember an apparition which was witnessed by thousands besides myself. It was while I was a student at Poitiers, in France, on the Jubilee of Leo XII., in 1824. When the services were about to commence at mid-day, across, apparently two hundred feet high, waved over the edifice and remained for nearly an hour. This wonderful spectacle was discussed by the press, and the name of the structure was changed to the Church of the Holy Cross. On the occasion of my recent visit to Europe I saw a man who had been a paralytic who was instantly cured by a visit to Knock Chapel in Ireland. The Church is very reluctant to move in these matters, and, in fact, discommences them, and up to this time the alleged miracles at Knock have not received the approval of the Church. Whether anything will be done in this case I do not know; but it is within the province of the Bishop of the diocese to appoint a committee of investigation."

The excitement over the alleged apparition does not diminish. At 5 this afternoon it is estimated that there were over five hundred persons in the neighborhood of the Jones residence, but only a favored few were admitted. —N. Y. Sun.

EPPS' 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 cereals, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever 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. Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled "James' Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Epps' Diabetes Remedy.

FASHION NOTES.

Linen green is a new shade. The new red is carnation color. Sateen is a good material for a domino. Satin, with jet heads, is the new gimp. Redingotes and poulaines are revived. Combination costumes are losing favor. Double-breasted sacques are out of style. Worth is bringing plain suits into fashion. New cotton satinettes are as lustrous as silk. Jersey dresses are fashionable for little girls. The Valois style retains its hold on public favor. Cashmere and India shawls will be in high favor. Stained glass designs are copied in new spring goods. The latest form of the poke bonnet is the "London Witch." The "Comets of 1881" is a new design for cambrics and lawn. The masculine style of dress for women is going out of vogue. Sunflower yellow crops out in ribbons and other millinery goods. Sleeves made of fine flowers are pretty on evening dresses. A pouf just below the back of the waist is on the newest dresses. Moons and large polka spots will be stylish for spring dresses. Sicily and Turkey reds in bright ruby-like shades will be much worn. Embroidery patterns, done in feathers, appear on new ball dresses. Maiden hair fern is mixed with orange blossoms for brides' dresses. All shades of color are represented in the grounds of the new satetees. Satin toilets are much used for receptions and afternoon entertainments. Quarter trains are more stylish than either short trains or demi-trains. Foulard handkerchiefs have large bills of three colors on a white ground. More Pekin in narrow stripes of satin on a moire surface is a pretty novelty. Feathers trim many ball dresses, but flower garnitures are not exploded. Jasmine and white lilacs are mingled with orange blossoms in bridal wreaths. Chipped feather rosettes, in pale pink shades, trim newly imported bonnets. The passion flower is a favorite design in printed satetees, percales and cambrics. The new batistes follow the colorings and designs of the new satetees and percales. Straw hats and bonnets will be worn almost to the exclusion of chip this spring. Gilt nails, with flat, square heads, are used to fasten cloth dresses instead of buttons. Many small capote bonnets are seen among the first openings of spring millinery. Lenten costumes will be made of fine black wool, trimmed with braid or with lace. A plainly but well made and tastefully draped costume often eclipses a more elegant toilet. Pure white, without any yellow or ecru tinge, will be more fashionable than the creams and ecrus. Sleeves are very short, and generally consist of a shoulder-piece plaited in fan shape, or a bow and two crossed draperies. A novelty in ornaments for evening wear is flowers of gold, silver or steel filigree. They are worn in the hair, on the corsage, and looping the sash or skirt draperies. The liveliest and purest shades of rose, pink, blue, mauve, maize, and other light colors are seen in spring satetees in addition to the sage grays, bronzes, olives, hunter's maroon, navy and turquoise blues, black and white. New woollen dress stuffs have appeared in albatross cloth, and French bunting and nuns' veillings will live through another season; and because useful and durable they will perhaps acquire standard position in the list of dress fabrics. Trimming ribbons are wider than those of last season, and will measure three to four inches. Another new ribbon combines fulle seducante with the lace patterns and with satin; thus the centre stripe will be frilled, a lace stripe edges this on one side, while on the other side is satin with broad small flowers or leaves. There are also ribbons that are more half their width, and the moresque lace designs make up the other half; sometimes a watered stripe is through the middle of the ribbon, and there are lace stripes on each edge. Waists cut low in the neck, "a la grecque," with shoulder-pieces of precious stones, are to be the style. Jewels are to be much worn on ball dresses, arranged in novel ways. Branches of flowers and leaves, in diamonds and other stones, as well as very large beetles of precious stones, are worn on the dresses. The latest named are on the waist. The bunches of emblematical flowers are arranged in branches, placed one over another, and twisted around the arm, reaching to the elbow, or are arranged to form algrettes for the hair. White satin and tulle toilets are trimmed with natural flowers, arranged for the purpose.

