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The Time AND Witnes's

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 17

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1887.

PRICE - FIVE CENTS

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

A Letter Concerning It From Father McDonagh.

He Tells What Bishop Cleary Said in His Discourse at Napanee—Some Interesting Observations.

To the Editor of the Kingston Daily News.

SIR,—In your issue of last Wednesday an anonymous communication appears, dated "Napanee, November 15," purporting to be a report of the reply of His Lordship, the Bishop of Kingston, to the address presented to him by the ladies of the church of which I am the pastor. I cannot conceive who the author of this might be. There were several Protestant ladies and gentlemen among the Catholic congregation during the services at which the Bishop is said to have pronounced the discourse published by you, but my personal acquaintance with them forbids me to suppose that any of them would commit to grave a breach of religious hospitality as to misrepresent the teaching of bishop or priest through our courtesy they were privileged to listen to. Much less could I believe for a moment that any one of them would offer so grave an outrage to their Catholic fellow-citizens as to distort the Bishop's instruction on the cultivation of modest deportment into the odious accusations which your anonymous correspondent imputes to him in reference to the "women and girls of this country" without limitation or distinction. Be pleased to allow me to inform your readers that from the beginning to the end of his discourse the Bishop passed no observations whatever upon "the women" of this country, whom you expressly classify as distinguished from "the girls." You do not indeed imitate the Toronto Mail and the Montreal Gazette by writing an editorial paragraph appealing to the injured feelings of "the wives and mothers of Canada," but the document published by you amounts to almost the same. The entire instruction was directed to the manners of youth and the laws of social reserve and modesty and gentleness required for the Christian formation of character, particularly in females. Even your anonymous correspondent sufficiently signifies this in his concluding sentence: "His Lordship contrasted in very caustic language the system in vogue in this country, and that of the old world, completing his remarks with an appeal to the young girls of his congregation to preserve their modesty as a priceless jewel." This represents the whole burden of his discourse. The Bishop did undoubtedly contrast the social demeanor of young females trained in the old country, according to the traditional rules of Christian propriety with that of our new country whose disregard of those excellent rules in the system of public education shows itself too frequently and painfully in certain incongruities and irregularities of behaviour instanced by him. He said that "boldness of look" and "hard staring into the face of the other sex" and "loudness of speech" and "unreserve of manner" and sometimes also "unfeminine rudeness," exhibited by rushing in and out of railway cars are evidences of the defective training of female youth, which he himself has often witnessed and has often heard others comment upon since his advent to Canada. He made emphatic reference to the practice, unknown in European countries, but seemingly claimed as a privilege of their sex by many young ladies in this country, of conversing in loud, shrill tones in the railway cars to the great annoyance of their fellow-passengers, and this he described to be "screaming and screeching" rather than lady-like conversation. I venture to say that there are few persons accustomed to travel who have not from time to time been made painfully sensible of this specimen of defective training of the female youth of Canada. Your anonymous correspondent chooses to extend His Lordship's remarks by making them refer "to the women as well as to the girls," and "not to any class or section of them, or to occasional instances of such irregularity; but to all the women, or, as the Mail and Gazette would have it, to 'the wives and mothers of Canada.'" In this sense, and it is the substantial significance of the anonymous libel, the statement is absolutely untrue.

A great deal of malignity of purpose is displayed in the anonymous writer's transfer of certain of the Bishop's words from the sentence in which they were spoken to some other connection in which they have a meaning nowise intended by his Lordship. But I will not follow him through this course of trespass on the patience of your readers, since I should transcribe almost every second sentence of the libel in giving instances of this unworthy procedure. One sentence at the conclusion of the libellous document calls for special remark, because it may go far to explain many of the incongruities of manner censured by the Bishop.

"Putting young men and young girls together and allowing them to associate without restraint, as is done in the schools here, is an abomination which even Pagans would not tolerate, and which has led to the destruction of all female modesty."

The last clause of this sentence is, like many others throughout the libel, transformed from a just maxim of morality into an offensive imputation against the women of Canada by the substitution of one word for another. The Bishop said "tends" to; your correspondent writes "led" to. As regards the general proposition announced by His Lordship, which he has likewise proclaimed on many similar occasions, I believe his judgment stands approved, not alone by the maxims of Catholic theology and the rules of the church; but also by moralists of the highest character and widest experience; belonging to various religious denominations; and it is a fact that the medical faculty in the United States have protested against the practice for reasons proper to their profession.

The libel of last Thursday concurs to a considerable extent with the views of the Bishop on the general question. He says that viewed as a machine for propagating morality, the public school system is defective. Whether it be the fault of the mode of teaching, or of the teachers, or of the parents, or of all four combined, the average public school child, both in Canada and the United States, is deficient to some extent in truthfulness, in obedience, in reverence and in other qualities which go to make the true man."

Sir, there is something suspicious about this anonymous libel being produced at this particular time. The Bishop's discourse to my congregation was delivered on the 22d November at his formal entrance into the church for the opening of his pastoral visitation. It was published very fully in both the Napanee journals two days afterwards, and neither journal expressed a word of dissatisfaction, but rather of high praise and admiration for the whole tenor of His Lordship's instructions. The Mail's correspondent forwarded a report to that journal, the substance of which appeared in a short editorial paragraph on the 8th instant, which implied that no grave accusation had been made against the Bishop and which elicited from the editor nothing more than a good humored criticism. How does it come to pass that a report of His Lordship's address is now brought forward after the lapse of fourteen days by some unknown person, who represents those episcopal instructions as something very different from what they had been generally understood to be, and imputed to him a series of utterances derogatory to the honor of all Canada's women? And how is it that the libel has been accepted and published by so many journals, and amongst them I regret to say the Kingston Daily News, as if it were a divine revelation whose authenticity, integrity and verity had been established by irrefutable proof? The spirit that governs this extraordinary journalistic movement is manifested in the comments of some of the editors, and still more in the headings with which the libel is introduced to the public. There is a studied malice in converting fixed forms of language, whose well known meaning is comparatively innocuous, into others not very different in sound, but most offensive in their significance. When one speaks of modesty of deportment being deficient in some young females, or says of a gentleman "he is not a very modest young man," the meaning is quite definite, and it is only an untruthful and unjust person who would report the speaker as having said that the young man or the girl is "immodest" and "immoral."

Does not the appearance of this anonymous production immediately after the issue of the Bishop's pastoral on the "Provisional expulsion of Catholic children from the public schools" on the 13th instant—the Montreal Gazette on the 15th instant, Kingston Daily News on the 16th, and the Toronto Mail on the 17th—supply a key for the understanding of the whole plot? And is there not a mystery in the diversity of dates assigned to the transmission of the concocted document, the Montreal Gazette and the Mail dating it "Napanee, November 10th," and you dating it November 15th? Is anyone expected to believe that the editor of the Montreal Gazette kept this precious composition locked up in his desk from the 10th to the 15th instant, and that the editor of the Mail, the most prominent adversary of the Bishop of Kingston, had heard nothing at all about it until the 17th instant, when he chanced to see a copy of the Gazette.

In conclusion let me say this other word. To persons unacquainted with the vexatious proceedings of the Public School Board of Kingston, His Lordship's censures may appear unnecessarily severe; but when a paper's zeal is aroused by a violent assault made upon the young ones of his congregation, and he has the courage to meet the enemy face to face in open fight, it is not surprising that he should strike sturdy blows, more especially if the weapons of misrepresentation and calumny have been freely employed against him.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
J. H. McDONAGH, priest,
Pastor of Napanee, Ont.

