

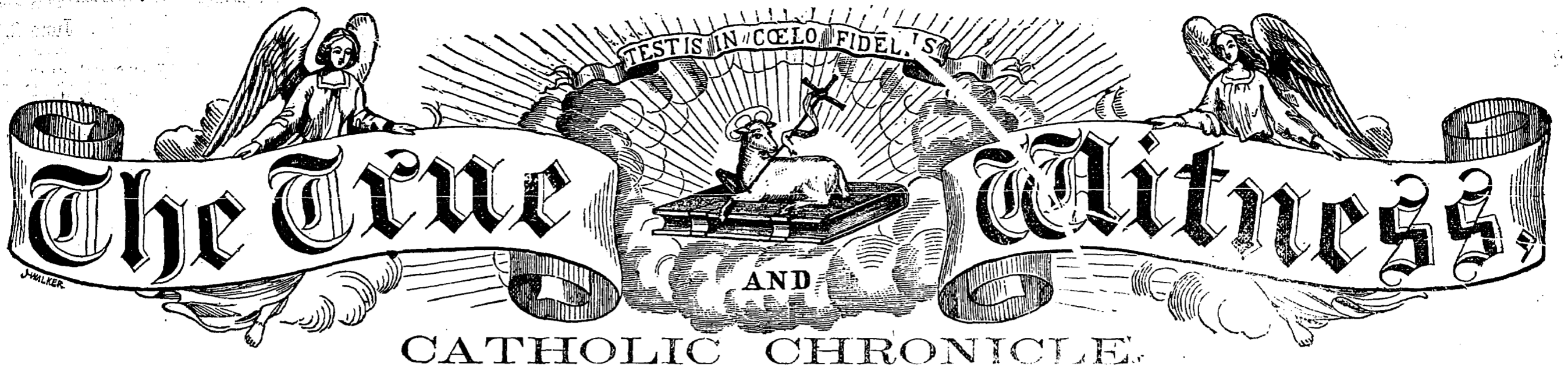
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# THE LAND WAR

## IN IRELAND!

### "NO SURRENDER!"

#### THE "TIMES" IS ANGRY!

##### WHOLESALE ARRESTS!

##### WHOLESALE EVICTIONS!

##### FORSTER'S SECRET CIRCULAR

##### Inciting the Constabulary to Make Arrests

##### ON SUSPICION!

##### THE PEOPLE DETERMINED

##### And Triumphant!

Three parishes in Donegal have been proclaimed under the Coercion Act, also one in Meath County. Galway is in a very disturbed state.

County constabulary officers and magistrates interviewed Forster to-day, when the state of their districts was fully discussed. An unusual number of detectives watched those entering the Land League offices on Tuesday. At a meeting of the Land League to-day Mr. Sexton strongly denounced the arrests of members of the Land League, and said that the Government in crushing the Land League, would lead to a serious situation.

The police conducting Kettle, the Land League organizer, to gaol, last night, were set upon by a mob who followed them some distance. One of the constabulary was thrown into the canal, but was rescued.

At a consultation of members of Parliament and others belonging to the Land League it was decided to replace Kettle as organizer forthwith. It was also decided that in event of suppression, the League should transfer its duties in Ireland to the Ladies' Land League, and if that was interfered with, to conduct organization through a Committee sitting at Holyhead.

Dillon has written to the Speaker of the House of Commons complaining of his detention and repudiating the accuracy of the remarks attributed to him in the recent speech of Forster. The letter will be laid before the House.

At a crowded meeting of the Land League of Great Britain in London last night, it was resolved to hold a demonstration against the Coercion Act in Hyde Park on Sunday.

Mr. Murray, a former resident of Leitrim County, has been arrested under the Coercion Act.

Another Cabinet Council has been called to consider the state of affairs in Ireland.

Dublin, May 31.—The most intense excitement prevailed at Clonmel to-day, where the sales of farms had been announced to take place. At early morning several hundred well-mounted and disciplined horsemen, wearing green sashes, proceeded by bands and followed by an immense procession of people, paraded through the town. All the streets leading to the Court House were lined with police and military, and all the shops and business places were closed. The sales passed off quietly and things went well until towards six o'clock, when a cry was raised that a local clergyman had been arrested. A shout went forth to rescue the priest. A rush was at once made on the police but was repelled. The riot Act was then read and the Hussars charged and re-charged the mob, who fired volley after volley of stones at the military inflicting upon many of them severe injuries. Several policemen and civilians were seriously injured. The injuries in the case of one or two of the Constabulary will, it is feared, prove fatal. The people afterwards gathered in the lower end of the town, where they were addressed by representatives of the League. No arrests had been made up to the evening.

The President of the Ballina Branch of the Land League has been arrested under the Coercion Act and taken to Kilmalsham gaol.

During the service of eviction writes on the islands along the coast of Donegal the assistance of the gunboat Goshawk was taken. The inhabitants attacked and destroyed the Goshawk's small boats when she opened fire upon them, but with what result is unknown. Accounts from Clonmel say the riot commenced when Goddard, the agent of the Emergency Committee, was leaving Court. He was received with groans and hisses. A priest was passing out of the building when the crowd made a rush to enter. A policeman, in the confusion, laid his hand on the priest's arm. At once the cry went up that Father Maher was arrested. The crowd then became fearfully excited, and the whole force of military and constabulary were concentrated before the Court House. Batties,

stones and brick-bats poured in on the police and soldiers. Slack, a Magistrate, threatened to read the Riot Act, and at that moment a policeman was knocked senseless at his side. Slack produced the Act. Several priests implored him not to read it as the consequences would be terrible. The stone throwing did not cease, and as Slack, after reading the Riot Act, pronounced the words "God save the Queen," a stone smashed the skull of another policeman beside him. The police charged the people with bayonets and the cavalry dashed into the crowd. A scene of frightful confusion followed. The charge of the cavalry down the street was so impetuous, that several horses and riders were dashed through shop windows. The air was filled with stones and bricks, and the shopkeepers who were endeavouring to put up their shutters were hurled to the ground and ridden over. Several Hussars were unhorsed by the crowd and trampled on by the horses of their comrades. The charges through the streets lasted half an hour. A portion of the crowd fled, while others faced the charging horsemen and battered in their helmets with stones. The Hussars used the flat of their swords freely, point and edge being forbidden, owing to the exertions of the priests, several of whom received hard knocks. The people were finally induced to disperse.

A Dublin correspondent says it is feared that there has been a sanguinary collision in the town of Scariff, Clare County. The Executive is convinced that more energetic measures are required as the people are inflamed to such a pitch and so demoralized by agitation that they are ripe for any mischief. They are flushed with partial success over both the civil and military power, and are becoming daily more daring. Soldiers and police are incensed not merely against the populace, but against the authorities, who will not permit them to defend themselves. There is some risk of this indignant feeling assuming a form dangerous to discipline, and may lead to an irrepressible outbreak of fury against the populace, or acts of retaliation upon the inhabitants of garrisoned districts.

The War Office has ordered the barracks at New Ross, now occupied by a troop of Hussars, to be fitted with port-holes for musketry.

A despatch from Ennis, County Clare, says it is rumored that six persons were shot dead at Tulla, near Ennis, by the police during a riot.

The London Times, in a leading article this morning, says:—"It is believed that the Irish Executive has strongly represented to the Cabinet the necessity of adopting measures for the suppression of the Land League. If the League is permitted to continue its work, it will bring the masses of the Irish people into physical conflict with the British Crown."

When the House of Commons, in Committee on the Land Bill began the consideration of the measure, 1,500 amendments were pending. The result of two sittings was to reduce this number by six. At this rate the House would have to sit 568 days to complete the Bill, but fresh amendments are being added daily. There were forty added on Monday.

Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at a Conservative demonstration in Manchester yesterday, said he thought there were not ten men in the House of Commons who believed in the Land Bill.

The London News says it is doubtful whether the powers of the Government, under the widest interpretation of the ingenuity of Crown lawyers could suggest, would give legal authority for a formal suppression of the Land League.

Dublin, June 2.—Every hour comes new rumors of trouble, and the public mind is agitated to a deplorable degree. The authorities at Dublin Castle are acting in a manner which shows that they are greatly alarmed, and that their acts tend to intensify public agitation. They are known to have issued instructions to the police to keep a list of all persons likely to commit crimes and report daily. The meaning of this is that the Coercion Act is to be stretched so as to enable the authorities to arrest not persons guilty of offences under it, but persons suspected.

James Flood, assistant secretary, of the Land League, and Henry Flood, member of the League at Kilbeg, have been arrested and lodged in jail.

London, June 2.—At a Cabinet Council to-day Mr. Forster, Secretary for Ireland, was the only member who was absent. He is detained in Dublin by reason of the alarming condition of affairs in that city and throughout Ireland. The Cabinet meeting was protracted to an unusual length, and is believed to have been of exceptional importance. Sir Henry James, Q.C., Attorney-General, who is not a member of the Cabinet, was sent for, and took part in the discussion on Irish affairs. It has leaked out that the members were greatly excited, and that a rupture was with difficulty prevented. Sir Henry James, it is reported, was sent for in order to ascertain whether in his opinion the Government could proceed to still more stringent measures in the enforcement of the Coercion bill. He is said to have replied that if the Government wished to suppress the Land League it should be prepared to imprison the whole population of Ireland.

Mr. MacSweeney, President of the branch Land League, has been arrested and lodged in Kilmalsham jail. He is an American citizen and intends to claim the protection of the American Government.

burgh Scotsman says:—"The statements that at the meeting of the Cabinet on Saturday last a proposal was made to suspend all public meetings in Ireland for six months and to suppress the Land League are unfounded."

The Manchester Guardian's London correspondent says:—"It is not in the least likely that the Government have determined to deal with the Land League as an illegal organization, but it is understood that communications have passed since the arrival in Dublin of Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, which go to show that the Government are determined not to delay using their power under the Coercion Act to crush intimidation. Mr. Forster will return to London in time to attend to-morrow's Cabinet meeting."

London, June 3.—There was a serious riot at Bodyke, County Clare, yesterday. Accounts from Ennis state that Lieut. John O'Callaghan and Dr. O'Callaghan accompanied by 80 police and the bailiff went to the village of Bodyke to serve writs on some of Colonel O'Callaghan's tenants. The people were gathered together by the ringing of the church bells and the blowing of horns. They assembled in thousands in the village and on the surrounding heights and attempted to impede the progress of the police force. The first collision took place at the entrance of the town. Six mounted policemen were ordered to charge the crowd which barred ingress to the village. In the charge one man was severely injured. From the threatening attitude of the people it was deemed advisable to send for reinforcements, and a mounted troop was despatched to Scariff for soldiers. The force charged there, consisting of forty men of the 64th Foot, were soon on the scene. In the meantime the bailiff and Colonel O'Callaghan went to the first house to be served, but a regular fusillade was opened on the party from the heights. Rev. Mr. Murphy, in running up the hill to implore the people to desist, had a narrow escape from being shot, a rifle bullet perforating his coat. Meanwhile the firing was continued, and the Riot Act having been read, the fire was returned by the police, who charged the people, and after a hot pursuit of half a mile, captured sixteen men. These, however, had managed to get rid of their guns. They were brought back handcuffed and marched in the midst of the police from house to house as the writs were served. This had the desired effect and no further obstruction was given to the police till they were returning home to Ennis. About ten o'clock at Fort Anbeg, within two miles of Tulla, the police got off the cars to walk up a steep-hill. At the turn of the road an armed party was lying in wait and immediately opened fire on the police from an adjoining wood. No less than 40 shots were fired in regular file firing order, the bullets whizzing over the heads of the police, fortunately doing no injury. The police briskly returned the fire, but with what effect is not known. About a quarter of a mile further on they were again fired on by another armed party from behind some hedges, and one of the horses in the car on which sat County Inspector Smith was shot dead. The police made a search through the fields and three men were arrested, but they had no arms. The tenant of Fort Anbeg was one of the party and his son and a servant. The others arrested were brought up at the Petty Session and remanded.

Dublin, June 3.—Alarming accounts continue to come in from all parts of Ireland. Yesterday a force of over 1,000 soldiers and police had to protect the bailiff who attempted to serve 60 orders on the estate of Capt. Maxwell Fox, near Tullamore. A large crowd assembled, and stones were thrown at the police. In each case the doors were removed from the houses and the entrances were blocked up with stones, but these were removed, and the processes were posted in conspicuous parts of the tenements.

One hundred police and two mounted orderlies of the 57th left Kilkenny for Clonmel to make seizures for rent. The cars, even those of private gentlemen, were forcibly seized for the conveyance of the bailiff, and the police were accommodated with ambulant wagons. Notwithstanding the threatened fines of £20, several car owners placed their horses out of reach, and consented some of the military had to walk 15 miles to the scene of action.

Last night a flying column left Highbridge terminus in a special train at 10 o'clock. The column consisted of engineers, artillery, infantry and cavalry, in all 300 men. A resident Magistrate acquainted with the country accompanied the expedition, its destination being New Pallas. The resident Magistrate received his instructions personally from Mr. Forster. The column on their arrival at New Pallas will proceed to Quinlan's Castle when the siege will be resumed, and the stronghold stormed if necessary.

David, since he has taken charge of the garden at Kilmalsham, has established friendly relations with the blackbird which nestles in one of the trees. The bird visits David daily, and comes at his call, perching fearfully on his shoulder or finger while pouring forth a flood of song. This companionship is the only solace of his imprisonment, as visits are only allowed every three months. These facts were related by the governor to Mrs. Sullivan, and has created a considerable sensation at Portland, where David was regarded as a terrible conspirator, and the incarceration of all that was evil and dangerous.

The flying column which left this city for New Pallas last night included 300 Coldstream Guards and 100 guardsmen of the Scots Fusiliers, with army service wagons, ambulance wagons and the army Hospital Corps. The whole force concentrating for operations at New Pallas, near Limerick, numbers over 1,000 men. A flying column at Fermoy is under orders to be ready to start at a moment's notice. Troops are even going from Cork to New Pallas.

# BISHOP CLEARY'S VISIT.

## He is Presented with an Address

### FROM PUPILS OF THE CONVENT.

(From the Peterborough Review.)

On Saturday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock, upon receipt of a kind invitation of the Mother Superior, a Review representative wended his way towards the convent and School of the Congregation de Notre Dame to witness the presentation of an address from the pupils to His Lordship Bishop Cleary, who, as is well known, is an enthusiast in the cause of education. Upon entering the room where the presentation was to take place, a magnificent scene, worthy of fairy land, met the eyes of the visitors. The folding doors between the rooms had been removed and tiers of seats artistically arranged, allowed all the pupils to be placed in positions where they could see and be seen. The younger children were all dressed in white, and the older pupils in black, all presenting a very handsome picture as viewed from the front. Those in the back tiers were elevated, and behind them was a background of white lace on a dark ground, and over the top on a circular scroll the motto, "God bless our Bishop." Over the arch dividing the rooms handsome painted scrolls with "Welcome" on each side were placed. On each side of the larger room were pretty banners, with mottoes such as "Erin go Bragh," "Joy reigns Supreme," "Respect and Love," "Dungarvan's Pride," and others very suitable and appropriate to the occasion, encircled with wreaths of roses, shamrocks, thistles and maple leaves, all showing that a master hand had been at work assisting in the preparations.

THE BISHOP'S ARRIVAL.

Soon after the appointed hour His Lordship, accompanied by Fathers Lynch, Kelly, and Cicolari, arrived and was at once escorted to the room, and took his seat on the platform, on either side of which were seated the Rev. J. W. R. Beck, Mayor Smith, Sheriff Hall and Messrs. T. Cahill, J. Garvey, W. Cluxton, B. Morrow, R. W. Erratt, H. Muncaster, John Moloney, Dr. O'Sullivan, F. Lynch, and representatives of the Examiner and Review. Upon the entry of the Bishop all present rose to their feet, all the children joining in an ode of welcome, the Misses Calcult and Lech presiding at the piano, and Miss A. Lech at the organ, the solos being sung by the Misses M. Tierney and Dunn. At the conclusion of the singing, which was really splendid, and showed the effect of exceedingly careful vocal training, little Miss Chamberlain presented his Lordship with a beautiful bouquet, which was graciously received and the donor thanked. Seven of the smallest pupils, all arrayed in white, bearing bouquets of flowers, and with golden crowns on their heads, stepped forward and recited an original ode of welcome, in which each sustained her part to perfection, leaving nothing undone or unsaid, and without betraying the least nervousness, showing again the great care that is bestowed upon the pupils by the Sisters. The Misses Morrow, Lemay, Harvey, White, Leonard, Curran and Grant, were the seven little ladies who acquitted themselves so well.

