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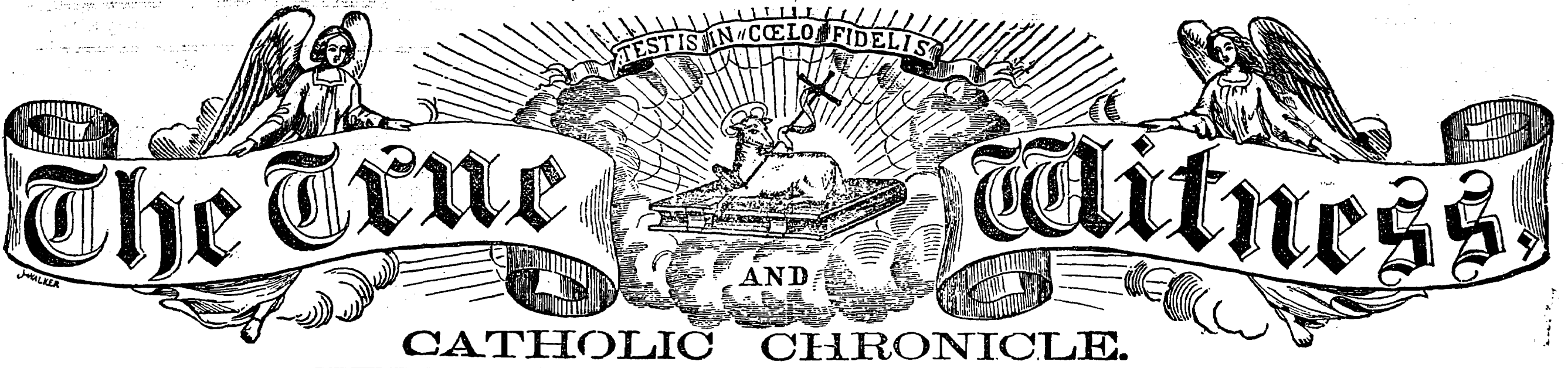
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TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The Aims and Objects of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

An Able Article, From the Pen of Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, in the "Catholic World."

The lack of true spiritual life is apparent in the condition of modern society. Wealth, honor and pleasure are the objects that engage men's attention.

HUMANITY SEPARATED FROM GOD

Man lead only to the satisfaction of vanity, and soon homes but a loud-sounding word, while men languish and die for want of the proper moral food.

Among the moral evils which help to destroy the human race are selfishness, pride, and so to render social reform difficult, intemperance stands prominent. No community is free from its excesses.

AND DISGRACES HER GOOD NAME.

This will explain why men are called upon to combine against this monster slayer of humanity. Indeed, it is not strange that, in considering the evils caused by drink, men have been led to regard drink as an evil in itself.

REDEEMED FROM THE THRALLDOM OF DRINK and made freemen? Men say this makes hypocrites and pharisees. We shall find these everywhere and under all banners.

mind in a sound body; that it guards man's intelligence for God's truth and man's heart for God's love. It should make better men and better Christians, holding with St. Ambrose that sobriety is the mother of faith.

DESTRUCTION OF MULTITUDES OF SOULS.

This Catholic total abstinence movement is not infected with fanaticism. It does not assert the principle of the evil of drink, but it builds itself on the evils of drunkenness.

NOT FANATICISM, BUT CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

There are not wanting men who regard the total abstinence movement as productive of good for drunkards, while they do not hesitate to call it fanaticism when an appeal is made to them to become total abstainers.

BLESSED OUR UNION.

Pope Pius IX., of sainted memory, in 1873 from his heart blessed the Union. Leo XIII. in 1878 bestowed upon it his apostolic benediction, and later granted to its members indulgences that, with further extension, and more day the Union be farther extended.

A GIFT TO THE POPE.

ROME, Sept. 27.—Baron Von Schalerzer yesterday presented to the Pope a Jubilee gift from the German Empire. The present consisted of a set of ecclesiastical vestments, the Emperor's own handiwork.

A CURATE MURDERS THE VICAR.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—At midnight, Saturday night, the Rev. Mr. Cooper, curate of Creetingham, Suffolk, murdered the Rev. Mr. Taylor, vicar of the parish, and cut his throat with a razor. He then fled, but subsequently returned and was arrested. Mr. Cooper has been quite unpopular in Creetingham and the fact, it is believed, unsettled his mind.

effectually than otherwise, whether in themselves by removing its occasion, or in others by exhibiting a splendid example of the virtue of temperance." and it gladly proclaimed their zeal to be according to knowledge.

COMMENDATION FROM POPE LEO XIII.

have given joy and encouragement to every member of the Union, effectually destroying the suspicion that our movement is not in harmony with the purest Catholic doctrine. He says: "We have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the vice of intemperance.

INTERFERING WITH PERSONAL LIBERTY

and injuring legitimate business. But the liberty of the drunkard, his business, his duty to his family, do not enter into some men's thoughts. The black slave of the South with chains about his limbs stirred humanity until intelligence advanced the day when no man could call him a chattel.

FIGHT THE BATTLE FOR THE WEAK

and save humanity. It is the leaders in society who should stand forth and command. Men capable of sacrifice are needed to stand as Spartans in the passes and defend the people; men ready to deny themselves some of the pleasures of sense in order to help in the salvation of others.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE GLORIFICATION OF MARY BY OUR LORD.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS:— SIR,—In my last week's letter on the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, kindly presented to the Pope a Jubilee gift from the German Empire.

HAPPINESS IN RELIGION ONLY.

(Rev. Father Cassidy of New Zealand)

Man is forever restless, but he cannot rest because his end is not here; he was made for a sphere higher than the world; we feel and see he was made to gaze on a beauty infinitely more beautiful than the sunlight, or the rainbow, the ocean or the forest, the star gemmed heavens, or even the brightest angel's face.

PLAIN TALK BY POWDERLEY

AT THE OPENING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 3.—The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor was called to order this morning. The rink was handsomely decorated and contained about 3,000 people.

DECIDEDLY OBJECTIONABLE TERMS.

Do not say "gent" for "gentleman"; it is a detestable phrase. "Fellow" is only a shade less objectionable. If you mean a gentleman, a boy, a man, or a young man, say whichever you mean.

THE COMPTON EXHIBITION.

COMPTON, Que., Sept. 28.—The Compton County Society (No. 1) exhibition, held here today, was the most successful held for many years. Exhibits are more numerous and show a marked improvement.