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THE BRADLAUGH BUSINESS. LONDON, March 8.—An ugly feeling is growing up here over the Bradlaugh case, and there are serious fears of a popular uproar over it.

VOLTAIRE! Voltaire said of an apothecary that his employment was to pour drugs, of which he knew little, into a body of which he knew less. This may be said of hundreds of practicing physicians, who daily are prescribing drugs of which they know little, for the cure of coughs, colds, lung diseases, asthma and consumption. The patient's constitution is often impaired by such treatment. One bottle of N. H. DOWNS' Vegetable Balaistic Elixir has in many cases cured obstinate coughs and colds, and has proved a never-failing remedy for lung diseases and consumption. There is a certainty of recovery when the Elixir is used.

BEST AND MOST COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels; Sore Throat; Rheumatism; Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain-Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted. It is really the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. (G26)

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QUEBEC PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEES.

The Committee appointed to form the Permanent Standing Committees of the House met on Saturday morning and appointed the following:

PRIVILEGES AND REVISIONS. Hon Messrs Chapleau, Beaulieu, Flynn, Irvine, Joly, Lynch, Mercier, Wurtelle, Messrs Spencer, Bispe, Poulin and Faucher de St. Maurice.

PERMANENT OFFICES. Hon Mr. Paquet, Messrs Lecavalier, Houde, Laberge, Paradis, Champagne, Charlebois, Duckett, Gauthier, Leduc, Owens, Asselin, Demers, McShane and Bernard.

RAILWAYS AND CANALS. Hon Messrs Chapleau, Beaulieu, Irvine, Marchand, Flynn, Lynch, Paquet, Bernard, Robertson, Messrs Gauthier, Sherry, Trudel, Spencer, Sawyer, Demers, Carbray, McShane, Desjardins, Leduc, Owens, Gauthier, Caron, Desautels, Duhamel, Cameron, St. Hilaire and Poulin.

PRIVATE BILLS. Hon Messrs Lynch, Joly, Loranger, Stephens, Mercier, Marchand, Robertson, Wurtelle, Beaulieu, Messrs Champagne, Dumoulin, Cameron, Fortin, Blinnet, Gagnon, Lecavalier, Faucher de St. Maurice, Blanchet, Asselin, Watts, Sheehy, Thornton, Martel and Marion.

LEGISLATION. Hon Messrs Loranger, Irvine, Marchand, Mercier, Messrs Champagne, Blanchet, Dumoulin, Watts, Asselin, Desautels, Gagnon and Desjardins.

AGRICULTURE AND COLONIZATION. Hon Messrs Gauthier, Beaulieu, Joly, Flynn, Messrs St. Hilaire, Bergévin, LaFond, Picard, Audet, Casavant, Gagnon, Deschêne, Spencer, Duhamel, Demers, Laberge, Bernard, Richard, Sawyer, Thornton, Houde, Trudel, Martel, Poulin and Paradis.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTS. Hon Messrs Gauthier, Flynn, Joly, Irvine, Robertson, Mercier, Wurtelle, Messrs Brossseau, Duckett, Champagne, Marcotte, Stephens, Deschêne, Picard, Lavallée, Sheehy, McShane, Thornton, Carbray, Spencer and Audet.

INDUSTRIES. Messrs Audet, Bergévin, Deschêne, Casavant, Bernard, Fréchet, Rinfret, Spencer, Marcotte, Owens, Desjardins, Sawyer, Paradis, Demers, Richard, Poulin, Lavallée, Champagne, Charlebois, Marion, Carbray, St. Hilaire and Robillard.

PRINTING. Hon Messrs Chapleau, Flynn, Marchand, Mercier, Messrs Desautels, Faucher de St. Maurice, Brossseau and Dumoulin.

DO PIANOMAKERS PAY PIANISTS? An indignant New York pianist of the "fourth-class" writes to a musical paper to say, "I have never fallen a victim to the prevailing fashion of accepting money from pianoforte manufacturers for playing upon their pianos."

