

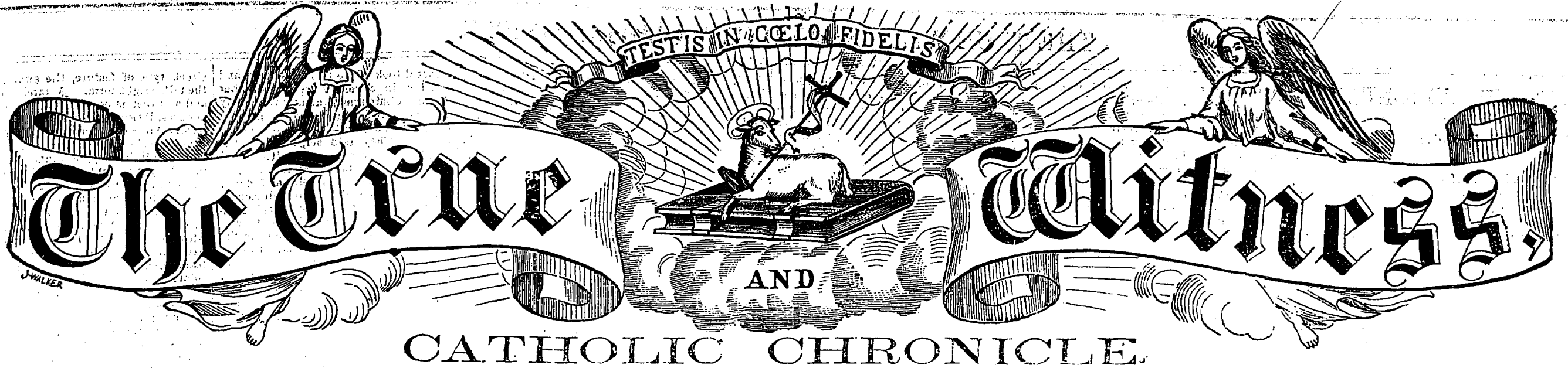
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IRELAND!

THE LEAGUE SUPREME.

FENIANISM IN THE BRITISH ARMY

The State Trials.

THE ARRESTS.

COERCION BILL OBSTRUCTED

[By Telegraph to Post and True Witness.]

LONDON, Jan. 11.—The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian mentions with some degree of credit that Earl Cowper desires to resign the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, principally, however, for private reasons.

More than forty-five members of Parliament attended the meeting of English and Irish Liberals yesterday. Only about five represented Irish constituencies. It is stated that none of those at the meeting could be classed as Whigs; all were sincere admirers and adherents of Gladstone. The joint deputation of Home Ruler and Liberal members which is to wait on Gladstone on Wednesday will urge that it is essential, in order to secure unity and enthusiasm among the Liberals in Parliament, and contentment in Ireland, that the Land Bill should include a comprehensive scheme of peasant proprietors, accompanied by the "Three F's." The bill, as hitherto sketched by the Government, would annihilate the whole party.

LIMERICK, Jan. 11.—A resident magistrate of this place, named McCarthy, on Saturday received instructions to arrest the Rev. Mr. O'Kelly, a priest, and several other Land Leaguers at Castleconnell. An immense assemblage gathered at Castleconnell yesterday in anticipation of the arrest, which, however, was not made as the instructions had been countermanded by the Government, who had received the submission of the persons accused. A flying column is being organized for suppression of disturbances in County Limerick.

Mr. Shaw's followers and the Ulster Liberals have adopted a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, declaring that a satisfactory Land Bill must embrace the "Three F's" provisions for arterial drainage, the reclamation of waste lands, and the extension of a peasant proprietary.

At a meeting of English Liberal members, to-day, over 30 resolved not to vote on the question of coercion.

The Fenian scare has extended to Portsmouth. The authorities have received various anonymous warnings of contemplated attacks on the Government establishments, but they do not attach much importance to them.

DUBLIN, Jan. 11.—In the Court of Queen's Bench to-day the Crown announced that their case was completed, with the exception of one witness who is now on the way from London.

The Pall Mall Gazette is deserving of attention. Discussing last night's debate it says: "Thirteen members spoke in all, but only three represented Irish constituencies. Of that thirteen four were Home Rulers, four Irish Liberals, two English Radicals, one English and two Irish Conservatives. Only a single speaker expressed any satisfaction with the bill foreshadowed. The impression produced by the whole of the speeches, is that in Ireland opinions are not only practically unanimous in favor of the three F's and of peasant proprietary, but that in the words of Archbishop McCabe which are echoed by almost every speaker from the Liberal side of the House, "It is better a thousand times for Mr. Gladstone's Government not to touch the question at all, rather than deal with it in a half-hearted fashion." One Conservative, Mr. Plunkett, with characteristic courage and sagacity, repudiated the idea that the Conservative party were unwilling to consider the grievances of the Irish tenant. All the other speakers, without exception, demanded a thoroughgoing Land Bill. The Liberals were more urgent than the Home Rulers. Mr. Charles Russell, in the course of an eloquent and forcible address, which made a marked impression, warned the Government that the Bill was narrow and inadequate and framed in the spirit of compromise. It would be better for Ireland, better for Mr. Gladstone's reputation, to leave the question alone. The Irish appear to have made up their minds for nothing less than the three F's with such measures for the present proprietary as can be regarded as a settlement in any sense of the word. If Ireland were self-governed, a Land Bill not embodying these provisions would not even be looked at, whereas a measure which accepted the three F's as a basis of legislation would command the united support, not only of the Liberals and Home Rulers, but of the majority of the Conservatives of Ulster.

Mr. Shaw made an important contribution to the discussion when he announced that all the members of the Land Commission had come to the conclusion that in future there must be some tribunal placed between the landlord and tenant of Ireland to regulate the rent. The Pall Mall Gazette concludes as follows:—"Any measure which does not deal effectually will hardly be worth the paper it is written on. Grave, indeed, will be the responsibility of an English Government which

interposes an English veto upon measures demanded by an overwhelming majority of all sections of the Irish people."

LONDON, Jan. 12.—Fifty-four members of Parliament were present at yesterday's meeting to arrange for a deputation to wait on Mr. Gladstone in regard to the Irish Land question. Lords Monck, Montague, Powerscourt and Emily are expected to accompany the deputation. The London correspondent of the Newcastle Chronicle, Mr. Jos. Cowan's paper says:—"Should the representations of the deputation which is to wait on Mr. Gladstone to-day not induce the Government to abandon the anticipated measure on the Irish Land question, the original idea of united action by both English and Irish Liberals, which was yesterday abandoned, in the belief such a combination might have the appearance of a threat to the Cabinet, will be resorted to. Further action will be in any event suspended until the draft of the bill is in the hands of members."

In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, asked the members whose bills are on the orders of the day not to insist on their rights, as the Government desired to proceed with the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's Speech. Irish members began obstructive objections, and the wrangle continued. It has now lasted three hours. Ultimately a motion that the debate on the address be resumed was carried by a vote of 230 to 33. In the House of Commons this afternoon, just before a division was taken which closed the obstructive debate, Mr. Parnell said his party had made their protest against the action of the Government. He said his conduct in the House had always been fair and above board, but he would not pledge himself as to the conduct of himself and his friends when bills for the coercion of the Irish people are introduced.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—Mr. Shaw (Home Ruler) has written a letter to Mr. Parnell formally disassociating himself from Mr. Parnell's scheme of agitation and his party. It is believed that other moderate Home Rulers will follow his example.

A deputation of members of Parliament waited on Mr. Gladstone to-day on the Irish Land Question, and presented a memorial recommending as essential to secure unity and enthusiasm among the Liberals in Parliament and contentment in Ireland that the Land Bill should include a comprehensive scheme of peasant proprietary, accompanied by the "Three F's," and also recommending the consideration of the subject of reclamation of waste lands. The deputation discussed the subject in a conversational manner for fully two hours. Mr. Gladstone said he was glad to have the opportunity of hearing their views, and hoped he would not introduce any ineffectual Bill. It is understood that the deputation deemed the result of the interview satisfactory.

DUBLIN, Jan. 12.—Mr. A. M. Sullivan, member of Parliament for Louth, who seduced the Irish Times some time ago for defamations, has obtained a verdict against the paper of £50.

DUBLIN, Jan. 12.—At a meeting of the Land League to-day it was announced that the receipts for the past week amounted to £4,163. It is stated that the League will no longer give facilities to Government reporters or police.

LIMERICK, Jan. 12.—The Tralee and Listowel mail cars were attacked last night near Long Hill, Limerick county. The cars were smashed and the mail destroyed.

DUBLIN, Jan. 12.—The State Trials will open the case for the defence. It is expected that he will speak for two days. An extraordinary sight will be witnessed in Dublin to-morrow. Two hundred evicted tenants, men and women, from all parts of Ireland, will be assembled at the Land League office, when they will walk in processional order, two deep, to the Court of Queen's Bench. It is intended, if the Court permits of such a course, to produce these men and women as witnesses for the defence.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—In the House to-day Mr. Forster, Home Secretary for Ireland, in reply to a question from Mr. Churchill, member for Woodstock, said that the Government were watching Mr. Davitt, who had returned to Ireland contrary to the stipulation in his case, and if necessary they should take further action concerning him.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—Three hundred and fifty police and a squadron of dragoons are assembled at Drumlish, and infantry are momentarily expected. When they arrive, the whole force will proceed to assist in the serving of ejectment notices on Lord Grenard's property. The people are armed with bludgeons and pitchforks, but an encounter will probably be avoided by the exertions of the parish priest.

The Government has evidently been taken by surprise by the decided sympathy with Ireland expressed by provincial members of all shades of liberalism. A decided change is visible in the bearing of the Ministry since the opening of the session. The excitement of the struggle has already told on Gladstone's health.

DUBLIN, Jan. 13.—At a meeting of the Land League to-day Davitt called attention to the immense services of the Land League in America. Parnell advised a postponement of the National Convention until the Government deals with coercion. The Orange Emergency Committee resolved to assist several "boycotted" persons.

Macondonagh's speech to-day consisted of a vindication and reassertion of the principles of the Land League, which organization, he said, was as legal as the Trades' Union. He declared the Traversers professed the principles of John Stuart Mill, and but for their support, English landlords would be driven into the sea. People pay shopkeepers £40,000 for goods, "Were they," he asked, "to deprive their wives and children of sustenance in order to pay landlords?" Before he concluded the Court rose.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—It is alleged that the Government will ask Parliament to adopt ex-

traordinary measures for the suppression of the Parnellite party, on the ground that they seek not constitutional reform, but the disintegration of the Empire.

It is stated the London city guilds, which own estates in Ireland, have been sounded regarding their transfer to tenants under the terms of the new Land Bill. They are willing to make the necessary arrangements; about 170,000 acres of land belonging to these companies will probably be thus transferred.

TRALEE, Jan. 14.—The examination of officers of the Tralee branch of the Land League was concluded to-day. Mr. Brassill, proprietor of the Kerry Independent, and Mr. Jeremiah Leahy, President of the Fries branch of the Land League, were discharged. Concerning other prisoners, the magistrates deferred their decision until to-morrow, they meanwhile remaining in custody. The defence preferred no evidence.

Mr. Mitchell Henry refused to have anything to do with the Land League, and in consequence of his speech in the House of Commons on the 11th inst., during the debate on the address, in which he denounced the system of "boycotting" and repudiated the League, Michael Davitt, the noted agitator, in a violent attack upon him at a meeting of the League, denounced him as a traitor.

DUBLIN, Jan. 14.—Two of the Traversers were discharged to-day, the evidence against them being insufficient.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—A Dublin despatch says naval and military authorities in Ireland are arranging concerted action for their future movements.

DUBLIN, Jan. 14.—In the Court of Queen's Bench yesterday, Mr. Macdonagh, the counsel for the Traversers, in his opening speech, said in regard to some points of the indictment he was obliged to admit that some of the Traversers had exceeded the bounds of moderation.

Mr. Macdonagh to-day continued his speech for the Traversers. Judge Fitzgerald at the outset intimated that, although Mr. Macdonagh would be allowed to refer in his speech to the famine period of 1848, he could not call evidence relating to facts that occurred thirty years ago. When Mr. Macdonagh closed his speech he was loudly cheered. The trials promise to be protracted. On the subject of the desire expressed by some of the Traversers to have separate defences, Judge Fitzgerald said to-day that it would be practically impossible for the Court to listen to the fourteen speeches, one for each man, nor, in his opinion, was this necessary in order to obtain justice in each case.