PRESENTING AN ADDRESS.

Miss M. Tierney, who had already distinguished herself by her excellent singing, in a loud and perfectly audible voice, addressed the Bishop in such a manner as to draw forth encomiums of praise from all who were present. The following is the address:—

To His Lordship Right Rev. JAMES VINCENT CLEARY, Bishop of Kingston:

My Lord.—With all the respect due to your high dignity, we bow before you. With all the love which nature has implanted in our young Irish hearts for a Prince of the Church of Christ, we approach your august person, to be blessed by your consecrated hand, to receive your paternal smiles, and to hearken to your heavenly words.

Welcome to our humble roof! Yes, a thousand times welcome! Since the dear feast of November, this salutation has been echoing along the shores of the St. Lawrence; carried by the gale over the vast ocean, it mingled with less joyful sounds at home. The adieu is over! O my Lord, if sad hearts have left you, warm hearts now greet you. Proud are we to say it, in no part of your immense diocese is the affection of Dungarvan better represented than in this little town of Peterborough. Our happiness is proportioned to the ardent desires by which you were asked of Heaven, O how we longed for the day which now beams upon us in all its richness and beauty!

With united and triumphant voices we sing the new canticle, and when words refuse to give expression to the feelings of our enraptured hearts, we like the minstrels of our Motherland, take up our harps and strike the air with the notes of our gratitude,—that the Father of Mercies has accepted our sacrifices,—that the vacant throne of sad memories is so worthily filled by a Bishop from Home. Ah, my Lord, this is the secret of the enthusiasm which fires the hearts of your new people. This is the link which binds you so closely to their affections. You come from Home,—from the dear spot, which from our earliest infancy, we have been taught to love and revere; from that Emerald Isle, rising in beauty and comeliness out of the ocean's wave; that home, which, like the eternal mansion, we know only by description, but which, to our young idea, is a reflection of the Heavenly Jerusalem. Island of

Saints! Haunt of the Blessed Mother! Our hearts are filled to overflowing as we salute to-day, your noble son, our Missionary Bishop from your Emerald bosom.

My Lord, may the flowers which strew your pathway never decay. May the sunbeams long shine on your labors among us. May you, like Ireland's Apostle, find, even in this land of frosts and snows, a people attentive to your words, docile to your holy counsels, and so faithful to grace from Heaven, that this new grain of mustard seed, which, from over the seas, you have come to cast into our Canadian soil, may strike deep root, and grow in strength and vigor, according to the desire of your great and generous heart.

CONGRATULATION OF NOTRE DAME, Peterborough, June 4th, 1881.

The Bishop, during the delivery of the address, sat uncovered, his benevolent face beaming with smiles, and at its conclusion bestowed his blessing on Miss Tierney, and immediately afterwards, in response to a most request from Miss Doherty, also graciously bestowed it on all the scholars.

His Lordship replied in a very happy mood the excellent wording of the address having evidently awakened pleasant memories. He returned thanks for the address, and said he had looked forward to his visit to Peterborough with a great deal of pleasure, as he was desirous of seeing not only the pastor and congregation, but also the convent. He was desirous of seeing the faces of the good children, and seeing how they were progressing in their studies. By presenting him with the beautiful bouquet they expressed their feelings towards him in a language dear to his heart. Each flower expressed a thought, and the large white lily on top, the symbol of purity, was the best of all. He was delighted to receive such a grand reception from such young children, pure and innocent of the ways of the world. He said that all knew that children did not form sentences; they simply echo the words of those over them; their hearts only reverberate the thoughts of those men who watch over them so carefully and so tenderly. He thanked the nuns and hoped they would be parents to those under their charge. He wished them to look over their charges with anxiety, sympathy, and motherly care, that they might by pure in spirit and models as they go out into the world. He asked the pupils to mind their teachers, and love them with all their hearts. They came not only to seek education and knowledge from the teachers, but they also came to have their hearts trained and their minds strengthened. They came to be prepared to go out into the world, and to make to walk on the earth as a place of defilement. He advised all to take as their model the Virgin Mary, the very highest type of womanhood. He told them to learn from their books and study diligently so that they might be prepared to hold their own in life's great struggle. Observe your good teachers, not only in the classes, but their characters, manners, self-sacrifice, labor, early hours, prayers, solicitude, meekness, and regularity of life. Open your eyes and learn what a pure Christian ought to be. Observe your department, actions and speech. St. John, of Christendom, said, "what wonderful women the Christians are," wonderful only for their modesty, demeanor, care, and their opposition to frivolities. Watch the sisters attentively. No scolding, only reproving you in whispers. No swagger in their walk, all female gentleness. All females should be gentle and tender of the noise of their own footsteps. Watch yourselves carefully, be examples to your parents, sisters, brothers, and neighbors. Lose not a day, reading is a grand accomplishment, and writing an elegant one, learn to keep accounts, learn dictation, learn geography, physical and general, but learn above all, the foundation of minds and consciences. He concluded by again returning thanks for the address and the flowers, and after being introduced to the visitors present, withdrew, the Misses Lynch and Lech presiding at the musical instruments. All the visitors expressed surprise at the precocity and aptitude shown by the pupils, without exception, and although all had prepared themselves for a rich treat, everyone agreed that the hour or two spent in the convent were among the most pleasant they had ever spent.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES.

His Lordship the Bishop celebrated Mass at 7 a.m. on Sunday, when quite a number were present. At 10 a.m. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kelly, the Bishop's Secretary, at which the Bishop presided in Pontifical robes, the large church being densely crowded. The musical portion of the service, consisting of Millard's Mass, was very fine, the solos being sung by Messrs. M. Tierney, W. Ball, J. Coughlan, and Misses L. Begley and M. Dunn, and duets by Mr. Ball and Miss Dunn. Miss M. Lauder presided at the organ, playing the accompaniments in her usual excellent manner. The services being concluded, from his seat on the altar His Lordship the Bishop commenced his address. He came among them to make a pastoral visitation. He did it in the name of the Vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter. He was sent here to look after all, to fulfil the command, to take charge of the whole flock. There was a great trust committed to him, the trust of souls, a solemn and responsible trust. He had to answer, for each soul, if any were lost, on the last day. He had to see that the relations between priest and people are properly discharged. These obligations commence at birth and continue to the grave. Never shall any child see the face of God unless that child be born again. Christ said unless a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Born of the Spirit in water—water purified, sanctified, and vivified by the same Divine Spirit that created all things in the beginning by his breath. This new life is a higher one, and a supernatural one, the child being transformed from the child of Adam to the child of God. The child born again has another life to lead, not to terminate in a few

[Concluded on Fifth Page.]

FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESSES.]

# AN INDICTMENT.

You bid us love your Saxon Queen,  
And chant her praises vocal,  
You vain would make our Irish hearts,  
Throb in our bosoms loyal.

You speak of "England's glorious realm,"  
And "England's Queen, God bless her!"  
And we—we hate your British yoke,  
And Ireland's Crowned Oppressor.

There brothers do not whine of the home,  
An exile's fate has brought him,  
Who blames not England for the woes,  
Her cruel laws have wrought him.

The prison cell, the convict ship,  
The scullion's gait and gory,  
The chained serfs in Dartmoor's dens,  
Each tells its own sad story.

A foulful tale of shame and wrong,  
Of noble hearts crushed under  
The iron heel of Saxon churl,  
Of fond ones torn asunder.

It tells the tale of martyr's woes,  
Of warm young life laid waste,  
Of men who found a "traitors' grave,"  
Ere yet life's sweets were tasted.

Each blood-stained page reminds us all,  
That Irish hearts must never  
Love England, and her Queen,  
But hate them both for ever.

MAY 23rd, 1881. MARIE

# IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

## Dillon's Letter to the Speaker.

### THE FORTUNE BAY DISPUTE.

London, May 31.—The House of Commons, in Committee on the Land Bill, rejected by 243 to 14 the amendment of Ramsay, Liberal, limiting the right of free sale to tenancies below £30.

Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, stated that the investigation of the charges relative to emigrant ships, published by Miss O'Brien, were incorrect.

London, June 2.—Sir C. Dilke, confirming the announcement of the settlement of the Fortune Bay dispute, added that it had been also agreed to arrange the relative fishery regulations. He said negotiations regarding fishery regulations would be greatly facilitated by the presence of the Premier of Newfoundland, who is now in England, and it was hoped that, after due notice was given to Newfoundland fishermen with regard to the rights of American fishermen, there would be no more collisions.

Mr. Gladstone said there was no foundation whatever for the statement that the Irish Executive represented to the Cabinet the necessity for suppressing the Land League.

Mr. Gladstone said the report of an affray between the inhabitants of the islands off the coast of Donegal and the crew of the gunboat "Goshawk" was untrue.

The Parnellites have decided that throughout the Committee stage of the Land Bill they will not participate in the debate, except on amendments of their own party, or where Gladstone is being forced to lessen the advantage of the bill. After the rejection or withdrawal of a number of amendments, progress was reported.

London, June 3.—While putting a question to a Minister, Mr. O'Connor was called to order for using the word "mendacious."

Mr. O'Kelly thereupon applied the epithet "calumnious and lying" to several members of the House, and his suspension for the remainder of the sitting was moved by Mr. Gladstone, and carried by 100 to 14. Mr. O'Kelly withdrew quietly.

Mr. Parnell gave notice that he would call attention on Friday to the circumstance of the suspension of Mr. O'Kelly.

On the motion of Mr. Gladstone to take recess until the 13th inst., the Conservative members raised a heated discussion on the state of Ireland.

Sir V. Harcourt, replying to an attack by Sir S. Northcote, denied the charges of concealment and lack of information, and accused Sir S. Northcote of desiring to embarrass the Government by causing alarm and adding to the difficulties of the grave circumstances already existing.

Mr. Gladstone said vigorous steps were adopted by the Irish Executive yesterday for dealing with resistance to law, including that at the Castle near New Pallas.

Sir S. Northcote said the statement was not reassuring. Mr. Forster's absence must of itself be said to cause anxiety. Mr. Gladstone's motion to take recess was agreed to. The statement which Mr. O'Connor to-day termed "mendacious" was one used in a question by Earl Tottenham (Conservative), member for Leitrim, attributing the murders in Galway to the action of the Land League. The whole proceedings in the House showed a growing friction between the Government and the Irish members. Mr. Parnell defended his advice to withhold unjust rents, and said Mr. Forster, in not restraining landlords, had violated the solemn pledges of the Government, and thrown its whole weight on the side of the landlords, but the tenants would continue to fight the question of rents, and he believed they would win even against bayonets and police. Mr. Dillon's letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, from Kilmalsham Gaol, is officially published. Mr. Dillon inquires whether the question of privilege does not arise on his arrest, and says Mr. Forster read an inaccurate report of his speech. He declares it did not afford justification for his arrest. The Speaker replies that, as Mr. Dillon's letter did not relate to a matter of privilege, he had not thought it necessary to lay it before the House.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Which he should have been undressed and tucked away for the night half an hour ago, bless him, she remarked; "but I could not make up my mind to face my lady after that row. Poor thing! It does seem hard how she can't be mistress in her own house. It is a pity Sir Victor can't turn Turk and marry 'em both, since he can't bear to part with neither."

Mrs. Pool made her exit and wended her way to the nursery. She tapped at the door—there was no reply—she opened it and went in—my lady has quitted it, no doubt. No—to her surprise my lady was still there. The window still stood wide open, the white, piercing moonlight streamed in. An arm-chair stood near this window, and lying back in this arm-chair was my lady, fast asleep. Fast asleep. Jane Pool tiptoed over to make sure. She was pale as the moonlight itself. Her lips quivered as she slept like the lips of a hurt child, her eyelashes were yet wet with tears. Sitting there alone she had cried herself to sleep.

"Poor thing!" Jane Pool said again. She was so young, so pretty, so gentle, that all the household loved her. "Poor dear thing! I say it's a burning shame for Sir Victor, so fond as he is of her too, to let Miss Inez torment her. I wouldn't stand her hairs and her laughlines, her temper and her tongue; no, not to be ten baronets' ladies, ten times over!" In his pretty blue silk, white lace, and carved rosewood nest, Master Victor lay still, sleeping also. Mrs. Pool folded a shawl around her lady's shoulders, lifted back with one awakening him, and stole softly out. The night nursery was an upper room. Jane Pool carried him up, disrobed him, fed him, and tucked him up for the night. He fell asleep almost instantly. She summoned the under nurse—maid to remain with him, and went back to the lower regions. Half an hour had passed since she left; it struck the half hour after eight as she descended the stairs. "I'm sore afraid my lady will catch cold sleeping in the night air. I do think now I ought to go in and wake her."

While she stood hesitating before it, the door opened suddenly and Miss Catheron came out. She was very pale. Jane Pool was struck by it, and the scarlet shawl she wore, twisted around her, made her face look almost ghastly in the lamplight. "You here?" she said, in her haughty way. "What do you want; where is baby?" "Baby's asleep, miss, for the night," Jane answered, with a stiff little curtsy; "and what I'm here for, is to wake my lady. Sleeping in a draught cannot be good for anybody. But perhaps she is awake." "You will let my lady alone," said Miss Catheron sharply, "and attend to your nursery. She is asleep still. It is not your place to disturb her. Go!" "Drat her!" Nurse Pool exclaimed inwardly, obeying, however; "she's that naughty and that stuck up, that she thinks we're the dirt under her feet. I only hope she'll be sent packing to-morrow, but I have my doubts. Sir Victor's afraid of her—anybody can see that with half an eye."

thing very terrifying. Only the solemn moonlight, only the motionless little figure in the arm-chair. And yet a great awe holds them back. Does death—does murder stand goblin in their midst? "Let us go in, in the name of Providence," says Mr. Hooper, a tremble in his voice; "it can't be what she says. O, good, Lord, no!" They go forward on tiptoe, as if afraid of awakening that quiet sleeper whom on the last trump will ever wake now. They tend over her, holding their breath. Yes, there it is—the blood that is soaking her dress, dripping horribly on the carpet—oozing slowly from that cruel wound.

A gasping inarticulate sort of groan comes heavily from every lip. Old Hooper takes her wrist between his shaking fingers. Still—still—still—ready, with the awful chill of death. In the crystal light of the moon till sweet young face had never looked fairer, calmer, more peaceful than now. The old butler straightens himself up, ashen gray. "It's too true," he says, with a sort of sob. "O, Lord, have mercy on us—it's too true! She's dead! She's murdered!" He drops the wrist he holds; the little jewelled, dead hand falls limp and heavy. He puts his own hands over his face and sobs aloud. "Who will tell Sir Victor? O my master! my dear young master!" No one speaks—a spell of great horror has fallen upon them. Murdered in their midst, in their peaceful household—they cannot comprehend it. At last— "Where is Miss Catheron?" asks a sombre voice. No one knows who speaks; no one seems to care; no one dares reply. "Where is Inez Catheron?" the voice says again. Something in the tone, something in the ghastly silence that follows seems to arouse the butler. Since his tenth year he has been in the service of the Catherons—his father before him was butler in this house. Their honor is his. He stares angrily round now. "Who was that?" he demands. "Of course Miss Inez knows nothing of this." No one had accused her, but he is unconsciously defending her already. "She must be told at once," he says. "I'll go and tell her myself. Edwards, draw the curtains, will you, and light the candles."