It is a well-known fact that leading piano houses have, either directly or indirectly, paid all the great pianists who have visited this country within the last twenty years. Leopold de Meyer was guaranteed his salary by a piano house, and upon the failure of his manager it was paid by the piano maker.

Antonio Rubenstein instructed his manager, Mr. Grau, to make the best terms he could with the piano maker, but restricted this selection to Weber or Steinway. He was guaranteed \$20,000 for his concert tour in America.

The contract of Von Bulow with his manager stipulated that he must use either the pianos of Weber, Chickering or Steinway, leaving to him to make the best terms possible with either of those houses.

Especially was guaranteed \$10,000, and as her concert tour only realized the expenses, the manufacturers had to pay it. Thalberg, Gottschalk, Carreno, Rive-King, Mehlig, Krebs, Topp, Sternberg, and Joseffy have all to be guaranteed against loss.

All honor to the great piano houses who have done this. But for their enterprise the public would never have heard these wonderful instruments under his arm like a violinist.

It costs a great deal of money to carry a piano through the country, it was the 100 to 150 pounds, and must go with the trunk in a baggage car or by express, and a tuner must go with it, it has to be boxed and unboxed at every concert, and for this requires the services of six or seven men, so that if the expenses were not guaranteed, it would be out of the power of a manager to engage pianists of eminence.

It is, moreover the best and most systematic way of advertising, for while the piano maker is careful to select only the greatest artists, the artist, for his own reputation, will only play on what is recognized as the best instruments.

The circle of pianists, which can really be called great, is very small, not more than half-a-dozen in America, and not twice that number in Europe. Take out Joseffy, Carreno and Rive-King from those at present in America and who are left?

The class of pianos on which these artists perform is still more restricted, those of Weber being almost exclusively used by the leading artists of the present day.

A band of train wreckers are operating in Texas. A rail was removed from the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe track, 50 miles south of a high bank. An express train, going at 25 miles per hour, passed over the loss, striking the track at right in front of the wrecked rail. The wreckers also attempted to pack a train on the Texas Central, near Palmer. Efforts are being made to detect them.

AN EXPLODED FALLACY.—Among popular and professional fallacies, which experience and scientific discovery have exploded is the belief, formerly very prevalent, that consumption is incurable—that it must run its course and terminate fatally. Probably no development in medical science has done more for years past than the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Tried under the most unfavorable circumstances and in various phases of lung and bronchial disease, this sterling medicine has invariably been found to fully justify the opinion early formed of its medicinal merit. While it is not claimed that it will remove from destruction lungs utterly disintegrated and worn out, yet the assertion is fully warranted by evidence that it will in time will effect a thorough and permanent relief. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL.

THE TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, March 14, 1882. The money market was steady and loans on stocks were more stringent at 5 to 6 per cent. The Government is in the market for another block of sterling exchange, rates for which are nominal.

Stocks on this market this morning were about steady. Richelieu advanced 2 per cent on rumor that the company had disposed of the Upper Canada boats to a syndicate of American and Canadian railway magnates.

The stock of the Canadian line has been known heretofore as "the non-paying branch," and the stock of the Richelieu Company was much higher before its acquisition than it is at present.

Morning stock sales—10 Montreal, 21 1/2; 60 do, 21 1/2; 1 do 21 1/2; 100 do, 21 1/2; 90 do, 21 1/2; 365 Jacques Cartier, 11 1/2; 3 Merchants, 13 1/2; 100 Ontario, 62; 100 Commerce, 14 1/2; 3 Merchants, 13 1/2; 115 Gas, 17 1/2; 50 Montreal Telegraph, 13 1/2; 25 Richelieu, 67 1/2; 50 do, 58; 75 do, 58 1/2; 3 do, 58; 62 do, 58 1/2; 50 do, 58 1/2; 133 do, 59; 2 do, 59; 130 do, 59; 33 City Passenger, 13 1/2; 23 Dundas, 12 1/2.

Stocks in the afternoon were without much change. Gas and City Passenger rose 3/4, and Montreal and Richelieu 1/2 per cent.

Afternoon Sales—165 Montreal 21 1/2; 10 Merchants 13 1/2; 1 do 13 1/2; 25 Commerce 14 1/2; 100 Montreal Telegraph 12 1/2; 426 do 12 1/2; 50 City Passenger 13 1/2; 50 do 13 1/2; 185 Richelieu 69; 50 do 69 1/2; 200 do 69 1/2; 13 Graphic 45; 400 Gas 17 1/2.