In the State trials Macdonagh submitted to the jury that the Land League was a perfectly legal organization. To cause, by agitation, certain alterations in the Land Laws, was a necessity which not only Ireland, but all England, was now urging. He cited the example of the jury who acquitted the seven Bishops, and drew a moving picture of the evictions which succeeded the Irish famine. Samuel Walker followed on the same side, and delivered a powerful speech. He quoted the charter of the Land League, and contended that it was legal to read extracts from Parliamentary speeches of Gladstone, Low and Bright, in support of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. He insisted that the Traversers had said nothing more calculated to damage landlordism than was said in the speeches in Parliament referred to. The Court adjourned till Monday.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—The following Englishmen voted with Mr. Parnell last night in division of the House on Parnell's amendment:—Jacob Bright, of Manchester; Jesse Comings, of Ipswich; Henry Labouchere and Charles Bradlaugh, of Northampton; Thomas Burt, of Louth; Arthur Arnold, of Salford; Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Mr. Thomas.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—A despatch from Manchester says an attempt was made to-day, it is supposed by Fenians, to blow up the armory at the infantry barracks at Salford. A meat store adjoining was blown to pieces, but the armory, containing many thousands of arms, was uninjured. The explosion badly injured a woman and a boy who were walking on the street, and it is feared that the boy will die. There is great excitement over this dastardly attempt.

DUBLIN, Jan. 17.—Michael Davitt made a very violent speech at Kewstirk to-day.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—Mitchell Henry, in a letter to the Times, says it is true that his tenants have disappointed him very much, owing to instructions from Land League agents, which virtually are that every landlord is a robber and an intruder. Very few of his tenants, he says, have paid their rents, though many would do so, if not intimidated by the lawless confederation, who have succeeded in changing the character and behaviour of the people.

TRALEE, Jan. 15.—The remaining five officers of the Tralee Branch of the Land League were to-day committed for trial. Their attorney did not ask to have them admitted to bail. Eleven other arrests are expected to-night.

DUBLIN, Jan. 15.—At Maryborough, six traders have been summoned on a charge of attempting to compel persons to join the Land League. Davitt to-day, near Katturk, vehemently attacked landlords. Government reporters were present.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—The Daily News says the Cabinet Council will necessarily consider the question of obstruction in the House of Commons. The Times charges the Home Rulers with abusing the freedom of debate with the sole object of frustrating its practical purposes.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—A special cable from London says:—"The debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment, protracted through seven sittings, averaging eight hours each, appears to have convinced the Government of the absolute necessity of some modification of the rules of the House of Commons to prevent this scandalous squandering of public time, of which the worst has not been seen. Perhaps Monday will witness the resumption of the interminable discussion. Mr. McCarthy's amendment and other amendments

following, with fresh harangues. Mr. Parnell's friends intimate that the obstruction this session is intended to take the form not so much of filibustering as prolongation of the discussion. It is known that the Government, perceiving that no progress has been made in the last few days, is seriously considering the adoption in some form of the previous question, or some other means which will enable the majority of the House to bring this frivolous and wilfully protracted speech-making to a close. Parliamentary precedent requires that the debate on the address shall be terminated five days before proceeding with other business; hence neither the Coercion bill nor the Land Bill has yet been introduced. One obvious object of Mr. Parnell is to point triumphantly to this delay as a proof of the necessity of alleged urgency of coercion. Mr. Shaw's formal withdrawal from further Parliamentary action under Parnell's banner necessitates one or two rearrangements. Mr. Shaw's interest in Parliament is greater than with the Irish people, but may yet result in so reducing Mr. Parnell's following as to increase greatly the difficulty of pursuing a policy of sheer obstruction.

Mr. Shaw openly expresses delight at the conciliatory manner in which Mr. Gladstone received the deputation, and has strong hopes that the Land Bill will yet assume a satisfactory solution. Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, stakes everything on defeating the Land bill, no matter how radical, this session, believing that he will be able to carry the Irish people to any length if the session closes without the passing of any measure of land reform, and intending then to revert openly to his original purpose to renew purely Home Rule agitation. It is the knowledge of this scheme, possibly, which disintegrates part of the English Radicals who were lately contemplating an offensive and defensive alliance with Mr. Parnell.

Tuesday's conference was attended by several sincere Liberals, Mr. Stanford, formerly a Cabinet Minister, presiding. Extraordinary efforts have been made by certain well known members to organize a combination against the Government, pledged to employ upon threats. It is meant to exert pressure on Ministers for the purpose of minimizing coercion and anguishing the scope of land reform. This cabal, though believed to be receiving the secret support of one member of the Cabinet, has collapsed, at least temporarily. The Government is well pleased at the result of the division on the Parnell amendment. He voted yesterday with his former colleagues against it, the minority supporting Mr. Parnell, including only seven English Liberals and not one leading man, but it would be idle to try to permit the course of events next week; the Government admits that there is small hope of bringing the debate on the address to an end, or of proceeding with the Coercion bills. The Ministerial secrets are still so well kept that nothing leaks out concerning the character of the coming measures, except that neither Irish eloquence nor Radical measures have affected the general scheme intended. Furthermore, Ministers know that yielding to Radical demands involves possible danger of Whig secession far more formidable in numbers and influence than any Radical coalition.

Some manifestations of impatience have been made out of doors, but upon the whole, the proceedings of Parnell and his followers in the House of Commons seem to be watched with remarkable apathy, except in London, where great indignation about them is expressed. An important section of the Radical party is disposed to support Parnell, believing that a formidable land agitation in England, such as they evidently desire, depends upon preliminary success in Ireland. This feeling partly accounts for the indifference of the public generally to the filibustering tactics of Parnell. The prestige of the Home Rulers has been greatly increased among the populace by their showing that they can defy the law in Ireland, and their now coming to England and beating Parliament. Such a delay in carrying the reply to the Speech in the British Parliamentary history. The Government desires that the demand for stringent measures against obstruction shall come first from the people. There remain three more amendments to the reply to the Address from the Throne, each of which is likely to cause a long debate.

It is asserted that the regiment now quartered in the barracks contains many Irish, and that Fenianism has been previously suspected among them. It is rumored that a tussle has been found near the shed. The damage is more serious than at last reported.

DUBLIN, Jan. 16.—Land League prosecutions are cropping up all over Ireland. On Saturday no fewer than 98 summonses were served on six prominent members of the Maryborough Land League, charging them with boycotting and intimidation. Their offence consisted of calling on shopkeepers and endeavoring to compel them to join the League. The five Leaguers charged at Tralee on Saturday were returned for trial. Informations were sworn before the Magistrates and warrants were issued for the arrest of the seven officers of the Kerry branch, among whom is a Catholic priest. The secretary of the Cork League and another member have been summoned for individual and distinct acts of intimidation. The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has forwarded a strong memorial to the Queen on the state of Ireland, signed by Lord Enniskillen, Imperial Grand Master. The memorial states that in this portion of her Majesty's dominions coercion and terrorism prevail, which have become unsupportable and which must speedily drive every loyal and well disposed subject of her Majesty out of the country unless put to an end. Murders, robberies, and the sending of threatening letters, are of daily occurrence, and take place with impunity. After declaring that the existing Government has proved itself unable to cope with the exigency of the case, the memorial humbly prays that Her

Majesty "will be graciously pleased to order that such steps may be taken as may be necessary to punish evil-doers and protect the lives and property of your faithful and loyal subjects, that they may be able to live in peace and security under your beneficent sway." A letter has been received from the Secretary of the Home Department stating that the petition has been laid before the Queen.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—It is stated that a series of local demonstrations against coercion have been determined upon. Preparations are making for a monster meeting in Hyde Park. MANCHESTER, Jan. 15.—The police have found a clue which may lead to a discovery of the perpetrators of the explosion at the barracks.

DUBLIN, Jan. 17.—The Court of Queen's Bench was crowded to-day. Macdonagh, for the Traversers, said he intended to put in as evidence 41 Acts of Parliament, passed before and after the Act of the Union, regarding land laws and the preservation of the peace in Ireland. He called as witnesses 83 evicted tenants, whose feebleness caused a sensation in Court. The prosecution objected. The Court decided it was admissible if the prosecution intended to rely on the nineteenth count of the indictment, which charge the Traversers with conspiring to create discontent and disaffection among the subjects of the Queen, and ill will and hostility between different classes of her subjects, and then the Court said the trial would last for years. A short adjournment was granted on the application of the Attorney-General to enable him to consult his colleagues.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—In the House of Commons, to-night, Sexton and O'Sullivan, Home Rulers, defended the actions of the Land League and attacked the Government. Mr. Vivian, Liberal, said the feelings of the Irish were shown by the fact that many waded through the blood of Lord Mountmorres.

Mr. Parnell said, "That is a falsehood." The Speaker declared if Parnell applied the expression to any member of the House, he must withdraw it.

As Parnell neither withdrew nor repeated the expression, Vivian said he would leave the House to judge between him and Parnell. Biggar, Home Ruler, asked whether the United States had made any representations relative to the wretched condition of the Irish. He made an inquiry relative to the intervention of the Sultan in regard to Ireland, and was called to order, and the question was not allowed.

Children, Secretary of War, strongly urged the necessity of energetic measures in Ireland, and said the Government could not tolerate revolution, and allow Ireland to be swayed by self-asserted authority.

Parnell's amendment to the Address was rejected, 435 to 57. The debate was then adjourned. Six Liberals voted with the minority. Eighteen English members, including Arnold, Jacob Bright, Bradlaugh and Labouchere, voted for Parnell's amendment. Many Liberals abstained from voting. Thirteen Irish members voted with the majority. Shaw and Henry voted with the minority. Henry denies that he has quit Ireland on account of threats.

DUBLIN, Jan. 17.—On the re-assembling of the court, the Attorney-General announced that he would abandon the nineteenth count, and the evidence of evicted tenants was consequently ruled out. Macdonagh closed the evidence for the defence. McLaughlin, who is specially retained on behalf of Brennan, made a telling speech. He said the prosecution was undertaken on behalf of landlords who were the hereditary enemies of peaceful rule in Ireland. While Parnell and Dillon were begging relief in America, the landlords even denied the existence of distress. It was as impossible for tenants to pay rents as for England to pay her national debt. McLaughlin was loudly applauded.

Lane, President of the Killumna Land League, and O'Connor, Treasurer of the Clonsilla Land League, have been committed for trial for intimidation. Bail was allowed.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—It is generally believed that the State Trials will collapse early next week. The withdrawal of the nineteenth count by the Attorney-General has brought the Land League evidence to a sudden termination. The concluding speeches will be short, and there only remains the Judge's summing up.

Mr. Henco Jones and family left Clonsilla for England to-day, after arranging that their farm should be managed in their absence by an attorney.

The following is said to be the draft of the Government land bill, which may, however, undergo modification before its presentation:—"The surplus fund of the Irish Church will be devoted, 1st. To the reclamation of waste lands; 2nd. To assist immigration from overcrowded districts; 3rd. According to a carefully drawn scheme to assist emigration." The measure will also include the three F's guarded, by certain restrictive provisions necessary for the practical working of the measure. With respect to the Coercion Bill, it is stated that the Government contemplates the creation of a Commission of two judges, for which precedents are alleged, with power in certain cases to supersede the ordinary judicial tribunals. A general Disarmament Act will be passed. As Government is still busy discussing the bill, however, many modifications are possible.

"Why, Charley," said his friend in astonishment, "what has happened? Oh, I see you have been using hair dye." "No such thing, my dear friend," replied Charley, "I have an honest head of black hair all my own, and I got it by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer." This wonderful remedy is sold by all chemists at 50 cts. per large bottle.

Mr. Martin Battle, of the Inland Revenue, has invented an instrument for testing oil flashes. It is a combination of the English and American idea.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Coercion Bill—Gladstone Becomes Bawdy.—Parnell's Exposition of Irish Feeling.—Ready to Shed their Blood to Secure Liberty.—Receiving a Chance of Success.—A Bold Defence of the Government.—Great Excitement in the House of Commons.

LONDON, Jan. 18, 1881. In the House of Lords, Earl Fortescue (Liberal) asked whether, in view of the obstruction in the Commons, the Government would not, with the object of saving time, introduce a Coercive Bill first in the House of Lords.

Earl Redesdale (Conservative) proposed that a Bill be passed through the House of Lords, then acted upon, and indemnity afterwards obtained from the Commons.

The Government repudiated the idea, and the subject was dropped.

In the House of Commons the Parnellite party came into open collision with the Government last night in a heated debate on Mr. Justin McCarthy's amendment to the address, praying the Queen not to use the Army and Constabulary to carry out evictions pending the reform of the land laws.

Mr. Gladstone reappeared looking much improved. He protested against the prolongation of the debate. If the practice of conducting the debate on the address as rapidly as possible was broken down, the convention and dignified method of meeting between the Sovereign and the people would become a public nuisance. If Irish members had taken a reasonable latitude of debate, they would have known by this time what the measures of coercion were. The Irish members had kept the House eight days occupied by resultless debates. He declared that Mr. McCarthy's amendment was an insult to the Throne. This was received with cheers on both sides of the House.