THE BISHOP AT BROCKVILLE.

On Sunday His Lordship Bishop Cleary addressed the Roman Catholic congregation of Brockville, and the following report of his remarks is taken from the Recorder:—

Referring to the Napanee question, the Bishop said he was pained to the heart by the action of so large a number of journals in publishing that anonymous libel. He said he had grave cause of complaint against those who unwarrantably accepted such odious imputations against him and wrote fierce editorial articles denouncing him without any warrant except a nameless anonymous function written in a manifestly hostile spirit. His action in defence of the little Catholic children when the public school board of Kingston had sought to stigmatize before the world by branding them as "expelled" pupils, although uncondemned of any crime and unacquainted with his obvious duty as the children's pastor. The subsequent withdrawal of all the children of Catholic parents and of some Protestant fathers likewise, from the public schools of Kingston, was the result of the board's oral proceeding. It is to avenge this upon the Bishop that the anonymous libel was concocted two days after he (the Bishop) had announced this result in a pastoral letter to his congregation last Sunday. The address was delivered by him in Napanee on November 22d. On the 4th November the journals published reports of his instructions during the visitation, and found no fault with them, but rather praised them. The Toronto Mail's own correspondent in Napanee sent a report to that journal which the editor's remarks would signify not to have contained any great accusation. But now, thirteen days after the Bishop's delivery of that address, and two days after the issue of his pastoral letter in the church concerning the withdrawal of all the Catholic children from the public schools, the "conscience" of the Board's ill-treatment of them, an anonymous

report of his address is prepared by angry men, sent round to all the journals for publication, and comments of denunciation against the Bishop. In the anonymous document itself the Bishop is charged with imputing immodesty to all the women and girls of Canada, and some of the editorial articles emphasize this yet more unjustly by interpreting it direct against the "wives and mothers of Canada." He (the Bishop) protested against all this as untrue and gravely unjust. He did not speak at all of women, much less of wives and mothers, but addressed himself solely to the manners of young people, telling how they should be formed on the Christian type, and particularly in regard of females, and complaining of the neglect of this important element in the public education of this country. He had mentioned certain irregularities of manner that are too frequently observable in the youth of this country, such as loudness of speech in the railway cars, staring fixedly at persons of the opposite sex, and other forms of unreserve in deportment which had sometimes come under his own notice and he had heard others remark upon, and he argued that these were indications of a defective system of training in the public institution. He said it was wholly untrue that he had attributed those irregularities to all the young females of Canada; he spoke only of instances that were frequently visible to every traveller. It is shamefully untrue that he imputed immodesty or immorality to any of them. When he used the word modest in that address at Napanee, it was always in reference to deportment and the forms of outward manner, and everyone knows that in this connection the word has a definite signification, and that to torture such a phrase into a charge of immodesty or immorality, as some of the journals have done, is a gross injustice and calumny. He said, in conclusion, that it is quite usual to enforce the necessity of general regulations, whether demanded of Government or of educational institutions, by reference to instances of irregularity, and that no one interprets such reference as a charge against the entire community. Thus the cause of temperance is every day advocated by arguments and maxims relating to well known instances of intemperance in this or that city or district, and no one thinks of charging the speakers with vilifying the whole body of the inhabitants in such cities, towns and districts as drunkards. The treatment he (the Bishop) had received from the press and the publication of the anonymous libel and their unjust comments extending his words beyond their scope and meaning, had caused him great pain, and this had come upon him at a time when he is suffering from physical exhaustion after a laborious visitation of his diocese begun at the end of May and continued up to the present week. Instead of the needful rest which he was preparing to take after so much toil, he finds himself burdened with this new and most painful load of anxiety and distress.

ARBITRATION.

A SCENE IN NEW JERSEY—EDITORS TO BE PROSECUTED IN IRELAND.

CAMDEN, Nov. 29.—A remarkable scene occurred last night at a meeting which was gotten up in the interest of the four members of the British Parliament who are advocating the peace arbitration idea. Before the meeting had proceeded far it was very apparent that two-thirds of those present were Irish sympathizers, and when the usual resolutions were read, the following was offered as an additional resolution and adopted along with the others:—

Resolved, that we earnestly urge that the principles of arbitration be adopted by England in the settlement of the difficulties between that country and down-trodden Ireland, believing as we do that the method will result in a speedy correction of shameful abuses that are being heaped upon defenceless Irish tenants under cover of the iniquitous coercion law.

TO BE PROSECUTED.

DUBLIN, Nov. 28.—After the trial of Lord Mayor Sullivan, editor of the Nation, for printing reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League, the Government will prosecute a number of editors of other papers for publishing similar reports.

DILLON AT OXFORD.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—On the invitation of the Oxford University Russell Club, John Dillon, M.P., to-day delivered an address in the Corn Exchange. He reviewed the history of Ireland, and said that agitation in that country was justifiable. Without agitation the Irish would not have obtained the land acts. It was a lasting honor to the Irish that they had refused to submit tamely to the detestable Castle Government. John Dillon writes that it is owing to his urgent request that Messrs. Cox and Sheehy, members of Parliament, have evaded arrest since the warrants were issued against them. He says both of these gentlemen have given valuable assistance in combining the tenants to demand reduced rents.

The Freeman's Journal asserts that the arrest of news agents for selling copies of United Ireland is illegal. If it is legal, it says, the Dublin depot of the Right Hon. Wm. Henry Smith's News Company are guilty of the same offense, as they have sold thousands of United Ireland.

The Freeman's Journal declares that the organizing of Mr. Mandeville to a stinking cell at Kilmacore prison for refusing to cleanse utensils and exercise in company with ordinary criminals is as scandalous as the worst outrages committed in Bombay or Neapolitan prisons.

A WORD FROM DILLON.

DUBLIN, Nov. 28.—John Dillon writes that it is owing to his urgent request that Messrs. Cox and Sheehy, members of Parliament, have evaded arrest since the warrants were issued for them; he says both of these gentlemen have given valuable assistance in combining the tenants to demand reduced rents.

WHAT HAS THE UNION DONE FOR IRELAND?

LETTER I.

That the means resorted to by Mr. Pitt, through Lord Castlereagh, for the gaining over the majority of the Irish Parliament, exhibited corruption in its most gigantic and revolting form, is less disgraceful to those ministers than the parties on whose venality they relied. Ireland was bought wholesale by England; but it was her own children who sold her.—Times Newspaper, Jan. 8, 1851.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.