New York, March 14.—Stocks advanced, afterwards irregular. Am Ex, 92; O S, 46; D & L, 118 1/2; Erie, 36 1/2; preferred, 69 1/2; Ill C, 134; K & T, 28 1/2; L B, 113 1/2; M O, 81 1/2; N P, 31; preferred, 70 1/2; N W, 130; preferred, 140; N Y C, 130 1/2; B I, 130; St P, 110 1/2; preferred, 120; St P & O, 32 1/2; preferred, 92; W St L & P, 33 1/2; preferred, 57 1/2; W U, 77.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE PRICES. Trade has not been very brisk during the week, but there was an improvement, and the volume of business was well up to the average for this time of the year.

A firm feeling pervades trade in all its branches, and the prospects of a good solid spring business improves with the progress of the season. As travellers, who are all in, are giving out their orders, prices are much the same as at last quotations, and remittances on the whole are satisfactory, although a few more renewals than were anticipated earlier are being asked for—the result probably of the unsettled weather which prevailed during the winter.

DRY GOODS.—The event of the week in the wholesale trade was the opening of the various millinery and fancy goods houses, and splendid displays were the result in each establishment. During the week these establishments were crowded with customers from the Upper Provinces, not many of the Lower Province men having yet put in their appearance.

In the general dry goods trade a thriving business has been doing, a good demand being experienced from the city retail trade.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—There are no changes to chronicle in this branch of trade. Manufacturers continue to be taxed to more than their full capacity and values are unchanged, although manufacturers are feeling a firmer feeling. We quote: Men's split boots, \$1.60 to 2.25; men's kip boots, \$2.50 to 3.25; men's calf boots, \$3 to 3.75; men's kip brogans, \$1.25 to 1.40; men's split do, 90c to \$1.10; men's buff congress, \$1.50 to 2.25; men's buff and pebbled balmorals, \$1.75 to 2.25; men's split do, \$1.35 to 1.75; shoe packs, \$1.10 to 2.10; women's pebble and buff balmorals, \$1.00 to 1.50; do split balmorals, 90c to \$1.10; do prunella balmorals, 50c to \$1.50; do inferior balmorals, 45c to 50c; do cong. balmorals, 50c to \$1.25; do buckskin balmorals, 60c to 80c; Misses' pebbled and buff balmorals, 90c to \$1.15; do split balmorals, 75c to \$1.00; do prunella balmorals, 60c to \$1; do cong. balmorals, 60c to 70c; child's pebbled and buff balmorals, 60c to 90c; do split balmorals, 50c to 60c; do prunella balmorals, 50c to 75c; infants' cacks, per dozen, \$3.75 to \$5.50.

GRAIN.—The market for tea is somewhat dull, there being no demand for other than low grades. The sugar market is firm, advices from places of production stating that prices have been raised. The spice market is unchanged and inactive, and fruit market dull. We quote: Tea—Japan, common, 22c to 28c; good common to medium, 28c to 30c; fair to good, 28c to 37c; fine o choice, 44c to 58c; Nagasaki, 25c to 35; Young hyson, firsts, 45c to 65c; seconds, 20c to 31c; thirds, 30c to 35c; fourths, 26c to 29c; Gunpowder, low grades, 38c to 40c; good to fine, 60c to 65c; fine, 65c to 70c; Imperial, medium to good, 35c to 38c; fine to finest, 45c to 50c; Oolong, common, 32c to 38c; good to choice, 40c to 65c; Songot, common, 28c to 32c; medium to good, 32c to 40c; fine to finest, 45c to 65c; Sonchong, common, 25c to 30c; medium to good, 32c to 45c; fine to choice, 50c to 70c. Sugar.—Granulated, 9 1/2 to 9 3/4; Yellow refined, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2; Barbadoes, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2; Cuba, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2. Syrup and Molasses.—Bright, 62c to 73c; medium, 55c to 60c; fair, 51c to 54c. Molasses—Barbadoes 52c to 57c; Trinidad, 48c to 50c; sugar this trade has been exceptionally busy and the market has been completely drained of house, 36c to 40c. Coffee—Mocha, 32c to 35c; O. G. Java, 20c to 80c; Singapore and Ceylon, 22c to 24c; Maracibo, 21c to 23c; Jamaica, 17 1/2c to 20c; Rio, 16c to 18c; chicory, 12c to 13 1/2c. Spices—Cassia, per lb, 12c to 20c; mace, 80c to 95c; cloves, 30c to 45c; Jamaica ginger, lb, 20c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, unbl, 17c to 21c; Cochim ginger, 14c to 18c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 15c to 17c; pimento, 14c to 16c; mustard, 4 lb jars, 15c to 20c; mustard, 1 lb jars, 24c to 25c; nutmeg, unlimed, 85c to 95c; limed, 65c to 85c. Valencia raisins, 3 1/2 to 10; currants, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; layer raisins, 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; loose unlimed, net \$3.10 to \$3.15; London layers, \$3.35 to 3.40; SS almonds, 15c to 17c; Valencia walnuts, 14c to 15 1/2; filberts, 10c to 10 1/2; haz, 10c to 15c.