Mr. Parnell answered later in the debate, charging Mr. Gladstone with misrepresenting the Irish member. He stated that he believed the Irish people would justify the shedding of their blood to secure their liberty if they saw the chance of success. He denied having encouraged armed insurrection because he knew England was too strong. He stated his belief that legislative independence would follow the downfall of landlordism, and under the new relations hostility between England and Ireland would disappear. The Government could not suppress the Land League, because if the leaders should be imprisoned the people would organize secret societies—murder and outrages would be increased tenfold by coercion. If the act of habeas corpus were suspended the arrest of the first man would be the signal for a general refusal to pay rents. Bishops and priests would advise this course, and the Government would be met with the passive resistance of the entire nation.

Sir Stafford Northcote called on the Government to take action on the serious speech of Mr. Parnell, whom he accused of dictating to the Queen as an equal. Great excitement was manifested by the members during the debate.

Mr. O'Donnell made a fierce attack on the Gladstone Ministry amid constant interruption.

Mr. Lalor (Nationalist) moved the adjournment of the debate after midnight.

Lord Hartington refused to accede on the ground that the debate had been sufficiently prolonged.

The Irish members charged the Government with attempting to gag them.

Mr. Parnell stated that the conduct of Lord Hartington showed that the aristocratic element had obtained the upper hand in the Cabinet, and that the policy of coercion was fittingly represented by Lord Hartington, who as Irish Secretary, had caused the people of Dublin to be bludgeoned by the police at the Phoenix Park. After the first division the Government agreed to adjourn the debate. Forty members voted with Mr. Parnell, all of whom were Irish.

ANOTHER FENIAN SCARE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The World's London correspondent says the Secretary of State for the home department states he is in possession of details which show the formation of a gigantic secret society, with a local branch in every important town of the kingdom, by Fenians from the United States. Great alarm is felt at this new danger.

ANTI-COERCION MEETING IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—The first meeting in connection with the movement in England against coercion, for the organization of which a Committee of Home Rulers have been formed, will probably be held at Birmingham on Saturday. Parnell will attend.

The origin of the fire which destroyed the Edinburgh County military barracks was purely accidental.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are no soup kitchens in Montreal this year.

It is probable Mrs. Parnell will attend the Buffalo Land League Convention.

The reports concerning the quarrel between the Queen and the Princess Louise are denied in high places.

Mr. Bright speaks as from a "well of English undefiled," not even Mr. Gladstone himself can surpass him, yet Mr. Bright has neither Latin nor Greek, but has acquired his magnificent English through the medium of a hard study of Milton and the Bible.

The London Telegraph attributes much of the misery of the Irish peasantry to their incorrigible "mania" for early marriages. The existence of this "mania," answers the Pall Mall Gazette, is an assumption which is not justified by facts. The Irish neither marry earlier nor multiply more rapidly than the English or Scotch. The statistics as to early marriages are conclusive.



REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Oh, among his poor patients somewhere—he will be along to see presently. Any news to-night, doctor? I mean—"

"You mean the Scarswood tragedy, of course, ma'am—nobody in Sussex, I believe, talks of anything else latterly. No, no news, and no news in this case does not mean good news. The funeral is over, as you know, and there is no will, and everything falls to that pitiful, pettifoggish little scrow of an attorney, Peter Dangerfield—everything, Mrs. Otis—everything. He's Sir Peter now; and among all the baronets who have reigned at Scarswood since the days of James I., I don't believe such a baronet ever disgraced a good old name. She's not got a rap, not a farthing, ma'am—poor as a church mouse, and poorer, for charity makes itself, if they get a chance, and she can't. She's got to work now, Mrs. Otis—got to go out into the hard world and earn the bread and beef of everyday life. Nursery governess or something of that sort; she isn't qualified even for that, poor thing! poor thing!"

"But, Doctor Graves, this seems a little too dreadful—too cruel. Where are all her friends—all our resident gentry? Must all turn their backs upon her because she chances not to be Sir John's first daughter?"

"She's down in the world, Mrs. Otis, and it's the way of the world to speed the miserable sinner who falls with a parting kick. Still in this case a few have come forward and offered her a home generously enough—the Talbots, for instance, and old Mansfield the lawyer. But she's a young woman of a very uncommon stamp, ma'am, and charity's charity, gloss it over as you may. She has acted very strangely from the first, in the last way any reasonable man expects. But you never can tell by what you previously knew of her how a woman will act in any given emergency. The Turks and other heathens who don't treat them as rational beings are in the right of it. They're not! Don't laugh, Mrs. Otis, it's nothing to laugh at. There's that young woman! Quick-tempered, passionate, proud, generous, loving, just the sort of a young woman to break out into tears and hysterics, and sob and reproaches, making the place too hot for everybody, tearing her hair and rending her garments. Well, how does she act instead? She sits there like a stone, never says a word, never sheds a tear, and broods, broods in sullen silence. Women who don't cry and scold are women to be distrusted, ma'am. If I had seen her in hysterics I would have pitied her; as it is I honestly declare she frightens me. Now then, ma'am, I'll take a look at our wounded snake in the grass, and be off before it gets any later and colder."

He jumped up and stalked away to a large airy chamber opening off this cosy sitting-room. Like everything else in and around the widow's cottage, it was daintily neat and clean. The last rays of the chill January day came through the muslin curtains and fell upon Gaston Dantree, lying motionless upon the bed.

It was an awfully death-like face—in his coffin the man would hardly look more ghastly, more utterly bloodless and lifeless than now. His faint breathing, his fluttering pulse were barely perceptible—no more. His damp, dark hair fell loose and curly over the white pillows, and in all its spectral bloodlessness his rarely perfect face kept its dark Southern beauty still.

Dr. Graves took his wrist between his fingers and thumb, drew out his watch, gave his head a little professional shake, and prepared to count with that owl-like solemnity of visage venerable physicians counting a patient's pulse ever do wear.

And over her coal fire little Mrs. Otis sat and mused sadly enough on the fate of that unhappy young lady who a few brief days ago had been the brightest and most blissful of petted heiresses and happy brides elect.

"And how strange among all the knew—Dr. Graves and all—she should have chosen my Henry to come forward and cure the man she loved," she thought with that glow of pride widowed mothers of only sons always feel. "No doubt she knew, if others are so too stupid to find it out, how clever he is, how good, how thoughtful, how kind! No woman could ever be more tender in a sick room than he; and if it be possible for earthly physician or earthly drugs to bring this illated young man round, Henry is the one to do it. But I doubt it—I doubt it. He looks like death, and he knows nothing or nobody. Hark! here is Henry now!"

She started forward. The front hall door opened, a quick footstep crossed the passage, the sitting-room door was flung wide, and Mr. Henry Otis, "booted and spurred," stood pale as a ghost before his mother.

Miss Talbot left her at Scarswood, and went home with her brother. About nine o'clock she suddenly made her appearance before the landlord of the Silver Rose, where the woman Vavasor has been stopping, asked to see her, and was shown to her room. Mrs. Vavasor was out; she returned in about half an hour, and they were shut up together until half-past ten. Then Miss Dangerfield left the house alone and on foot, looking more like her own ghost, the landlord says, than herself. Her French maid Ninon let her in a little before midnight—she gave the girl money, bade her good-night and left her. In the morning she was gone. Search has been made but no trace of her as yet has been obtained. My own opinion is that she has made away with herself."

"And my own opinion is, she has done nothing of the sort!" curtly interposed Dr. Graves. "Only arrant cowards commit suicide, and whatever blood flows in Miss Dangerfield's veins, there is not one drop of the coward in it. She will live and to terrible purpose, as Peter Dangerfield, Gaston Dantree, and that other little villain Vavasor will yet find. Katherine Dangerfield, wherever she is in this, is not in the other world—take my word for that."

As he took up his gloves and hat, with the last emphatic words, there came a rap at the door. What presentation was it sent Henry Otis to answer it with such a very unprofessional bound. He threw it open, and—yes—there in the spectral, wintry dusk before him stood the tall, slender, sombre figure—his black robes, his white face, and great solemn eyes—there stood Katherine Dangerfield!

He could not speak a word; the unutterable relief of seeing her alive and there, for a moment almost unmaned him. It was she who spoke first, in that faint, sweet voice that haunted him forever after his life long.

"May I come in? It is very cold, and I want to see him."

There was something so forlorn in her look, in her loneliness, in the soft, plaintive tone something so like a spirit about her, that the words he would have spoken died on his lips. She stood before him alive, but surely death was pictured on her face.

"Come in," he said simply; and she glided past him, and into the presence of the other two.

"My child!" Mrs. Otis said, with a motherly cry; "thank heaven, you are alive, and have come to us. Sit down; let me warm your hands—poor, little frozen hands. Oh, my child, what a fright you have given us all! Where in the world have you been?"

She sank wearily down in the chair, and 't' her hands lie in the elder woman's warm clasp.

"I have been with Hannah," she answered slowly; "at Bracken Hollow, with my nurse. And to-morrow I leave Castleford, and I could not go, you know, without seeing Gaston, poor fellow. I would have come before, but I don't know—my head feels all wrong somehow, and I think I have been half asleep all day. And the walk was so long—so long, and so cold—ah me! and I was so dizzy and stupid all the way. How warm your fire is, and how nice it is to sit here!"

Her voice died drowsily away, her head drooped against the back of the chair, her eyelids fell heavily. The three about her looked in one another's startled faces in dead silence. "What did this mean?"

"My child—Miss Dangerfield!" Mrs. Otis murmured. "Oh, look up! don't lie like that, Miss Katherine! Miss Katherine!"

"Yes, papa," she drowsily; "but I am so sleepy, and I don't want to get up to breakfast yet. Has Gaston come? It is cold for him to ride from Castleford to-night—and he hates the cold—poor Gaston! Call me when he comes, papa—I want to sleep now."

Her eyes closed heavily again, her mind was wandering. Her troubles had been too much for her then, after all, and had turned her brain. Dr. Graves bent over her, and shook her slightly.

"Katherine! Katherine!" he called; "rouse up—Gaston has come—Gaston is here!"

her face on the floor by the bedside, where she had softly fallen. In one second she was uplifted in Henry Otis' arms and borne out into the light. Her head fell limp over his arm, her eyes were closed, her features rigid. He laid her upon a sofa—the two doctors bent over her—one with his hand on her heart, the other on her pulse. The heart lay still, the pulse beat no longer. Rigid, white, stark she lay, already growing cold.

"Oh, Henry, speak!" his mother cried. "Doctor Graves tell me, has she fainted?" The elder doctor removed his hand from her heart, and stood up very pale himself in the lamplight.

"Not fainted, madam," he said quietly; "dead!"

Sir Peter Dangerfield sat alone in the library of Scarswood; the silken curtains were drawn; firelight and lamplight made the room brilliant; his purple easy chair was drawn up before a writing-table littered with deeds and documents, and Sir Peter, in gold-bowed spectacles, was trying to read.

Trying—not reading. For ever between him and the parchment page, a face menacing and terrible kept coming, the face of Katherine, as he had seen her last.

Where was Katherine? Dead or alive, she had sworn to be avenged. Was she dead? He shuddered through all his little craven soul and heart at the thought. Men had looked at him darkly and askance all day, and turned coldly away from him while he spoke. There had been whispers of suicide, what if while he sat here in this warm, lighted, luxurious room, she lay stark and frozen under the stars—dead by her own hand!

There was a tall, smoke-colored bottle on another table, with glasses. He was usually a very anchoretic for abstemiousness, but he sprang up now, with a muttered oath, filled himself a stiff glass of brandy, and drained it at a draught.

"I wish to Heaven I had given her that infernal three thousand, and be hanged to it!" he muttered, flinging himself back sulkily in his chair. "Curse the luck! What's the use of a title and a fortune if a fellow's life is to be bagged out of him in this way? There's that greedy little devil, Mrs. Vavasor, not a penny would she throw off. And now there's Katherine. I wish I hadn't said what I did to her. If they ever find—I mean when they find her—I'll give her that three thousand, if she takes it, and have done with the whole confounded thing. But she's so confoundedly proud that likely as not she'll turn cantankerous and refuse. There's no pleasing a woman any way; refuse it and you insult her, offer it and you insult her more. Oh, come in, whoever you are, and be hanged to you!"

This pleasant concluding adjuration was in response to a rap at the door. A tall, serious footman in purple plush breeches and white stockings appeared.

"Dr. Graves, Sir Peter," spoke this majestic mental, and vanished.

Sir Peter arose and Dr. Graves, hat in hand, very pale and solemn of visage, stood before him. News of Katherine at last. He grasped the back of his chair with one hand and faced his visitor almost defiantly, as one who should say "What ever has happened I at least have had nothing to do with it."

"Well, sir?" he demanded.

"Sir Peter Dangerfield, I bring news of—of Katherine. She is found."