SIR,—The above quotation is a decided opinion on a question which now engrosses the public mind and engages the attention of every thinking man in the British Empire, to the exclusion of almost every other subject. Compared with the question of Home Rule, every other matter of public interest sinks into insignificance. It is a subject of discussion everywhere, and with every one; in the humble hamlet of the half-starved peasant, as well as in the proud mansion of the wealthy peer. The violent attempts made to prevent its discussion, the gagging of the Press, the imprisonment of the people's representatives, the abhorrent work of the "Crowbar brigade," the infamies of the detested emergency men, the refined cruelties of the landlord class, instead of throwing it back, have propelled it in an extraordinary degree. The over-zealous efforts of those who are vainly attempting to stifle public opinion are doing more to promote the question of Home Rule than its most strenuous supporters—it is now floating on the tide of public opinion; it is an uppermost and foremost of the democratic platform of Great Britain; its course is steadily towards the polar star; it cannot be resisted. The opinions expressed by the so-called Unionists, and by the famous perverters of history, Smith and Froude, and the great scientist Tyndal, have naturally caused much discussion with both Tories and Liberals; they have been the cause of regret and disappointment, if not deep displeasure, to many of their ardent, disinterested, and zealous friends. Some of these men were once found on the side of every liberal and enlightened measure—enemies to oppression at home, and the advocates of liberty abroad. Of James Anthony Froude, the impaled, lying historian, it is unnecessary to say much—his advice in to-day's telegrams for the application of perpetual martial law to Ireland, will meet with the same contempt and derision from all unprejudiced people as did his historical eulogies on Henry VIII. and his virtuous daughter "good queen Elizabeth" shall not make up the public utterances of these gentlemen for the present; suffice it, my opinions are in opposition to theirs, on one of the greatest political questions of the age—a question deeply involving the life, liberty, property and happiness of the people of Ireland. It is my intention to enter into a full discussion of this momentous question;—but before I attempt to reply to arguments, I think it necessary to make a few preliminary observations, which will explain the principles on which I mean to proceed, the object I have in view, and the motives which have influenced me in thus taking on myself a duty which I feel myself not sufficiently adequate to perform. The first subject that presses itself on my consideration is the means resorted to, by Her Majesty's Government in Ireland, to prevent lawful meetings, free discussion, and to stifle public opinion. In common with every man who knows and values the free principles of the British Constitution, I have to condemn, in the strongest manner, the advisers of her Majesty's Representative in Ireland (although, God knows, he is by nature as bad as the worst) for the usual for an unscrupulous exercise of a law unknown to the Constitution. As a British subject, entitled to the protection of British laws, I would feel it a degradation to set my foot in a country where such power is tolerated. In these arbitrary proceedings, I see one law for Ireland and another law for England. This unalloyed exercise of authority looks more like the angry visitation of offended power than the mild dispensation of the laws of Victoria, who completed her Jubilee a few months since—a power much more consonant to that delegated to a Persian Satrap or a Turkish Bashaw than that which ought only to be placed in the hands of a British Peer by a British Queen. What adds not a little to this ill-advised inroad on the constitutional rights and constitutional feelings of the Irish people is, that these extreme measures should be sanctioned by the present Ministers—men who, before they attained power, were the most violent advocates of the constitutional rights of the people, and who still pretend to be so for every other people on earth, save the Irish. If Irishmen only exercise the right of all freemen, that of speaking and thinking, let the Constitution be suspended, Dublin Castle cries "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war" upon the peaceable, wretched inhabitants of that unhappy country. Balfour grasps his thunder—But Jupiter is always wrong when he appeals to his thunder. He flings his sword and buckler into the scale, as if seven centuries of English misrule, injuries and wrongs were not enough to convince unhappy Ireland that there was nothing but war for the conquered. If the Government was not convinced that the question of Home Rule would be forwarded by discussion, and that it was capable of being supported by unassailable argument, they would not resort to their "thunder," bayonets and brutality to put it down. Another ally, resorted to by Randy Churchill, Joe Chamberlain & Co., Religious Bigotry, has been called on to aid the Government Proclamations. I cannot think that all her Majesty's advisers could be wicked enough to call for aid on so frightful an auxiliary; however, a bold attempt has been made to raise the war-whoop of religious feud. If I raise the war-whoop of religious feud, I thought the violence of one party to prevent, or the over-zealous efforts of the other to promote, Home Rule, would have the effect of again raising the demon of religious discord; I would say that the time for discussion had not arrived—that the people were not prepared for it—that it should be postponed; but the present attempt is as weak as it is wicked; the distinctions of Orange

man and Papist no longer exist in Ireland—they will no longer allow themselves to be used as puppets by the jugglers behind the scenes, to perpetrate the degradation of their common country; they know that the interest of the Orange merchant, manufacturer, and tradesman, is the same with that of the Catholic People—the prosperity of the one must, as a natural consequence, lead to the prosperity of the other. With such knowledge abroad, and who to-day can doubt it, the attempt to light up the torch of religious discord, to raise the war-whoop of religious bigotry, must be vain and fruitless. The ultra Orangeman and the ultra Papist must pair off together—they are twin brothers—they should never be separated: let them bow to the moloch of despotism; the Protestant people and the Catholic people will unite in the glorious cause of their country's and constitutional liberty. The trick is too stale—it can only impose on the ignorant, the bigoted, and the besotted. The enlightened spirits of the age has shone upon the dark and wicked deeds of the false magicians; their spell is broken—their wand is shattered to atoms—the greatest curse that possibly can fall on any nation or people, the curse of religious dissensions, can never again be inflicted on the Irish.

Having said so much on the subject of the proclamations, and the attempt at raising the cry of religious discord, two subjects that deserve to be placed together—civil and religious bigotry—

"Sure such a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature."

I shall in a few words advert to another bugbear that has been insidiously raised to frighten the people from entering into the discussion on Home Rule—namely, the danger of separation from England. On the important point I am most anxious not to be misunderstood. The opponents of Home Rule and her Majesty's Ministers charge those who support it with nothing more or less than the dismemberment of the Empire. The advocates of Home Rule—and they number the democracy of the world—fling back with contempt in the face of their accusers the unfounded charge, and reply, that their object is a modified repeal of the existing Union, only to form another, on a more equitable basis, which will make the Union indissoluble. They are advocates on these political lines from an honest conviction, that as surely as efforts follow causes, the present unhappy state of Ireland—unless Home Rule is granted—must inevitably bring about that separation which they are charged with endeavoring to accomplish. They say that a union of the two countries on the basis of reciprocity and mutual advantage would promote the power and liberty of both; that the present has not one distinguishing feature of such a union; that it paralyzes instead of strengthening the Government; that the vast population, discontented and disorganized, suffering the extreme of human misery, goaded out of patience by wicked laws subjected to the tyranny of robber landlords, thrown into dungeons for no offence, cannot much longer remain in their present state without causing some violent shock to the Empire. Home Rule, declares the advocates, is the only panacea for all the existing evils, while the Tory-Unionists welcome the dismemberment rather than grant the only measure calculated to cement an indissoluble Union between the two countries. An impassable barrier is thrown between the higher and the lower classes; no sympathy exists between them. There is no connecting link in the state of Irish society; the relations of landlord and tenant, of master and servant, cannot be said to exist. It is divided between the few, who are determined to cling to their monopolies to the last—and the many, who are determined to shake them off when they can. Amidst the conflict of opinion, the people have no confidence in the Government, which ought to be the impartial arbitrator between them. Every day's experience proves to them that their representative influence is null; that the monopolists of everything else in Ireland have also monopolized the favor of the Government; and the natural consequence is, that Irish society exhibits one mighty mass of dissatisfaction and discontent. The advocates of Home Rule say that it is only a local Legislature, which will gain the confidence of the people, that possibly can calm the stormy waves of public agitation; that the time has arrived to open the contract between the two countries—to examine whether it has been formed on just principles—whether another could not be entered into that would give more satisfaction—whether a Union could not be formed that would bind the countries in one common body, add to the power and glory of the Empire, and secure its internal prosperity and happiness. To prove this is the object I have in view in putting myself forward on the present occasion, like a Knight Errant of old, to sliver a lance with my masters in politics, and my superiors in everything else,—except truth!

I shall divide their arguments. They state, firstly—that Home Rule is only a fictitious name for Repeal of the Act of Union, and would be attended with consequences the most deplorable to Ireland, and that it was the opinion of Grattan and other eminent men, and of course their own, that the Union, once carried, was irrevocable and its repeal impracticable. Secondly—that the present evils of Ireland are not to be attributed to the Union, nor to the Government's monopoly of the Irish Parliament before the Union. Thirdly—they claim one part of the Imperial Parliament credit for conferring vast benefits upon Ireland; and some of them make particular claim for the boon conferred upon her by the Corn Intercourse Bill of 1806.