DECIDEDLY OBJECTIONABLE TERMS.

A good wife should be like four things, which four things she should not be like. First, she should be like a small, to keep within her own house; but she should not be like the snail, to make the house bring her back.

THE ROYAL FORESTS MUST GO.

The royal forests must go. A gentleman writes to THE POST protesting against the gates of Windsor forest being locked against him, for which, as a taxpayer, he pays taxes.

his actions carefully, as each one bears a most solemn inference that should not be lightly treated, considering that without the help of the "Spirit of Truth," which is the Church's Guide, all private interpretations of the Holy Scriptures have become a tangle through the conflicting opinions that they now puzzle the most learned Protestant theologians.

A FATAL DISPUTE.

BRACKINBURG, Ont., Oct. 1.—To-day, while Chas. O'Brien, who runs a threshing machine, was engaged in the barn of Mrs. Donnelly, about nine miles from here, Samuel Taylor, who owns a rival machine, entered the barn, when an altercation arose between the two men.

JOHN BRIGHT AND IRELAND.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—Mr. John Bright has written a letter, in which he has never been more a friend of Ireland than now when objecting to hand that unfortunate country over to the rule of revolutionary, rebel conspirators.

LITERARY NOTES.

A singularly attractive frontispiece graces the October Magazine of American History. It is a spirited portrait of Daniel Webster, never before published, from a painting in the Long Island Historical Society, accompanied by a clever character study in the body of this excellent monthly, written by Hor. S. W. Benjamin.

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to leave the order because of my position on this question. I say to all who would withdraw for such a cause "go." I'll trust the fate of this nation with sober men and women. I'll never take back one word of what I have said on the temperance question, so help me God. The time will come when the workers of all kinds and classes will be banded together for a common purpose.

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IRENE THE FOUNDLING;

Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Mamma, oh, mamma!" said Oleah, shaking his mother's arm, as she did not pay immediate attention to his call.

"What, dear?" she asked.

"Are we going to keep it?"

"Yes, dear; if some one who has a better right to it does not come to claim it."

"They shan't have it," cried Oleah, stamping his little, bare foot on the carpet.

"No," added Abner; "it's ours now. They left it there to starve and freeze, and now we will keep it."

"You think, then, that the real owner has lost his title by his neglect?" said the father, with a smile.

"Yes, that's it," the boy answered.

"It's a very good common law idea, my son."

Dinah now came in with warm milk for the baby, and Mrs. Tompkins told her to take the two to their room and dress them; but they wanted to wait first and see the baby eat.

"Oh, don't it eat; don't it eat!" cried the boy.

"The poor little thing is almost starved," said the mother.

"Missus, how d'ya reckon it came on the porch?" Dinah asked.

"I cannot think who would have left it," answered Mrs. Tompkins.

"That is not a very young baby," said Mr. Tompkins, watching the little creature eat greedily from the spoon, for Dinah had now taken it and was feeding it.

"No, marster, not berry, 'cause it's got two or three teeth," said the nurse. "Spot it's about six months old."

As soon as the little stranger had been fed, Dinah wrapped it in a warm blanket and laid it on Mrs. Tompkins' bed, where it soon fell asleep, showing it was exhausted as well as hungry. Dinah then led the two boys to the room to wash and dress them.

"Strange, strange!" said Mrs. Tompkins, beginning to dress. "Who can the little thing belong to, and what are we to do with it?"

"Keep it, I suppose," said Mr. Tompkins; and, stumbling over a boot-jack, he exclaimed in the same breath, "Oh, confound it!"

"What, the baby?"

"No, the boot-jack. I've stabbed my toe on it."

"We have no right to take upon ourselves the rearing of other people's children," said Mrs. Tompkins, paying no attention to her husband's trifling injury.

"But it's our Christian duty to see that the little thing does not die of cold and hunger," said Mr. Tompkins, caring his aching toe.

Soon the boys came in, ready for breakfast, and inquired for the baby; when told that it was sleeping, they wanted to see it asleep, and stole on tiptoe to the bed, where the weary little thing lay, and nothing would satisfy them until they were permitted to touch the pale, pinched, tear-stained cheek with their fresh, warm lips.

The breakfast bell rang, and they went down to the dining-room, where awaiting them was a breakfast such as only Aunt Susan could prepare. They took their places at the table, while a negro girl stood behind each, to wait upon them and to drive away flies with long brushes of peacock feathers. The boys were so much excited by the advent of the strange baby that they could scarcely keep quiet long enough to eat.

"I am going to draw it on my wagon," said Oleah.

"I'm going to let it ride my pony," said Abner.

"Don't think too much of the baby yet, for some one may come and claim it," said their mother.

"They shan't have it, shall they, papa?" cried Oleah.

"No, it is our baby now."

"And we are going to keep it, ain't we, Aunt Susan?" he asked the cook, as she entered the dining-room.

their exploits in catching "runaway niggers." A large per cent of our people pay more attention to Congressional matters than to their own affairs. We do not deny that it is every man's right to understand the grand machinery of this Government, but he should not devote to it the time which should be spent in caring for his family. Politics should not intoxicate men and lead them from the paths of honest industry, and furnish food for tongs to digest at taverns and street corners.

Anything which affords a topic of conversation is eagerly welcomed by the lazar; and it is little wonder that politics is a theme that rouses all his enthusiasm. It not only affords him food, but drink as well, during a campaign. Many are the neglected wives and starving children who, in cold and cheerless homes, await the return of the husband and father, who sits, warm and comfortable, in some tavern, laying plans for the election of a school director or a town overseer.

Snagtown could tell its story. It contained many such neglected homes, and the thrifless vagabonds who constituted the voting majority never failed to raise an excitement, to provoke bitter feelings and foment quarrels on election day.

Plump, and short, and sleek was Mr. Hezekiah Diggs, the justice of the peace of Snagtown. Like many justices of the peace, he brought to the performance of his duties little native intelligence, and less acquired erudition; but what he lacked in brains he made up in brass. He was one of the foremost of the political gossipers of Snagtown, and had filled his present position for several years.

"Squire Diggs was hardly in what might be termed even moderate circumstances, though he and his family made great pretension in society. He was one of that rare class in Virginia—a poor man who had managed by some inexplicable means, to work his way into the better class of society. His wife, unlike himself, was tall, slender and sharp visaged. Like him, she was an incessant talker, and her gossip frequently caused trouble in the neighborhood. Scandal was seized on as a sweet morsel by the hungry Mrs. Diggs, and she never let pass an opportunity to spread it, like a pestilence, over the town.