The little baronet's heart gave a great leap. Found! then she had not committed suicide. "Ah!" he said with a look of sulky injury. "I knew as much. I thought she wasn't the sort of girl to take arsenic or throw herself into the nearest mill-stream. So she's found, is she? And where has she been, pray, since she ran away from Scarswood?"

He resumed his chair, folded his arms, and looked up at his visitor. But still Dr. Graves kept that face of supernatural solemnity.

"When she ran away from Scarswood, Sir Peter, she went to her old nurse at Bracken Hollow. About three hours ago, while I was at Otis' cottage, seeing that unlucky chap Dantree, she came."

dead. I don't want her to die. It's a prolonged fainting fit, doctor—take my word for it—nothing more. Strong, healthy girls like Katherine don't drop off in a minute like that."

"Sir Peter," the old physician said quietly, "I am sixty-five years of age, and for the past forty years I have seen death in all its phases—lingering and instantaneous. And I tell you she is dead. But we will go to her as you say—you can convince yourself with your own eyes."

But still Sir Peter would not be convinced; he would not—could not—"make her dead." He hurried from the room, changed his dress, ordered round his horse, and in fifteen minutes the two men were galloping full speed through the keen, frosty night into Castleford.

The town lay hushed and dark—it was close upon eleven now. Neither spoke a word; the breathless pace did not admit of talk. They reached the Otis' cottage, its whole front lit, and figures flitted rapidly to and fro. And Sir Peter Dangerfield's heart under his rising-coat was throbbing so rapidly, he turned sick and reeled dizzily for an instant, as he sprang from the saddle. The next he rallied and followed his leader in.

On the sofa, in the little sitting-room, where they had first placed her, Katherine still lay. They had removed her hat and cloak, and loosened all her clothes, but over that rigid face the solemn seal of eternal sleep had fallen. The had closed her eyes and folded the pulseless hands; and calmly, as though sleeping, and fairer than ever in life, she lay. The haggard look had all gone and a great calm lay upon it.

So Peter Dangerfield saw her again. There were three persons in the room. Beside Mr. Otis and his mother, the old Indian nurse from Bracken Hollow, sad, gaunt and grey, sat close by her nursing, swaying ceaselessly to and fro, and uttering a sort of moaning cry, like a dumb creature in pain. She lifted her inflamed eyes and fixed them with savage hatred upon the pallid face of the baronet.

"Ay," she said, bitterly; "you're a fine gentleman now, little Peter Dangerfield, and you do well to come and look at your handiwork; for you're her murderer, you and that lying, false-faced villain lying yonder, as sure as ever men were murderers. The law won't hang you, I suppose, but it has hung men who deserved it less. I wonder you aren't afraid as you look at her—afraid she will rise up from her death-bed and accuse you."

He turned his tortured face toward her, quite horrible to see in its fear and ghastliness. "For Heaven's sake, hush!" he said. "I never meant this! I never thought she would die! I would give all I am worth to bring her back to life. I couldn't help it—I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds. Don't drive me mad with your talk!"

"Liar!" old Hannah cried, towering up and confronting him; "double liar and coward! Who refused her dying father's request? Who offered her the deadliest and most dastardly insult it is possible to offer woman? And you say you are so good, and ask me not to drive you mad! I tell you, if the whole town rose up and stoned you, it would not be half your deserts. I say again, I wonder that dead as she lies there before you, she does not rise to accuse her murderer. Mr. Henry Otis, this is your house, and she thought you her friend. Show yourself her friend now, and turn her murderer out!"

"Hannah, Hannah, hush!" interrupted Mrs. Otis, scandalized and alarmed. Whatever Sir Peter might be, it was not in this good woman's nature to do other than reverence the Lord of Scarswood, the man of eight thousand a year.

But her son stepped forward—pale, cold and stern.

"Hannah's right, mother," he said, "and he shall go. Sir Peter Dangerfield, this house is no place for you. You have come here and convinced yourself she is dead—driven to all by you and that man's derision. He is beyond the pale of justice—you are not; and by Heaven! you shall go! He threw wide the house door, his dark eyes flashing, and pointed out into the darkness. "Go, Sir Peter, and never set foot across threshold of mine again. She turned to me in her trouble, she came to me in her dark hour, and she is mine now—mine. Go!—you coward, you robber and insultor of helpless girlhood, and come here no more!"

The fiery words scorched him, averted faces met him on every side. And, calm and white, Katherine lay before him, with closed eyes and folded hands; most awful of all! Without a word he slunk away like a whipped hound, the door closed upon him, and he stood alone under the black winter night.

Alone! Would he ever be alone again? Sleeping and waking would not that terrible, white, fixed face pursue him. "Dear, I will come back from the grave if the dead can!" Would the words she had spoken, the dreadful words he had laughed at once, ever cease to ring in his ears now? Would they not hunt him until they drove him mad?

Sir Peter Dangerfield rode home. Home! What was Scarswood better than a haunted house now? He shut himself up in his library, lighted the room to more than the brilliance of day, locked the doors, seized the brandy bottle and deliberately drank himself into a state of beastly stupor. When morning dawned, Sir Peter, lying on the hearthrug, was far beyond all fear of ghosts or goblins in heavy, bestial sleep.

And Katherine Dangerfield was dead. The papers recorded it, the town rang with it—the whole neighborhood was utterly shocked. "That little cottage on the outskirts of Castleford was found all day on foot. Crowds flocked hither all day on foot, and in cars and faces. And so the legend of Scarswood had ended thus. Sir John Dangerfield lay in his tomb, Gaston Dantree the brilliant adventurer lay in his darkened room hovering between life and death, and Katherine, so bright, so gushing, so full of life and hope, and love and happiness only a few brief weeks ago, lay here—like this, "in the midst of life we are in death." Everybody shook their heads and quoted that; the funeral sermon was preached from it. All who had ever known her bowed down now in reverence before the solemn wonder of the winding sheet.

The funeral took place two days after, and they laid her in a remote corner of that little obscure churchyard, among the lowly branches above the grave—a gray cross marked the spot. They laid her there in the twilight of a wintry afternoon, with bowed heads and sad, solemn faces, and the story of Katherine Dangerfield was told and done. One by one they dropped away to their homes, Edith Talbot among the last, still crying behind her veil, and led away by her brother.

And then Henry Otis stood alone over the grave of the woman he loved and had lost. He stood with folded arms while the short, dark gloaming ran on his hat lying beside him, the keen wind lifting his hair unheeded. He had loved her as he never would love any other woman, and this was the end.

KATHERINE. ETAT 17. RESURGAM. That was all; no second name. Who knew what the name might be, or if she really had a claim to any name whatever? And so, while he stood there, the twilight fell, and it was his mother's voice, calling plaintively, that aroused him at last.

"Henry! Henry! come home, dear! You will get your death standing there bareheaded in the cold!"

An hour later, when the slender crescent moon lifted her sickle over the blue sea-line, another pilgrim came to that new-made grave, fearfully, and by stealth.

Peter Dangerfield had not dared to come to the funeral, but he came now to the grave. He was horribly afraid still, but all the same, he could not stay away. It was like a hideous dream to him. Katherine dead!—that bright, dashing young Amazon, whose laugh had rang so clear, whose eyes had flashed so bright! Katherine dead! And they call him her murderer!

He made his way along the little pathway, worn by humble feet, to the spot where Katherine had laid her. The faint new moon flickered on the granite cross. He knelt on one knee, and read the inscription:

KATHERINE. ETAT 17. RESURGAM. What a brief record it was! And, Resurgam—what did that word mean, he wondered, stupidly. Then it dawned upon him "Resurgam" meant "I shall rise again." "I shall rise again!"

From her very grave the dead girl spoke and threatened him. How long he lingered there he never knew. He felt half stupefied, partly with the liquor he had been drinking, partly with abject fear, partly with cold. He was cramped stiff when at last he arose to go. His horse stood outside the little gate. He mounted him, let the reins fall upon his neck, while his head sank upon his breast. How the animal made his way home—how he got into the house, into his own room, into bed, he could never have told. All that shone out vividly from that night in his after life was the dream that followed.

He was wandering through a dark and unknown country—bleak and forsaken. He could see the stars in the sky, the very moon, a solitary fire-tree, and gravestones every where. It was one perpetual graveyard, and a spectral figure, with long, floating brown hair, and waving white arms, beckoned him on and on. He could not see the face, but he knew it was Katherine. He was tired, and sick and cold, and footsore. They dismal road ended at last in a gully precipice where, looking down sheer thousands of feet below, he saw a seething hell of waters. Then his shadowy guide turned, and he saw Katherine Dangerfield's dead face. The stiff lips parted, and the sweet, strong voice spoke as it did of old:

"Living, I will pursue you to the very ends of the earth. Dead, I will come back from the grave, if the dead can!"

The words she had spoken in her passionate outburst she spoke again. Then her arms encircled him, then he was lifted up, then with a shriek of terror he was hurled over that dizzy cliff—and awoke sitting up in bed, trembling in every limb.

Only a dream! And was this night but the beginning of the end!

PART II. CHAPTER I. LA REINE BLANCHE. The place was Her Majesty's Theatre—the opera the "Figlio del Regimento,"—the hour after the first act—the time, the last week of the London season—and the scene was brilliant beyond all description. "All the world" was there, and the prima donna was that sweetest of singers, that loveliest of women, most charming of actresses, Made-moiselle Nilsson.

Her Majesty's was full—one dazzling blaze of light from domes to piquettes, tier upon tier of magnificently dressed women, a blaze of diamonds, a glow of rainbow bouquets, a flutter of fans, a sparkle of bright eyes, a vision of fair faces, and lights and warmth, and Donizetti's matchless music sweeping and surging over all.

The house had just settled back in its seats, for a few moments, the whole audience had risen, en masse, at the entrance of royalty. In the royal box now sat the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, and the Princess Louise.

Greek type of feature, the swaying grace of the tall, slight form. A rarely perfect face, and as sweet as perfect, with its dreamy tender eyes, its gravely gentle smile. You would hardly have dreamed, looking at its delusive innocence, how much mischief Mr. Lady Cecil had done in her day, how much the gods will, she yet meant to do. Those brown, serene eyes, had "slain thousands and tens of thousands," that delusively gentle smile had driven men blind and mad with the insanity called "love." A pearl-faced, hazel-eyed Circe who led her victims down a flower-strewn path with words and smiles of honey, only to leave them stranded high and dry on the desolate quicksand of disappointment, where the bones of her victims bleached. A flirt by nature—a coquette ripe for mischief, a beauty without mercy and without heart—that was her character, as half the men in London would have said and yet—

And yet—and yet—how lovely she looked to-night! how radiant! how spooked! Dressed for some after ball, the loosely-falling opera cloak showed you a robe of rose silk, decollete, of course; soft touches of rich point-lace, a cluster of rich moss roses in the corsage, and lace draperies falling open from the large pearl arm. Looking at her as she sat there, you were half-inclined, knowing all the enormities, to forgive the deeds of darkness wrought by so peerless a siren. Fair and fatal; and when in repose, even with a touch of sadness, there was something in it that made you paraphrase the words of the southern sculptor, speaking of Charles Stuart, "Something evil will befall her, she carries misfortune on her face."

Her companion was a very excellent foil to the fair, pale, pensive beauty of the earl's daughter. Lady Dangerfield was a brunette of the most pronounced type, petite, four-and-thirty years old, and by lamplight, in diamonds and amber silk, still young, and still pretty. Her black hair built up in braids, and puffs, and curls, by the most unapproachable of Parisian hair-dressers, was a marvel of art in itself. There was a flush on either sallow cheek—art, or nature? who shall say?—and if the purple tinting under the eyelids made those black orbs any longer, bigger, brighter, than when they came first from the hand of a beneficent Providence, whose business was it but the lady's own?

For the Earl of Ruyssland—tall, thin, refined, patrician, and fastidious—his wife, fifty odd, with a venerable bald head, shining like a billiard ball, and two tired, gray eyes. He had been a handsome man in his day, a spendthrift, a gambler, a dandy, a member of the famous Beefsteak Club, in his youth. He had run through two fortunes, and now stood confessed the poorest peer in Britain.

Two young men in the stalls had been among the first to take aim at the new-comers, at Lady Cecil, rather, and the longest to stare.

"La Reine Blanche is looking her best to-night. Few reigning beauties stand the wear and tear of three seasons as the White Queen does."

"La Reine Blanche!" his companion repeated. "I always meant to ask you, Delamer, why they called her that. A pretty idea too. Why?"

"From some real or fancied resemblance to that other La Reine Blanche, Marie Stuart—dazzling and doomed."

"Not another survivor?"

"Not fancied, Delamer—here is a resemblance—quite striking. The same oval face, the same Greek type, the same expression, half-tender, half-melancholy, half-didactical. If Mary the Queen had a tinge of that beauty, I can understand now how even the hard-headed Scottish commoners were roused to enthusiasm as she rode through their midst, and cried out as one man, 'God bless that sweet face!'"