HARDWARE AND IRON.—The general hardware trade is fairly busy attending to orders from the country, but the iron trade is dull. Prices are about steady, the only change of any note being a rise of 10c per keg all round on cut nails. We quote as follows:—Siamsen, \$24.00 to \$25.00; Galvanised, \$26 to \$27; Sumner's, \$26 to 27; Langlois, \$26 to \$27; Eglington, \$23.50 to \$24.50; Cambro, \$24.00. Bars per 100 lbs \$20.00 to \$23.50; Canada plates, per box \$18.00 to \$3.50; other bands, \$3.50; Tin Plates, per box, charcoal I C, \$5.50 Coke, 10c, \$4.75 to \$5.00. Tinned Sheet, No. 26, charcoal, \$11.00 to 11.25; Galvanised Sheet, No. 28, do, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Hoops and Bands, \$1.00 to \$2.00; \$2.00 to \$2.75; Sheets, best brand, \$2.60 to \$3.75 Boiler Plates \$3.00; Russia Sheet to \$3.75 Boiler Plates \$3.00; American

Iron per lb, 12 1/2c. Lead, pig, per 100 lbs, \$5.00 to 5.25; do sheet, \$5.50 to \$6; do bar, \$5 to \$5 75; do shot, \$6 to \$6 75; Steel, cast, per lb, 12c; do Spring, per 100 lb, \$3.75; do Tire, \$3 25 to \$3 50; do Sleigh Shoe, \$2.25 to \$2 50. Ingot Tin, 26c to 30c. Ingot Copper, 20c to 21c. Sheet, Zinc, per 100 lbs, \$5.40 to 5 75; spelter, \$5 25 to \$5 75. Horse Shoes, per 100 lbs, \$4 75 to \$5 00. Rived Oil chain, 1/4 inch, \$5 50 to \$5 75; Iron Wire, No. 6, per hdl, \$1.85 to \$2.00. Cut Nails.—Prices, net cash within 30 days or 4 months note, 10 d to 60 d. Hot Cut, American or Canada Pattern, \$2.80 per keg; 8 d and 9 d. Hot Cut, do, \$3.05 per keg; 6 d and 7 d. Hot Cut, do, \$3.30 per keg; 4 d and 5 d. Hot Cut, American Pattern, \$3.55 per keg; 3 d, Hot Cut, do, \$4.30 per keg; 3 d, Fine, Hot Cut, \$5.80 per keg; 4 d to 5 d, Cold Cut, Canada Pattern, \$3.30; 3 d, Cold Cut, Canada Pattern, \$3.80.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—The trade is moderately active, and prices are unchanged, although English advices report that a decline in prices is anticipated there. We quote bi-carb soda \$3.12 1/2 to \$3.20; soda ash, \$1.50 to \$1.70; bi-chromate of potash, 13 1/2 to 15c; borax, 15c to 16c; cream tartar crystals, 29c to 30c; ditto ground, 32c to 34c; caustic soda, \$2.30 to 2.40; sugar of lead, 13c to 15c; bleaching powder, \$1.35 to \$1.50; alum, \$1.80 to \$1.90; coppers, 100 lbs, 90c to \$1; flour sulphur, \$2.90 to 3.25; epsom salts, \$1.40 to 1.60; sal soda, \$1.10c to 1.25; saltpetre, per keg, \$10.00; sulphate of copper, 5 1/2 to 7c; whitening, 55c to 60c quinae, \$3.75 to \$2.50; morphia, \$2.60 to \$2.90; castor oil, 10c to 10 1/2; shellac, 42c to 45c; opium, \$4.75.