They had one son, now about twelve years of age, the joy and pride of their hearts, and as he was capable of declaiming, "The boy stood on the burning deck," his proud father discovered in him the future orator of the county, and determined that Patrick Henry Diggs should study law and enter the field of politics. The boy, full of his father's conviction, and of a conceit all his own, felt within his soul a rising greatness which one day would make him the foremost man of the Nation. He did not object to his father's plan; he was willing to become either a statesman or a lawyer, but having read the life of Washington, he would have chosen to be a general, only that there were no redcoats to fight. Poor as Diggs' family was, they boasted that they associated only with the elite of Southern society.

"Squire Diggs had informed Mr. Tompkins that he and his family would pay him a visit on a certain day, as he wished to consult him on some political matters, and Mr. Tompkins and his hospitable lady, setting aside social differences, prepared to make their visitors welcome. On the appointed day they were driven up in their antiquated carriage, drawn by an old gray horse, and driven by a negro coachman older than either. Mose was the only slave that the Squire owned, and though sixty years of age he served the family faithfully, and with a uniform capacity. He walked up at the door of the mansion, and climbing on somewhat slowly, owing to age and rheumatism, he opened the carriage door and assisted the occupants to alight.

Though Mrs. Tompkins felt an unavoidable repugnance for the gossiping Mrs. Diggs, she was too sensible a hostess to treat an uninvited guest otherwise than cordially.

"I've been just dying to come and see you," said Mrs. Diggs, as soon as she had removed her wraps and taken her seat in an easy chair, with a bottle of smelling salts in her hand, and her gold-plated spectacles on her nose, "you have been having so many strange things happen here; and I told the Squire we must come over, for I thought the drive might do me good, and I wanted to hear all about the murder of your husband's brother's family, and see that strange baby and the crazy boy. Isn't it strange, though? Who could have committed that awful murder? Who put that baby on your piazza, and who is this crazy boy?"

Mrs. Tompkins arrested this stream of interrogatories by saying that it was all a mystery, and they had as yet been unable to find a clew. Baffled at the very outset in the chief object of her visit, Mrs. Diggs turned her thoughts at once into new channels, and, graciously overlooking Mrs. Tompkins' inability to gratify her curiosity, began to recount the news and gossip and small scandals of the neighborhood.

"Squire Diggs was in the midst of an animated conversation on his favorite theme, the politics of the day. The slavery question was just assuming prominence. Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, and others, had at times hinted at emancipation, while John Brown and Jared Clarkson, and a host of lesser lights, were making the Nation quake with the thunders of their eloquence from rostrum and pulpit. "Squire Diggs was bitter in his denunciations of the Northerners, believing that they intended "to take our niggers from us. He invariably emphasized the pronoun, and always spoke of niggers in the plural, as though he owned a hundred instead of one. "Squire Diggs was one of a class of people in the South known as the most bitter slavery men, the small slaveholders—a class that bewailed most loudly the freedom of the negro, because they had few to free. At dinner he said:

"Slavery is of divine origin, and all John Brown and Jared Clarkson can say will never convince the world otherwise."

"I sometimes think," said Mr. Tompkins, "that the country would be better off with the slaves all in Siberia."

"What? My dear sir, how could we exist?" cried Squire Diggs, his small eyes growing round with wonder. "If the slaves were taken from us, who would cultivate these vast fields?"

"Do it ourselves, or by hired help," answered the planter.

"My dear sir, the idea is impracticable," said the Squire, holly. "We cannot give up our slaves. Slavery is of divine origin. The niggers, descending from Ham, were cursed from the Bible. The Bible says so, and no nigger-loving Abolitionist need deny it."

"I believe my husband is an emancipationist," said Mrs. Tompkins, with a smile.

"I am," said Mr. Tompkins; "not so much for the slaves' good as for the masters'. Slavery is a curse to both white and black, and more to the white than to the black. The two races can never live together in harmony, and the sooner they are separated the better."

"How would you like to free them and leave them among us?" asked the Squire.

"That even would be better than to keep them among us in bondage."

"But Henry Clay, in his great speech on African colonization in the House of Representatives, says: 'Of all classes of our population, the most vicious is the free colored.' And, my dear sir, were this horde of blacks

turned loose upon us, without masters or overseers to keep them in restraint, our lives would not be safe for a day. Domineering niggers would be our masters. Would claim the right to vote and hold office. Imagine, my dear sir, an ignorant nigger holding an important office like that of justice of the peace. Consider for a moment, Mr. Tompkins, all the horrors which would be the natural result of a lazy, indolent race, incapable of earning their own living, unless urged by the lash, being turned loose to shift for themselves. Slavery is more a blessing to the slave than to the master. What was the condition of the negro in his native wilds? He was a ruthless savage, hunting and fighting, and eating fellow-beings captured in war. He knew no God, and worshipped snakes, the sun and moon, and everything he could not understand. Our slave-traders found him in this state of barbarism and misery. They brought him here, and taught him to till the soil, and trained him in the ways of peace, and led him to worship the true and living God. Our niggers now have food to eat and clothes to wear, when in their native country they were hungry and naked. They now drink back into their former state."

"A blessing may be made out of their bondage," replied Mr. Tompkins. "As Henry Clay said in the speech from which you have quoted, 'they will carry back to their native soil the rich fruits of religion, civilization, law and liberty. And may it not be one of the great designs of the Ruler of the universe (whose ways are often inscrutable by short-sighted mortals) thus to transform original crime into a legal blessing to the most unfortunate portions of the globe? But I fear we uphold slavery rather for our own mercenary advantages than as a blessing either to our country or to either race."

"Why, Mr. Tompkins, you are advocating Abolition doctrine," said Mrs. Diggs.

"I believe I am, and that abolition is right."

"Would you be willing to lose your own slaves to have the niggers freed?" asked the astonished Squire.

"I would willingly lose them to rid our country of a blighting curse."

"I would not," said Mrs. Tompkins, her Southern blood fired by the discussion. "My husband is a Northern man, and advocates principles that were instilled into his mind from infancy; but I oppose abolition from principle. Slaves should be treated well and made to know their place; but to let them free and ruin thousands of people in the South is the idea of fanaticism."

"I'm mamma's Democrat," said Oleah, who, seated at his mother's side, concluded it best to approve her remarks by proclaiming his own political creed.