"That will do, Wyatt. Don't you get roused to enthusiasm; and don't look too long at Ruyssland's peerless daughter; she is like those—wha's their names—sirens, you know, who lure poor devils to death and doom. She's a thorough-paced flirt; her coquetries have been as numberless as the stars, and not half so eternal. She's the highest-priced Circassian in Mayfair, and you might as well love some bright particular star, etc.; and besides it is an outrage at the clubs that she was bidden in and bought ages ago by some tremendously Cornish baronet, wandering at present in foreign parts. He's a sensible fellow, gives Queenie—they call her Queenie—no end of margin for flirting, until it suits his suitfulness to return, pay the price, and claim his property. Look at Nilsson instead. She's married, and a Marchioness; but it's not half so dangerous, believe me, as gazing at La Reine Blanche."

"I'm not looking at your La Reine Blanche," Wyatt answered; "I'm looking at that man yonder—you see him?—very tall, very tanned, very military. If Redmond O'Donnell be in the land of the living, that is he."

Delamer whirled around, as nearly excited as the principles of his life would allow a dandy of the Foreign Office to be.

"What! Redmond O'Donnell?" the man we met two years ago in Algiers—Le beau Chasseur as they used to call him, and the best of good fellows. By George! you're right, Wyatt, it is O'Donnell! Let us join him at once."

A few moments later, and the two embryo diplomats from the F. O. had made their way to the side of a tall, soldierly, sunburned man who sat quite alone in three tiers behind.

"What? You, O'Donnell! I give you my word I'd as soon have expected to see Pio Nono sitting out the opera as Le Beau Chasseur. Glad to see you in England, dear old boy, all the same. When did you come?"



and faces fair enough to tempt even so austere an anchorite as Gordon Delamer. "Fair faces surely," Wyatt said. "What do you, fresh from the desert, think of La Reine Blanche—that brown-haired goddess, whose earthly name is Cecil Olive?"

conscience." The noble Earl of Ruyland possessed the ingredients of happiness in their fullest. He had never loved anybody in his life, except, perhaps, for a few months, a woman he had loved. He never hated any one; he would not have put himself an inch out of his way to serve God or man; he was perfectly civil to everybody he came across; he had never lost his temper since the age of twenty.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION OF MONTREAL. A complete change in the form of instruction has taken place in this institution. Since the foundation in 1848 till the year 1870, the deaf mutes were educated by a French system, namely, by signs and writing.

UNITED STATES. Chicago is about to build a new Chamber of Commerce. Vermont's Legislature was in session 63 days and cost the State \$63,425. Mr. Jay Cooke's income for the past three years is said to have been over \$75,000 a year.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA. PANAMA, Jan. 12.—Latest dates received from the seat of war in the South Pacific are to the 22nd ult. The first skirmishes have already taken place, although losses are trifling.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881. 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.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

MR. PARNELL'S AMENDMENT. LONDON, Jan. 13.—The debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address has developed an unexpected amount of sympathy with Ireland on the part of the Liberal members.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Application is being made by the town of St. Thomas for incorporation as a city. Mr. Irwin Stuart, head master of the Morisburg High School, has been compelled through ill-health to resign.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

WIT AND HUMOR.

Social amenities: Papa to Mabel, who has been to a juvenile party, "Did any one pay you any attentions, Mabel?" Mabel: "I don't know." Papa: "I mean, did any one talk to you, or dance with you?" Mabel: "Well, there was a little boy who made faces at me."

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LOCAL AGENTS WANTED. WANTED—ACTIVE LOCAL AGENTS in every CITY, TOWN and VILLAGE in the DOMINION and UNITED STATES.

Special Notice to Subscribers. Commencing Dec. 22nd, 1880, all Subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address label attached to paper.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR For January, 1881. THURSDAY, 20.—St. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.

OUR vigorous contemporary the Irish Canadian has been enlarged from 48 to 56 columns and has besides appeared in a new dress.

MR. SHAW has formed another Parliamentary party. Ireland now rejoices in a great many Parliamentary parties.

AMERICANS will persist in calling Canadians "Blue noses" and other names, implying that they live close to the north pole.

COUNT MUNSTER, a German nobleman, is astonished that the Government does not pacify Ireland by shooting down its people like rabbits.

HOWEVER derelict Irishmen in other provinces in Canada may be in their duty to the old land in this crisis of her history.

THE Kerry Land Leaguers have been discharged, which is not at all surprising, as they have committed no crime.

THE Ottawa correspondent of the Globe charges that E. King Dodds drew \$160 from the Government without earning it.

Farmer," who, under the Mackenzie regime got the full sessional allowance of about \$380 for writing scurrilous "poems" against the Catholic Church in the Ottawa Free Press.

ONE by one the delusions regarding Ireland are disappearing from under the eye of investigation. The latest is the early marriage delusion.

MANY of our readers are not aware of the terrible nature of the Coercion bill Mr. Forster desires to have passed for the pacification of Ireland.

AN era of extraordinary prosperity dawned upon the United States two years ago, which it is said by political economists, is likely to last.

FRANCE is at peace with all the world and unprecedentedly prosperous. The only enemy she has to fear is Germany.

WE are now having a second edition of the establishment which succeeded the general elections of last April in the United Kingdom.

THE Ottawa correspondent of the Globe charges that E. King Dodds drew \$160 from the Government without earning it.

idea of English feeling than the Hebrew proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, his rival and enemy, Ben Levi, or some such name of Oriental origin.

THREE years ago Sir Bartle Frere quietly annexed the Transvaal and deprived the Boers of their independence.

THE stand taken by the Irish National Party in the British House of Commons will cause a flush of pride to mantle the cheeks of Irishmen.

WE are now having a second edition of the establishment which succeeded the general elections of last April in the United Kingdom.

PARTY POLITICS.

An astonishing thing about the Canadian member of Parliament is his consistency to party. Consistency is not always a good quality; it is very often not a jewel but a piece of paste.

THE TWO SYNDICATES.

Syndicate number two has formally tendered for the construction of the Pacific railroad, and as an earnest of its good faith, has placed the sum of \$1,500,000 in the hands of the Government.

Conservatives and Liberals respectively, admitting that the Liberals have anything but a negative policy. The motives of parties are nothing to us; we must look to the good that will result from a certain line of action.

BRITISH AND CANADIAN ORATORY.

The Montreal correspondent of the Mail says that a gentleman whom he has spoken to, and who has travelled a good deal, gives it as his opinion that Mr. Blake is a greater orator than Mr. Gladstone.

is a debater; Blake tries to restrain himself in order to make himself perfect and be like unto the perfect British debater.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL FORCE.

Mr. Parnell's Waterford speech started the people of England, Scotland and a portion of the people of Ireland, for in it he announced that a people were justified in resorting to physical force to establish their rights.



England be engaged in a great war, the Irish people, assisted by their countrymen in Great Britain and America, may be able to take a fall out of John Bull.

Archbishop Hannan and his Priests.

As before stated, an address was presented by the priests to His Grace the Archbishop on his departure for Rome. The priests from the country missions, who could possibly leave their parishes, came into the city on Friday to bid farewell to their Archbishop.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAND LEAGUE FUND.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness. DEAR SIR.—A voice from the League in Ireland, calling upon their brethren on this continent to assist them in their endeavours to overcome landlordism in our native country has reached us here in St. Ann's, and we take this opportunity of responding to it by contributing to the funds of the League.

The following are the names of the subscribers:—Ptk. Kelly, Sr., \$2; Ptk. Kelly, Jr., 1; Dennis Kelly, 2; Patrick Cleary, 2; Jeffrey Power, 2; Patrick Carney, 1; Bridget Carney, 50c; James Lee, 1; Barney Burns, 1; Julie Tremblay, 1; A. Friend, 1; A. Friend, 2; A. Friend, 1; Mrs. Baptiste Dault, 25c; Michel Leger, 40c; A. Friend, 1; Mr. Monicey, 50c; Mr. P. Cassidy, 1; Mr. Gean, 10c; Mr. Leroux, 25c; Oliver Lemuel, 25c; Mr. F. Dennis, 25c; Mr. Lavigne, 25c; Mr. Saguelor, 10c; Mr. Patrick Kane, 1; Mr. Michael Kane, 1. Total, \$23.85.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness

DEAR SIR.—Below I append the names of a few of the generous and patriotic Irishmen of this locality, who have placed in my hands twenty-five dollars (\$25), to be forwarded to the Land League Fund, which amount I herewith enclose—proving that here, even up here on the Ottawa, the pulse beats in unison with that of our oppressed and struggling fellow countrymen at home. We know that we express the wishes of our countrymen in general, (an odd viper excepted) when we bid the good work God speed, and pray that it may roll on in strength and volume until our country stands free from injustice and oppression.

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CATHOLIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF BROCKVILLE.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: DEAR SIR.—The annual meeting of this association was held in their rooms, corner of King and St. Andrew streets, on Friday evening last, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, Hon. C. F. Fraser; 1st Vice-President, Mr. D. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-President, W. Braniff; Corresponding Secretary, O. K. Fraser; Recording Secretary, H. Downey; Financial Secretary, Jas. H. Kelly; Treasurer, Thomas Brady; Librarian, J. Bann; Marshal, M. McGlade; Deputy-Marshal, J. P. Mervin; Committee of Management, Messrs. R. Downey, R. C. McHenry, M. Kehoe, P. M. Garvey, Jas. O'Brien, C. Callaghan, Thos. Jones, J. Marron, J. Sharkey and M. O'Sullivan. Auditors—Messrs. J. Gerardin and S. Webb.

PERTH NOTES.

Of the many days of excitement of various natures, caused by civic and municipal candidature for membership to political posts of honor, and other festive attractions which usually accompany the Christmas holidays, none proved more attractive, nor did the ancient town of Perth present a more gala appearance than did last Monday, there being no less than four weddings celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church.

Although the morning was storming at a furious rate, and the snow and sleet were whirled through the air at an alarming rapidity, yet, when noon arrived the storm had expended its fury, the snow and sleet had ceased, the sun had lifted its pallid face from behind the distant clouds, and the afternoon gave promise of brilliancy. Prominent amongst the contracting parties were D. J. Hogan, of Huntley, and Miss Devlin, of Drummond, the staid couple being Mr. Whalen, of Nepean, and Miss Devlin, of Perth.

After the ceremony the bridal party retired to Mr. Murray's Hotel, where a few hours of pleasant enjoyment ensued. It might here be remarked that the kind of Mr. and Mrs. Murray to their guests was such as not soon to be forgotten. The wedding party again resumed their journey and proceeded to the residence of the bride's father, where a bountiful repast and a pleasant evening ensued. On the following day the bridal party accompanied by a number of the bride's friends left for her future home where another grand reception awaited them.

May it please Your Grace.

We, the priests of the Archdiocese of Halifax, kneel before you to receive a last blessing ere you take your departure for the Eternal City. We do so with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy. Our sorrow is great at parting, even for a short period of time, with him who has ever proved himself a father to his priests. In hours of distress and sorrow we have ever found you a kind and generous sympathiser; in hours of difficulty and trouble, we have ever found you a prudent, cautious, and wise adviser; in hours of sickness, you have been, if it were possible, a consoling visitor at our bedside; and, at all times, we know that the first thought of your mind, and the first feeling of your heart, have been devoted to the welfare and the good of your priests.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The new Roman Catholic Church in Galt has just been opened.

A new Roman Catholic church has just been opened at Bothwell.

The dedication of the new Roman Catholic church at Chelsea took place the other day, Bishop Duhamel officiating. The structure cost about \$7,000.

Bridget Malone, who has been housekeeper for the last thirty-four years for Mr. Laurent Tetu, has left some \$2,000 to different Roman Catholic charitable institutions in Quebec.

The Irish at home and abroad will be delighted to know that the Archbishop of Tuam celebrated on Christmas morning his three Masses without leaving the altar, as he did on Christmas Day in the year 1814—sixty-six years ago!

Some sacrilegious wretch recently entered the little Catholic Church on the Esplanade Road, not far from Victoria, B.C., and stole the entire altar service. The discovery was not made till Sunday, when the priest repaired to the church to say mass.

The College of Cardinals in Rome have undertaken to erect a statue to the memory of the late pope Pío Nono, the model of which has just been finished by the sculptor Jacometti. Pío Nono is represented in his stole, kneeling at a low prie-Dieu. The statue is to be executed in white marble and will be placed in one of the churches of Rome, probably in the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Says the New York Methodist.—The history of Roman Catholic missions during the last four hundred years, for earnest zeal and self-sacrificing devotion, coupled with a far-reaching estimate of agencies to be used, and results to be accomplished, has very few parallels in all the records of human heroism.