He leaves the room. The valet mechanically does as he is bid—the curtains are drawn, the waxlights illumine the apartment. No one else stirs. The soft, abundant light falls down upon that tranquil, marble face—upon that most awful stain of blood. The butler goes straight up to his lady's room. Wayward, passionate, proud Miss Inez may be, but she is very dear to him. He has carried her in his arms many a time, a little laughing, black-eyed child. A vague, sickening fear fills him now. "She hated my lady," he thinks, in a dazed, helpless sort of way: "everybody knows that. What will she say when she hears this?" He knocks; there is no reply. He knocks again and calls huskily; "Miss Inez are you there? For the dear Lord's sake open the door!" "Come in!" a voice answers. He cannot tell whether it is Miss Inez or not. He opens the door and enters. This room is unlit too—the shine of the moon fills it as it fills that other room below. Here too a solitary figure sits, crouches rather near the window in a strange, distorted attitude of pain. He knows the following black hair, the scarlet wrap—he cannot see her face she does not look round. "Miss Inez!"—his voice shakes—(I bring you bad news, awful news. Don't be shocked—but—a murder has been done.) There is no answer. If she hears him she does not heed. She just sits still and looks out into the night. "Miss Inez! you hear me?" He comes a little nearer—he tries to see her face. "You hear me?" he repeats. The words drop like ice from her lips. One hand is clutching the arm of her chair—her wide-open black eyes never turn from the night scene. "My lady is dead—cruelly murdered. O, Miss Inez! do you hear?—murdered! What is to be done?" She does not answer. Her lips move, but no word comes. An awful fear begins to fill the faithful servant's heart. "Miss Inez!" he cries out, "you must come—they are waiting for you below. There is no one here but you—Sir Victor is away. Sir Victor!" His voice breaks; he takes out his handkerchief and sobs like a child. "My dear young master! He loved the very ground she walked on. Oh, who is to tell him this?" She rises slowly now, like one who is cramped, and stiff, and cold. She looks at the old man. In her eyes there is a blind, dazed sort of horror—on her face there is a ghastliness no words can describe. "Who is to tell Sir Victor?" the butler repeats. It will kill him—the horror of it. So pretty and so young—so sweet and so good. Oh, how could they do it—how could they do it?

She tries to speak once more—it seems as though her white lips cannot shape the words. Old Hooper looks up at her piteously. "Tell us what is to be done, Miss Inez," he implores; "you are mistress here now." She shrinks as if he had struck her. "Shall we send for Sir Victor first?" "Yes," she says, in a sort of whisper, "send for Sir Victor first." The voice in which she speaks is not the voice of Inez Catheron. The butler looks at her, that great fear in his eyes. "You haven't seen her, Miss Inez," he says. "It is a fearful sight—but—will you come down?" He almost dreads a refusal, but she does not refuse. "I will go down," she answers, and turns at once to go. The servants stand huddled together in the centre of the room. It lies there, in its dreadful quiet, before them. Every eye turns darkly upon Miss Catheron as she comes in. She never sees them. She advances like a sleep-walker, that dazed, dumb horror still in her eyes, the whiteness of death on her face. She walks over and looks down upon the dead mistress of Catheron Royals. No change comes over her—she softens neither into pity nor tears. So long she stands there, frigid, she looks, so threatening are the eyes that watch her, that Hooper interposes his portly figure between her and them. "Miss Inez," he says, "will you please give your orders? Shall I send for Sir Victor at once, or—?" "Yes, send for Sir Victor at once." She arouses herself to say it. "And I think you had better send to Chesholm for a doctor and—the police!" "The police?"

Something of her old calm, stately haughtiness returns as she speaks. "This room must be cleared. Let on one touch her," she shudders and looks away, "until Sir Victor comes. Ellen, Pool, Hooper, you three had better remain to watch Edwards, mount the fastest horse in the stable, and ride to Powys-place for your life." "Yes, miss," Edwards answers, in a low voice; and please, miss, am I to tell Sir Victor?" She hesitates a moment—her face changes, her voice shakes a little for the first time. "Yes," she answers faintly, "tell him."

Edwards leaves the room. She turns to another of the men servants: "You will ride to Chesholm and fetch Dr. Dane. On your way stop at the police station and apprise them. The rest of you, go. Jane Pool, where is the baby?" "Upstairs in the night nursery," Jane Pool answers sullenly. "And crying, too—I hear him. Handpah," to the under nurse, "go up and remain with him. I am going to my own room. When," she pauses a second and speaks with an effort, "when Sir Victor comes, you will receive your further orders from him. I can do nothing more."

She left the room. Jane Pool looked ominously after her. "No," she said, between her set lips; "you have done enough." "Oh, Jane, hush!" Ellen whispers in terror. There has still been no direct accusation, but they understand each other perfectly. "When the time comes to speak, you'll see whether I'll hush," retorts Jane. "What was she doing in this room fifteen minutes before you found my lady dead? Why wouldn't she let me in? Why did she tell me a lie! What made her say my lady was still asleep? Asleep. Oh, poor soul, to think of her being murdered here, while we were all enjoying ourselves below. And if I hadn't took away the baby, it's my opinion it would have been—"

"Oh, Jane!" "Oh, Jane," as much as you please, it's the gospel truth. Them that killed the mother hated the child. When the time comes I'll speak, if she was twice the lady she is, Ellen!" "Lord!" Ellen cried with a nervous jump, "don't speak so jorky, Mrs. Pool. You make my blood a mask of ice." "What is it?" "Ellen," Jane Pool said, solemnly, "where is the dagger?" "The furrin dagger with the gold handle and the big ruby set in it, that my lady used as a paper knife. I'll take my oath I saw it lying on the table there, shining in the moonlight, when I took away baby. Where is it now?" The dagger the nurse spoke of, was a curious Eastern knife, that had belonged to Sir Victor's mother. It had a long keen steel blade, a slim handle of wrought gold set with a large ruby. Sir Victor's wife had a fancy to the pretty Syrian toy, and converted it into a paper knife. "I saw it on that table when I took away baby," Jane said compressing her lips; "it would do it. Where is it now?" "Gone," Ellen answered. "O, Jane, do you think—"

There is no mistake? It seems too unnatural, too impossible to believe. "There is no mistake, my lady," the man answered, sadly. "I saw her myself, the blood flowing where they had stabbed her; cold and dead." Lady Helena wrung her hands and turned away. "Ride for your life after your master!" she said. "I will follow you as soon as I can." She went back to her husband's side. He was no worse—he seemed, if anything, better. She might leave him in her housekeeper's charge until morning. She ordered the carriage and rapidly changed her dress. It was about one o'clock in the morning when she reached Catheron Royals. The tall turrets were silvered in the moonlight, the windows sparkled in the crystal light. The sweet beauty and peace of the September night lay like a benediction over the earth. And amid all the silence and sweetness, a foul, a most horrible murder had been done.

She encountered Mrs. Marsh, the housekeeper in the hall, her face pale, her eyes red with weeping. Some dim hope that up to this time had upheld her, that after all, there might be a mistake, died out then. "Oh, Marsh," she said, pitiously, "is it true?" Mrs. Marsh's answer was a fresh burst of tears. Like all the rest of the household, the gentle ways, the sweet face, and soft voice of Sir Victor's wife had won her heart from the first. "It is too true my lady—the Lord have mercy upon us all. It seems too horrid for belief, but it is true. As she lay asleep there, four hours ago, in her own house, surrounded by her own servants, some monster in human form stabbed her through the heart—through the heart, my lady—Dr. Dane says one blow did it, and that death must have been instantaneous. So young, so sweet, and so lovely. Oh, how could they do it—how could anyone do it!" Mrs. Marsh's sobs grew hysterical. Lady Helena's own tears were flowing. "I feel as though I were guilty in some way myself," the housekeeper went on. "If we had only woken her up, or fastened the window, or anything! I know the monster whoever he was, got in through the window. And, oh, my lady!—Mrs. Marsh wiped her eyes suddenly, and lowered her voice to an excited whisper—"I wish you would speak to Jane Pool, the nurse. She doesn't dare say anything out openly, but the looks she gives, and the hints she drops, are almost worse than the murder itself. You can see as clear as day that she suspects—Miss Inez."

"Marsh!" Great Heaven! Lady Helena cried, recoiling in horror. "Miss Inez!" "Oh, my lady, I don't say it—I don't think it—Heaven forbid—it's only that wicked, spiteful nurse, Pool. She hates Miss Inez—she has hated her from the first—and she loved my lady. Ah! who could help being fond of her—poor, lovely young lady—with a sweet smile and pleasant word for every one in the house? And you know Miss Inez's high, haughty way. Jane Pool hates her, and will do her mischief if she can. A word from you might check her. No one knows the harm a babbling tongue may do."

"I shall not say one word to her, Marsh. Jane Pool can do my niece no harm. The bare repetition of it is an insult. Miss Catheron—that I should have to say such a thing—is above suspicion."

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counterpane, and pointed to that one dark, small stab on the left side. "Look!" he said, in a shrill, wailing voice, "through the heart—through the heart! She did not—no—no—she doctors say—that, through the heart as she slept. Oh, my love, my darling, my wife!" He kissed the wound—he kissed the hands, the face, the hair. Then with a long, low moan of utter desolation, he drew back the covering and buried his face in it. "Leave me alone," he said, despairingly; "I will not go—I will never go from her again. She was mine in life—mine only. Juan Catheron had; she is mine in death. My wife—my Ethel!"

He started up as suddenly as he had flung himself down, his ghastly face flaming dark red. "Leave me alone, I tell you! Why do you all come here? I will not go! Leave me, I command you—I am master here!" She shrank from him in absolute physical terror. Never over-strong at any time, her worst fears were indeed true—the shock of his wife's tragic death was turning Sir Victor's brain. There was nothing to be done—nothing to be said—he must be obeyed—must be soothed. "Dear Victor," she said, "I will go. Don't be hard with poor Aunt Helena. There is no one in all this world as sorry for you as I am. Only tell me this before I leave you—shall we not send for her father and mother?" "No," he answered, in the same fierce tone; "they can't bring her back to life—no one can now. I don't want them. I want nobody. Ethel is mine, I tell you—mine alone!"

He motioned her imperiously to leave him—a light in his eyes—a flush on his face there was no mistaking. She went at once. How was it all to end she wondered, more and more sick at heart—this mysterious murder, this suspicion against Inez, this dreadful overthrow of her nephews' mind? "May Heaven help us!" she cried. "What have we done that this awful trouble should come upon us?" "Aunt Helena!" She looked round with a little cry, all her nerves trembling and unstrung. Inez stood before her—Inez, with dark, resolute eyes, and stony face. "I have been waiting for you—they told me you were there." She pointed with a shudder to the door. "What are we to do?" "Don't ask me," Lady Helena answered, helplessly. "I don't know. I feel stunned and stupid with all these horrors."

"The police are here," Miss Catheron went on, "and the coroner has been apprised. I suppose they will hold an inquest to-morrow." Her aunt looked at her in surprise. The calm, cold tone of her voice grated on her sick heart. "Have you seen him?" she asked almost in a whisper. "Inez—I fear—I fear it is turning his brain." Miss Catheron's short scornful upper lip curled with the old look of contempt. "The Catheron brain was never noted for its strength. I shall not be surprised at all. Poor wretch!" She turned and looked out into the darkness. "It does seem hard on him."

...hears him softly talking to the dead, and once—oh, pitiful Heaven!—she hears a low, blood-chilling laugh... She opens the door and goes in... He is kneeling beside the bed, holding the stark figure in his arms, urging her to get up and dress.

"It is a lovely night, Ethel," he says; "the moon is shining, and you know, you like to walk out in moonlight nights. Do you remember, love, those nights at Margate when we walked together first on the sands? Ah we walked together first on the sands, still, then you never lay like this, cold and still, then you get up, Ethel!" (pattingly thus.) "I am dead, you have slept long enough."

"Horror struck Lady Helena when she saw the figure in the bed. She cried out, 'Victor, Victor!' she cries, 'for the love of heaven put her down. Come away. Don't you know she is dead!'"

"Lifts his dim eyes to her face, blind with the misery of a dumb animal. 'Dead!' he whispers. 'Then with a low moaning gasp, he falls back in her arms, fainting wholly away. Her cries bring aid—they lift him and carry him up to his room, undress and place him in bed. The family physician is summoned in—feels his pulse, hears what Lady Helena has to say, and looks very grave. The shock has been too much for a not over strong body or mind. Sir Victor is in imminent danger of brain fever.'

The night shuts down. A messenger comes to Lady Helena saying the squire is much better, and she makes up her mind to remain all night. Inez comes, pale and calm, and also takes her place by the stricken man's bedside, a great sadness and pity for the first time on her face. The White Room is locked on her face. Lady Helena keeps the key—one pale light burns dimly in its glittering vastness. About the night closes in blackness over the doomed house, one of the policemen comes in haste to Superintendent Ferrick, triumph in his face. He has found the dagger. Mr. Ferrick opens his eyes rather—it is more than he expected. 'A bungler,' he matters, 'whoever did it, Jones, whose did you find this?'

Near the entrance gate there is a wilderness of fern, or bracken, as high as your waist. Hidden in the midst of this unlikely place Jones has found the dagger. It looks as if the party, going down the avenue had flung it there. 'Bungler,' Superintendent Ferrick says again. 'It's bad enough to be a murderer without being a fool.'

He takes the dagger. No doubt about the work it has done. It is crusted with blood—dry, dark, and clotted up to the hilt. A strong sure hand had certainly done the deed. For the first time the thought strikes him—could a woman's hand strike that one strong, deadly blow? Miss Catherine is a fragile-looking young lady, with a waist he could span, slim little fingers, and a delicate wrist. Could she strike this blow! It is quite evident only one has been struck.

'And besides,' says Superintendent Ferrick, argumentatively to himself, 'it's fifteen minutes fast walking from the house to the gate, fifteen minutes only elapse between the time Nurse Pool sees her come out of the nursery and Miss Ellen finds her mistress murdered. And I'll be sworn, she hasn't been out of the house to-day. All last night they say she kept herself shut up in her room. Suppose she wasn't—suppose she went out last night and tried to hide it, is it likely—come I say! Is it likely, she would take and throw it right in the very spot, where it was sure to be found? A tartar that young woman is, I have no doubt, but she's a long way off being a fool. She may know who has done this murder but I'll stake you my professional reputation, in spite of Mrs. Pool, that she never did it herself.'

A thin, drizzling rain comes on with the night, the trees drip, drip, in a feeble melancholy sort of way, the wind has a lugubrious sob in its voice, and it is intensely dark. It is about nine o'clock, when Miss Catherine rises from her place by the sick bed and goes out of the room. In the corridor she stands a moment, with the air of one who looks and listens. She sees no one. The dark figure of a woman, who hovers afar off and watches her, is there, but lost in a shadowy corner; a woman who, since the murder, has never entirely lost sight of her. Miss Catherine does not see her, she takes up a shawl, wraps it over her head, walks rapidly along the passage down a back stairway, out of a side door, little used, and so out into the dark, dripping, sighing night.

There are the Chesholm constabulary on guard on the wet grass and gravel elsewhere—there are none here. But the quiet figure of Jane Pool has followed her, like her shadow, and Jane Pool's face peers cautiously out from the half-open door.

In that one instant while she waits, she misses her prey, she emerges, but in the darkness nothing is to be seen or heard. As she stands irresolute, she suddenly hears a low, distinct whistle to the left. It may be the call of a night-bird—it may be a signal.

She glides to the left, straining her eyes through the gloom. It is many minutes before she can see anything, except the vaguely waving trees—then a fiery spark, a red eye glows through the night. She has run her prey to earth—it is the lighted tip of a cigar.

She draws near—her heart throbs. Dimly she sees the tall figure of a man; close to him the slender, slighter figure of a woman. They are talking in whispers, and she is mortally afraid of coming too close. What is to keep them from murdering her too?

'I tell you, you must go, and at once,' are the first words she hears Inez Catherine speaking, in a passionate, intense whisper. 'I tell you I am suspected already; do you think you can escape much longer? If you have any feeling for yourself, for me, go, go, I beseech you at once! They are searching for you now, I warn you, and if they find you—'

'If they find me,' the man retorts, doggedly, 'it can't be much worse than it is. Things have been so black with me for years that they can't be much blacker. But I'll go. I'm not over-anxious to stay, Lord knows. Give me the money and I'll be off.'

She takes from her bosom a package, and she hands it to him; by the glow of the red cigar-tip Jane sees her. 'It's all I have—all I can get, jewels and all,' she says; 'enough to keep you for years with care. Now go, and never come back—your coming has done evil enough, surely.'

Jane Pool catches the words—the man mutters some sullen, inaudible reply. Inez Catherine speaks again in some passionate voice.