"And I am papa's Whig," announced Abner, who was at his father's side.

"That's right, my son. You don't believe that people, because they are black, should be bought and sold and beaten like cattle, do you?" asked the father, looking down, half in jest and half in earnest, at his eldest born.

"No; set the negroes free, and Oleah and I will plow and drive wagons," he replied, quickly.

"You don't believe it's right to take people's property from them for nothing and leave people poor, do you, Oleah?" asked the mother, in laughing retort.

"No, I don't," replied the young Southern aristocrat.

"You are liable to have both political parties represented in your own family," said Squire Diggs. "Here's a difference of opinion already."

"Their differences will be easy to reconcile, for never did brothers love each other as these do," returned Mr. Tompkins, little dreaming that this difference of opinion was a breach that would widen, widen and widen, separating the loving brothers, and bringing untold misery to his peaceful home.

"What are you in favor of, Patrick Henry?" Mrs. Diggs asked, in her shrill, sharp tones, of her own hopeful son.

"I'm in favor of freedom and the Stars and Stripes," answered Patrick Henry, gnawing vigorously at the chicken bone he held in his hand.

"He's a patriot," exclaimed the Squire. "He talks of nothing so much as Revolutionary days and Revolutionary heroes. He has such a taste for military life that I'd send him to West Point, but his mother objects."

"Yes, I do object," put in the shrill-voiced, cadaverous Mrs. Diggs. "They don't take a child of mine to their strict military schools. Why, what if he was to get sick, away off there, and he here? I wouldn't stop day or night till I got there."

Dinner over, the party repaired to the parlor, and Squire Diggs asked his son to speak "one of his pieces" for the entertainment of the company.

"What piece shall I say?" asked Patrick Henry, as anxious to display his oratorical talents as his father was to have him.

"The piece that begins, 'I come not here to talk,'" said Mrs. Diggs, her sallow features lit up with a smile that showed the tips of her false teeth.

Several of the negroes, learning that a show of some kind was about to begin in the parlor, crowded about the room, peeping in at the doors and windows. Patrick Henry took his position in the centre of the room, struck a pompous attitude, standing high as his short legs would permit, and, brushing the hair from his forehead, bowed to his audience, and, in a high, loud monotone, began:

"I come not to talk. You know me well. The story of our triumph. We—we—"

He paused and bowed his head.

"We are slaves," prompted the mother, who was listening with eager interest. Mrs. Diggs had heard her son "say his piece" so often that she had learned it herself, and now served as prompter. Patrick Henry continued:

"We are slaves. The bright moon rises—"

"No, sun," interrupted his mother. "The bright sun rises in the East and lights a race of slaves. He sets—and the—last thing—"

The young orator was again off the track. "And his last beam falls on a slave," again the fond mother prompted.

By being frequently prompted, Patrick Henry managed to "speak his piece" through."

prevailed in the household of Mr. Tompkins, though his wife and himself were of totally different temperaments, and, on many subjects, held opposite opinions. He, with his cool Northern blood, was careful and deliberate, slow in drawing conclusions or forming a decision; but, once his stand was taken, firm as a rock. She had all the quick Southern impetuosity, that at times found rough expression, though her heart was as clear and her heart as warm as her husband's. Her prejudices were stronger than his, and her reason was more frequently awayed by them.

The great Missouri Compromise was supposed to have settled the question of slavery forever, and abolition was regarded only as the dream of visionary fanatics. Though a freeholder by birth and principle, circumstances had made Mr. Tompkins a slaveholder. He seldom expressed his sentiments to his Southern neighbors, knowing how rude their opinions were to their feelings; but when his opinions were asked for he always gave them freely. The movements on the political checker-board belong rather to history than to a narrative of individual lives, yet because of their effect on these lives, some of the most important must be mentioned. While the abolition party was yet in embryo, the Southern statesmen, or many of them, seeming to read the fate of slavery in the future, had declared that the Union of States was only a compact or co-partnership, which could be dissolved at the option of the contracting parties. This gave rise to the principle of States' rights and secession, and when the emancipation of the slaves was advocated, Southern politicians began to talk more and more of dissolution.

Not only in political assemblies was the subject discussed, but even in family circles, as we have seen. Mrs. Tompkins, of course, differed from her husband on the subject of "States' rights," as she did on almost every other subject. Her husband, on the other hand, many were their debates on the theme. Their little sons, observing their parents' interest in these questions, became concerned themselves, and, as was very natural, took sides. Abner was the Whig and Oleah his mother's Democrat. Still, love and harmony dwelt in that happy household, though the prophetic air might have heard in the distant future the rattle of musketry on that fair, quiet lawn, and the clash of brothers' swords in mortal combat beneath the roof which had sheltered their infancy.

Little did these fond parents dream of the deep root those seeds of political difference had taken in the breasts of their children, and the bitter fruit of misery and horror they would bear. Their lives now ran as quietly as a meadow brook. All the long summer days they played without an angry word or thought, or if either was hurt or grieved a kiss or a tender word would heal the wound.

The tragic fate of his brother's family, and his unavailing efforts to bring the murderers to justice, directed Mr. Tompkins' thoughts into new channels. The strange baby grew in strength and beauty every day. Its mysterious appearance among them continued to puzzle the family, and all their efforts failed to bring any light on the subject. The servant who was assigned the washing of the clothes the baby had on when found was charged by her mistress to look closely for marks and letters upon them. When her work was done, she came to Mrs. Tompkins' room, and that lady asked:

"Have you found anything, Hannah?"

"Yes, missus; here am a word writ some letters in it," the woman answered, holding up a little under-shirt and pointing to some faint lines.

Mrs. Tompkins took the garment, which, before being washed, had been so soiled that even more legible lines than these would have been undistinguishable; it was of the finest linen, and faintly, yet surely, was the word "Irene" traced with indelible ink.

"As soon as all the clothes had been washed and dried, bring them to me," said Mrs. Tompkins, hoping to find some other clew to the child's parentage.

"Yes, missus," and Hannah went back to her washing.

"Irene," repeated Mrs. Tompkins aloud, as she looked down on the baby, who was sitting on the rug, making things lively among a heap of toys Abner and Oleah had played before her.

The baby looked up and began crowing with delight.

"Oh, bless the darling; it knows its name!" cried Mrs. Tompkins. "Poor little thing, it has seldom heard it lately. Irene! Irene! Irene!"