FISH.—The trade is considered more than usually active, even for the season of Lent, and stocks which at the beginning of the season were considered as large, are being diminished with increased rapidity. Prices as yet have not changed, although a rise is anticipated. We quote—Labrador herrings at \$6 50; North Shore Salmon, \$21.50, \$20.00 and \$19.50 for Nos. 1, 2 and 3; British Columbia salmon, \$16.75; No. 1 split herrings, \$5.50 to \$5.75 per hrl; No. 2, No. 1 half-hrl, \$3.25; dry cod, \$4.75 to \$5.00; green do, \$5.50 to \$5.75 for No. 1, \$4.25 to \$4.50 for No. 2; mackerel, No. 2, \$5.00 to \$5.25; No. 3, \$5.25; salmon trout, \$4.50 to \$4.75.

LEATHERS.—An inactivity yet prevails in this branch of trade. The slight demand which sprung up a few weeks ago for black leathers has fallen off, and again the only transactions which take place are in sole leathers. We quote—Hemlock Spanish sole, No. 1, B A, 24c to 27c; ordinary, 24c to 26c; No. 2, B A, 22c to 25c; No. 2, ordinary, 22c to 24c. Buffalo sole, No. 1, 22c to 23c; No. 2, 20c to 21c; hemlock slaughter, No. 1, 28c to 30c; waxed upper, light and medium, 26c to 39c; splits, large, 33c to 28c; small, 21c to 25c; calskins (27 to 33 lbs), 50c to 80c; do (18 to 26 lbs), 60c to 70c; Harness, 25c to 34c; buff, 14c to 16c; pebble, 12c to 15c; rough, 26c to 28c.

FURS.—The market continues dull, with no raw furs offering and no demand of any consequence for either the raw or manufactured article. We quote: Muskrat, 10c to 12c; beaver, prime, per lb, \$3.00 to 2.50; bear, per skin, \$6 to 8.00; bear cub, \$3 to 4.00; fox, \$5 to 7; fox, red, \$1 to 1.25; do cross, \$2 to 3.00; lynx, \$1.50 to 2.00; marten, 1.00 to 1.25; mink, \$1 to 1.55; otter, \$8 to 10.00; racoon, 40c to 50c; skunk, 50c to 75c.

OILS.—Business, which is dull, is confined to the local demand, and the only movement is in job lots. There are prospects of an advance in the price of steam refined seal. We quote—Newfoundland cod oil, 52c to 54c; steam refined seal, 58c to 62c; linned oil, 72c to 74c raw, and 76c to 77c boiled.

WOOL.—The market is quiet, in sympathy with the English one, the only transactions being in small lots of domestics. We quote—Greasy Cape, 19c to 21c; Australian, 23c to 30c; Canadian pulled, A super, 33c to 34c; B super, 30c to 32c, and unsorted, 25c to 30c.

LINENS.—The market is quiet owing to a falling off in the supply, and prices are unchanged. We quote—\$3, \$7 and \$3 for Nos. 3, 2 and 1 respectively; calfskins, 12c to 1 1/2; sheep-skins, \$1.20 to 1.35.

FRUIT.—Market steady and prices unchanged. We quote car lots at 15c to 18 1/2c each; broken lots at 19c to 20c; and single barrels, 20c to 22c.

BAKED.—We quote car lots at 61c to 61 1/2c and 67c to 68c; for tins; factory filled, \$1 to \$1.10, and Bureka, \$2.00.

A 2.30 p.m. despatch from Liverpool read:—Breadstuffs firmer. Red winter 9s 4d to 10s 4d; corn 5s 1 1/2d for new, and 5s 2d for old. Weather dry and clear.

On the local market there was a better demand for flour, and we note sales of 50 bbls superior extra, \$6 10; 100 bbls superfine, \$5 25; 250 Ontario bags (superfine), \$3 60; \$2 50, \$2 55.

Canada Red Winter wheat continues to be quoted at \$1.41 to 1.42; Canada White Winter, \$1.36 to 1.38; Canada Spring, \$1.34 to 1.50; peas, 76c to 77c; oats, 36c to 37c to 32c; barley, 60c to 70c, as to quality, and rye, 87c to 90c.