'How dare you say so?' she cries, stamping her foot. 'You wretch! whom it is my bitter shame to call brother. But for you she would be alive and well. Do you think I do not know her? Go—living or dead, I never want to look upon your face again!'

Jane Pool hears those terrible words and stands paralyzed. Can it be that Miss Inez is not the murderer, after all? The man retorts again—she does not hear, how—then plunges into the woodland and disappears.

An instant the girl stands motionless looking after him, then she turns and walks rapidly back into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE "CHESHOLM COURIER."

The Monday morning edition of the *Chesholm Courier*, September 19th, 1881, contained the following, eagerly devoured by every man and woman in the county—able to read at all:

"THE TRAGEDY AT CATHERON ROYALS."

"In all the annals of mysterious crime (beginning with the annals of the most ancient times), nothing more mysterious or more awful has ever been known than the recent tragedy at Catheron Royals. In the annals of our town, of our county, of our country we may almost say, it stands unparalleled in its atrocity. A young and lovely lady, wedded a little better than a year, holding the very highest position in society, in the sacred privacy of her own household, surrounded by faithful servants, is struck down by the dagger of the assassin. Her youth, her beauty, the sanctity of slumber, all were powerless to shield her. Full of life, and hope, and happiness, she is foully and hideously murdered—her babe left motherless, her young husband bereaved and desolate. If anything were needed to make the dreadful tragedy yet more dreadful, it is, that Sir Victor Catheron lies, as we write, hovering between life and death. The blow which struck her down has stricken him too—has laid him upon what may be his death-bed. At present he lies mercifully unconscious of his terrible loss, tossing in the delirium of violent brain fever."

"Who, we ask, is safe after this? A lady of the very highest rank, in her own home, surrounded by her servants, in open day is stabbed to the heart. What, we ask again, is safe after this? Who was the assassin? what was the motive? Does that assassin yet lurk in our midst? Let it be the work of the coroner and his jury to discover the terrible secret, to bring the wretch to justice. And it is the duty of every man and woman in Chesholm to aid, if they can, that discovery."

From Tuesday's Edition.

The inquest began at one o'clock, yesterday, in the parlour of the Mitre Inn, Lady Helena Powys of Powys place, and Miss Inez Catherine being present. The first witness called was Ellen Butters.

ELLEN BUTTERS sworn.—"I was Lady Catheron's maid; I was engaged in London and came down with her here; on the afternoon of Friday, 16th, I last saw my lady alive, about half-past six in the afternoon; she had dressed for dinner; the family dinner hour is seven; saw nothing unusual about her; well yes, she seemed a little out of spirits, but was gentle and patient as usual; when I had finished dressing her she threw her shawl about her, and took a book, and said she would go out a few minutes and take the air; she did go out, and I went down to the servants' hall; sometime after seven Jane Pool, the nurse, came down in a great flurry and said—"

THE CORONER.—"Young woman, we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said and did. We want to know what you saw yourself."

ELLEN BUTTERS (sulkily).—"Very well, that's what I'm trying to tell you."

To be Continued.

The most miserable man in the world is the dyspeptic, and dyspepsia is one of the most troublesome difficulties to remove, but Burdock Blood Bitters always conquer it. It stimulates the secretions, regulates the bowels, acts upon the Liver, aids digestion, and tones up the entire system. Trial bottles 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.

LET IRELAND BE FREE.—Here is an opinion in aid of Ireland from an unwonted and unexpected quarter. People remember when the late John Mitchell full of Mr. James Anthony Froude for some of his Irish utterances; but now the English *Littérateur* recants in a most unequivocal form. A second edition of "Froude's Irish History" has just appeared, closing with a new and additional chapter, in which all of Mr. Gladstone's Irish measures, from the Church Disestablishment in 1869 to the Coercion Bill of 1881, are bitterly assailed. Ireland, Mr. Froude affirms, can only be dealt with by making her entirely independent. He says: "Despotism is out of date. We can govern India; we cannot govern Ireland. Let Ireland be free. She is miserable because she is unruled. We might rule her, but we will not, lest our arrangements at home might be interfered with."

THE EARL OF KENMARE AND HIS TENANTS.

The *Cork Herald* May 7th says: It has been rumoured here in the past week, that Mr. W. Hartnett, sub-sheriff of Kerry, has been instructed by the Earl of Kenmare, agent, Mr. S. M. Hussey, to come to Kenmare, for the purpose of getting possession of the seven farms which were sold on a writ of execution in the Killarney courthouse about a month since. These rumors, and the uncertainty of the time of Mr. Hartnett's arrival, have induced the Killarney Land League to take some active steps towards a settlement in behalf of some of the tenants who are Land Leaguers, and whose farms were sold consequent on their refusal to pay more than Griffith's valuation. This morning some of the officials in Lord Kenmare's rent office, and also one or two representatives of the Killarney Land League awaited the arrival of the Tralee train to see if the Sub-sheriff would have come to Killarney but that gentleman did not come by either train. To-day some of the tenants proceeded to Lord Kenmare's office with a view to effect a settlement. Three of the tenants—the Meaghers and Connesan, Dromduhig, were offered the following settlement by Mr. Hussey's head clerk:—A reduction of 20 per cent, on one gales rent, and half the legal costs attending the writs. The rent was of course understood as "old rent," as it is termed. The tenants declined the offer without getting 20 per cent. of the year's rent, which it has been understood are the terms in the printed posters distributed through the town. Matters thus remain status quo, but I believe, the daily expected visit of the sheriff will be further postponed.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

The other evening as Engineer Wells was coming late St. Basil, a small station on the C. M. & O. Road, between Montreal and Quebec, he saw a man crossing the track just about fifteen yards ahead of his engine, which was going at full speed. He slipped and fell between the rails and could not recover himself before the train was upon him. The brakes were immediately put on, and the train backs ran back to see what had become of the man. He was found lying on the side of the track insensible. The only injury he had received was the cutting off of the top of his right thumb. He had managed to roll himself almost clear of the rails just as the locomotive was within a foot or two of him.

ST. BRIDGET.

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

Sweet Heaven's smile  
Glimmed over the face  
That hangs the dreamy sea—  
One far gone day,  
And hush'd his ray,  
More than a thousand years away,  
Pure Bridget, over thee.

White as the snow  
That falls below,  
To earth on Christmas night,  
Thy pure face shone  
On Christ's brow.

For Christ's sweet grace thy heart had won  
To make thy birth-land bright.  
A cloud hangs o'er  
Thy Erin's shore—  
Ah! God, 'twas always so—  
Ah! Virgin fair,  
Thy Heaven pray!

Will help thy people in their care  
And save them from their woe.  
Thou art in light;  
They are in night;  
Thou hast a crown—they a chain;

The very sad,  
Is still by tyrants' footsteps trod;  
They pray—but all in vain.  
Thou! near Christ's throne,  
Dost hear the moan  
Of all their hearts that grieve;  
Ah! Virgin sweet,  
Keep Heaven's prayer!

Where angels' hymns thy prayer shall greet  
And pray for them this Eve.

THE GABBLE OF THE SECTS.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: Looking over the "Religious Notices" of the Brooklyn  *Eagle* the other day, I was much impressed not only by what I read. You, no doubt, recollect Scott's description in "The Fortunes of Nigel" of how business was carried on in the days of that wisest fool of Christendom, as Sully called him, James Liston. From hundreds of booths, projecting upon the streets, issued forth the ever varying cries of "What do ye lack? What do ye lack? Clocks, watches, barnacles! Barnacles, watches, clocks!" from noisy apprentices. Imagine the clatter and uproar there must have been, when the eager representatives of fifty different callings asserted the claims of their goods upon the public with obstreperous urgency. The cheap John shops of Chatham street carry on the tradition to this day, with more noise and less honesty—as becomes our times—than their predecessors.

Now, I suppose you feel inclined to ask, what in the world has the cultivation of ancient or modern hucksterdom to do with the "religious notices" of the  *Eagle*? It is all due to the association of ideas, a marvellous philosophy which puzzled Plato and non-plussed, as I have heard, even ex-V. C. Blake, whose recent oration by that obtrusive planet, Boyd, has eclipsed the Bands of Hope and arrested the vegetation of anti-Popery prose upon the judicial bench forever. But I digress. The association of ideas is to be blamed for it all, for, as I read the aforesaid "notices," my mind became full of cheap John, junk-shop, visions that almost ruined those other and more tender reflections about the victorious advance of the Evangelical army, which had touched my soul even unto tears. Rufians may say what they please, and quote Coriolanus, too, but they cannot hide the light or hinder impartial professors from rejoicing over the Gospel out-pouring vouchsafed to Brooklynites, on each Sabbath, in its revolution, opens the jaws of Protestant orthodoxy and fills the welkin with oracles. But, on we to our theme, as Babbington Macaulay was wont to say.

I commence with Mr. Talmage. You all know or have heard of Mr. Talmage; he is the irrepressible Jump Jack of the Basement; an evangelical trapezist; a strident acrobat, who never performs before anything under a thousand dollar house. Mr. Talmage, under a thousand dollars, is all for the same date—on "The Political and Moral Destiny of this Nation." He says, "I am glad to see that the whole question in a single innings-throw, I should advise him to consult Conkling on the political question, and leave the moral discussion until the Investigating Committee shall have decided whether Mr. Talmage resemble George Washington, 'Truthful as a steed' or the Heathen Chinee most in the matter of veracity. Uncle Sam must feel something of the terror which fell upon Balaam when rebuked by a Bray. If the moral destiny of the United States depend upon Protestant teaching and example, then God help the nation's future. But the Catholic Church has taken the future of America out of the hands of heresy. So Mr. Talmage's opinions are volunteered after the judge has decided the case—'st like' litigious Tombs Shyster whom lawyers, not justice, impel to aggravated argument.

After Talmage comes Rev. Fulton, D.D., (they are all D.D.'s) of the "Temple." This edifice is not the beehive of lawyers, sacred to Coccaigne, but a church dedicated to Rev. Fulton. He is the most narrow-minded creature in the United States. The formal motive of his belief in anything is, Rev. Fulton, D.D. His morning "preaching" is "Ingersoll and Dishonesty," a comparison, I conclude, between Atheism and his mother, Protestantism. The evening harangue is "Thirst—what cures it?" Nothing cures your evangelical thirst for contributions. The  *auri sacra fames* is nicely veneered with missionary varnish, but ministerial brown-stone fronts are the ordinary result. The flock get restive once or twice a year, but a semi-annual whack at Popery as well as a gushing bit of Bible statistics, showing how Italian, French, Brazilian or Mexican "inquisers" are scuffling eagerly for a grip and a glimpse of that herbitly desecrated volume, soothen them to offer their fleeces willingly to the hands of the shearer. As to the thirst illustrated in Holy Writ by an aristocratic gentleman, with a downright hatred of beggars and love of a good dinner, which betray the Saxon) I only trust Brother Fulton's experience may not receive its perfection when he cannot inform the basement thereof—till death carries it off.

We are told further that Rev. Peck will "discourage" about "Pelting other people with stones." Mr. Peck is determined not to hide his light under a bushel, though it takes a circus poster to fetch the crowd and—the dimes. Rev. Peck is oracular. An ordinary man might have said "rotten eggs" or "ancient cats" or "cabbage stalks"; Mr. Peck sticks to the stones—not to the rock, mind you—only the stones. He doubtless means telling lies of one's neighbor. Mr. Peck tells his believers, three or four times a year, some frightful lie about the Catholic Church—an evangelical necessity for holding the "brethren" together, and for the more effectual mobilization of the nickles—but such lies are not the stones he has reference to. It is the goring *lix* that troubles Rev. Peck. This is what makes Peck sniff and snivel, and earnestly strive to dodge the moral missiles. This is what causes him (Rev. Peck) to exude eloquent prayer and doxology, tremulous as to the voice and with much titubation of legs. Dear Mr. Peck. Then we have "a day of prayer" at Tom-

kin's Church, under the auspices of "Mary C. Johnson," a petticoated apostle, I presume, who took to expounding instead of resting mouldy and forlorn, ticketed and labelled, on the shelf. What kind of religion the illustrious Tompkins evolved from his inner consciousness, the advertisement sayeth not; very likely a species of "go-as-you-please" system, guiltless of the slightest exacerbation of the world, the flesh and the devil. Pretty Polly wants—not a cracker—but a husband, for how otherwise explain the situation? A husband would exhaust all her reserved fund of talk, and the curtain lecture would leave no space for basemental outpourings.

After Polly we have Rev. Scudder, of Congregational views. He is a descendant of Plymouth Rock. He puts forth a puzzling conundrum—"What shall we do with the burdens of life?" I am quite surprised at such a question coming from a New England Puritan. Have not the fair "sisters," answered the question in a radically practical manner, as anyone may see who has a taste for exploring vital statistics. As to the other burdens of life which arise from a perpetual struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil, I am amazed that Brother Scudder should be ignorant of the fact that the "glorious Reformation" very compendiously got rid of them by entering into a triple alliance with those formidable factors in this mundane sphere.

Brother Kennion disdains the abridgement of four bare walls; he has taken to the streets; his vocation lies towards the corner. Brother Kennion—we have his own declaration for it—is neither a street-walker nor a corner loafer, although the good man's ill-wishers insinuate as much, with malignancy altogether serpentine. But he is equal to them is Brother Kennion; he is one of Hudibras' "pulpit drum ecclesiastic" champions; he seems to have caught the spirit of Habakkuk Mucklewath or Gilted Gillfilan, which is said to yet haunt the peat bogs and hill sides sacred to Cameronian memory. Listen how the precious man objurates his enemies—"Our enemies may gnash their teeth and vent their malice, the God of Daniel leads us to battle! How it vexed our foes to see such an immense audience and such an army of truly godly men associated with us, as to wit, Brother See, Brother Tad, Brother Mylie, Theology Professor, and others, who know us to be sound in doctrine, true and consistent in our life, unblamable, unapproachable and correct in character; what our enemies can't claim to be. They may lie about us as they please; we assure them we prosper under their wrath."

Brother Kennion's allusion to Daniel is hardly just to himself. The prophet was thrown into the midst of lions; brother Kennion has fallen among liars, much the more dangerous beasts of the two. No doubt Brother Kennion's street crowds keep his enemies' convulsions empty, and thus dam the flow of nickles; so his foes do—no Brother Kennion, what might be called a bit of Evangelical reciprocity. Courage, brother, and keep the bat moving.

Rev. Wray cries out; (and his proposition, unique in Evangelical annals, deserves uncommemuration.) "Salvation is free, therefore, sent are free at the open air preaching tomorrow!" He, too, intrudes in the conundrum form of rhetoric—"Did the World make itself?" Such a question, coming from a Protestant champion, perplexes and confounds. Surely, surely the world made itself, for why seek for a world creator when a greater thing than the world made itself? Did not Protestantism make itself? If it didn't, who did? And if Protestantism be divine truth, as so many Parliamentary statutes tell us it is, have not men made divine truth? To do that was infinitely more difficult than for the world to make itself. But, what is the best argument to prove that the world made itself? Why, see here; just let us suppose, as a preliminary, that the world was a good Protestant—but, let me pause right here. Such a discussion would lead us into inconprehensibly gigantic speculation. I only hope Brother Wray's out-pouring (and the contribution) was satisfactory to the open air intellect which he sought to enlighten.

There are several other bits which would deserve careful recognition, but they would fit to encroach too much upon your space. One touches upon that absorbing subject with sufficient loudness that it shall wait no longer. Great are the virtues of impotency. To justify coercion on the ground that the Irish must be taught that they have nothing to gain by agitation, is sheer and unadulterated cant. We need only be honest with ourselves to see what agitation, lawless agitation, if you please to call it so, has done for them within the last twelve months under our very eyes. For twenty-eight years the recommendations of the Devon Commission were neglected by the Legislature in spite of persevering efforts to bring them forward. At last Fenianism came, and then people bethought themselves that it might be worth while to pay some attention to the proved and admitted mischiefs of the Irish system. Since 1871 there have been more than a score of formal and serious demands in Parliament for a further reform. The Irish peasants might have made a thousand such appeals, session after session, and yet if the Land League had not got to work, let us not conceal from ourselves how great are the chances that they would have made them in vain.