The baby, laughing and shouting, reached out its arms to the lady, who caught it up and pressed it to her heart.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Oleah, running into the room, with his brother at his heels, "me and Abner have just been talking about what to call the baby. He wants to call it Tommy, and that's a boy's name, ain't it, mamma?"

"Of course it is—"

"And our baby is a girl, and must have a girl's name, mustn't it, mamma?"

"Yes,"

"I just said Tommy was a nice name; if our baby was a boy we'd call it Tommy," explained Abner.

"But the baby has a name—a real pretty name," said the mother.

"A name! a name! What is it?" the brother cried, cowering about, and setting the baby almost wild with delight.

"Her name is Irene," said Mrs. Tompkins.

"Oh, mamma, where did you get such a pretty name?" asked Abner.

"Who said it was Irene?" put in Oleah.

"I found it written on some of the clothes it wore the morning we found it," answered the mother.

"Then we will call it Irene," said Abner, decisively.

"Irene! Irene! Little Irene! ain't you awful sweet?" cried the impetuous Oleah, snatching the baby from his mother's arms and smothering its screams of delight with kisses. So enthusiastic was the little fellow that the baby was in peril, and his mother, spite of his protestations, took it from him. As soon as released, little Irene's feet and hands began to play, and she responded, with soft cooing and baby laughter, to all the boys' noisy demonstrations.

A youth, with large sad eyes and pale face, now entered the door.

was Daniel; but I remember this baby. It was one of the two taken by the cruel uncle and placed in a trough and put in the river. The river overflooded the banks and left the babes at the root of a tree; where the wolf found them, and taking compassion on the children, came every day and furnished them nourishment from his own breast."

"No, no," interrupted Abner, who, young as he was, knew something of Roman mythology. "You are talking about Romulus and Remus."

"Ah, yes," sighed the poor youth, striving in vain to gather up his wandering fancies, "but I have seen this child before. If it was not the one concealed among the bulrushes, then what can it be?"

"It's our baby," put in Oleah, "and it wasn't in no bulrushes; it was in the old-the-basket on the porch."

"It was a willow ark," said Joe; "its mother hid it there, for a decree had gone forth that all male children of the Israelites should be exterminated—"

"No; it was a willow basket," interrupted Oleah. "Its mother shan't have it again. It's our little baby. This baby ain't a liverite, and it shan't be exterminated, shall it, mamma?"

"No, dear; no one shall harm this baby," said Mrs. Tompkins.

"It's our baby, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, unless some one else comes for it who has a better right to it."

"Who could that be, mamma?"

"Perhaps its own father or mother might come—"

"They shan't have it if they do," cried Oleah, stamping his little foot resolutely on the floor.

Joe rose from the low chair on which he had been sitting, and went out, saying something about his father coming down into Egypt.

"Mamma," said Abner, when Joe had gone out, "what makes him say such strange things?" He says that he is Joseph, and that his brothers sold him into Egypt, and he calls papa the captain of the guard. He goes out into the fields and watches the negroes work, and says he is Potiphar's overseer, and must attend to his household."

"Poor boy, he is insane, my son," answered Mrs. Tompkins; "he is very unfortunate, and you must not tease him. Let him believe he is Joseph, for it will make him feel happier to have his delusion carried out by others."

"The other day, when we were playing in the barn, Joe and Oleah and me, I saw a great scare and sore place on poor Joe's head, just like some one had struck him. I asked him what did it, and he said he fell with his head on a sharp rock when his brothers threw him into the pit."

Oleah now was anxious to go back to his play, and dragged his brother out of the house to the lawn, leaving Mrs. Tompkins alone with the baby.

Several weeks after the baby and Crazy Joe became inmates at Mr. Tompkins' house, a man, dressed in tanned deer skin, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and heavy boots, came to the mansion. The autumn day was delightful; it was after the fall rains. The Indian summer haze hung over hill, and mountain, and valley, and the sun glowed with mellowed splendor. The stranger carried a rifle, from which a wild turkey was suspended, and wore the usual bullet-pouch and powder-horn of the hunter slung across his shoulder. He was tall and wiry, about thirty-five years of age, and to use his own expression, as "active as a cat and strong as a lion."

Daniel Martin, or "Uncle Dan," as he was more generally known, was a typical Virginia mountaineer, whose cabin was on the side of a mountain fifteen miles from Mr. Tompkins' plantation. He was noted for his bravery and his bluntness, and for the unerring aim of his rifle.

He was the friend of the rich and poor, and his little cabin frequently afforded shelter for the tourist or the sportsman. He was called "Uncle Dan" by all the younger people, simply because he would not allow himself to be called Mr. Martin; "no mister!" he would say; "I was never brought up to it, and I can't tote the load now." He persisted in being called "Uncle Dan," especially by the children. "It seems more home-like," he would say.

Why he had not wife and children to make his cabin "home-like" was frequently a theme for discussion among the gossips, and, as they could arrive at no other conclusion, they finally decided that he must have been crossed in love.

Mr. Tompkins, who chanced to be on the veranda, observed the hunter enter the gate, and met him with an extended hand and smile of welcome, saying:

"Good morning, Dan. It is so long since you have been here that your face is almost the face of a stranger."

"Ya-as, it's a most a coon's age, and an old cown at that, since I been on these grounds. How's all the folks?" he answered, grasping Mr. Tompkins' out-stretched hand.

"They are all well, and will be delighted to see you Dan. Come in."

"Ye see I brought a gobbler," said Dan, removing the turkey from his shoulder. "I thought maybe ye'd be wantin' some wild meat, and I killed one down on the creek afore I came."

Mr. Tompkins took the turkey, and calling a negro boy, bade him take it to the cook to be prepared for dinner. Then he conducted his guest to the veranda. Uncle Dan placed his long rifle and accoutrements in a far corner, and sat down by Mr. Tompkins.

"Wall, how's times about heah, any how, and how's politics?" he asked, as soon as seated.

The mountain air in America, as in Switzerland, seems to inspire those who breathe it with love of liberty. The dwellers on the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee were chiefly Abolitionists, who hated the slave-holder as free men do tyrants, and when the great struggle came on they remained loyal to the Government. As a rule, they were poor, but self-respecting, possessing a degree of intelligence far superior to that of most of the lower class of the South.

The secret of the friendship between the planter and the hunter was that both were at heart, opposed to human bondage, and though they seldom expressed their real sentiments, even when alone, each knew the other's feelings.