The motives that impelled to such efforts and personal sacrifices were probably very much mixed with other elements than simple zeal for Christ's cause and tender concerns for perishing souls; but whatever they were, they were effective in developing a species of heroism to which Protestant missionary movements have produced but few parallels.

ROBERTY AT LA BONNE ST. ANNE.—During the Christmas midnight mass at La Bonne St. Anne, it appears that two men, wearing masks, entered a house there, whose proprietor was absent at church, his wife being the only person at home. Approaching the terrified Madame Giguere—for that was her name—they warned her that if she budged or cried out, she would be a dead woman. Then while one of them kept guard over her, the other ransacked the premises from garret to cellar. Finally, the two robbers withdrew carrying away with them two overcoats, a fur cap, and \$47 in money. They, however, did not take two watches that were hanging up in their full sight on the wall, because, presumably, one of these watches was worthless and the other had the name of the owner engraved inside. It is thought from this incident that the robbers were strangers neither to the parish nor to the victimized family, and that they knew of the absence of all the male members of the household and designedly took advantage of it to effect their nefarious purpose. It was reported in town last night that some of the stolen articles had been sent back to the house, but be this as it may, Judge Chabouan, accompanied by Mr. Murray, Clerk of the Peace, and Mr. Gale, High Constable, left at ten o'clock this morning for St. Anne, to thoroughly investigate the whole affair.—Quebec Telegraph.

BREVITIES.

Serious floods are reported in Spain.

Weather in England still remains very cold and wintry.

A training school for nurses is being established in Chicago.

France has withdrawn her arbitration proposal on the Greek frontier question.

The Hanlan-Laycock race will be rowed on Saturday, at 4 p.m., weather permitting.

The woman under medical treatment at Fredericton, N.B., is said to have swallowed a lizard.

A person answering the description of the Bradford missing man, J. B. Sage, has been found near Chicago.

An official statement estimates the net cost of the war in Afghanistan at £17,500,000, including frontier railways.

Mr. Glen, M.P., has received a petition from South Ontario against the Syndicate with over eleven hundred signatures.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor,—I am now a week in this great and glorious country. I have recruited myself considerably. I am getting fat and contented with my lot in life. What a difference there is between Ireland and England. If some of the British population are poor they have the consolation of helping to govern a great part of the world, or think they have at least. If two or three hundred thousand of London's population have to go to bed supperless (when they can procure a bed) the feeling that they are suppressing the Boers or coercing the Irish sends a thrill of exultation to their hearts. It is truly a grand thing to belong to a great imperial nation, especially to that part of it which knows where its board next week is to come from. My salary as Assistant Usher of the Back Stairs in waiting is not large—a nominal sum of £750 a year, but then the duties are not fatiguing. Now there are the Dukes of Wellington, Marlborough, St. Albans, Richmond and others—descendants of great generals and mistresses of a King—who get thousands a year each, and what have they done for it? Not that I am envious or jealous, but I do think a man who has suffered so much for his country as I should be encouraged to suffer still more by a better place. Let me see what is this I suffered. But it does not matter. I took a nice house in Belgrave, wrote a few letters to the Times about myself and my misfortunes, was elected a member of a few aristocratic clubs, and was soon floating along in the middle of the stream of society happy and jolly as a bird just set free from a cage. I was unfortunate in not meeting this hero of my dreams, my old friend D'Israeli. I cannot bring myself to call him Beaconsfield. When we knew each other he was Mr. D. and I was Mr. O'Regan, and now he has forged ahead and created himself a K. G., while he has made his royal mistress an Empress. Great man is D'Israeli. He stirs abroad but rarely now and then only in company with a duke, for my old friend is a thorough-going snob and tuft-hunter. But I was determined to see him, and see him I did with great difficulty. I managed in this way. Knowing that he loves to dabble in oriental literature, about which he knows as much as your Joe Beef of Montreal, I disguised myself in a long flowing beard that reached to the middle of my shins, and looking like a venerable Jewish rabbi as I did, I went to the Premier's house in Piccadilly and knocked. The door was opened by Lord Corry, Beaconsfield's valet-de-chambre. A lovable feature of Dizzy and characteristic of his genius, is that he will not allow any one near him lower in rank than a lord, and even his cook is a Baron. Look at his novels. All his characters belong to the nobility, and if he mentions a Mister it is merely as a villain or huckster Lord.

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ELECTION OF COUNCILLORS.

The final result of the elections recently, in spite of the great efforts of the supporters of the late majority in the Council was:—Milton, 405; Fanning, 384; McConomy, 379; Germain, 279; Pare, 260; Favreau, 231; McKeown, 23. The result was received with great cheers by the friends of the successful candidates.

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IN NEW YORK ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT WHICH PARNELL AND DAVITT WILL BE PRESENT.—IRISH SOCIETIES AND DELEGATES HERE, INVITED.

An idea which will in all probability carry with it the support of every Irishman, or his descendant here, has just been communicated to us. We understand that preparations are now going forward for a monster demonstration of American public opinion, in the shape of a procession and convention to take place in New York on St. Patrick's Day, at which societies and delegates from every city in the Union and Canada are to be present. The great Irish agitators Messrs. Charles Stewart Parnell and Michael Davitt, will also promote to the greatness of the day by their presence. The various Irish national societies here will all be invited, and one of the greatest demonstrations of the age is expected to be witnessed. With the rather meagre information now at our disposal no definite information can be given, but further particulars are expected.

PILFERING FROM A WRECK.

On last Thursday a Grand Trunk car jumped the track on the bridge at St. Ann's. It contained several hundred dollars worth of freight, and which, by the accident, lay strewn and exposed on the ice. A number of the inhabitants gathered around and began to pilfer everyone for himself. Among these Detective Flynn of the Grand Trunk Railway ferreted out Pierre Benault, and two brothers, Thomas and Joseph Ranger, whom he arrested. Several articles of the wreck were found in their possession. This morning, the Magistrate on being informed that Thomas Ranger was going to be married to-morrow, discharged him on his pleading guilty. The other two pleaded guilty, and are remanded until Wednesday, when Detective Flynn expects to have several other offenders arrested, and they will be all tried on once.

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PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING NOTICES.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Dec. 21th, 1880.] WE ARE PLEASED to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and to satisfy our curiosity we visited Dr. M. Souville at his office, 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we could speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souville, after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well-learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instruments free of charge.

[From the Montreal Star, Oct. 23rd, 1880.] By request we visited the offices of Dr. Souville, 13 Phillips Square, and examined his invention called Spirometer, with the aid of which he treats the above diseases. The instrument is an ingenious contrivance, and enables the patient to inhale the vapors arising from the medicines used in a simple and effective manner. The merits of this mode of treatment have been recognized by some of the principal hospitals in Europe, where they are constantly in use. We have no doubt the Doctor will meet every success here, where there are a large number suffering from Asthma and Lung Diseases.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Nov. 8th, 1880.] There recently arrived in this city from Paris a Dr. Souville, bringing with him his invention, called the Spirometer, for the cure of such troublesome and hitherto well-nigh incurable diseases as asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and the like, either chronic or transient. The Doctor has fixed upon 13 Phillips Square as an office, where we paid him a visit on Saturday last. Intellectual, evidently well skilled in anatomy and physiology, linguist, capable of speaking five languages, and possessing, apparently, thorough knowledge of all the phases and details of the various respiratory diseases from practical observation. Dr. Souville proceeded to explain the modus operandi of his invention—the Spirometer. It is ingenious yet simple, and after hearing the Doctor's explanations, the treatment—that of inhalation—seems very sensible. Certain medications are placed in the instrument, and are thence inhaled by the sufferer. These inhalations are naturally carried direct to the organs affected by disease, and, of course, prove in this manner by far the most effective. In Europe this mode of treatment is now thoroughly recognized and practised, and we learn that since his arrival here Dr. Souville has treated most successfully several of our own citizens. Persons suffering with such diseases as head this article should not hesitate to visit the Doctor, who gladly explains his method free of any charge. He deserves success, and if able to achieve only half of what is claimed, he will, indeed, be a benefactor of mankind.

New York, Jan. 11.—The Parnell Land League of America forwarded yesterday \$1,500 to Patrick Egan, treasurer of the Land League in Dublin.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 15.—The Globe correspondent publishes a cablegram from Parnell, in which he says: "It is rumored on good authority that the Government wishes and may try to create a pretext to expel or seize the Irish national representatives in Parliament, because our attitude renders the immediate passing of any proposed coercion for Ireland highly improbable. Shaw's defection has long been discounted, and has no significance. There is no flinching in the popular mind of Ireland. Her people are firmly bent on this—the final struggle with the exactions of landlordism."

Mr. Glen, M.P., has received a petition from South Ontario against the Syndicate with over eleven hundred signatures.

London, 7th January, 1881.

Mr. Editor,—I am now a week in this great and glorious country. I have recruited myself considerably. I am getting fat and contented with my lot in life. What a difference there is between Ireland and England. If some of the British population are poor they have the consolation of helping to govern a great part of the world, or think they have at least. If two or three hundred thousand of London's population have to go to bed supperless (when they can procure a bed) the feeling that they are suppressing the Boers or coercing the Irish sends a thrill of exultation to their hearts. It is truly a grand thing to belong to a great imperial nation, especially to that part of it which knows where its board next week is to come from. My salary as Assistant Usher of the Back Stairs in waiting is not large—a nominal sum of £750 a year, but then the duties are not fatiguing. Now there are the Dukes of Wellington, Marlborough, St. Albans, Richmond and others—descendants of great generals and mistresses of a King—who get thousands a year each, and what have they done for it? Not that I am envious or jealous, but I do think a man who has suffered so much for his country as I should be encouraged to suffer still more by a better place. Let me see what is this I suffered. But it does not matter. I took a nice house in Belgrave, wrote a few letters to the Times about myself and my misfortunes, was elected a member of a few aristocratic clubs, and was soon floating along in the middle of the stream of society happy and jolly as a bird just set free from a cage. I was unfortunate in not meeting this hero of my dreams, my old friend D'Israeli. I cannot bring myself to call him Beaconsfield. When we knew each other he was Mr. D. and I was Mr. O'Regan, and now he has forged ahead and created himself a K. G., while he has made his royal mistress an Empress. Great man is D'Israeli. He stirs abroad but rarely now and then only in company with a duke, for my old friend is a thorough-going snob and tuft-hunter. But I was determined to see him, and see him I did with great difficulty. I managed in this way. Knowing that he loves to dabble in oriental literature, about which he knows as much as your Joe Beef of Montreal, I disguised myself in a long flowing beard that reached to the middle of my shins, and looking like a venerable Jewish rabbi as I did, I went to the Premier's house in Piccadilly and knocked. The door was opened by Lord Corry, Beaconsfield's valet-de-chambre. A lovable feature of Dizzy and characteristic of his genius, is that he will not allow any one near him lower in rank than a lord, and even his cook is a Baron. Look at his novels. All his characters belong to the nobility, and if he mentions a Mister it is merely as a villain or huckster Lord.

"What do you want?" said Lord Corry.

"Can you speak the Barmah lankitch, great princely lord?" said I. "I would half spit with the Mogul—Great Beonfill."

"What the hell—do you want? Come in, anyway, you look like a Brahmin or Isbbi, or some such Semitic huffer, and I may be able to amuse the old buff."

"Yaiz, Sahib, I know; Robbia Gladstone gave him the gout very bad, and that the poor patient suffers without swearing," and saying this in the galked. The great Jingo sat along near the grate Turkish fashion, and he smoked a chibouque also in Turkish fashion. He loves to be oriental. He took the chibouque from his mouth now and then, and inserted one of his great toes instead, for you must know, Mr. Editor, that the gout is painful, otherwise one would think the Knight might have fallen into his second childhood, and was amusing himself looking at the Order of the Garter around the calf of his leg.

"Say, Corry," cried D'Israeli with a cry of rage, "who is this venerable cuss? Am I never to be let alone?"

"It is a Chief Brahmin from Bengal, my Lord, who comes to give you his opinion of the Aryan and Semitic races. I thought he'd amuse you."

"Hurry," growled the author of Endymion to me, "take a chair or seat yourself in Eastern fashion, which you will."

"Thank you, my Lord, I'll follow your glorious example," and down I squatted on the carpet with the easy grace natural to the Irish O'Regan.

"My Secretary represents you as a high class Brahmin, and if such be the case, I'm not sorry you have never yet mastered the mystery of the Nirvana, nor have I come across any philosopher that could explain it to my satisfaction. The Semitic races are prone to accept negative doctrines without careful enquiry, and although one of that great branch of the human family, myself, I would fain take nothing for granted."