You may notice that no doctrinal subject is touched upon, and this is the reason why. If Brother Snooks affirm that there is, for instance, a hell, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other Sects will fly at his throat and rend him, metaphorically, with as many opposite "views." So Brother Snooks concludes, with Evangelical discretion, that "the easy way is the best way," and gnaws his file over "the Battle of Rophedim," "the latest theory about Cats," "Peddling peanuts," "Watering Stock," and other delightfully sensational themes. And so they go, heedless of the despairing screams of the herd as they rush, devil-possessed, over the precipice into the dark abyss of perdition.

F. GRAHAM.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

VISITED IN PRISON BY MRS. A. M. SULLIVAN. LONDON, June 3.—Mr. Davitt was visited in prison to-day by Mrs. A. M. Sullivan. She had a long interview with the imprisoned leader of the Land League in presence of the governor of the jail. Mr. Davitt is in good health and spirits. He is not compelled to associate with other prisoners, and by order from the Home Department, he is treated with exceptional consideration. His work consists in taking care of the governor's garden, an occupation which evidently agrees with him as he looks hale and unburned. He is kept, however, in complete ignorance of all that is passing in the outer world. Even the news of Mr. Brennan's arrest had evidently not reached him, because he requested Mrs. Sullivan to convey to Mr. Brennan some instructions about his private affairs. Under the conditions on which the visit was allowed it was impossible for the visitor to inform him of the arrest of his friend, but the way in which the request was received evidently conveyed to Mr. Davitt a correct idea of the situation, for he laughed and asked if Secretary Forster had arrested any of the ladies yet, expressing his opinion that the Chief Secretary was equal to that or any other discreditably work. Mr. Davitt has made up his mind to remain in prison for the four years necessary to complete his original sentence. He says he will come out all right. The interview concluded by his furnishing Mrs. Sullivan with a long list of books which he desires to be sent to him, as he says, for winter reading.

The French frigate *Magicienne* is expected to arrive in Quebec in August.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON IRELAND.

[From the *Fortnightly Review*]

Depend upon it, some one cries out, that the first thing to do in Ireland—the condition precedent of any real good in that country—is the inculcation of a respect for law and order, and the teaching of the lesson that nothing will be conceded to insurrection. As if this plausible but shallow principle had not been acted upon a hundred times before, with the result that the Irishman has not a whit more respect for law (in this sense) than he ever had. If you want him to respect the laws, you will have first to persuade him that they are made for his benefit and not for yours. You will have to give him grounds for believing that when the laws were being made, his wishes and interests have been consulted, and the voices of his representatives listened to, just as English wishes and interests are consulted, and English representatives are listened to when our laws are being made. You may by suspending *Habeas Corpus*, and garrisoning his country with thirty thousand troops, frighten him into mechanical quiet for a year or two, but this is not teaching him respect for law, nor instilling habits of order into him, in the sense of breeding in his mind a spontaneous loyalty to what is ordained, or of attracting any real moral strength to our government. The thing has been tried often enough for us to know what comes of it. The moment the prison door is unlocked, and the gag is removed, we find that our previous device for making Irishmen respect law has only unblattingly their hatred for us and our law a thousand fold. In the case of an individual offender, it may be a matter of indifference whether penal restraint reforms his character or not; it is enough to prevent him from doing mischief or to punish him for having done it. But in the case of a whole population this is so far from being enough, that it is nothing and worse than nothing. In these matters, to use Burke's language, "the physicians are to take care that they do nothing to irritate an epidemical distemper. It is a foolish thing to have the better of the patient in a dispute. The complaint or its cause ought to be removed, and wise and lenient acts ought to precede the measures of vigor. They ought to be the *ultima*, not the *prima*, ratio of a wise government."

As for the propriety of teaching the Irish that they will never gain anything by violence, such a lesson may be as proper as we please, but it is unfortunately not true. The Irish have never gained anything without violence. The Tithes were one of the most odious impositions ever laid upon a subject people by foreign masters. Did that disappear before arguments, moral sinners, or a strictly constitutional agitation? When the Tories of that day, like the Tories of this, instead of the sacred rights of property, and on the paramount duty of the Executive to secure to every man his own, was their appeal overcome by the weight of calm political reason? Not at all, but by the persistent opposition of physical force against the dragonnades, for they were literally and truly dragonnades, which were ordered by the British Government. Was Catholic Emancipation the reward of victory in argument, the spontaneous outcome of disinterested conviction, a recognition of the patience and self-control of the Irish Catholics? On the contrary, as everybody knows, it was wrung from the King and the Tories and the Protestant bigotry of the country by sheer alarm. Of the reforming measures of our own generation it is not necessary to remind ourselves of the shure that violence had in pressing the necessity for them upon English attention. The statesman most concerned in these measures has frankly disclosed to us this part of their story. It may be distasteful to the sentimentalists of politics to find that great reforms are achieved in this way, not to satisfy the claims of abstract justice, but to save trouble. It is in fact inevitable. If anybody will enumerate to himself the list of matters that at any given moment urgently solicit the attention of an English Minister in a throning suit and unending series, he will find it easy enough to understand why either Irish questions or any other is allowed to wait until a sufficient number of people insist with sufficient loudness that it shall wait no longer. Great are the virtues of impotency. To justify coercion on the ground that the Irish must be taught that they have nothing to gain by agitation, is sheer and unadulterated cant. We need only be honest with ourselves to see what agitation, lawless agitation, if you please to call it so, has done for them within the last twelve months under our very eyes. For twenty-eight years the recommendations of the Devon Commission were neglected by the Legislature in spite of persevering efforts to bring them forward. At last Fenianism came, and then people bethought themselves that it might be worth while to pay some attention to the proved and admitted mischiefs of the Irish system. Since 1871 there have been more than a score of formal and serious demands in Parliament for a further reform. The Irish peasants might have made a thousand such appeals, session after session, and yet if the Land League had not got to work, let us not conceal from ourselves how great are the chances that they would have made them in vain.

FUNERAL IN QUEBEC.

Sunday week took place the funeral of one of the most esteemed ladies of Quebec, Mrs. Wm. McDonald, whose unexpected death on Friday morning last caused a sad shock to a large circle of our community to which she had endeared herself by her amiable and winning disposition, and her active exertions in the cause of charity and religion. Mrs. McDonald was in the prime of life, and though approaching her confinement was in the best of spirits and apparently of health as well. The reaction, however, after childbirth, was more than her strength could sustain, and in the course of an hour later, despite all that medical skill could do, she breathed her last. The funeral service, which was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, was of the most imposing character, the musical portion of it, under the direction of Mr. Adolphe LeBel, being especially fine, and the sacred edifice was filled with sympathising worshippers, among whom were the good Sisters and the orphans of St. Bridget's Asylum. Choice wreaths almost completely hid the coffin from view.

RELIGION OF EDITORS.

A New York correspondent throws a little light on the religious proclivities of the metropolitan editors. He says—"Whiteleaf Reid was bred a Presbyterian, and I have never heard that he has changed his convictions. He is an attendant at John Hall's church, which also includes Robert Bonner, the millionaire of the *Ledger*. Bonner is now president of the board of trustees, and hence may be considered one of the leading men of that immense congregation. John R. G. Hassard of the *Tribune*, is a Roman Catholic, and has a pew in St. Stephen's Church, which is the most fashionable in that denomination next to the Cathedral. Tom Connerly, managing editor of the *Herald*, was brought up in the same faith. Watson R. Sperry, managing editor of the *Evening Post*, is the son of a Methodist preacher. Maston Marble, former owner and editor of the *World* was brought up a Baptist, and was at one time expected to enter the ministry of that church. Edward Eggleston, formerly of the *Independent*, is a Methodist, and a capital writer. James Gordon Bennett, is nominally a Roman Catholic, but his life thus far shows but little regard for religion in any shape. Hugh Hastings of the *Commercial*, is also a Romanist. Montgomery Schuyler, of the *World*, is an Episcopalian. William G. Prime, of the *Journal of Commerce*, being the son of a Presbyterian clergyman and brother of the 'Ironmaw' of the *Observer*, may very reasonably follow the same faith. Dana, of the *Sun*, was a member of the Brook Farm Association (Bible was another), and has been of the liberal method of thinking. He has never made any pretension to piety. To assist the popularity of the paper, however, with the Jewish element, he favors the latter in his paper."

AN EPISCOPAL RECTOR GIVES HIS REASONS FOR A CHANGE OF FAITH.

Rev. Edward Winslow Gilliam, late Protestant Episcopal clergyman and rector of Clinton (N.C.) Church, who, in January last, resigned his charge on account of certain theological doubts, and announced his intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, is at St. Mary's, Sumner, Baltimore, and is the guest of the Rev. Mrs. Catholic fathers of that institution. Mr. Gilliam went to St. Mary's on the 11th ult., to obtain, as he says, rest from doubts of a most conflicting and torturing nature which assailed him as to the truth of the teachings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These doubts were brought about by reading Episcopal books, and covered a period of seven or eight years. Until 1874 or 1875 he was a sound theologian and a strict believer in the tenets of the church in which he was ordained. "About that time, however," to continue in his own words, "I began to doubt the soundness of my faith. I was a close student of Cranmer's life, and studied Brown's 'Thirty-nine Articles' from Cranmer and I conceived that the Roman Catholic Church alone possessed the rightful power to interpret the meaning of the Scripture. Remember, now, that it was not from Roman books that I drew this conception, which has now grown into a firm and irrevocable belief.

It was from strictly Episcopalian works and the idea was drawn from the rules of faith and the canon of Holy Scripture. The rule of faith is the teaching of Scripture with regard to those points essential to salvation, and the doubt arose in my mind whether it was not that the Roman Catholic teaching was the right and the Protestant Episcopal the wrong one. With regard to the canon of Scripture, the doubt was whether the Roman Catholic Church was not alone empowered with authority to speak as to its interpretation and its Divine derivation. These doubts began to assail me eight years ago. I bore up under them as best I could, but they were torturing. For five or six years I continued to discharge the duties of my sacred calling and to believe implicitly what I taught, but I could not. The demon of doubt was upon me, and night after night I sat up and wrote out my thoughts, and year by year enlarged them as new ideas occurred to me. All this was done secretly, and I tried as much as possible to divert the attention of my congregation from myself so that they would not discover what was passing in my mind. I think I was successful in this, and that they never knew, until I made it known, that I did not believe all I said. I never mentioned it to any one; not even my wife knew of it.

I BORE IT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, and at last I could stand it no longer. I resigned my charge at Clinton the first of last January, and after I had got the papers upon which I had inscribed and elaborated my doubts and thoughts in good shape, I went to Bishop Lyman and stated the trouble. The Bishop argued with me, and presented his convictions, the teachings of the Church, etc., but none of them would remove the difficulties and I could think of nothing else to do but to come to Baltimore and confer with Archbishop Gibbons. The Archbishop coincided with me in the main, but corrected me on several points and advised me to do as I have done. His advice was in accordance with my desires, and I came here last Monday week to obtain rest and quiet and to read." It was Mr. Gilliam's intention to receive conditional baptism in the Roman Catholic Church, and to sever entirely his connection with the Protestant Episcopal. He stated that he would enter the Catholic priesthood, but that a bar to this existed in the fact that he is a married man with four children—all boys. One of them is with him at St. Mary's. He expects to obtain the position of a teacher and will shortly return to Oxford, N.C. His wife and three of his children are in Raleigh. Mr. Gilliam is a man of small stature, about 40 years old, of good address, and has black hair, blue eyes and black side-whiskers. He announces his intention of writing an article and defining his position and detailing his reasons for leaving the Protestant Episcopal Church.

LONDON'S POPULATION.

LONDON, June 2.—According to the recent census the population of London is 6,814,671.

THE HEALTH OF THE DOMINION PREMIER.

LONDON, June 2.—Dr. Andrew Clark has seen Sir John A. Macdonald, and after careful examination, says that no organic disease troubles Sir John, but there is prostration requiring careful treatment, under which it is expected he will recover.

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JNO. P. WHELAN, Managing Director.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For June, 1881. THURSDAY, 8.—Of the Octave. FRIDAY, 10.—Of the Octave. Ember Day. SATURDAY, 11.—Of the Octave. Ember Day. SUNDAY, 12.—Feast of the Most Holy Trinity.

The Coercion Act and Arms' Act were both ignominious failures. The former worked the other way to what was intended, and the latter recovered two old muskets.

A few Conservatives in Cardwell, calling themselves, of course, the Liberal-Conservative Association, have met and endorsed the action of their member on the Pacific Railroad policy.

JOHN BULL will be pleased to learn that the Irish people, profiting by the example shown by him in employing the Constabulary for the protection of the landlords, have resolved to import 2,000 Boers for their own protection.

The Athenaeum is the name of a neat little paper, the first issue of which has just been published at Vankleek Hill, Ontario.

It may seem a cheap attempt on Mr. Healy's part to challenge Mr. Forster to mortal combat seeing that he is old, a Cabinet Minister and a Quaker, but then it must be considered that of late the Irish Secretary has become quite a warlike character fully deserving of the proud title he has acquired of Bucksfoot Forster.

Latest despatches from Ireland furnish further particulars about the conflict at Clonmel, and show that the affair was of a more important nature than was at first conceived.

Just as men are inclined to prate most of virtues they are least in possession of, so do some persist in discussing the subject on which they have the slightest information, and the more profound the ignorance the greater the conceit.

It is deplorable that anyone should be so stupid as not to recognize the fact that those who have studied a question for a life-time, and have a personal interest in its settlement, will know all about that question, and the best way of dealing with it.

The British Government are seriously considering the advisability of abolishing trial by jury in Ireland for a season. The jury was a fine healthy old institution, one of the palladiums of British liberty, so long as it was open to packing by the law officers of the Crown, but when it comes to pass that Irish juries acquit Irish patriots British politicians and Irish landlords examine it more closely, and discover certain flaws in it which they were not aware before had any existence.

GODDARD, the emergency committee man, has shown that he is a cowardly ruffian as well as a contemptible tool in the hands of the landlords of Ireland. In endeavouring to provoke a collision between the people and the military in the County Limerick, because he knew that the latter had orders to fire at the slightest provocation, he displayed his character in full.

The good people who deplore the dissections which they say always exist among Irishmen should look at Ireland now and forever afterward cease to utter the foul lying charge. Is there another people, which, under the same circumstances, could present so bold and united a front! The spirit it was found impossible to destroy in so many centuries of the cruelest oppression is as proud and defiant to-day when Ireland stands the poorest and lowliest of nations as when she led the world in all that makes a country great and prosperous.

We are told that the motion for adjournment in the English House of Commons, made in order that the members might be at liberty to attend the Derby, was carried by a two to one majority amid loud cheers. This was an official recognition of the national character of the annual event, but it is doubtful if this fact can make thinking English people regard the Derby races with increased interest or respect.

There was never before witnessed in any country on the face of God's earth such a spectacle of unanimitv as that which now prevails among the Irish people. Sir Henry James, Q.C., Attorney-General, was sent for to take part in the Cabinet discussion on Irish affairs, and when asked whether, in his opinion, the Government would proceed to still more stringent measures in the enforcement of the Coercion Bill, replied that if the Government desired to suppress the Land League it should be prepared to imprison the whole population of Ireland.

Joining to the completeness of the preliminary arrangements made for the Exhibition to be held in this city during September next, and the thorough manner in which the work in connection therewith has been done up to the present time by the gentlemen to whose hands it was confided, there can be little doubt of the success, financial and otherwise, which will attend the event.

as it has become annual, should not be made to resemble the Mardi-Gras festivities of New Orleans or the Carnivals held in various European cities. The greater the extent and variety of amusements furnished the greater the number of visitors induced to enter the city.

And now Spain is about to pursue a more energetic policy towards Morocco, and Italy is somewhat mollified at the suggestion of France that she might occupy Tripoli. England has been intriguing against Spain in Morocco, but Senor Sagasta relying on the sympathies of France, Germany and Austria is determined Spain must exercise her rights over that barbarous State.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION AND EMIGRATION.

The latest mail brings gloomy intelligence of agricultural prospects in England, and late cable despatches deepen the gloom. English farmers are going down before American competition, surely and not slowly, but rapidly, steadily. Throughout England the one dismal story is told of farms deserted; and it is not barren or exhausted farms only which are thrown back on the landlords, but the most fertile, the richest, and this notwithstanding that the proprietors are in hundreds of instances offering the despairing tenants leases at from twenty-five to fifty per cent reduction.