Before Mr. Tompkins could reply to the mountaineer's question, Abner and Oleah ran up to the veranda with shouts of joy and noisy demonstrations of welcome. Uncle Dan placed one on each knee, and for some time the boys claimed all his attention.

"Dinah found the baby in a clothes-basket," put in Abner.

"Oh, it's a nigger baby, is it?" asked Uncle Dan.

"No, no, no, it's a white baby—a white baby," both boys quickly replied.

"What do the children mean?" asked Uncle Dan, bewildered, looking from the boys to their mother.

"They mean just what they say," said Mr. Tompkins. "A baby was left at our door a short time ago in the clothes-basket by some unknown person."

"Don't you want to see it, Uncle Dan?" bluster Oleah eagerly asked.

"To be sure I do. I always liked babies; they are the perfection of innocence."

Before he had finished his sentence, Oleah had climbed down from his knee, and was scampering away toward the nursery. Abner was not more than two seconds in following him.

"Wall, now, see heah," said the hunter; "while them young rattletraps is gone, I'll tell you what all young folks. Hez wife was been increasin' yer family by leavin' babies a layin' around loose, or is it a big old some one has give the boys?"

"It's just as the boys say," Mr. Tompkins answered. "Some one did actually leave a baby about six months old on this porch, and no one knows who he was, where he came from, or where he went."

"That's mighty strange. How long ago was it?"

"About six weeks."

"Wall, now, ain't that strange? Have you any suspicion who done it?"

"Not the least."

"Wall, it is strange. Never saw no uz sneakin' about the house, like?"

"No one at all."

"Humph! Well, it's dog gone strange."

[FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.]

PADDY'S VISIT TO THE SHERBROOKE EXHIBITION.

Ye gentle folks throughout this nation, Of high and low and every station, Please listen to my dissertation, And I won't keep you long;

'Twas on the 12th day of September, That day I'm sure I'll long remember, When our Mayor and worthy member, Of honor and renown,

Prepared to give a grand reception, Deyan'd the depth of your conception, Mixed with a little deep deception, To the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Just as the train approached the station, The ladies, with an expectation, Pressed forward to their destination, But never spoke a word;

And rushing on with hurry, scurry, All flushed and all crush and worry, The snobocracy all in a flurry, Were presented to "My Lord."

There was hobnobbing, mobbing, bowing, scraping, The courtly fashions kind of aping, While the dunksy all stood gaping, And staring in amaze,

But when his Lordship reached the station, A muffled shout of exclamation, That raised some Irish indignation, Broke in upon the ear.

Then the grand old man gave a "roo!" As the Colonel shouted out "Salute!" But many an Irishman stood mute, His heart too sad to cheer.

Then were read long, high strung addresses, But bough was said about distresses, Or how the Irish poor he oppresses, In Erin's Emerald Isle.

To these his Lordship then replied, In a tone that told of his inborn pride, But, shame! some people said he lied, For his heart was full of guile.

But what he said I cannot tell, Nor recount the half of what befel, For I started to a grand hotel, To have a little "smile."

I had some with Jim, and John, and Mick, And some with a "strick," And we toasted "O' Old Nick," "With the fogs of Erin's Isle."

ERIN GO BRAGH.

THE GREAT YACHT RACE.

How the Thistle was Beaten Yesterday—She Can be Sold for a Certain Price.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The second attempt to sail the second race in the two of three match for the America cup was accomplished today.

The Thistle was beaten yesterday—she can be sold for a certain price. The victory of the Volunteer was not thoroughly admitted by the foreigners.

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challenge for the cup will surely come next year.

SCOTCHMEN DISAPPOINTED. GLASGOW, Sept. 30.—Scotchmen are greatly disappointed over the result of to-day's race.

GLASGOW, Sept. 30.—Scotchmen are greatly disappointed over the result of to-day's race. It is believed that if the race for the cup is again to be sailed in American waters, the Scotch yacht, to be successful, must have a centreboard.

YANKEE NOTIONS OF THE YACHT RACE. NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—The Herald says yesterday's race was one of the fairest and swiftest of contests.

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[FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.]

COERCION.

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CANADA GAZETTE NOTES.

OTTAWA, Sept. 30.—To-morrow's Canada Gazette will contain the following appointments: Frank Harper, of Maple Creek; Monaghan Baker, of Regina; and Walter Routledge, of Regina, to be inspectors of the North-West Mounted Police; John Burnett, of Calgary, to be assistant veterinary surgeon; and Louis Alphonse Pare, of Lachine, P.Q., to be assistant surgeon of the North-West Mounted Police.

OTTAWA, Sept. 30.—Thirteen infuriated Irishmen and Scotchmen, with a terrified book agent as prisoner, left the Queen this morning shortly after 8 o'clock. They occupied a wagon drawn by a team of strong horses, which made off in the direction of Shawville at a breakneck pace. The thirteen men and their victim disappeared from the gaze of the quiet residents of the Queen over a neighboring hill, with a chorus of curses and yells, mingled with appeals and wails from the prisoner.

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For The Post and True Witness:

I WEEP.

I weep! I know not why, I know not why I'm sad; If by-gone memories could but sleep, My lone heart might be glad;

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor— Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. It is simply the use of the 'Pneumonia Cure' which has been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address.

Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, BRANCH OFFICE: 37 Yonge St., Toronto 23-L

Extract from a French feuilleton:—"This blow was too much for the poor Count, whom so many enemies had broken down; he fell with his face upon the earth some instants after Domingo had finished his recital. When he arose he had ceased to live."

WHY LAURA LOST HER BEAU.

Laura once had an affluent beau, Who called twice a fortnight, or so, Now she sits, Sunday eve, All lonely to grieve, Oh, how she is regretting, And why did he leave Laura so?

Why, he saw that Laura was a languishing, delicate girl, subject to sick headaches, sensitive nerves and uncertain tempers; and knowing what a lifelong trial it would be, he transferred his attentions to her cheerful, healthy cousin, Ellen. The secret is that Laura's health and strength are sapped by chronic weakness, peculiar to her sex, which Ellen averts and avoids by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by the regular druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

They were speaking of a miser just deceased. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had," was the laconic answer of Fogg.

ONE OF GEN. FORREST'S OLD MEN LUCKY.