"Faith, and my Lord, this same Nirvana is a mighty queer thing, which I am not as well posted in as a good Tory should. Now if 'twas boycotting you wanted explained—"

"Say, scoundrel, what means this travesty? You are no Brahmin, but an Irishman, and for aught I know, a Fenian, with dynamite in your pocket. Ha! by the head of Victoria Regina, you have a false beard," and as he spoke, he grasped the venerable appendage and wrenched it from my face. His astonishment was so great on seeing my face, that he had no time to call out before I seized one of his gony toes, and gave it such a squeeze that he nearly fainted.

"Oh! sir," he screamed, "who are you? Mercy! mercy!"

"Why, you old idiot, don't you know one of your most ardent and sincere admirers, I am Sir Myles O'Regan?"

"Oh, you are, and what brings you here, pray. I understand by the papers you have been appointed Assistant Back-stairs in waiting. Well, I'll have my friend the Queen discharge you for insolence."

"You'll do no such thing. Forster has appointed me, and Forster is stronger than you. But, you driveller, can't you see what advantage you possess in having a friend on the back stairs. When you go round by the back stairs to see Her Majesty and intrigue against Gladstone, is it not good I should be in my place to watch over you? And I might prevent you if I were so minded?"

"You are always right, but please let go my toe. You Irish are so impulsive."

"D'zy is not such a bad fellow when he is not crossed. I stayed with him a few hours, drank with him, smoked with him and agreed with him that bullets and emigration were the only true remedies for the evils of Ireland, although it was with regret and a feeling of want of loyalty to Forster that I surrendered buckshot and substituted bullets therefor."

After a few hours conversation on "Endymion," I parted from the ex-Premier on the understanding that we were firm friends and allies sub rosa.

MYLES O'REGAN, Bart.

London, 7th January, 1881.

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The final result of the elections recently, in spite of the great efforts of the supporters of the late majority in the Council was:—Milton, 405; Fanning, 384; McConomy, 379; Germain, 279; Pare, 260; Favreau, 231; McKeown, 23. The result was received with great cheers by the friends of the successful candidates.

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PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING NOTICES.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Dec. 21th, 1880.] WE ARE PLEASED to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and to satisfy our curiosity we visited Dr. M. Souville at his office, 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we could speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souville, after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well-learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instruments free of charge.

[From the Montreal Star, Oct. 23rd, 1880.] By request we visited the offices of Dr. Souville, 13 Phillips Square, and examined his invention called Spirometer, with the aid of which he treats the above diseases. The instrument is an ingenious contrivance, and enables the patient to inhale the vapors arising from the medicines used in a simple and effective manner. The merits of this mode of treatment have been recognized by some of the principal hospitals in Europe, where they are constantly in use. We have no doubt the Doctor will meet every success here, where there are a large number suffering from Asthma and Lung Diseases.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Nov. 8th, 1880.] There recently arrived in this city from Paris a Dr. Souville, bringing with him his invention, called the Spirometer, for the cure of such troublesome and hitherto well-nigh incurable diseases as asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and the like, either chronic or transient. The Doctor has fixed upon 13 Phillips Square as an office, where we paid him a visit on Saturday last. Intellectual, evidently well skilled in anatomy and physiology, linguist, capable of speaking five languages, and possessing, apparently, thorough knowledge of all the phases and details of the various respiratory diseases from practical observation. Dr. Souville proceeded to explain the modus operandi of his invention—the Spirometer. It is ingenious yet simple, and after hearing the Doctor's explanations, the treatment—that of inhalation—seems very sensible. Certain medications are placed in the instrument, and are thence inhaled by the sufferer. These inhalations are naturally carried direct to the organs affected by disease, and, of course, prove in this manner by far the most effective. In Europe this mode of treatment is now thoroughly recognized and practised, and we learn that since his arrival here Dr. Souville has treated most successfully several of our own citizens. Persons suffering with such diseases as head this article should not hesitate to visit the Doctor, who gladly explains his method free of any charge. He deserves success, and if able to achieve only half of what is claimed, he will, indeed, be a benefactor of mankind.

New York, Jan. 11.—The Parnell Land League of America forwarded yesterday \$1,500 to Patrick Egan, treasurer of the Land League in Dublin.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 15.—The Globe correspondent publishes a cablegram from Parnell, in which he says: "It is rumored on good authority that the Government wishes and may try to create a pretext to expel or seize the Irish national representatives in Parliament, because our attitude renders the immediate passing of any proposed coercion for Ireland highly improbable. Shaw's defection has long been discounted, and has no significance. There is no flinching in the popular mind of Ireland. Her people are firmly bent on this—the final struggle with the exactions of landlordism."

Mr. Glen, M.P., has received a petition from South Ontario against the Syndicate with over eleven hundred signatures.

London, 7th January, 1881.

Mr. Editor,—I am now a week in this great and glorious country. I have recruited myself considerably. I am getting fat and contented with my lot in life. What a difference there is between Ireland and England. If some of the British population are poor they have the consolation of helping to govern a great part of the world, or think they have at least. If two or three hundred thousand of London's population have to go to bed supperless (when they can procure a bed) the feeling that they are suppressing the Boers or coercing the Irish sends a thrill of exultation to their hearts. It is truly a grand thing to belong to a great imperial nation, especially to that part of it which knows where its board next week is to come from. My salary as Assistant Usher of the Back Stairs in waiting is not large—a nominal sum of £750 a year, but then the duties are not fatiguing. Now there are the Dukes of Wellington, Marlborough, St. Albans, Richmond and others—descendants of great generals and mistresses of a King—who get thousands a year each, and what have they done for it? Not that I am envious or jealous, but I do think a man who has suffered so much for his country as I should be encouraged to suffer still more by a better place. Let me see what is this I suffered. But it does not matter. I took a nice house in Belgrave, wrote a few letters to the Times about myself and my misfortunes, was elected a member of a few aristocratic clubs, and was soon floating along in the middle of the stream of society happy and jolly as a bird just set free from a cage. I was unfortunate in not meeting this hero of my dreams, my old friend D'Israeli. I cannot bring myself to call him Beaconsfield. When we knew each other he was Mr. D. and I was Mr. O'Regan, and now he has forged ahead and created himself a K. G., while he has made his royal mistress an Empress. Great man is D'Israeli. He stirs abroad but rarely now and then only in company with a duke, for my old friend is a thorough-going snob and tuft-hunter. But I was determined to see him, and see him I did with great difficulty. I managed in this way. Knowing that he loves to dabble in oriental literature, about which he knows as much as your Joe Beef of Montreal, I disguised myself in a long flowing beard that reached to the middle of my shins, and looking like a venerable Jewish rabbi as I did, I went to the Premier's house in Piccadilly and knocked. The door was opened by Lord Corry, Beaconsfield's valet-de-chambre. A lovable feature of Dizzy and characteristic of his genius, is that he will not allow any one near him lower in rank than a lord, and even his cook is a Baron. Look at his novels. All his characters belong to the nobility, and if he mentions a Mister it is merely as a villain or huckster Lord.

"What do you want?" said Lord Corry.

"Can you speak the Barmah lankitch, great princely lord?" said I. "I would half spit with the Mogul—Great Beonfill."

"What the hell—do you want? Come in, anyway, you look like a Brahmin or Isbbi, or some such Semitic huffer, and I may be able to amuse the old buff."

"Yaiz, Sahib, I know; Robbia Gladstone gave him the gout very bad, and that the poor patient suffers without swearing," and saying this in the galked. The great Jingo sat along near the grate Turkish fashion, and he smoked a chibouque also in Turkish fashion. He loves to be oriental. He took the chibouque from his mouth now and then, and inserted one of his great toes instead, for you must know, Mr. Editor, that the gout is painful, otherwise one would think the Knight might have fallen into his second childhood, and was amusing himself looking at the Order of the Garter around the calf of his leg.

"Say, Corry," cried D'Israeli with a cry of rage, "who is this venerable cuss? Am I never to be let alone?"

"It is a Chief Brahmin from Bengal, my Lord, who comes to give you his opinion of the Aryan and Semitic races. I thought he'd amuse you."

"Hurry," growled the author of Endymion to me, "take a chair or seat yourself in Eastern fashion, which you will."

"Thank you, my Lord, I'll follow your glorious example," and down I squatted on the carpet with the easy grace natural to the Irish O'Regan.

"My Secretary represents you as a high class Brahmin, and if such be the case, I'm not sorry you have never yet mastered the mystery of the Nirvana, nor have I come across any philosopher that could explain it to my satisfaction. The Semitic races are prone to accept negative doctrines without careful enquiry, and although one of that great branch of the human family, myself, I would fain take nothing for granted."



FATHER RYAN.

He comes—the post sweet— To lay down at his feet... His pearls of thought and feeling; Shall it be said that we could ever measure the worth of the beauty of his soul's revealing?

free; you are all ONE IN JESUS CHRIST! She enfranchised the soul, the conscience of the poor workman; she blessed his marriage; she supernaturalized his weary work and hopeless struggle for existence; she lifted him up to the contemplation of an eternal home, where the rude conditions of his earthly existence would one day be divinized labor by unspeakable glory.

or any such unpractical transcendentalism. The poor Irish tenants are, in nine cases out of ten, the legitimate descendants of the former legitimate owners of the soil. Through the generations that have elapsed since the heart of unjust confiscation, a continual process of reclamation has been kept up which prevents to-day's occupant from alleging, with the slightest show of reason, any prescriptive argument whatever.

land? You say he bought or inherited the estate. I say he could neither buy nor inherit justly in the face of the natural law prohibiting such a thing. The title of the argu- ments, by which the landlords and their agents attempt to support their false position as derived from a set of sophisms which have their birth from the landlord abuse, itself. Get rid of the crying abuse of landlordism and the extreme sophistry of their "reasons" will be seen at once.

landspiring. The people of Ireland, have become impregnated with "American" Republicanism; they have ceased to love, but they have ceased to cling to the monarchical traditions of the past. Washington has taken the place of Brian in the national aspirations, and through the glories of the sunburst, flash and sparkle the stars and stripes of Columbia's proud banner.

MISCELLANEOUS. California's debt is over \$11,000,000. The Straits of Canas are filled with ice. Mr. Gladstone has reduced his rents 25 per cent. A London cable says the betting is 9 to 4 on Hanlan. In England the feudal Christmas is rapidly becoming extinct.

THE IRISH CRISIS.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS. The man who works the land should own it. When labor fails to provide food and raiment for the tiller and his family there is injustice somewhere. Vested rights, in a conquered country, are generally legal fictions, called into existence by radical defects in ownership. This is true in general, and especially true in the case of Ireland.

The famous Pierre Desfontaines, full of the spirit of the Catholic jurisprudence, addresses the landlords of the 14th century thus:—"Know well, landlords, that according to God, you have not plenary power over your tenants. If you take from them more than a fair rent, you take it from God, as robbers, and on peril of your souls!"

But to return to my argument. If England never possessed a right to transfer Irish soil to the base ancestors of a baser posterity, how can these latter allege government warrant for their infamous usurpation of the just rights of the Irish people? Those land swindlers never had the slightest sympathy with anything Irish. They have remained to the present day true exponents of the anti-Irish spirit which dictated the accursed project.

One hour of good will on the part of the British government could settle permanently and satisfactorily this whole Irish business. The principles of justice are self-evident; although our eyes are often blinded by prejudice and defaced by the false figure of Law, as between the powerful and the poor, is the greatest enemy of justice. Even modern equity, in this sense, is easily influenced by the arguments of the guinea.

THE "SOJERS" IN IRELAND. WHERE THE BRITISH ARMY IS AT PRESENT LOCATED. The latest corrected list of the Irish garrison, numbering about 39,000 officers and men, under command of General Sir Thos. Montague Steele, K. C. B., is as follows: Artillery.—Royal Horse Artillery: B Battery, A Brigade, Dublin; O Battery, A Brigade, Newbridge; E Battery, B Brigade, Dublin; Field and Garrison Artillery: H Battery, Second Brigade, Fermoy; I Battery, Second Brigade, Athlone; K Battery, Second Brigade, Kilkenny; headquarter and depot, Third Brigade, Newbridge; L Battery, Fourth Brigade, Clonmel; M Battery, Fourth Brigade, Curragh; N Battery, Fourth Brigade, Limerick; O Battery, Sixth Brigade, Athlone; depot, Tenth Brigade, Kinsale.

Edwards, the submarine diver, has ventured to jump into the Niagara River from the Suspension Bridge on the 24th of May. A harp, discovered in Egypt in 1823, had several remaining strings which responded to a touch, and awoke from a rest of 3,000 years. General Skobeloff denies having been compelled to retire after the engagement with the Turcomans near Geok Tepe on the 24th ultimo.







A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough... The local Stock Market, to-day evinces a much stronger aspect...

Finance and Commerce

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, JAN. 18. FINANCIAL.

The local Stock Market, to-day evinces a much stronger aspect, the majority of the stock having advanced in value.