In Wiltshire, on the northern edge of Salisbury Plain a large proportion of the farms are now unlet. On one large estate all the tenants have left, and the land is now abandoned to grass and weeds.

The landlords are everywhere reducing or remitting rents, but nothing will induce the farmers to remain. They fly to the great cities, to the manufacturing centres, not because they dislike farming, or that the landlords are hard, but that farming no longer pays. It would seem then that the great plains along the Valley of the Mississippi, the prairie lands of Illinois and Nebraska, and the valley of the Canadian Saskatchewan, places which English farmers have heard little of and know less, will ultimately settle the great land question in England, and deal the coup de grace to feudalism in Europe.

wheat from Chicago to Liverpool in as brief a time as the most rapid conveyance took in Bonaparte's to carry it from Dublin to London.

THE OLD STORY.

The Government has at last fully exposed its hand. The Coercion Act was the trump card which failed to take a trick, because the people held a better. The wholesale imprisonment of the Irish failed to crush the agitation for justice and now their massacre is contemplated. There is not the slightest inconsistency apparent. The Government which starved the people by millions could not hesitate to shoot them down in thousands.

DARK CLOUDS OVER EUROPE.

To anyone who has paid the slightest attention to affairs in Europe, and who has given a single thought to the aspect they have recently assumed, it must be apparent that the relations between several of the nations are gradually becoming strained. This fact would not be sufficient to give alarm under ordinary circumstances, but in the light of recent political events it can be seen how small a spark will kindle a general flame.

finally committed a piece of folly when she consented that France should exercise with herself a ruling influence in Egypt. Now French influence is gradually becoming predominant in that country while that of England is as steadily waning.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

In the beginning of the land war in Ireland when, with very few exceptions, the press of this country persistently attacked the agitation and the "demagogues" through whom the Irish people spoke, as if their party efforts would assist the home Government in its policy of oppression and suppression, the Montreal Witness was among the number of those journals which said unpleasant things about the movement and its leaders.

The people of the British North American Colonies are from time to time called upon to look upon British generosity at their expense and to admire and applaud. Some aristocratic English attaché, because he could not catch mountain trout in the Oregon rivers wrote home that the place was not worth a shilling, and in a little while the fine country now comprising Oregon and Washington Territory was handed over to Brother Jonathan under the provisions of the Ashburne treaty.

The Senatorial contest at Albany is evidently reaching the point when there must be an election or an adjournment, in which latter case a direct appeal to the people will be necessary. It is certainly the safest way of gauging public opinion as to the merits of the quarrel between the Executive and a section of the Republican party.

BREVITIES.

What are we to think of the man who has just sent us in a poem? The Duke of Meiningen's Dramatic Company gave a performance of Julius Caesar on Saturday afternoon, in order to give London actors a chance to witness their performance. Sarah Bernhardt is again the lioness of Paris. Alexandre Dumas, Jr., went to Havre to secure her disembark, and, on shaking hands, exclaimed: "This is a return from the other world!"

City and Suburban News.

S. R. Callaway, formerly an old Montrealer, and now General Superintendent of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway, has been presented by the employees of the Bay City Railroad with which he was formerly connected, with an elegant silver set, valued at \$600.

THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

The weekly meeting of the Davis Branch of the Ladies' Land League was held Friday evening in the St. Patrick's Hall. Annie O'Connell, President, occupied the chair. There was a large attendance of both ladies and gentlemen.

The proceedings were opened with a grand march on the piano by Miss Craven, who was roundly applauded. Miss Etta McKeown then favored the audience with a national air, "O' Leave not your Kathleen," which was rendered with a pure and rich voice; the song was loudly encored and "Waiting" was given in response.

A recitation was afterwards given by Miss E. Hayes. The piece selected was an appropriate one and was taken from Davis' works, and is entitled, "We will have our own way," which, by the way, is the motto of the Ladies' Land League, and which adorns the wall in large characters surrounded by flowers and evergreens.

The meeting was now called to order for the transaction of business; the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. The following resolutions, condemnatory of the action of the British Government towards Ireland, on being read were put to the meeting and unanimously carried:—

"The action of the British Government in adopting coercive measures in Ireland and imprisoning the leaders of the people is fraught with danger to said Government, and is detrimental to the welfare of the Irish people. And by so acting the British Government deserves the censure of all lovers of freedom and justice."

"Resolved.—That the Ladies' Land League of Montreal earnestly urge the people of Ireland to remain true to the principles laid down by their leaders, and to offer a stern and uncompromising resistance to oppression. Be it further resolved, that the Ladies' Land League of Montreal bind themselves to assist by every means in our power the people of Ireland in their present grand struggle. And we call upon all lovers of justice to co-operate with us in the endeavor to secure for the Irish people the enjoyment of their rights."

These resolutions were carried amid enthusiasm. The President then introduced the speaker of the evening, Miss E. Hayes. She was well received and delivered the following address with considerable nerve and ability:—

Ladies and Gentlemen.—It is something unusual in this Canada of ours for a woman to stand up and make a speech; but I think it necessary. In the first place, men appear to think that we are unable to understand them or follow them in their flights of eloquence if they speak on public questions; this is, however, a mistaken idea on their part. I would now like to say a few words about the Land League. You must not think that this movement affects only the people of Ireland, it affects every country where the land laws are enacted to the detriment of the people. It can be said that all poverty in the world springs from the want of land, and all riches from its possession. But under the circumstances the land laws of Ireland are the worst; consequently, what is poverty in other countries is starvation there.

The President then announced that the next business was discussing the proposed amendments to the By-Laws, clause by clause. Mr. HAMILTON, of Toronto, moved the amendment changing the width of the goals from six to five feet. Mr. McCONNELL wanted to know what the object of the change was? The President replied that the public seemed to think that the games were too easily won, and it had been thought that if the goals were made narrower they would be more difficult to obtain. A step had already been made in that direction, when they changed the goal from eight to six feet. Mr. HOBBS did not see how any change in goals would make the game any longer. He favored the two hours' play. Mr. McNAUGHT, of Toronto, thought the narrowing of the goals would make the game more scientific. Mr. ORCHARD, of Brantford, said he would rather have a match of one hour's play than two hours. Mr. McCONNELL thought the narrowing of the goals would lead to rougher play. Mr. M. J. F. QUINN made an eloquent speech in favor of the two hours' play. After some further discussion, the motion was put to the meeting and lost by a large majority.

plaudits at this eloquent and patriotic effort of Miss Hayes, amid which she gracefully retired.

Miss Douthiller, during the course of the evening, executed some very fine solos on the piano. This lady deserves great credit for her playing, which was in all cases heartily appreciated by the audience.

The number of ladies who joined the League was twenty-five. It is progressing very favorably, and each successive meeting seems to be more successful than its predecessor.

The membership cards can be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs. Lane, No. 36 Bierry street.

THE LACROSSE CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association of Canada was opened at the Windsor Hotel Friday evening. Mr. S. O. Stevenson, President of the Association, occupied the chair.

The first business was the appointment of the following committees by the President:— Credentials—Messrs R B Hamilton, J W Ogston, A N Lee and M J F Quinn. Nominations—Messrs E J Malone and P J McElroy.

Auditors—Messrs McCallum and Orchard. After the minutes of the previous annual meeting had been confirmed,

The Committee on Credentials reported that the following delegates had presented their credentials and were eligible to take part in the proceedings:—Messrs M Polan, J. Hoobin and M J F Quinn, Shamrock Club, Montreal; J W Ogston, Shamrock Club, Montreal; R M Orchard, A N Lee, Brants of Brantford; R C Nelson, E T Malone, J Pearson, Toronto; R W Boyd and A McGee, Dominion Club of Toronto; F Glesson and L Kerwin, Shamrock Club of Montreal; H E Bryson, M O'Connell, I Goughier, Athletics of Montreal; J B F Flynn, P Harrington, Young Shamrocks of Montreal; J Kennedy, E Reynolds, Quebec of Quebec; T Kennedy, J Moore, White Star of Quebec; T Brown, D Lynch, Emmets of Montreal; D P Stephenson, T Todd, Independents of Montreal. Also the following officers:—Messrs W Geo Beers, honorary president; S O Stevenson, president; R B Hamilton, 1st vice-president; W K McNaught, secretary-treasurer; D A Rose, of the council, and J P McElroy and C J McCallum.

The committee on nominations reported that they had examined the applications for membership of the following clubs:—Garrys of Winnipeg, Winnipeg of Winnipeg, Brants of Paris, Athletics of Montreal, Victorias of Toronto, Quebecs, Echoes of Hamilton, Young Shamrocks of Montreal, Lone Stars and White Stars of Quebec. The committee reported favourably to the following clubs:—Garrys and Winniepgs of Winnipeg, Brants of Paris, Athletics of Montreal, Victorias of Toronto, Echoes of Hamilton, Young Shamrocks of Montreal, and White Stars of Quebec. The report was adopted.

EVENING SESSION.

THE CHAIRMAN welcomed the delegates to Montreal, and trusted the meeting they were about to hold would be carried on harmoniously, and result in great good to the national game.

He then delivered the opening address, of which we give the following extracts:— The experience of some of the most important matches played during last season suggests that other changes relating to the laws of the game might be introduced, which would prove beneficial.

The questions of fixing a stated time for the game and of reducing the space between the flags have been mooted, and will doubtless receive full consideration from the members of the Convention.

The Convention might consider the project of making the association wider in its scope, to make it American rather than Canadian only.

This, I believe, would give an increased importance to our National game, and might lead to competitions for the championship of America by games between American and Canadian clubs, which would awaken keen interest.

By our present rules Indians are excluded from the Association. Although this step was well considered it appears to me somewhat unjust that we should exclude those who have given us the game.

The President concluded by calling upon the Secretary to read the report of the council, in which it was stated that the past year had been an important one in the history of the national game. Since the last annual convention, ten clubs had been added to the roll.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE BY-LAWS.

The President then announced that the next business was discussing the proposed amendments to the By-Laws, clause by clause.

Mr. HAMILTON, of Toronto, moved the amendment changing the width of the goals from six to five feet.

Mr. McCONNELL wanted to know what the object of the change was? The President replied that the public seemed to think that the games were too easily won, and it had been thought that if the goals were made narrower they would be more difficult to obtain.

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Mr. M. J. F. QUINN made an eloquent speech in favor of the two hours' play.

After some further discussion, the motion was put to the meeting and lost by a large majority.

A large number of amendments were afterwards offered, but only the following changes were effected:— The jurisdiction of the umpire shall last during the match for which he is appointed. A club cannot be compelled to play more than three championship matches during the season, six weeks to intervene between the matches. Any club wishing to make an appeal to the Council must do so now within ten days from the time at which the complaint took place. In the event of any dispute arising between the field captains as to an injured player's fitness to continue playing, the matter shall at once be decided by the referee. Rule 23 was amended so as to read that "the penalty for fouling shall be discretionary with the referee."

post, registered, addressed to the secretary of the challenging club.

Mr. M. POLAN moved that section 3, article 6, be amended to read as follows:—"An amateur is one who does not earn his living by athletic exercises, or who does not compete against professionals for public money."

A long discussion ensued on the subject, after which the motion was put to the meeting and lost.

LECTION OF OFFICERS.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows:— Honorary President—Dr. W. George Beers. President—Mr R B Hamilton, of the Toronto Lacrosse Club. 1st Vice-President—Mr M J F Quinn, of Montreal. 2nd Vice-President—Mr John Kiley, of Quebec.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr W K McNaught, of Toronto. Council—Messrs Geo F Dunn, Montreal; A McGee, Toronto; D A Rose, Toronto; J W Ogston, Quebec; C J McCallum, Montreal; J Moore, Quebec; H E Bryson, Montreal; D Stevenson, Montreal; L Kerwin, Quebec, and J Flynn, Montreal.

The meeting then adjourned at 1.45.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

Yesterday, after Mass, Mr. Francis A. Quinn attended a meeting of the Irish congregation of St. Bridget's parish, in Montreal, for the purpose of explaining to them the University question and of getting an expression of opinion from them upon the subject. His remarks met with great attention, and at the close of the meeting the following petition, addressed to the Lieut.-Governor and the Legislature at Quebec, was signed by about 120 gentlemen of the parish:—

The petition of the undersigned respectfully represents: That your petitioners deem it their duty energetically to protest against the establishment at Montreal of a branch of the Laval University;

That Laval University can never establish in Montreal institutions worthy of the wealth, importance and future of the metropolis of Canada;

That it would not be in the interest of Laval University to give to Montreal institutions worthy of that city, as such institutions would infallibly eclipse the mother house at Quebec;

That Montreal will necessarily in the future, as in the past, attract the youth and talent of the country, and should be able to afford them all the benefits of the highest education;

That Montreal should have an independent University, controlled by her own citizens, who will have to support it, whereas men of talent would find a field for their abilities as lecturers, and a career capable of giving them honorable maintenance.

Wherefore your petitioners, uniting with the immense majority of the population and clergy of Montreal pray for the rejection of the bill now before Parliament, on behalf of the Laval University.

CAPTAINS' TRICKS.

HOW INSURANCE COMPANIES ARE MADE TO SUFFER. Ligor is good when taken as medicine, or in moderation, but when it is indulged in to too great an extent, it is apt to loosen the tongue and make it wag to a owner's injury. A sea captain was the worse for it the other night, and what was worse, a reporter was there to see him. Seeing he was in a genial frame of mind, and that his judgment was a little warped, the scribe put him through a judicious course of pumping, with the following result:—

"Captain, what salary do men of your position get now-a-days, if it is a fair question?"

"Well, those who are in charge of steamships generally get from \$120 to \$250 a month."

"That is good pay."

"Yes, tolerable. We manage though to double it every time."

"How is that? It is generally known that you get a few tips, but \$200 worth of tips in a month is doing a big business in that line."

"You want to know how it is done. Well now, suppose you are captain of a boat which is running in the cattle-trade. A large shipper of cattle insures his stock heavily. He then comes to you, and showing a \$100 bill in your fist, says, 'my cattle are going by your boat. I won't be mad if half of them die on the way across.' You take the hint and you watch your opportunity. When a storm comes on you take care to let your boat take the very best of it. A few days' heavy pitching will play hell with cattle, and you can give them all the pitching they want by steering a little crooked."

"But won't the Insurance Companies drop to the game?"

"Not a bit of it. We throw the beasts overboard whenever they die, and who is the wiser?"

"Won't the Insurance Companies grumble?"

"Let them. It will do them no good. Of course, there are very few captains who would take such a daring method to increase their salaries as the way I have told you, but still it is done, and tolerably often too."

"What other means have captains for making extra pay?"

"Well, there are several. Now, a stevedore will give a captain quite a handsome tip to get the unloading and loading of his own vessel. He can carry things over on his own hook, and pocket the freight charges. Perhaps a passenger will pay him to take him across, &c. I could tell you any number of ways. Some smuggle, and make quite a good thing of it."

Here it suddenly dawned on the mind of the noble captain that he had been talking too much. Giving a hitch to his pants, he swaggered out of the saloon, and made his way to his boat, where he probably dreamt of the mermaid making siren roasts of the dead beef he had thrown overboard into Neptune's domain.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS. Inclosed please receive the sum of three dollars: being the small mite sent by the following parties:—Timothy Gorman, \$1; James McCourt, \$1; Peter Gorman, \$1. The amount is small, but yet every dollar will assist brave Parnell and his noble followers to fight Ireland's battles against Landlord oppression and English misrule. TIMOTHY GORMAN.

Bulger, Ont.

WILLIAM PENN'S REMAINS.

The Trustees of the Cemetery at Jordans announce that they will not entertain the application for the removal of the remains of William Penn to America.

Messrs McOlymout & Co's saw mills, at New Edinburgh, will resume operations to-day.

BISHOP CLEARY'S VISIT TO PETERBOROUGH.