[Continued on 8th page.]

TENANTS REJOICE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 28.—One hundred and thirty Gweedore tenants have been restituted, and their arrears of rent have been reduced £2,500. There is great rejoicing among the tenants.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire.—De Champlain.

Humility is a fortified town. It repels all attacks. The sight of it obliges the enemy to turn and flee.

In mortal sin it would be better to receive legions of devils than once to receive the living and terrible God.

The more humanity you show in receiving correction, the more mercy God will show you in pardoning your sins.

If I should see a priest and an angel coming the same road I should hasten to kiss the priest first.—St. Francis de Sales.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we may carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

Send your goods on before you to Heaven, where you shall shortly be, and shall enjoy them with interest.—Sir Thomas More.

Humility is the shortest, straightest, surest road by which to arrive, without difficulty, to the love of God and the perfection of every virtue.

Penance is a means, not the end of the soul; be careful not to measure perfection by penitential works; virtue and merit lie in charity.

If you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be any amassing your own bed, and leaving the rest to lie on the stones.—George Eliot.

Shun the world for it will deceive you; for happiness it will give you disappointment; for honor, shame; for fidelity, misery for riches, and eternal death for everlasting life.

Remember that virtue is a very high and rugged mountain, difficult to ascend and requiring much sweat and fatigue before we can arrive at the summit to rest.—B. Henry Stue.

Happy is he who has charity for every one, and who does not desire, moreover, that they have charity for him; and happy too, is he who performs great charity for his neighbor, yet does not trouble himself about receiving like service in return.

It is an awful thing for one to throw away his life on earth, either making it of no real value, or by making it a curse to others. He who does this in either way is sure to make life a total failure for eternity. Good were it for such a man if he had never been born.

Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say "Thy will be done" with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—George MacDonald.

Life is not all in getting, but quite as much in helping. Property is not an absolute possession, to be used or abused at will, but a responsible trust. Labor is not genuine that has no heart or conscience in it. The mutual obligations of men are not discharged when they have performed their tasks and paid the stipulated price.

It is an old Hindoo saying that "the mind is the subtlest of poisons," and it needs the antidotes of cheerful, deliberately accepted work, and a resolute ignoring of mere feeling. Hard? Nothing is harder, but nothing more certain of success. What was that bit we read yesterday? It is the whole story. "Thou hast but to resolve, and lo, God's great universe shall fortify thy soul."—Helen Campbell.

The cup that is full of precious wine has no room for the weakening water. So the heart that is full of the precious wine of God's love has no room for hate and the weakening water of worldliness; the life that is full of deeds of good has no room for the efforts of evil; the heart that is full of cheer has no room for aching sorrow; the mouth that is full of blessings has no room for bitter cursing; the heart brimming over with good is free from power of evil.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Mary must be ranked among those of comparatively recent origin.

Mary's acceptance of the dignity of Mother of God, Her visit to St. Elizabeth, the presentation of the Holy Child in the Temple, the sorrowful seeking of Him in the precincts of the same Temple, with all the sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, are so many revelations of that admirable Heart. Whatever awaken in the Christian a greater love of Mary and devotion to Her, and kindle a greater veneration for Her maternal Heart, and as the former is the object of the Rosary, the latter is the result of its pious recitation.

PAPAL BRIEF.

By a brief dated the first day of October, the Holy Father grants a plenary indulgence to all who shall visit Rome during the celebration of his sacerdotal jubilee in order to bear public witness to the piety and devotion of their own people, and to render honor and due obedience to the supreme authority vested in the Sovereign Pontiff. The same favor is also extended to those who unite themselves in spirit to such pious pilgrimages; or who in any way whatever promote their success. The conditions are that a novena be made and the third part of the Holy Rosary recited daily before the first day of January. If the novena is repeated during the time fixed for the public indulgence, a plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, may be gained on the day of the jubilee and on the feast that immediately follows the novena. Furthermore, His Holiness remits to all who with contrite hearts make such novenas, for each day, 300 hundred days of penance that they may have in any way incurred; or that may be due from them. All these indulgences, etc., are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

PROTEST AGAINST O'BRIEN'S TREATMENT.

DUBLIN, Nov. 25.—A "crowded" meeting was held here yesterday to protest against the treatment of Mr. O'Brien by the Tullamore jail authorities. Lord Mayor Sullivan acted as chairman, and seven English members of the House of Commons were present.

IRENE THE FOUNDLING ;

Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Therefore," went on the colonel, slowly and solemnly, "hoping his words might have effect on his listeners and prevent other desertions..."

"When Aber heard of the trial and the decision of the court-martial, he endeavored to persuade the officers to reconsider the case, representing to them that Diggs was imbecile in mind and not acutely responsible for his deeds..."

Irene visited poor Diggs in prison and found him on the verge of despair. He had wept until his eyes were swollen. He could not eat or sleep, and his subject terror, his want of food and sleep had made him a pitiable-looking object..."

A man with a heart of stone might have felt compassion for Diggs. The little fellow's vanity and boasting were gone. He was humble and meek, and he seldom spoke. Even his fellow prisoners treated him with consideration and endeavored to cheer and encourage him...

"How unfair it is," said Mr. Tompkins, "for you to charge the soldiers, who are fighting for our country, with what may prove a mistake in one case and what, in the other, was the result of laws which have established in all armies since military law was established..."

"Don't say our country," said Mrs. Tompkins, bitterly. "They are fighting for your gold, frozen North, not for my sunny South, which they are trying to desolate and destroy..."

"Oh, father, mother, do not talk about this dreadful war. It has brought us misery enough; let it not ruin our home. It is all wrong—wrong on both sides—and the world will one day say so. The Nation is a great family, and if members of that family are in arms against each other, is it any credit to either—can it matter which side is defeated? I know nothing about either side, but I know it is nothing to take pride or pleasure in. Rather let us pray for its ending, than rejoice or sorrow over triumph or defeat..."

"The fatal morning dawned. Poor Diggs! despair had seized him. His most intimate friends would not have recognized that haggard, wild-looking face. The minister, at his request, came early to his cell, also the sympathizing old ladies, who had passed so many weary hours with him. But the morning hours now seemed to fly. No message or messenger came. The minister looked at his watch. It was only a few minutes before ten. All was silent, save an occasional sob from the prisoner or the old ladies. No one dared speak. The minister sat silently holding his watch, noting the swift flying moments, his lips moving in silent prayer for the soul of the man, who was soon to appear at the bar of God..."

"The minister and all, in the doomed man's cell, bowed for a moment in silence, then the good man lifted up his voice to that God, whom all the universe worships, in a prayer for a soul about to take flight..."

"The dread place was reached. Sergeant Swords and Corporal Grimm had charge of the execution. At the farther extremity of the field was a fresh dug grave—a rude coffin beside it—and, standing in line beneath an oak tree, were twelve soldiers with muskets in their hands. The sight was too much for Diggs and he again fainted. The regimental surgeon administered restoratives, and the officers in charge advanced to prepare the prisoner for his fate..."