Morning Board—50 Montreal at 17 1/2; 25 do at 17 1/4; 65 Ontario at 99; 20 Moletons at 104; 35 do at 154; 3 Merchants at 118; 28 do at 117; 96 Union at 90; 9 Commerce at 137; 100 do at 136; 25 Exchange at 62; 16 do at 61; 100 Montreal Telegraph, 117; 200 do at 118; 100 do at 117 1/2; 140 Richellon & Ontario at 54; 75 do at 54 1/2; 50 do at 53 1/2; 40 City Gas at 152; 5 do at 153; 20 Montreal Building Association at 65; 25 Canada Cotton Co at 125; 50 do at 125.

Afternoon Board—25 Montreal, 17 1/2; 50 do, 17 1/4; 20 Ontario, 99 1/2; 75 do, 104 1/2; 20 Moleton, 104 1/2; 25 do, 104 1/2; 25 Merchants, 117 1/2; 30 Commerce, 137 1/2; 25 Montreal Telegraph, 118 1/2; 75 do, 119 1/2; 50 Richellon & Ontario, 54 1/2; 25 do, 55; 25 Canada Insurance Co, 65; 150 do, Bonds, 40.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

There is an apparent revival in some particular lines of business and prospects for the spring trade begins to brighten. Anticipations for the coming spring and summer are favorably expressed by mercantile men, and there is a visibly better feeling of trust becoming general.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Orders for Spring goods are coming forward freely; some leading houses report a larger number of orders on hand than at any corresponding period. This, however, may be partially attributed to the fact that travellers started out earlier than usual this year; still there will undoubtedly be a much larger trade done this season than last Spring, for there are already many more new customers.

COAL AND WOOD.—The demand for anthracite coal in this market continues fair for the season, and one or two dealers report heavier orders and more of them than at corresponding periods heretofore. Prices remain steady, at the late advance: \$8 per ton for stove, and \$7.50 for egg, chestnut and grate; of course some concessions might possibly be made for round lots, but the great majority of large consumers laid in fair supplies before the close of navigation.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Under an improved enquiry from one or two shippers, who are taking hold of fine grades of Eastern Townships and Morrisburg, the local butter market rules firm this week. A few small parcels of these goods have changed hands at 21 to 21 1/2c, and the market is left almost bare of the grades wanted by shippers.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS. Advice by steamer report more hopeful feeling in chemicals, but no change in price. A Liverpool manufacturer of bi-carb soda submits a special offer of 2 for round lots, present shipment, and 2 1/2 for small parcels.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—The English markets continue very quiet without any change in values. On the continent there is nevertheless a steady demand for wheat and corn, which is partly supplied from American wheat and to a very small extent from Canada.

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Stocks out West. The quantities in sight on the 1st inst. were: Corn, 2,514,000; Corn, 18,390,000; Oats, 3,754,000; Rye, 927,000; Barley, 3,198,000. In this market there is hardly anything, and the values are entirely nominal.

GRAPEFRUIT.—Not much business done since last inst., but indications now are of a fairly active trade for remainder of winter. The market is generally well supplied. Sugars—Yellows are 4 to 5c higher, while refined whites are unchanged. In West India Sugars not much doing. Stock full, prices reported largely in consequence. Market not active, and the week's changes are not much.

HIDES AND SKINS.—The local market is reported steady and unchanged. There are fewer offers of hides than before the holidays, yet the market is not so tight as it was. There appears to be no exceptions to the established prices, which have been quoted for several weeks. There have not been many sheepskins offered, and the market is steady at 15 to 1 1/2c; occasionally, \$1.50 is paid for extra choice quality. Catfkins are beginning to come forward in small quantities, and the offerings are not large; quoted at 12c per lb.

OLDS.—Remain quiet and steady, at nominally unchanged quotations. Sales are reported for the week include a few small lots of Cod and Steam Refined Seal, for immediate requirements. Lined quiet, steady, and unchanged. Stocks of Newfoundland Cod oil reported light. Naval Stores—Spirits of Turpentine have further advanced in value, being now quoted at 80c to 82c per Imp. gal; concessions are made, however, for round lots, a sale of 600 lbs. being reported at 62c, and of other similar sized lots at 62c to 65c wine gal. Petroleum—Crude oil in store here 2c. Small lots 25c to 30c. Crude at Petrolia \$1.70 f.o.b. in bulk.

WINE AND LIQUORS.—Trade is reported very quiet, dealers, there being no demand except for brandy and wine, the prices of which are firm for jobbing lots. Prices unchanged throughout, as before mentioned in this column. The market for Cognac is quiet, and the price of 1880, Messrs James Hennessy & Co., announce that they have no brandy younger than 1877. They hesitate to name a price.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET—JAN. 17. There was an evident stir at the above market to-day, and dealers report the state of trade in live stock favourable. The market is plentifully supplied with stock, although not more than the demand warrants. Cattle—Some of the best of the season are offered to-day at \$4 to \$5 per hundred weight, and an increase on last week's prices. About one hundred and fifty of the cattle in Viger Market to-day were from St. Gabriel Market. Sheep selling from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per head, and in fair demand, with about 30 head offering to-day. There is a good market for good cattle, and farmers avail themselves of the present good feeling to dispose of their stocks.

FARMERS PRODUCE MARKET.—JAN. 18. The present good condition of the country roads had the effect of bringing an increased number of farmers to the Bonsecours market to-day, their principal offerings being beef, grain, and dairy produce. If the present fine weather continues there is no doubt that the market next week will be of much larger dimensions, and the supply of beef, and other products, much greater than the demand. The market to-day was not, however, overstocked, there being even a better demand for farmers' beef than the supply and consequently higher prices were obtainable. Next week, for reasons above mentioned, it is thought that prices will have a lowering tendency, as a matter of course.

There is no change whatever in our former quotations for grain, fruit, butcher's meat or poultry, the other products being but little altered also. Eggs are somewhat cheaper, but still rather expensive; a few small lots were disposed of this morning in baskets, now laid, for 45 cents per dozen, but good December stock can be bought for thirty cents per dozen. Butter is unchanged. Few is becoming scarce, owing to the fact that American dealers are buying up all they can get from farmers, packing them with their feathers and shipping them to their own markets, where they bring good prices. Venison saddles are selling at 80c per lb., other parts of the animal are bought for from 40c to 4 1/2c.

30c; Peas, bush, \$1; Buckwheat, per bush, 60c; Beans, white and yellow, per bush, \$1.60; Rye, 927,000; Barley, 3,198,000. In this market there is hardly anything, and the values are entirely nominal.

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John Hayes, Credit P.O., says:—His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

EXPERIENCE and observation have demonstrated that where a business prospers and grows, it is through honesty and fidelity to the interests of its trade. In business as in every-day life, it is equally true that honesty is the best policy.

MARRIED.—RYAN—MOONEY.—At St. Patrick's Church, Pakenham, Ont., on Monday, the 10th January, 1881, by Rev. Father Lawin, P. P., C. T. Ryan, eldest son of Michael Charles Ryan, formerly of the Barrowmill Mills, Cork, Ireland, to Miss Annie Mooney, teacher, daughter of the late William Mooney, of Pakenham, Ont.

DIED.—KELLY.—At Joliette, on the 4th inst. Mary Ellen, daughter of Francis Kelly, J. P., aged nine years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

McKENZIE'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1881. Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers without cost. It contains the colored plates, 500 varieties of seeds, and full descriptions, prices and directions for their use. Invaluable to all. Sent for its address, D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich. 236 cow

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Very Rev. JAS. A. CORCORAN, D.D., Editor. January number for 1881 now ready. Contents.—I. A Glance at the Conflict between Religion and Science.—Rev. S. Hitzig, S. J. II. The Young Knights; or, Frail Graceland.—Rev. Bernard J. O'Reilly, S. J. III. The Anti-Catholic Issue in the Late Session: the Relation of Catholics to the Political Parties.—John Gilmary Shea, IV. Ireland's Great Grievance; Land Tenure in Ireland and other Countries.—M. F. Sullivan, V. Lord Beaconsfield and his Latest Novel.—John MacCarthy, VI. The Religious Outlook in Europe at the Present Day.—Rev. Ang. J. Thebaud, S. J. VII. The Experience of God Demonstrated.—Rev. John Munn, S. J. VIII. The French Republic; Will it Last?—A. de G. IX. Book Notices.

From the Boston Pilot November, 1880.—The present number closes the fifth year of the existence of our admirable Quarterly. Its success was long since ensured; and as number succeeds to number, we are more and more struck with the sterling worth and value of the paper presented for our perusal. There is no pampering to popular taste. Each paper presents its subject from the highest point of view, and brings the reader close up to its own level; while broadest scope is given for strong individual opinion. The influence of such a Review upon the community must be great, and cannot fail of good effect. We hope the number of subscribers for the coming year may be very large. It is a matter of honor to American Catholics that they uphold, by generous support, a Review which represents the finest intellectual and theological culture of the country.

Agents: HARRY & MAHONY, 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. P. O. Box 2465.

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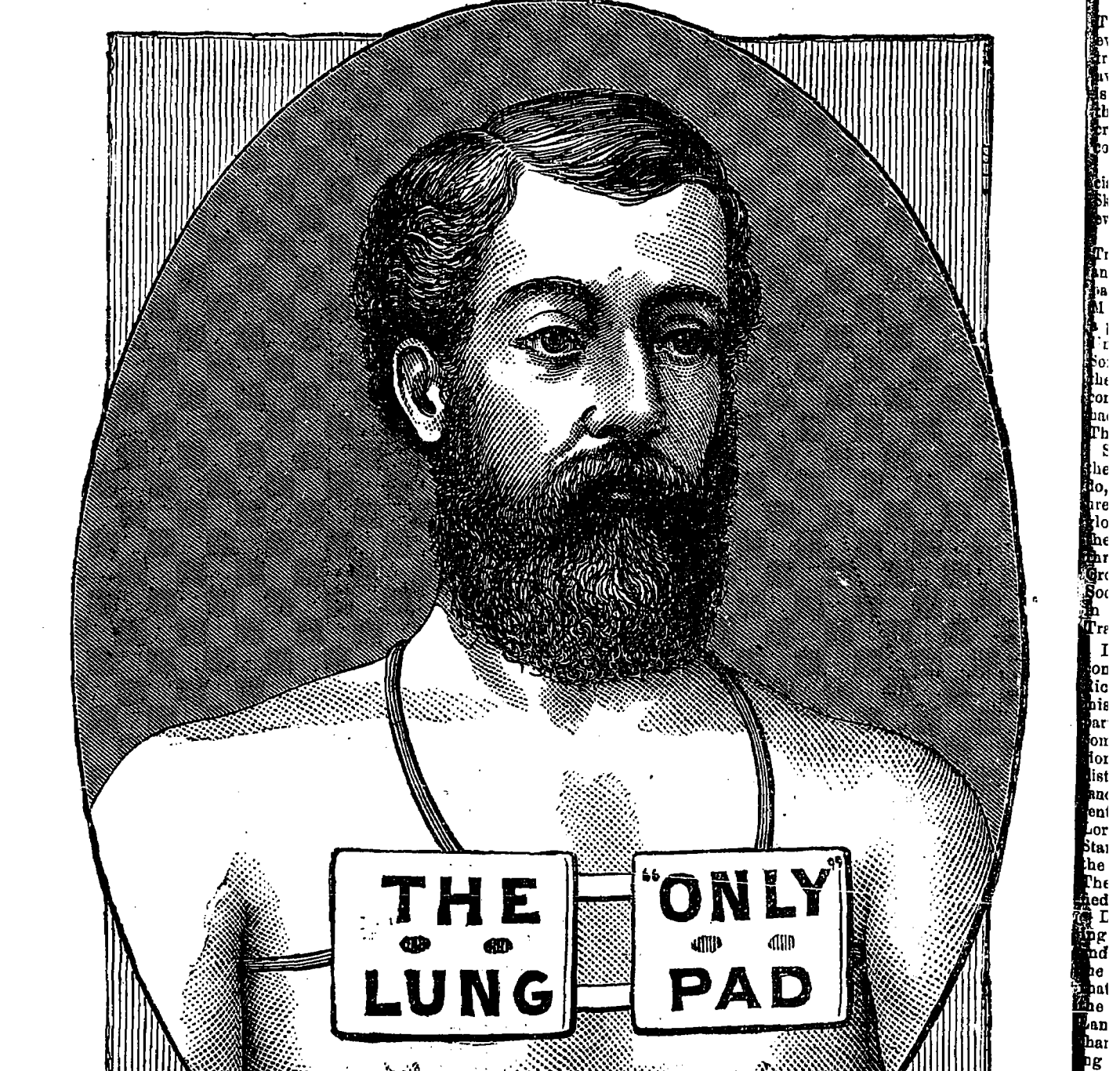
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