(Continued from First Page.)

weeks or years, but will never be destroyed, and will be immortal and associated with angels, nourished not by the milk of the mother's breast, but by the milk that grows out of the earth, but by faith and grace and the exercise of piety towards God. Let parents do their duty to their children, feed them, clothe them, but the child has another life, a soul to live with Christ or to be damned. What is to nourish that life? A Pagan philosopher, whose soul had been baptized in the Roman Catholic faith, such was the father's value of the new light that the child possessed, that every night he went to the cradle where the infant lay peacefully sleeping, and bearing its bosom kissed it, the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost. This child was Origan, the most learned man that ever lived and the father was Leonidas, who from a Pagan philosopher became a pious Christian, and had the honor of laying down his life in martyrdom for the faith of Christ. Parents, do you think of the place beyond the skies? In childhood, in youth, the son is looked on with admiration by the father and mother, and his words and actions praised. Do the parents develop the other graces,—Faith, Hope and Charity? Do they tell him of God, in whose name he was baptized? Do they tell him of Christ, who died on the cross? Of the Virgin Mary? Do they correct him when unruly and disobedient? If they neglect any of these things they neglect their duty as parents towards their children. Teach him prayers to Heaven, and things that lead to it. If you do not the crime is greater than, if you starved him. They must teach him of faith, and give him exercises to stir up that faith. If these things are attended to he will do as a boy what a boy ought to do, and as a man what a man ought to do. Nourish the child in faith. Faith is not a plant that grows of itself, uncared, uncultured; it is a most tender plant, a super-natural virtue, in an uncultivated soil, where everything is opposed to its growth. Nature is selfish, and will oppose everything that restrains its appetite. Faith has to struggle against the selfishness of the human heart. It has to be nourished or it will die. If domestic life is well attended to, society will be orderly. Pray with your children, morning and night, and make them pray for forgiveness. Watch over them within and without. See the company they keep. If all society was composed of parents who properly obeyed these instructions, society would be angelic, there would be no vice, no degradation when the children grow up. If the rules of Catholic piety are properly followed, children will grow up to be Christian men and women in every sense of the words, ornaments to society, and real men and women in the eyes of God. Teach them of the Virgin Mary, the highest type of woman that God has ever made. Let her appear in every room, so that her face will be seen every where. Bring your children to church during Lent, during the holy month of May, morning and evening. See that they be prepared by good confession of sins for the reception of the sacrament at the proper time. Nourish your children in piety and faith, and watch over them as the Bishop does over his flock. You are responsible to give them a good education. There is no use of being strong and lusty in the body if the soul is weak. Send them to school early and prepare them for the struggles of life, so that they will be able to hold their fitting place in society. The best inheritance you can leave to your children is a good education, but a thorough education for the world to come is of far more importance. Take care of faith, do not lose or diminish it, watch it carefully and guard it against pride, arrogance, intemperance, unquietness, and untruth; watch it at home, at school, abroad, everywhere. Do come to enquire into all the practices of faith, to see if everything necessary for those things provided, and see if those things practiced by the clergy were taken advantage of by the parents. Do you make your children attend church? Do you let them remain out as long as they like? Do you send them to school early? Do you send them to Roman Catholic schools? Do you take them to the sacraments? And do you do all this yourselves? Set your children an example in all these respects, as you are commanded to do by your church. Do your children hear you make light of piety and holy things? Are you uncharitable to your neighbors? Are you aiding your child or placing him on the road to perdition? He regretted to learn from the pastor that some Roman Catholic parents did not give their children and neighbors a good example. Some are negligent and find excuses for absenting themselves from the pious exercises of the church, perhaps also from the sacrament of Grace. Such neglect of Grace will surely bring the displeasure of God upon them and their families. If you despise him he will visit you with afflictions. Don't think because you were confirmed that that is all that is necessary. The eloquent Bishop then said that it was true that no person but God could forgive sin, but God left the power of the forgiveness of sin on this earth. His listeners had all heard of the miracle of Christ upon the paralytic, who had faith and thought that if he looked on the face of his Saviour, that he would be cured. How he was taken up stairs and through the tile roof and then lowered to the ground in the presence of Christ, who said, "Have courage, thy sins are forgiven." That was the first sentence of absolution uttered on earth. The Pharisees asked, "Who is this that can forgive sin," which was the first doubt that sin could be forgiven on earth, that was ever uttered. Christ asked them whether it was easier to say thy sins are forgiven or take up thy bed and walk. Then said Christ "That you may know that the Son of Man on earth hath power to forgive sins, I say, turning to the paralytic, take up thy bed and walk." The paralytic took up his bed and walked into his house. Christ thus removed forever the objection of the Pharisees. Christ transmitted that marvellous power to his apostles, before his departure from earth. He had given the keys to Peter and said whatever was bound on earth by him shall be bound in Heaven, and whatever was unloosed by him on earth shall be unloosed in Heaven. That was comprehensive. Whatever power Christ had on earth he transmitted to his apostles. He made Peter the rock and gave him the keys and charge of the flock, but because this power of forgiving sins is so wonderful and mysterious and essential, to men's sanctification, Christ was pleased to give a still more emphatic and distinct commission respecting it. Christ said to his apostles, before he ascended into heaven, as a Father has sent me I also send you. Conclude with a vision, in giving the commission to one of her trusted lieutenants, giving him power and authority over one of her domains, do more than this? That is the preamble, the Scripture tells us, "He breathed

upon them.' What does that mean? Breathing upon the apostles he said, "whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you retain they are retained." This commission and this tribunal vested with this Divine power, have existed in the Church from that day to the present, and will be as long as there are repentant sinners to be forgiven their sins and saved from hell. The communication of his soul into theirs, the only time we are told he did such a thing. Christ did not take his power away with him but left it on earth. Come and seek absolution. Parents do not despise this power, purify your souls, not only for your own benefit but as an example to your children. Prepare for the great hereafter, when you will come before the great Judge of all. Have everything ready, do not postpone it until too late. If you are warned by sickness, call in your pastor at the beginning of the sickness. He will come. If you put it off until the sick person is not able to search his heart, you will have to answer for the loss of his soul. On the great judgment day, Christ will demand from you blood for blood, and life for life. The sacrament of Extreme Unction, as you know, and as St. John the apostle proclaims in his Catholic epistle, has the power, if properly administered, of remitting sins, but also the power of assuaging sickness and lifting the sick man up, therefore do not postpone it until the sick person is so near death that it would require a miracle of Omnipotence to bring him back to life and health. Do your duty throughout life, from the sacrament of baptism to death. Life is but a shadow, a vapor dispelled by the noonday sun. Shall you, for the sake of bodily enjoyments, give up faith? True piety is worshipping God, everywhere, at all times. In conclusion, he again besought parents to look after their children above all things, and said he would invoke the Angel of God to look after parents, and watch over them. The service closed with the benediction.

THE EVENING SERVICE.

At 7 o'clock the church was again filled in every part. After the religious ceremonies, His Lordship again addressed the congregation, explaining at great length the message which he had to deliver from the Pope. He had the honor of an audience with the Supreme Pontiff, and asked him for some gift to take to the people of his diocese. The Pope readily granted the request, and told him to take his Apostolic Benediction with plenary indulgence, and to come to bestow it in every parish in his diocese. The learned bishop then thoroughly explained the doctrine of the Church. The Roman Catholic Church taught that no one but God himself could forgive sins, that priests, bishops, and even the Pope himself had no power, without repentance of sin and atonement for the wrong done. There must be sincere sorrow and an honest desire to live a better life, and a full satisfaction to God by acts of penitence. He pointed out that no person had any assurance that his full repentance was a full atonement for his sins. He said that when the sinner had atoned for his rebellion, he resolved to lead a pure life, and had made a full confession of his sins, the indulgence of which the Church had power to grant, supplied all that was necessary to make perfect reconciliation with God. He next addressed himself to those who had prepared themselves in the manner he had pointed out, to declare their sorrow and ask remission of their sins, and accept the blessing which came from the Holy Father through his hands. His Lordship then pronounced the Pater Noster and the services closed.

TO-DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

His Lordship celebrated Mass at the convent this morning and also inspected the various classes. At a later hour, accompanied by the clergy and Trustees, he paid a visit to the two Separate schools, and expressed himself as exceedingly well satisfied with what he had seen and heard. Pressure on our space forbids us from giving any further particulars to-day.

SPAIN'S POLICY IN MOROCCO.

PARIS, June 6.—A Madrid correspondent telegraphs that the Government, with Senor Sagasta at its head, is determined to inaugurate a more active policy in Morocco. It is not proposed to make an act of aggression or intervention as yet, but the Government believes that the time has arrived to make the Sultan feel that Spain intends in the future to require a stricter, if not the complete, execution of those treaty stipulations in favor of her trade, subjects, missionaries and consuls that were promised by the predecessor of the present Sultan of Morocco in the treaty of 1861, also to Petruin in the reign of Queen Isabella. The main object of Senor Sagasta's policy in Morocco will be to convince the Sultan that the British diplomacy cannot, as the British Minister in Tangier has for thirty years made the Moors believe, shield Morocco from Spanish intervention, if an opportunity arises because Sagasta, like his predecessor Canovas, has received assurances from the Governments of France, Germany and Austria that any extension of the Protectorate of Spain in Morocco will be met with opposition on their part. England alone is expected to oppose at least a diplomatic resistance to Spanish aspirations which aim at a protectorate similar to that of France in Tunis. This policy will be given even before the general election which takes place at the end of August next. When the Cortes meets in Madrid about September 20th, the Speech from the Throne will be very energetic on Spanish interests in North Africa. We are told by the military and political friends of Sagasta and Marshall Campos, that a serious disagreement has occurred in the Council of the Ministers.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judgment was given on Monday in the case of Joliette Insurance Company vs. Desroselles, the defendant pleading that as the premium note and application were both made in the district of Quebec, she could not be sued in Montreal. The Court held that the contract between the parties was based on the acceptance of the application in Montreal, and that but one contract existed between the parties, namely, the policy of insurance, and that though the notes might be issued in another district, the suits might be instituted here.

The result of this decision is that all members of these companies may be sued in Montreal for their premiums and assessments.

Haverly's new theatre in Chicago is to have a peculiar feature, which the owner thus describes: "I have constructed two fashion boxes, which are a novelty, and which I think will take well. These are one on either side of the stage, built level with the floor, and so arranged that the ladies occupying them may be seen entirely. By this means they are enabled to display their toilets. This is the purpose of the fashion boxes."

ROUND THE WORLD.

Hon. John O'Connor is ill. Ireland is said to be on the brink of civil war. Healy has challenged Mr. Forster to fight a duel.

The Circuit Court for Aymer, Que., opened to-day. The plague has been stamped out in Macedonia.

Pere Hyacinthe is coming to the United States. The Transvaal Commission has gone to Pretoria.

Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal, has resigned. Another oil well has been struck near Sarnia, Ont.

Hen. Mr. Ohpicaeu was in Ottawa on Saturday. A renewal of outrages on the Jews is threatened in Austria.

Nearly 18,000 immigrants arrived at New York last week. Ayooob Khan is making active preparations for a campaign.

Henry Vieuxtemps, the celebrated Belgian violinist, is dead. The Electric Railway has proposed a great success in Germany.

The remains of County Harry von Arnim have arrived in Berlin. The Czar has been warned by the Nihilists that his doom is certain.

Hon. Alexander Mackenzie has left London for a tour in Switzerland. Four districts of Kieff, Russia, have been placed under martial law.

Parrsboro, N. S., expects to ship 20,000,000 feet of lumber this season. A young man attempted to commit suicide in a Paris theatre last night.

The last batch of Communists have arrived in Paris from New Caledonia. Thomas White, M. P., is talking to his constituents in Cardwell County.

Russia is again urging on the Powers extradition for attempted regicide. The grand new hotel project at Quebec, has been abandoned for the present.

The total majority for Mr. Madill (Conservative) in North Ontario, was 26. The Spanish Cabinet intends inaugurating a more vigorous policy in Morocco.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church meets in Kingston to-morrow. Mr. Chevallor, General Secretary of the Credit Foncier, has arrived at Quebec from Paris.

A fire in the Priestroyd mill at Huddersfield has caused damage to the amount of £8,000. Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, N.B., who has been on a visit to Rome, arrived home yesterday.

Sir Charles Tupper is stumping Pictou County in the interest of the Conservative candidate. It appears that all military operations in Tunis have been suspended, the hostile tribes submitting.

It is stated that Baron De Fava, the Italian Minister to Buenos Ayres, will be transferred to Washington. The Inman Line steamer "City of Rome" is expected to be launched at Barrow, England, on June 14.

The coronation of the Czar has been again deferred on account of the unsettled state of affairs in Russia. It is asserted that the European Powers are conferring to secure the complete neutrality of the Panama Canal.

A courier from Fort Walsh confirms the report of Sitting Bull's arrival with forty lodges at S'Appelle. The depotation of Tukko Tarcomans, which went to St. Petersburg, was most favorably received by the Czar.

Mr. R. J. C. Dawson, proprietor of the Louton, Ont., Herald, has been appointed Postmaster of that city. Harvest prospects in England are said to be anything but encouraging. The hay crop is almost a total failure.

A Tunis despatch says the native tribes are giving in their submission, and military operations have been suspended. Prince Bismarck is elaborating a bill intended to forbid the private manufacture of dynamite and other explosive materials.

The Dominion Organ Co. of Bowmanville, Ont., have applied for an additional bonus of \$5,000 to extend their works in that place. Advances from Japan state that it is thought the Russians intend to make an effort to obtain a military and naval base in Korea.

The Bell Telephone Company in Quebec are going to remove all their wires on roofs of houses and erect them on poles in the streets. Prince Gortschakoff and Bismarck had a long interview yesterday, at which guarantees of peace between their two governments were settled.

Mr. L. Cote, of St. Hyacinthe, Que., has forwarded a cheque for \$50 to London, Ont., for the benefit of the sufferers by the late disaster. Sir Charles Tupper has gone to Prince Edward Island to consult with other physicians as to the health of Hon. J. C. Pope, Minister of Marine.

Captain Percival, of the Life Guards, will succeed Captain Chater, A. D. C. to the Governor-General, the latter of whom rejoins his regiment. Captain Brown, Superintendent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at Yokohama, was accidentally killed while trying to board the City of Peking.

The Reformers of North Waterloo, Ont., have nominated Mr. E. B. Solder to contest the riding at the approaching election for the Provincial Legislature. The delegates to the International Typographical Union, in session at Toronto, were received on their arrival by the Mayor and Mr. Thos. Wilson, President of the Toronto Union.

Mr. C. J. Anderson, of the Dominion Finance Department, is in Nova Scotia investigating the affair of Van Blearcom, the absconding Savings Bank agent at Annapolis. Architects have received instructions to prepare the residence of Donald A. Smith, at Silver Heights, Man., for the reception of the Governor-General and suite on their arrival there next month.

The steamer Chang, manned and officered exclusively by Chinese, sailed from Hong Kong for Victoria, B.C., on the 1st of June, with five hundred laborers for the Railway works on board.

OURSELVES ALONE.

The work that should to-day be wrought... Defer not till to-morrow...

To long our Irish hearts we schooled... In patient hopes to bide...

Oh, let its memory be enshrined... In Ireland's heavy fetters...

Remember when our lot was worse... Sunken trampled to the dust...

The "foolish word impossible"... At once, for eye disdain...

When doctors disagree who shall decide?... The people decide by "throwing physic to the dogs..."

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

HIS APPEAL TO MR. GLADSTONE.

DUBLIN, June 2.—Archbishop Croke concluded at Thurles yesterday one of the most extraordinary campaigns ever known in Irish ecclesiastical history.

It is a word that imports the depopulation of our country; that imports the degradation of our people; that imports the transportation of them beyond the waters to foreign lands in search of the means of a livelihood...

and let no man henceforth be turned out of his land, unless it is quite clear that the money which should have made his engagements was wastefully and foolishly dissipated...

We must offer passive resistance to those opposed to us, and in that way they will get tired of the contest, because a whole united people have never yet been defeated.

In the evening His Grace entered fully into the present position and aims of the Land League. He declared that the agitation was not due to Davitt, nor Parnell, nor to their followers...

NOT A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT. In the strict sense of the word, it is a constitutional movement. It is a lawful movement. It is a movement which we intend to push forward by moral force alone.

WE GET OUR RIGHTS.

and that we will enlist on our behalf, not the sword, nor the gun, nor the cannon of France, or of Spain, or of Italy, or of the United States...