"The minister approached Sergeant Swords, asking permission, before this was done, to offer a last prayer. It was granted. The prayer was long and earnest, appealing to the Ruler of the universe, in universal terms. The minister prayed for the prisoner, he prayed for his executioners; he prayed for the officers who composed the court-martial; he prayed for the soldiers who were to execute the sentence; he prayed for the army, for both armies, for all the armies in the world, for all the armies that had been, and for all that might be. Having completely finished up the army business, the preacher commenced on civilians, and prayed, and prayed, and prayed, until both soldiers and officers looked at him and at each other in amazement..."

long past high noon, before the faltering "Amen!" was pronounced. "Ready, fall in!" came the sharp order. This man rose from the grass and fell in line, and the sergeant led Diggs over to the coffin by the side of the grave; but Diggs, sobbing piteously, clung to him with such tenacity that it was difficult for the sergeant to free himself. He finally succeeded; forced him to kneel by his coffin, put the bandage over his eyes. Just as he stepped away, the clatter of hoofs were heard coming around the bend in the road..."

"Attention!" said the sergeant. "Ready!" A loud cry interrupted the order, and a horseman came dashing up the hill. "Hold!" said Sergeant Swords. "There comes the captain..."

Oh, on he came, waving a paper high over his head. The soldiers looked on their guns. Abner Tompkins was among them in a minute, and declared the prisoner free by the authority of Abraham Lincoln. When released, Diggs sprang to his feet, and, in his joy, embraced the preacher, embraced the officers and would have embraced the soldiers, had not one threateningly pointed his bayonet at him...

As they returned to the village, all pleased with the happy result, Corporal Grimm, approaching the minister, said: "I shall always hereafter be a believer in the saving power of prayer. Praying often and praying long, does the work..."

CHAPTER XXIII. THE ABDUCTION.

The Union forces stationed at Snagtown did not remain there many days after the event related in the last chapter. Diggs was paroled, and the regiment ordered into winter quarters at the Junction. The retirement of the Union forces was followed by predatory incursions of the Confederates who were encamped just across the Twin Mountains. Small parties on foraging expeditions frequently crossed the latter, and greatly harassed the citizens in and around Snagtown...

Since the last battle of Snagtown and the Confederate defeat, the peace and quiet of the Tompkins mansion was broken. Mrs. Tompkins openly and warmly avowed her principles, and Mr. Tompkins, old as he was, had almost decided to enlist in the ranks of the Union army and fight for his country. Irene could range herself with neither party; her sympathies were too equally divided...

"To think," said Mrs. Tompkins to Irene, in her husband's presence, "that the Yankees, not content with killing poor, harmless Joe, should attempt to murder Diggs in cold blood!" "How unfair it is," said Mr. Tompkins, "for you to charge the soldiers, who are fighting for our country, with what may prove a mistake in one case and what, in the other, was the result of laws which have established in all armies since military law was established..."

"Don't say our country," said Mrs. Tompkins, bitterly. "They are fighting for your gold, frozen North, not for my sunny South, which they are trying to desolate and destroy. Sooner than see them victorious, I would willingly follow both my sons to my grave..."

Before Mr. Tompkins could reply, Irene interrupted the discussion. "Oh, father, mother, do not talk about this dreadful war. It has brought us misery enough; let it not ruin our home. It is all wrong—wrong on both sides—and the world will one day say so. The Nation is a great family, and if members of that family are in arms against each other, is it any credit to either—can it matter which side is defeated? I know nothing about either side, but I know it is nothing to take pride or pleasure in. Rather let us pray for its ending, than rejoice or sorrow over triumph or defeat..."

Mrs. Tompkins went sobbing from the room, and the planter went out and seated himself beneath his favorite maple, in his rustic chair. His face was clouded himself, and his wife was gradually rising between himself and his wife—the wife whose love had blessed his youth and his manhood, the wife whose love whom he had never dreamed of, between whom and himself he had thought no obstacle, material or immaterial, could ever come...

To no one was this sad change more painful than Irene. Left alone in the great, silent room, her heart swelled with pain, her eyes grew dim. Clouds were rising thick and fast about her life; it seemed to her that no ray of light could ever pierce their darkness. She could not stay in the house, it seemed so cold and empty, and she went out, walking almost mechanically from the garden to the highroad leading past the house...

The road was very pleasant this autumn evening; great oaks grew on either side, their brown leaves rustling musically overhead. Irene followed it to the grave-yard, and, like one treading an accustomed path, made her way between the grass-grown graves and passed by the side of a new-made mound...

"Poor Joe!" she sighed. "Your life so sad, your death so terrible and swift. No home, no friends, no hope on earth! Then why should I mourn for you?" "As with soft fingers, and the evening air touched her aching eyes, and the evening stillness fell like balsam on her aching heart; but on the stillness suddenly fell the sound of horses' feet. She started from the grave. The tramp of hoofs was approaching. What could it mean? Alarmed, she turned to fly. She had caught a glimpse of a horseman in gray uniform, and she had taken but a few swift steps toward her home, when the horseman galloped down the forest path and drew rein at her side..."

"Stop, Irene, it is I," said a familiar voice, and the rider sprang from the saddle and stood before her. "Oleah!" she exclaimed, in joyous surprise. "How you did frighten me!" "You should not be out at this hour alone," said Oleah. "Where are you going, Irene?" "I am going home," she said. "Well, you need be in no hurry to leave me. It is not often you see me, Irene..."

"Leave you? Cannot you come with me?" her lovely gray eyes full with entreaty. "No," he answered, his head shaking sadly and his lips trembling with emotion. "When last I was beneath the roof I met an enemy..." "Oleah," she said, sadly. "I wish that I had never been taken beneath that roof to bring discord between you and your only brother..."

"A brother once," he cried bitterly; "a brother once whom I loved—never loved as brother loved before. But now he has turned that love to hate. He is the enemy of my country, the enemy of my happiness, the destroyer of all my heart holds dear. Brother! Harp no longer on that word, I am not his brother, nor yours. Here, in the face of heaven, I tell you, you must observe. I will not have friendship, or your sisterly affection. Tell me you cannot love me, and I will leave you and my home forever. Tell me I must and will know my fate now!" "How had you make it for me?" she cried. "Do you not see, can you not understand, that you ask impossibilities of me?" "Irene," he said, in his low, deep, passionate tones, "you cannot say the words that will send me from you. My life is in danger here. Every moment that I stand by your side, holding your little, trembling

hand in mine, increases my danger. We must go. I will never again leave you till you are my wife." "Oh, heavens, Oleah! What is it that you mean?" "I shall take you to my camp, and our chaplain shall marry us. Come, we have no more time to lose..."

"Oleah!" she cried, in such a tone, so firm and sharp, that he paused involuntarily. Think what it is you would have me do. Think of the disgrace, the anxiety, the suffering you would cause!" "There cannot be disgrace for you, when your husband is by your side; and, as to the anxiety of my parents, theirs can be no greater than mine has been. My father cares not how much misery I and mine may undergo; need I care if a few gray hairs are added to his head? My love, my darling, listen! That old Yankee hunter, Dan Martin, is in the woods, his ride is certain death five hundred yards away; and every moment I stand here, I do so at the peril of my life..."

"Then, dear Oleah, go! Leave me, and go!" "I came for you, I will not go alone!" "I cannot, cannot..." He seized her in his arms and attempted to place her on his horse. "Oh, let me go!" she cried. "I don't love you, no, not even as a sister. Now, let me go!"

Oleah uttered a sharp whistle and four horsemen, dressed in gray galloped to his side and dismounted. "Help me," said Oleah, briefly. The next moment Irene was on the charger, her determined lord holding her before him. They dashed through the dark woods like the wind, the four cavalymen following closely after...

Irene resisted and implored in vain. From the moment his strong arms closed round her, Oleah had spoken no word except to urge on his horse. Then she uttered shriek after shriek which only died out in the great forest as the little cavalcade thundered on...