As announced, Mr. W. A. Barnhill, of this city, held one-tenth of ticket 21,156, that drew \$50,000 in the August drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and received his money—\$5,000—promptly from the First National Bank of this city. He is an old man, 55 years of age, and proposes to manage his fortune so as to live easy and contented the remainder of his life as possible. He served throughout the late war on Gen. N. B. Forrest's staff and made a good soldier. Persistent and patient investor of one dollar each month in the Louisiana State Lottery, and that the practice he has kept up so long, he proposes to continue.—Jackson, Tenn., Tribune and Sun, Aug. 28.

When lightning struck Baxter Vaughan, of Strother, Mo., it cut a hole like a bullet hole in his hat, ran around the rim, then down his back clear to his heels, tearing off in its entire course a narrow strip of skin, and yet Mr. Vaughan lives to tell his queer experience.

He ste green cucumbers; They made him quite sick; But he took a few 'Pellets,' And he cured him right quick. An easier physic You never will find Than Pierce's small "Pellets," The Purgative kind. Small but precious. 25 cents per vial.

Texas papers say that the Rio Grande is running so low that it is only ankle deep, and that it is expected to dry up altogether before winter. The prospect is contemplated with alarm by the fruit raisers and vineyardists of that part of the country.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. Dr. D. P. McClure, Rantoul, Ill., says: "I have successfully used it in diseases arising from a weak condition of the digestive apparatus."

Clement Baldwin was the son of wealthy parents in Ireland and was reared in luxury and riotous living. He squandered his money in various ways, and now in his old age works by the day on the grounds of Union College, Schenectady.

That "Tocin of the Soul, the Dinner Bell," as Byron calls it, suggests no pleasing reflections to the dyspeptic, bilious sufferer. He partakes of the food, but the subsequent torment of food he eats, which lies undigested, a weighty lead in his unhappy stomach. There is a remedy, however, and its name is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Vegetable Cure. No case is entirely hopeless.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of THE POST: Sir,—I think there could be no serious conflict of public opinion if the House of

THE TRUE WITNESS

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY The Post Printing & Publishing Co., AT THEIR OFFICE: 761 CRAIG ST., Montreal, Canada.

Subscription, per annum, \$1.50 paid strictly in advance. TO ADVERTISERS.

Unlimited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in THE TRUE WITNESS at 15c per line (agate), first insertion, 10c per line each subsequent insertion.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. Subscribers in the country should always give the name of their Post Office.

Remittances can be safely made by Registered Letter or Post Office. All remittances will be acknowledged by changing the date on the address label attached to paper.

The Post Printing & Publishing Co. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1887

All communications intended for the Editorial department of this paper must be addressed to Mr. Carroll Ryan, the editor, to secure attention. Business letters to the counting room.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has engaged a special train for his trip to the West and South. The journey will cover about 4,500 miles, and will cost \$10,000.

LITERARY MEN are sick of Ignatius Donnelly and his cypher. Let him and all the small scribblers study Hood's "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies" and stop their nonsense.

It is understood that the Thistle will not return to England after the race, but that Wm. Clarke, the thread man, of Newark, N.J., who is one of her owners, will buy out his partners and use the Thistle as a cruising yacht, for which she is luxuriously fitted.

COLUMNS of reasons why the Thistle was beaten have been published, when a few words would have covered the whole ground: the Volunteer couldn't wait. The Thistle got left in a wind of her own choosing.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL McLELLAN has been unseated in Colchester, N. B., for bribery by agents. The personal charges were not pressed.

BURNING are worse at the present writing than anything of the kind since 1870. The country is parched, and should a high wind come there is no telling what the extent of the disaster may be.

THE Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, in a letter which was read at the meeting in that city addressed by Mr. Labouchere, says an event such as that at Mitchelstown would never have happened in England, and could be easily prevented in Ireland.

A BRAVE defender of Lansdowne is in hiding. Can't that "pobleman" send men into the open, that we may see what he looks like? Anonymous blackguardism sent through the mail is the sort of heroism that ought to entitle the sender to a place on the staff of emergency men at Luggacurran.

WE were under the impression that there were enough specialists in medicine, but so high an authority as the Medical Record urges one more subdivision of the medical art. The followers of this new line, the Record suggests, should go by the name of "gastrologists."

By the Tyrone Constitution, just received, we observe that at an anti-coercion meeting, held in Omagh, which was attended by several prominent Protestants, the Omagh Catholic Band played the "Protestant Boys," as a compliment to the gentlemen who took part in the meeting.

On Thursday there arrived in the city a long wooden box consigned to the Secretary of State. At the department no advice regarding it had been received. It was opened and in it were found two flag poles with tattered ribbons of silk clinging to them.

The above is clipped from an Ottawa paper. What about the fourteen hundred Canadian boys who served with these shreds of silk sent neck to us in this contemptuous manner by the British War Office?

THE president of the Chamber of Commerce in London, in his annual address to that body, says that the currency and tariff arrangements

of the United States were in such a peculiar condition that France and Germany were living in apprehension of a monetary panic.

MR. PRESTON, candidate of the union labor party for secretary of state of New York, has resigned to allow John Swinton's name to be put at the head of the ticket.

PROF. FOSTER is a great statesman. He has succeeded in passing an Order-in-Council prohibiting the boys from fishing on Sunday.

Poor Boys! Poor Fish! Now let the giant intellect which presides over the Wales and the Marines—this new Neptune of ours with his chin whisker and goggles, issue another Order-in-Council that the fish must not bite on Sunday.

THE deputation of English Home Rulers now in Ireland to investigate for themselves is composed of able and prominent people. Amongst those who form the deputation are: Mrs. Anna Bateson, Mr. E. H. Pickersgill, M.P., Rev. J. S. Jones, Rev. T. J. Lawrence, Rev. Page Hopps, Messrs. Wilfred S. Blunt, Hugh F. Boyd, G. P. MacDonnell, E. J. C. Morton, W. Phillips, J. E. Thorold Rogers, J. Renwick Senger, W. H. Willis, C. Graham, M.P., and Conynbare, M.P.

WE can never sufficiently admire the genius that conceived the dyke. Perhaps we can raise some day to a conception of the wealth of confidence which made that astonishing work possible. It reminds us of the pyramids of Egypt; because it is nothing like them, but it serves the same purpose. It inspires that sort of awe which rises from incapacity to understand its meaning.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, editor of the North American Review, contributes an article to the current number of that publication entitled "The Race for Primacy," which is a careful, historical and statistical article, contrasting the relative progress made during the Victorian Era by the United Kingdom and the United States.