GIVE TO CAESAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S; we will assert for ourselves the things that are ours. (Loud cheers) What we want is a chance for our lives in our country...

When doctors disagree who shall decide? The people decide by "throwing physic to the dogs," and trying Burdock Blood Bitters...

MONTREAL MANNERS.

The Montreal Post very properly presents an affront offered to the Irish Catholics of Montreal by the promoters of the Allan banquet.

Chairman—Mr. Gault, M.P. Victor Hudon, Col Stevenson, C.J. Courso, M.P., Edward Mackay, John J. Arton, A. McGibbon, Andrew Robertson, F.W. Henshaw, Jacques Grenier, David Morrice, James Stewart, S.H. Ewing, A.W. Ogilvie, Hugh McLennan.

It will be observed that there is not an English-speaking Catholic name in the list. We deeply regret to learn, upon the authority of THE POST, which we cannot dispute, that the omission was not due to that thoughtlessness or want of consideration which Protestants are prone to display when the interests or the feelings of their Catholic neighbors are concerned...

WOMAN'S WISDOM. "She insists that it is of more importance that her family shall be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times."

THE LONDON CATASTROPHE. LONDON, May 31.—A new phase of the late disaster is given by Robert D. Kilgour, a survivor. He says that before the vessel tipped the people were panic-stricken, and those nearest the side tried to rush overboard...

Do not drug the system with nauseous purgatives that only debilitate. Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's own Cathartic, it acts at once upon the bowels, the skin, the liver and the kidneys, arousing all the secretions to a healthy action.

THE RICHELIEU RIVER.

SCENERY—HISTORIC REMINISCENCES—A MAN OF THE NAME OF "PETRAULT" AND WHAT HE DID IN '37.

It is singular that so few pleasure or health seekers find their way here from among the dust-covered, smoke-swallowing, half-mothered citizens of Montreal.

THE RICHELIEU RIVER, from the time it strays away from Lake Champlain until it loses itself in the St. Lawrence, can show as many points of interest—scenic and historic—as any other river on the continent, except, it may be, the blood-stained Potomac.

THE DEGRADATION OF OUR CEMETERIES.

We take the following extract, in reference to the above subject, from La Minerve of the 24th May:— "It is our pleasant duty to deny, and with proper authority, the odious suspicion which it was tried to cast upon the honesty and indubitable fidelity of our brave guardian of the Mountain Cemetery, Mr. Jos. Deschamps."

Reader have you tried every known remedy for Chronic disease, Impure Blood, disordered Liver or Kidneys, Nervous and General Debility, Constipation of the Bowels, with the manifold sufferings pertaining thereto?

THE ST. HUBERT SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATION FIASCO.

In regard to the reported supernatural manifestations at the village of St. Hubert, dwelt on at great length by two of our evening contemporaries, the mother of the supposed possessed girl, there is no truth whatever in what has been published concerning it.

THE DERBY.

LONDON, June 1.—The race for the Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs to-day was won by Lord's Iquois; Peregrine, 2nd; Town Moor, 3rd. The jockey, Archer, who rode Iquois, received a tremendous ovation on returning to weigh.

A WEDDING PARTY.

this very morning in which the bridegroom was a desperate case. The bride was arrayed in clothes containing as many colors as the whole trousseau of the Princess Stephanie, and the groom, who had a cigar half year down his throat and wore his hat on his right ear, gracefully waved his hand to all creation as he wended his way to Church.

FURTHER MANIFESTATIONS AT KNOCK.

An extraordinary manifestation of heaven's favors to this holy spot took place on Monday night, the 9th inst. About eleven o'clock on that night some pilgrims went to the Gable of the Apparition to recite their prayers, and immediately on these being commenced the countenance of the figure grew life-like, the extended hands were drawn together, and with upturned palms, assumed a posture of benediction.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In our infancy we cut our teeth; in our old age our teeth cut us. There is generally thought to be a good deal more pleasure in bringing on the gout than in bearing it.

Before marrying a woman for her money consider what a terrible incubance you will find her in the event of its being lost. A stranger in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted "Stop thief!" and about thirty of the inhabitants disappeared down a side street.

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A man at Canton writes that a neighbor of his laid in, for his winter provisions, a hind-quarter of a horse and two barrels of bird-dogs, the latter salted to keep.

A man in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the back of the lake. Verdict—"Found empty."

An express company that runs from the "Mississippi westward," in the contract printed on its receipt, disclaims responsibility, as carrier, for any loss or damage by fire, the act of God, Indians, or any other public enemies of the Government.

A young gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily they intended to make a but of him. "No, my good sir," said Colman, "we only want to get a stove out of you."

If you are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable.

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. This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it.

PROVISIONS, &c.

McGRAIL & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN FRESH PROVISIONS, 341 & 343 Commissioner Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

SOME SPLENDID FIRE-PROOF SAFES

OF THE CELEBRATED GOLDIE & McCULLOCH MAKE, JUST RECEIVED AT THE DOMINION SAFE WAREHOUSES, No. 31 BONAVENTURE ST., (Adjoining Witness Office.)

SAFES, Vault Doors, &c.

Do not wait till you are burnt out or robbed before you buy one. The one we bought for the office of this paper is of this make and admired by all who see it.

FROM THE HUB.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In general debility, mental depression, and nervous irritability there is no medicine which operates so like a charm as these famous Pills. They purify the blood, soothe and strengthen the nerves and system, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and, in fact, make the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system.

Finance. 4 Bonds @ \$1. 2,000—300,000 florins. 2 Bonds @ \$1. 50,000—100,000 florins. 2 Bonds @ \$1. 30,000—60,000 florins. 4 Bonds @ \$1. 10,000—40,000 florins. 24 Bonds @ \$1. 2,000—24,000 florins. 48 Bonds @ \$1. 400—48,000 florins. 4720 Bonds @ \$1. 120—472,000 florins.

Every one of the above-named Bonds which does not draw of the large premiums must be drawn with at least 180 florins or \$70. The next drawing takes place on JULY 1st, 1881.

NOTICE!

We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our large and varied stock of MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, &c., &c., which for neatness, beauty of design and prices defy competition.

GRAND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

TO BE HELD ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal, Arranged in three Departments—Agricultural, Horticultural and Industrial. Opens Wednesday, September 14, Excepting Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, which arrive two days later, viz., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th. CLOSURE FRIDAY, SEPT. 23rd.

PROVISIONS, &c.

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RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular weekly meeting of the St. Bridget's T. A. & B. Society, held in their rooms on Sunday, the 28th ult., the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved—That in their death this Society has lost three useful and honored members. Resolved—That while expressing our entire sympathy to the will of Divine Providence we cannot refrain from testifying our deep sorrow in the death of such worthy and esteemed members of our Society.

M. O'DONNELL, Cor.-Secretary.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which saves many heavily doctored bills.

A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

Thousands of people cured of chest disease and nasal catarrh by Dr. M. Souville's splanter, which is used in the leading hospitals in Europe; instructions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address; physicians and surgeons invited to try the instrument at the Doctor's office, Montreal, without charge.

MONTREAL, January 13th, 1881.

DEAR DOCTOR,—

I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of catarrh and bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies.

Yours truly, C. Hill.

MONTREAL, January, 1881.

Dr. M. Souville, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with catarrh in the head and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am quite cured, and have to thank you for it by the use of your Spirometer and remedies.

Yours respectfully, S. Huron, Montreal.

Mr. Benj. A. Drake, 162 St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Mr. Hunter, student at McGill College, who suffered from chest disease, is now cured. Also the no less surprising cure of Mrs. Bennett, 114 Cathedral street, daughter of Mr. David Perron, who suffered from asthma and bronchitis for over eight years, and who is now perfectly cured.

POND'S EXTRACT FOR PAIN.—

You seldom see much allusion to it in the public prints, yet its sale has extended to all parts of the world.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINDYBLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

consists in the individual economy of the people. Therefore all the people of Montreal should have their Dresses, Coats, Pants, Shawls, Carriages, Tables and Piano Covers, &c. made at the ROYAL DYE WORKS.

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 708 CRAIG STREET, JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.

A good many people travel through life with grey hair, and are grieved thereby, for who can view with indifference the color and lustre of the hair of their youth vanish forever?

To those who strongly advise the use of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, which removes dandruff and cleans the scalp. Sold by all druggists at 50 cts. a bottle.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. Sale of Lands.

To encourage the rapid settlement of the Country, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands required for agricultural purposes at the low price of \$2.50 an acre, payable by instalments, and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price of \$1.25 for every acre of such lands brought under cultivation within three to five years following the date of purchase.

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS!

A lady for many years suffering from the above diseases, having tried many advertised remedies and the most eminent physicians in America and Europe, was at last cured by an old German physician in Berlin.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED,

Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. Groups of Land Leaguers. Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24. SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

LANE & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STRICKS & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUX & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLZETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

RUPTURE!

THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO., 334 Bowers, N.Y., and 9 South 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa., cure Rupture in from 30 to 60 days, and will pay \$1,000 for a Rupture that can be cured. Send 25c. for Book to Dr. C. W. H. BURKHAM, General Superintendent, at either Office, and be cured.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BEATTY

Pianos Another battle on high prices Baging War on the musical instrument market. Fully illustrated Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying PIANO or ORGAN. Ready latest War Circular. Lowest prices ever given. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C.

Bells, &c.

CLINTON H. MENELY BELL CO.

Successor to MENELY & KIMBRELY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. 207 1/2 St. James Street.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY illustrated Catalogue sent free. VANDUZEE & TIFT, Cincinnati, O. Nov. 3, 80.

Farms For Sale.

FOR SALE.

SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS.

AND ALSO City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms.

Apply to TRUST & LOAN CO. of Canada, 14 St. James Street.

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION

In Minnesota, U. S.

Revised Immigration Circulars just published and sent free to any address.

Address: Catholic Colonization Bureau, ST. PAUL, Minn., U.S.

Dye Works.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

consists in the individual economy of the people. Therefore all the people of Montreal should have their Dresses, Coats, Pants, Shawls, Carriages, Tables and Piano Covers, &c. made at the ROYAL DYE WORKS.

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 708 CRAIG STREET, JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.

Established 1870.

Medical.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSMIC ELIXIR

Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season. People die of consumption simply because of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them at once.

Fifty-one years of constant use proves the fact that no cough remedy has stood the test like DOWNS' Elixir. Price 25 cents and 50 cts. per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS

Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Bilioousness. Price 25 cents per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT

For Man and Beast. The most perfect liniment ever compounded. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. For Sale Everywhere.

Sept 8, 80. 4-ly

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable. Will not harm the most delicate woman or child.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Bladder sure and certain.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is the greatest Blood Cleanser in the world; it literally digs up and carries from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Bilioousness, Regulates the Bowels and Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is not a cheap Rum Drink but is the greatest discovery yet made in medicine.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is put up in half-pint bottles, and sold for 25c. PER BOTTLE.

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

F. M. CARPENTER, Waterloo, Que.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so extensively merited the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its curative and beneficial qualities will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. LYMAN SONS & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents.

CERTICURE PILLS!

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, BILIOUSNESS!

Price 25c. A trial will convince. Wholesale by LYMAN SONS & CO., MONTREAL.

Medical.

Medical. LUBY'S

A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey. She was disconsolate, but fortunately found in time the virtues of a certain remedy which made the Grey Hair disappear as if by magic, and beside served as a rich perfume. The remedy was LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all druggists.

FOR THE HAIR!

Semiramis, the celebrated Assyrian Queen had hair which was the envy of her subjects: It continued beautiful, flowing and glossy to the end of her life never as much as a grey hair daring to peep through it. It is probable she was acquainted with some remedy afterwards lost; but we have LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all chemists.

FOR THE HAIR!

How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people prematurely bald or prematurely grey. It is a source of humiliation to those deficient of hair and a source of anxiety to their friends. The question is, how can these things be remedied? We answer by using LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all chemists.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured—no humbug!—by one month's usage of DR. KISNER'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Gould is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and our knowledge of thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.

Price for mailing box \$2.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address, ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION Positively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try DR. KISNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box.

We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative power. If your life worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, sent by any part of the United States or Canada, by mail on receipt of price. Address, ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Banks Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.

These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels.

Giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

FOR THE CURE OF Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers!

It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt to meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Croup, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gonorrhoea, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 688 Oxford Street, London, in boxes and 7/6, in 1/4, 1/2, 3/4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

N. B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, by letter.

Professional Cards.

DR. KANNON, C.M.M.D., M.C.P.S. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, &c. 299 St. Joseph Street, (over McCall's Drug Store.) 18-G

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POND'S EXTRACT.

THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER and SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION and HEMORRHOES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured so many cases of these distressing complaints as the Extract. Our Extract is invaluable in those diseases, Lumbago, Pain in Back or Side, &c. One Ointment (30 cents) for use when removal of clothing is inconvenient, is a great help in relieving inflammatory cases.

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Nose, or from any cause, is especially controlled and stopped. Our Nasal Extract (30 cents) with Inhalers (30 cts.) are of great aid in arresting internal bleeding.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. It is a sure cure. Delay is dangerous.

Catarrh. The Extract is the only specific for this disease. Cold in Head, or "Catarrh Cure," specially prepared to meet the case of Catarrh of the Head. The Extract is our Nasal Myringo, available for use in catarrhal affections, is simple and unsurpassed.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is unrivaled, and should be kept in every family for use in all cases of Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, heat and pain. It is untried, and should be kept in every family for use in all cases of Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, heat and pain.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm, quickly allaying all inflammation and soothing without pain.

Earsache, Toothache and Faceache. When the Extract is used according to directions, its effect is simply wonderful.

Piles. It is the greatest known remedy for rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. It is a preventive against Chills and Piles. Our Catarrh Cure is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extract is so effective, cleanly and efficacious that mothers who have once used it will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best and most perfect that can be applied.

Female Complaints. No physician can be called in for the majority of female diseases if the Extract be used. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trademark on our wrapper. No other is genuine. Always buy the genuine "Pond's Extract" and be sure you get the genuine. It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.

Price of Pond's Extract, Tincture, Toilet Articles and Specialties.

POND'S EXTRACT, 30c. 4 bottles, \$1.25. Toilet Cream, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Tooth Paste, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Oil, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Dressing, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Restorer, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Lotion, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Cream, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Soap, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Shampoo, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Conditioner, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Perfume, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Oil, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Dressing, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Restorer, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Lotion, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Cream, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Soap, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Shampoo, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Conditioner, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75. Hair Perfume, 50c. 4 bottles, \$1.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK and LONDON.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Orders for 25c worth, carriage free, on receipt of 25c. Orders for \$5 worth, carriage free, on receipt of \$5, if addressed to:

No. 14 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

THE MUSICAL MARVEL. Instrument and Musician Combined.

The Gem of Musical Wonders, THE ORGANIA, the most wonderful mechanical instrument the world has ever seen. It is a mechanical marvel, and a musical masterpiece. It is a combination of the best of both worlds, and is a true marvel of modern science. It is a combination of the best of both worlds, and is a true marvel of modern science.

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Ireland! THE LAND WAR

Brady, Secretary of the Ballinamore, County Leitrim, Land League, O'Beirne and two men named Murray, of Ballinamore, and Galloghly and Kelly, of an adjacent village, were arrested under the Coercion Act.

The people throughout the day, except for their tongues, were perfectly peaceful. There was no doubt, however, that the sub-heriff and the agent of the estate, and Mr. Goddard of the Emergency Committee were desirous of precipitating a conflict.

It is claimed the Government is making preparations to suppress all Land League meetings in future. NEW PALLAS, June 5.—In a disturbance at Ballybrophy, to-day, a man was shot dead and others wounded by a bailiff, who, with his three sons, has been arrested.

WARREN.—Lung disease and rheumatism are perhaps the most obstinate maladies with which medical skill does battle. The latter, if less dangerous, is the most inveterate of the two.

Japans. Nagasaki Japan may be quoted at 30c to 35c; common Japans, 23c to 27c; good common to medium, 27c to 32c; fair to good, 32c to 42c; fine to choice, 41c to 55c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Hacking coughs lacerate the lungs; beget consumption; consumption fills cemeteries. I piped in the bud with Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, the destructive miasm is deprived of its power.