Mr. Tompkins was still sitting in the rustic seat, beneath his favorite maple, as the sun sank behind the Western hills. He was thinking, and his clouded brow told that his thoughts were far from pleasant. For twenty-five years he and his wife had lived together, and never before had the lightest word or deed disturbed their perfect harmony, but now the breach that had divided brother, yawned between husband and wife; he must either sacrifice his principles or lose the love of his wife...

The sun had set, and the planter felt the chill of the evening air. He rose with a sigh and was turning to go toward the house, when he observed a negro, hatless and bareheaded, running in at the front gate. "What is the matter, Job?" he asked, as the black paused breathless in front of his master. "Why, marster—oh! it am too awful to tell all at once, unless you are prepared for it..."

"What is it? I am prepared for anything. Tell me, what is the matter?" demanded the planter. "Oh, marster, I had been to town and was comin' home froo de woods. I went that way, seef, kase de secessers might kotch me, wif home froo de woods, when I hear a awful thumpin' and thunderin' o' horses feet comin' down the wood path, that leads in the direction o' Twin Mountains. I think, may be, it's secessers comin' arter dis yer nigger an' I gits behind a big tree dat had jist been blown down not berry long ago, an' watches. I knowed it warn't no use for dis ohile to tempt to run, kase dey would cotch 'im s'oon..."

Job paused for breath, and the planter worked in silence, knowing that he would comprehend the meaning of Job sooner by letting him tell his story in his own way. "Well, pretty soon I see five secessers on horseback, comin' just as fast as dere hosses could go froo de woods. An' de one w'at was store de others had a woman, carrin her like she was a baby. Just as dey got in front ob me I see dat de woman was fightin' an' tryin' to git away. She hollerred, 'Oh! I won't go, I won't go!' an' den I recognize dat it was my Miss Irene, an' dat dey were carrin' her off. I knowed her dress, I knowed her hair, an' den I jist wait till dey git by an' run ober my step home..."

"Oh, what a job, what an old idiot you are!" said the planter, with a laugh. "You had almost frightened me. It was not Miss Irene." "Oh, marster, it war," persisted Job. "I jist left Miss Irene in the house." "But, marster, you is mistaken. I tell you it war her. I know for shus..."

At this moment Irene's waiting maid was crossing the lawn. Mr. Tompkins called to her: "Maggie, is your mistress in her room?" "No, sir, she went down the road about an hour ago..."

The planter fell back in his chair, as though he had been struck a blow, and buried his face in his hands, while the terrified maid hastened into the house to spread the news. Mrs. Tompkins hurried out on the lawn, where half a dozen black had already gathered about their master. "Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" she cried, all her patriotic fervor swallowed up in terror. "Maggie, run to her room and see if she is not there..."

"No, missus, I have jist been to see, an' she is gone." "Oh, my poor Irene! In the power of the mountain guerrillas! What must be done?" "Be calm, Camille," said the planter, "we will immediately plan a pursuit and rescue her..."

The overseer aroused the neighbors, but it was quite dark before they had gathered on the lawn in front of the mansion. Twenty men, black and white, were chosen, and with Mr. Tompkins at their head, they went down the road into the dark forest. When morning dawned no trace of the missing girl had been found, and all the day passed in fruitless search...

The exhausted men were assembled in the road in front of Mr. Tompkins' house, arranging what should be done the next day, when down the hill came a troop of Union scouts, headed by no less a personage than Uncle Dan himself. "Well, what's the matter here?" asked Uncle Dan in astonishment halting his party. Mr. Tompkins told him what had happened...

"Thunder! Jehoshaphat! Ye don't say so?" were the frequent interjections of the old scout during the brief narration. "Well, if that don't beat all creation, you may call me a skunk..."

said the old man at the conclusion. "The chaps are all after each other's skins, what carried off the girl, but we are first out, having been in the saddle every since daylight, and we scrimmage thrown in; so, ye see, we'll have to camp for the night; but we'll have that gal afore the sun circles this earth again..."

"There is plenty of room for all in the house, and you are welcome to it," said Mr. Tompkins. "We'd rather hev yer barn," said Uncle Dan. "We don't care about sleeping in houses, seefin' we don't seldom git to sleep in one, besides we'd rather be near our horses..."

The efficient aid of the old scout having been secured, Mr. Tompkins' party dispersed, and the scouts, forty-one in number, were soon in the barn, their horses being stabled with quantities of corn and hay before them; then bright camp fires were built in the barn-yard. The planter told them to take whatever they required, and soldiers seldom need a second hint of that kind. That night they faced a stormy party was under the immediate command of Uncle Dan. They were all experienced scouts, their rifles were of the very best make, and each was considered a marksmen. Uncle Dan placed a careful guard about the premises, and then, while all the men not on duty lay wrapped in their blankets sleeping quietly on the fresh, sweet hay, he sat by the side of a smouldering camp-fire, under a large oak tree, smoking a short black pipe and wretched in thought...

A hand was laid on his shoulder. Supposing it to be one of his men, he glanced up at the person by his side. His astonishment can better be imagined than described, when he recognized the mysterious black, who had frustrated him in the woods during the retreat from Snagtown...

That copper-face, the grizzled hair, the marvelous, bright eyes, were not to be mistaken. It was Yellow Steve. Uncle Dan's astonishment for a moment held him dumb. How could that man have passed the line of pickets? Gaining his voice after a few moments, he said: "Well, I must say you are a bold 'un. I would like to know how you passed the pickets?"

"Pickets, sir?" said the stranger, seating himself by the camp-fire opposite the old scout, "are very useful on ordinary occasions, but I have spent the most of my life in hiding, in avoiding guards, in running for my life, and consequently have become very expert in the business..."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" "I am called Yellow Steve. You are to start to-morrow in search of the young lady who was abducted?" "How did you learn that? How did you learn that any lady was abducted?"

"That, sir, is a part of my profession. I learn things by means which ordinary mortals would never dream of. I came here to give you information that will lead to the discovery of the young lady you are in search of..."

"What do you know of her?" asked the old scout. "She is at the foot of the Twin Mountains, confined in the cabin you and Crazy Joe occupied for so many years. There is only ten men to guard her. She is there at night. I saw her to-day when she saw me. What is more, I know she will be there to-morrow. Then she is to be removed from there..."

"Are you laying a trap to catch us?" asked the old man sternly. "I am telling you heaven's own truth. Now I have performed my errand, I will go..."

Before the old scout could reply, the mysterious messenger rose and stole stealthily away in the darkness. He waited to hear the picket challenge him, but no challenge came. CHAPTER XXIV. HE IS MY HUSBAND. OH, SEARE HIS LIFE.

Irene soon discovered that her cries and her struggles were quite useless. The strong arm of Oleah held her firmly in the saddle, and the powerful horse swept steadily on. Night was falling fast, and she observed that the country through which she was passing was entirely strange to her; but, judging from their course, they would pass the Twin Mountains before morning. Looking appealingly into the dark, determined face, she said: "Even now it is not too late, Oleah; take me home..."

"Can you not trust me, Irene?" he answered, with a look of tenderness veiling the fire of his black eyes. "You are mine already, because you love me. No, your lips have not said it, but your eyes have betrayed you. I am fulfilling an oath, the violation of which would be perjury and eternal ruin of my soul..."

"What can you mean?" she cried. "Oh, you are mad, mad!" "I have never mad," he answered. "A fire has been burning in my breast, that had all but burned my life away. One word from you would end my torture. What is the reason that looks your lips?"