Flour—Superior Extra, \$6.05 to 6.10; Extra Superfine, \$5.90 to 6.00; Fancy, \$5; Spring Extra, \$5.75 to 5.85; Superfine, \$5.40 to 5.50; Canada Strong Bakers, \$5.35 to 6.50; American Strong Bakers, \$7.25 to 8.00; Fine, \$4.50 to 4.60; Middlings, \$3.75 to 3.90; Polars, \$3.50 to 3.60; Ontario Bags, Spring Extra, \$2.75 to 2.85; Medium Bakers, \$2.90 to 3.00; Medium, Strong to Strong, \$2.50 to 2.65; City Bags (delivered), \$3.75 to 4.00.

Receipts here to-day:—Wheat, 1,360 bush; peas, 590; oats, 1,600; flour, 1,640 barrels; sabs, 31; pork, 90 bbls; leather, 330 rolls; tobacco, 150 cases.

The city market for dairy butter and hog products was dull and in buyers favor. Ashes—Pols were easier at \$4.70 to \$4.80 per 100 lbs.

MONTREAL STREET MARKET.—MAR. 14. The supply of produce was fair for the time of year and a good business was done at Bonsecours Market. Quotations are not materially changed. The demand was principally for cereals, vegetables and fish.

Flour, per 100 lbs, \$3.55 to 3.60; buckwheat flour, \$2.60; oatmeal, do, \$2.60; cornmeal, do, \$1.60 to 1.85; monile, do, \$1.70 to 1.80; bran, per 100 lbs, \$1.10.

Grain—Oats, per bag, 80c; peas, per bush, \$1.05 to \$1.20; beans, \$1.85 to \$2.40; buckwheat, per bushel, 75c to 80c; corn, \$1 per bush.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bag, \$1.05 to \$1.10; carrots, per bushel, 60c; onions, per bbl, \$3.50 to \$3; per bushel, 75c; Montreal cabbages, per bbl, \$2.25 to \$1.80; lettuce, per dozen, \$1.60; celery, per doz, \$1 to \$1.50; Montreal turnips, per bushel, 50c; marrow, 10c each; beans, per bushel, 50c; Brussels sprouts, \$1.20 per dozen; parsnips, 60c per bushel; artichokes, \$1 per bushel.

Fruit—Apples, per barrel, \$3.00 to \$5.00; Montreal Apples, \$3 to \$4.50; American

pears, \$3 to \$6; Almeria grapes, per keg, \$7.50; cranberries, \$2.50 to \$3 per bbl; Valencia oranges, \$7.50 per case; Malaga lemons, \$5 to \$5.50 per box.

DAIRY FACTORIES.—Four to choice print butter, per lb, 26c to 40c; tub butter, per lb, 18c to 23c; Eggs, new laid, per dozen, 30c to 35c; packed, 18c to 22c.

Poultry.—Fowls, per pair, 50c to 75c; ducks, per pair, 75c to 90c; chickens, per lb., 11c; turkeys, per lb, 12c to 13c; geese, 10c.

MEATS.—Beef, per lb, trimmed, 12c to 13c; mutton, 7c to 10c; lamb, forequarters, 8c; lamb, hindquarters, 10c; veal, per lb, 8c to 10c; pork, per lb, 12c; hams, per lb, 14c to 15c; lard, per lb, 13c to 15c; sausages, per lb, 12c to 14c; dressed hogs, \$8 50 to \$9.

FISH.—Lake trout, per lb., 12 1/2 to 14c; smelts, 12c; fresh herrings, 30c per doz; pilke and lobsters, per lb, 10c; white fish, per lb, 10c to 12c; halibut, per lb, 12c to 15c; haddock and cod, per lb, 6c; mackerel, per lb, 10c to 12c; black bass, per bunch, 40 to 50c; maskinonge, per lb, 12c to 15c; sword fish, per lb, 12c to 15c; tommy cods, 25c to 30c per peck.

GAME.—Black ducks, \$1.25 per pair; partridges, 50c to 60c per brace; snowbirds, 25c per doz; pigeons, 25c to 30c per pair; hares, 25c to 30c do; snipe and plover, \$4 per doz.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, will live longer as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticize Darwin's theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The True Witness is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 37 years in existence.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into the Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the True Witness between this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. For an extra effort to push our circulation. For an extra effort to push our circulation. For an extra effort to push our circulation.

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