MR. HENRY GEORGE must have felt no little pride on reading of the adoption of his land nationalization doctrine by the Trades Union Congress at Swansea. The British artisan is ordinarily supposed to be a staid, sober, moderate citizen, with a desire to accept gradual reforms, but with a horror of any projects of a revolutionary tendency.

WINNIPEG is not the only city that has a railway war on hand at the present. Nashville, Tenn., is having a lively time under somewhat similar conditions, only the railway with which it is contending is owned by aliens.

CERTAIN Toronto women—we beg their pardon—Janes are petitioning for the privilege of exercising the franchise in political contests. They are making a sad mistake. The glory of women is in the family, for whom the deceptive allurements of politics have no charms.

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of the forum; and they will not be lost sight of. Man or woman out of place become stumbling blocks in the paths of progress, and bring confusion and distraction into the ranks of the workmen. We do not ask them to organize to declare for any party or to engage in political strife anywhere, but to have confidence in their teachings and principles and leave to the voters the responsibility of making their application.

HOW IS THIS?

An article has appeared in the evening Anonyma about Lesieur's lawyers. It accuses them of raising the National cry in that case; but it forgets entirely to notice that it was the Crown that raised the question of race in the selection of the jury.

OLD AND NEW.

Why do we look for new books, new papers and new authors? The instinct of the world is not wrong in this matter. Some of the old novels are among the best. Some of the old poets are unexcelled. But the new world has greater capacities than the old.

THE IRISH CONFLICT.

No material change has occurred either in England or in Ireland since the Mitchelstown butchery. Mr. O'Brien has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment after a so-called trial, which was a travesty of legal right and justice.

MR. O'Brien further defended himself on the ground that the eviction proceedings against the Kingston tenants were commenced on the eve of the passage of the Land Bill, and that thus an attempt was made to evade and defeat the purpose of the Land Act and to defraud the poor tenants.

MR. O'Brien then declared that he preferred, with John Hampton and George Washington, breaking an unconstitutional law, and disregarding authority tyrannically exercised, to obeying law as administered by Captain Plunkett and Standish O'Grady.

be no longer a crime to defend the homes and assert the liberties of the Irish people." Mr. O'Brien's speech and the manifest injustice and arbitrary tyranny of the magistrate who sentenced him have made a profound impression in England.

AMERICAN COMMERCE.

It appears from the statement just issued by the Board of Statistics at Washington that the exportation of American merchandise for the twelve months ending August 31 was greater by \$16,991,507 than the imports for the same period.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

While there is a great deal of commercial union discussion in the papers—much more than the ordinary reader can have any idea of—there is a great deal said on the opposition side.

THE LIBEL LAW.

Libel suits are threatened against two city papers for what they published concerning last Saturday's lacrosse match. Is it not time that the law of libel were amended in conformity with recent British legislation?

BEEF SUGAR.

It is to be hoped that the movement again revived in this province to manufacture beet root sugar may be attended with success. Now, when most of the products of the farm are abnormally low, is a good time for farmers to turn their attention to supplying the people with a purely agricultural production of food in universal use, now imported and costing to the domestic consumer as much as is received for all the breadstuffs exported from the country.

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in other vegetables than the sugar cane. This led to numerous experiments, supported at first by bounties and premiums, in the cultivation, improvement and development of the sugar beet, until now the latest returns make the actual production of beet sugar in Europe for 1887 2,580,000 tons of 2,210 pounds each.

A ROYAL BILL OF EXPENSE.

What a cruel response to "the bitter cry of outcast London" is the publication in the Radical press of England of the cost of royalty. Truth says that the supplementary estimates include an item of £80 for the hire of steamers conveying Royalties to and from the Continent, and in the Naval Estimates is a charge of £1,600 for the conveyance of the Queen and her household.

THE jubilee bill, however, is a startling exhibit of what John Bull pays for the luxury of royalty. It runs away up into the millions. Apart from that, the ordinary expenses are simply astonishing. It costs the people \$6,000,000 a year to sustain the palaces reserved for the Queen's special use.

MR. J. J. CURRAN, M.P.

Some time ago, before the animosities of the late general election had subsided, there appeared in The Herald an article in which Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P. for Montreal Centre, was alluded to as the enemy of Irish Home Rule and a co-religionist.

FLUNKIES AND COWARDS.

North and South, the organ of the Irish Protestant Nationalists, published at Dublin, in a recent issue contains an article on Irish flunkies which perfectly pulverizes a class of persons who have ever been a shame and disgrace to their country.

Among the many grievous wrongs that Ireland has suffered from England, the most of all, far surpassing persecution and confiscation, has been the degree to which she has succeeded in undermining and destroying the loyalty and patriotism which every man owes to the country that gave him birth.

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Mercier will find time to look into this matter and legislate in a direction so clearly in the public interest. But, should the law remain as it is, the press will find a way of its own out of the difficulty. The brains and conscience of the editorial room must be free or the press will perish.

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MR. WM. O'BRIEN'S LECTURE.

"The Lost Opportunities of the Irish Gentry."

(United Ireland, September 17.) An immense assemblage of people gathered in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, on Thursday night...

affections, of becoming their leaders, they spurned with insult and disdain. They were the aristocracy of the Volunteers...

mobility and rank is the best evidence of shame. When thoughts of this kind began to work and burn in the minds of the young men of Ireland...

turn to the old golden days of Ireland's greatness, when the land was the people's, when the chiefs were of the people's choice...

WITHOUT EQUAL. Wilson Montrose of Vienna, Ont., having used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in his family for summer complaints...

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle. CLASS D-Drawing Third Wednesday of every month...

ing themselves with the people, of winning their

that of the Irish race poverty is the best sign of

in our day, is, in fact, no new thing, but a re-

"There are breakers ahead," said a theatrical manager. "What makes you think so?" Because I see so many lighthouses

THE DEATH KNELL OF THE MACDONALD SEPARATIST PARTY SAID TO BE TOLLED.

Have you a Pain anywhere about you? USE PERRY DAVIS' "PAIN KILLER" and Get Instant Relief.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES COMMISSION.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—The last meeting of the Fisheries Commission...

THE SECRET CONSPIRACY.

I regard the Tory Government of Ireland this moment as simply a secret conspiracy of Castle and Cabinet...

IN BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—The papers here give currency to an extraordinary rumor to the effect that the Queen intends next year to visit India.

THE DEATH KNELL.

OF THE MACDONALD SEPARATIST PARTY SAID TO BE TOLLED. (SPECIAL TO THE POST.)

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