"Is it a proof of your love that you take me from my home to a soldier's camp, bringing disgrace to me and grief to those whom I love more than life?" "I am taking you to no soldier's camp. No rude gaze shall fall on your sweet face, and no rude words reach your ear. You shall sleep safely to-night within four walls, your companion gentle and kind, and men with strong arms and brave hearts shall guard the door, each willing and ready to lay down his life for yours..."

They rode on over hill and vale, crossed streams and passed through grand old forests. It was near midnight when they crossed a small, rocky stream and approached two log cabins that stood at the foot of the Twin Mountains. The moon had risen, and the autumn night was calm and peaceful. The cry of night birds or the rustling of leaves, stirred by the light breezes, were the only sounds that broke the stillness. The tall mountain peaks in the distance looked like giant sentinels keeping guard over a sleeping world...

A man stood in front of the most comfortable looking of the two cabins, apparently waiting for Oleah and his party. He was dressed in the gray uniform, had a very red head, red whiskers, red eyelashes, red eyebrows, and red freckles on his face. This Irene noticed as he came forward to assist her to alight. The next thing she noticed was his musket leaning against the cabin wall...

"Is everything arranged, Jackson?" asked Oleah, as he sprang from the saddle. "Everything captain; the cabin is as neat as a pin, and the red-headed soldier lifted his cap, blinking and nodding his head. "Did you bring your wife?" "Yes, sir; Mrs. Jackson is in the house, sir, and will wait on the young lady," again nodding his head. "You will stay here to-night, Irene," said Oleah. She knew that, for the present, she must yield; yet she determined to resist when the time should come. She found a neat, pleasant looking woman within the cabin, evidently a mountaineer's wife, and supper already laid for her. But she was so much agitated to eat, only tasting a fragrant cup of coffee. She noticed that the cabin in which she was confined bore evidence in more places than one of bullet marks, and rightly conjectured that there had been a recent fight there; though she little dreamed that she was so near the spot where Crazy Joe had breathed his last, and that she was beneath the roof that had so long sheltered him and Uncle Dan Martin, the hunter. It was nearly morning when she threw herself on the bed. Mrs. Jackson had so carefully prepared for her, and in spite of her strange surroundings, her anxiety, her dark forebodings, she slept soundly...

Morning came, and she ate Mrs. Jackson's carefully-prepared breakfast, assiduously waited on by that pleasant-voiced woman. Irene noticed that no man entered the room. Mr. Jackson came to the door occasionally, to bring wood or water for his wife, but never entered. From the sound of voices without, she knew that there must be a dozen or more men about the house, yet she saw none of them. The red-headed man, who was evidently on his best behavior, and never approached the cabin door without removing his cap...

Though her comfort was carefully provided for, Irene saw that her every movement was watched and guarded. There was no possible chance of escape, surrounded by a guard so vigilant. About the middle of the afternoon, Oleah, who had evidently been away, returned, and with him came a man dressed in citizen's garb, with a meek face and frightened air, and the same four cavalry men who had accompanied them the previous day. The man in citizen's garb, she was sure, must be a prisoner. Oleah approached the door with the meek-looking, timid stranger, and both entered. At a motion the four cavalymen followed...

"Irene," began Oleah, it is necessary, in these troublesome times, that I have the right to protect you. This is a clergyman. We will be married now. "I will never marry you, Oleah," said Irene, firmly, her beautiful hazel eyes flashing fire on her determined lover. "Without another word, Oleah forcibly took her right hand in his, then he turned to the clergyman and said: "You know your duty, sir; proceed." "But, sir, if the young lady is unwilling—if she refuses—" "She will not—does not," said Oleah. "I do! I do! I do!" cried Irene, struggling to free her hands. "Go on, sir!" said Oleah, sternly. The four cavalymen ranged themselves behind their master, and the poor clergyman cast about him one desperate glance, and then, in faltering tones, began the marriage ceremony. Oleah's response came deep and low, but Irene's "No, no, never!" rang out loud and clear...

At a sign from the young captain, one of the tall cavalymen quickly stepped behind her and forced her to consent. The minister stopped, aghast. "Go on, sir; go on!" thundered Oleah, his eyes gleaming. The terrified clergyman concluded the ceremony, pronouncing them man and wife, and then, burying his face in his hands, burst into tears. Immediately upon conclusion of the marriage ceremony, Oleah obtained a certificate of marriage from the minister, who was then allowed to depart under the escort of the faithful four, and Mrs. Jackson followed them from the room, leaving Oleah alone with his reluctant bride. "Irene, my Irene," said Oleah, in his low thrilling tones, "this was my only hope. In peaceful times I might have pressed my suit as others do—I might have wooed and waited; but to wait now was to lose you. Will not my wife forgive me?" he cried, imploringly. "This is no marriage—I am not your wife!" said Irene, in a low, steady voice. "Leave me! You have forfeited even a brother's claim. No, no; I will not listen to you!" she cried desperately, as Oleah came a step nearer. "You will not leave me, then! You will force me to defend myself!" As she spoke she snatched a pistol from his belt and leveled the weapon at his heart. "Oleah folded his hands. "Fire if you wish," he said calmly. "Death at your hands is preferable to life without your love..."

She lowered the pistol, the flush faded from her face, her eyes grew misty with tears. "If to love you is a crime deserving death, then, indeed, you shall be my executioner; for never did mortal love as I love you. She hesitated a moment, then laid the revolver on the table, and sinking into a chair burst into tears. "Heaven forgive you," she sobbed, "for the misery you have caused!" "It is your forgiveness I want, my darling," he said. "I will leave you now since you bid me. To-morrow you shall be returned to your home, and I will never come to you save at your bidding..."

She did not lift her bowed head. There was a moment's stillness, broken only by her sobs. Then Oleah took the pistol from the table, returned it to his belt, and left the room. It was scarcely daylight when Uncle Dan ordered every man to the saddle. The drowsy soldiers protested, declaring the music of the crowing cock made them the more sleepy, but their leader was inexorable. Every man must be prepared to mount in thirty minutes. Breakfast over they fled out by the barn-yard, while the darkness of the night still hovered in the shadows of the thick forest. Uncle Dan had not deemed it prudent to reveal the interview of the night before, and one of the men knew what direction they were to take or what was to be their destination...

When they had reached a clearing in the woods, the men were drawn up in a double circle, and the old scout rode in their midst, holding in his hand his broad-brimmed hat (he would not wear the regimental cap), he addressed them: "Now, boys, we're gwine where there will likely be some powder burnt and some lead scattered about loose. The gal you heard about last night, is up near the Twin Mountains, and we've got to get back home to-night. But the whole place is alive with guerrillas and bushwhackers and you may bet there'll be some hurting done. I want every man to be prepared and not to be taken by surprise. Look out for a big bushwhack, and be prepared to shoot at half a second's notice. Keep yer guns in yer hand and yer fingers near the locks. That's all, come on!"

He led the way at a gallop, and the others followed, their horses' hoofs clattering on the frosty ground. The sun was just now rising over the eastern hills, and grass and leaves and bare brown twigs glittered resplendent in its rays. The country over which they were passing was rough and broken, with occasional bottom lands, covered with gigantic forest trees, and the morning air was clear and chilly, as they swept so swiftly through it, close after their veteran commander, who was a striking figure mounted on his powerful bay horse, with the broad brim of his hat turned back from his earnest bronze face. He kept the bridle-rein in the same hand that held his trusty rifle on the pommel of his saddle, leaving the other free for any emergency...

the emergency most frequently arising now being the persistent flapping of his hat-brim. The sun was now lower in the sky at least and was fast dissolving the crystal covering that glittered above the denuded vegetation, when mountain cabins. Just beyond the creek rose the Twin Mountains, not more than a mile away, and the cabins were within a few hundred yards. They had traveled sixteen miles or thereabout that morning, and man and horse were weary with the rough riding. The creek was thickly fringed with timber, yet retaining the leaves, which the frost had turned to brown, brown and gold. Uncle Dan paused, before the creek was reached, and urged his men to use their utmost caution, the objects of their search were in two cabins just beyond the stream...

"One thing I want ye all to understand," he said, with great concern. "That gal, the rebels took in, is in one of them fer fear o' hurting her. Remember, not a hair o' her head must be touched." They halted, and Uncle Dan, with twelve picked men dismounted and proceeded ahead on foot, while the others remained under round the cabins. It happened that the red-headed rebel, Jackson, had gone to the stream with pails to bring water for his wife. A thin skim of ice overlaid the stream, which Mr. Jackson must break in order to get his water. Not finding any stick or other implement at hand, he used the bottom of one of his pails, and the thumping and splashing made so much noise that our friend did not hear the footsteps gradually approaching him, and, so much engaged was he, that he did not observe two men in blue uniform standing just behind him until he had filled his pails and turned to go to the house...

Had two ghosts suddenly started up before him, he could not have dropped his buckets more quickly. "Bless me!" gasped Jackson, "Where in the world did you come from?" Uncle Dan laid his hand on Jackson's shoulder, telling him he was a prisoner. "Yes, I kinder expected that for some little time," he answered, looking about in blank astonishment, as the soldiers, one by one, stole noiselessly from among the thick bushes. "Do you belong to that house?" said Uncle Dan, pointing in the direction of the cabins. "I did," replied Jackson, bowing politely to the veteran scout, "before you took me in charge..."

"How many men are up there now?" "There are but seven now, sir." "How many women?" "Two, sir." "Who are they?" "My wife, sir, and the wife of Captain Tompkins." "Wife of Captain Tompkins! When was he married?" "Yesterday, sir." "Is Oleah Tompkins your captain?" "He is, sir," with a polite bow. "Then, sir," said Uncle Dan with vehemence, "all I have to say is, that you have a d—dascal for a captain..."

Mr. Jackson bowed in acknowledgment. "Where is Captain Tompkins now?" "He went back to the command, sir, but will be here in a few minutes with more men." "The infernal sound!" Mr. Jackson bowed politely. "Bang!" came a musket-shot, and the ball whistled over the heads of the men grouped on the banks of the stream. The shot came from the direction of the cabins. Uncle Dan gave the signal, and the thunder of twenty horses' feet coming down the hill instantly followed...

"Two of you stay and guard the prisoner, the rest follow me!" cried Uncle Dan, as he started up the hill, closely followed by his entire force, for every man was anxious to be in at the rescue, and every one expected that some one else would guard the prisoner, who, in consequence, was not guarded at all. Finding himself wholly deserted by the excited soldiery, Jackson hurried away down the stream. He looked injured and neglected, and sunk away, as in shame, from the men who so obstinately avoided his company. Uncle Dan never paused in his headlong pursuit of the flying enemy until he had reached the door of the cabin. Irene and Mrs. Jackson had been both surprised and terrified by the shouting and discharge of firearms, but it was not until Uncle Dan stood in the doorway that either realized that Irene's rescue was the object of the attacking party...

With a wild cry, Irene sprang from the cabin into the arms of the old scout. "Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, take me home! Promise me you will take me home! she cried as she clung to the veteran. "You bet I will, my angel!" replied the old man, brushing the gathering moisture from his eyes. "How long have you been here?" "Night before last I was brought here." "Is there any one with you in the cabin?" "No one but a poor woman, who is frightened almost to death..."

"Well, wait here till I get my men together, and then I will hear all about this rascally business. When Irene went back into the cabin, it was her turn to comfort her companion with assurance of safety, but Mrs. Jackson was in an agony of dread as to the probable fate of her husband. Uncle Dan had no need to recall his men, for they were already returning from the useless pursuit of the flying Confederates, who were now ascending the mountain side a mile away...

When he ordered them to bring up the prisoner, that had been captured at the creek, the soldiers looked inquiringly one at another; every one declared it was the business of someone else to have remained on guard. It soon became evident that no one had been left behind to care for the red-headed rebel, and that he had resented this lack of attention by departing. Uncle Dan instructed his sergeant to make preparations for immediate return to Snagtown and then went into the house...

Mrs. Jackson met him with anxious questions. Look out for a big bushwhack, and be prepared to shoot at half a second's notice. Keep yer guns in yer hand and yer fingers near the locks. That's all, come on!" He led the way at a gallop, and the others followed, their horses' hoofs clattering on the frosty ground. The sun was just now rising over the eastern hills, and grass and leaves and bare brown twigs glittered resplendent in its rays. The country over which they were passing was rough and broken, with occasional bottom lands, covered with gigantic forest trees, and the morning air was clear and chilly, as they swept so swiftly through it, close after their veteran commander, who was a striking figure mounted on his powerful bay horse, with the broad brim of his hat turned back from his earnest bronze face. He kept the bridle-rein in the same hand that held his trusty rifle on the pommel of his saddle, leaving the other free for any emergency...

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued. "Yes, yes, yes! Pray tell me the worst!" "And red eyelashes—long and red!" "Yes, oh yes! Pray don't keep me in suspense!" "And a red face!" "Yes, yes!" "And was carryin' two buckets for water?" "Oh, heavens! Yes. I know he is killed. Tell me where he lays that I may find him!" "Madam," said Uncle Dan, gravely, "that red man made his escape, as well as all the others..."

The look of blank confusion and amazement overpored Mrs. Jackson's singular to behold. "The old man was singular to behold. The old man was having that summatly disposed of..."

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Jackson, turned to Irene and drew from her the relation of all that had happened to her since the evening she had left. "When she had concluded with her forced marriage, she burst into tears."

"The reason," said Uncle Dan, with energy, "both a reason and a fool. Where energy did he go?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I do not know," said Irene, weeping softly. "He left a few minutes after, and I have not seen him since."

"I don't know much about law," said Uncle Dan, after a few minutes' reflection, "but I know that ain't no wedding worth a cent."

"I did not agree to it, I did not consent, but the clergyman pronounced us man and wife," sobbed Irene.

"But I don't care if he did, I heard a lawyer once say that marriage was a civil contract, and if any one was induced to marry by fraud, it was no good. Now, although I ain't a lawyer, I know you ain't married, unless you want to be."

Irene still sat sobbing before the fire by the broad fire-place, which Uncle Dan's own hands had built.

At this moment a soldier looked in and said: "The robs are comin' down the mountains re-forested."

"Be quiet, honey, an' I'll see you are protected. Don't leave the cabin unless I tell you to."

Uncle Dan hastened out snatching his rifle from the door, as he went, and looked up towards the mountains. Twenty-five or thirty Confederates, headed by Olesh Tompkins, were riding at a gallop toward them.

"They mean business, Uncle Dan," said a young man, who stood by the old man's side.

"Yes, an' 'twouldn't surprise me if some of them git business," replied the old man. "That is Olesh Tompkins at their head, Uncle Dan. You'll not shoot at him to hit?" said the youthful soldier.

"I never thought the time would come when I would harm a hair of his head, but things air changed now, and as Randolph said about Clay, 'if I see the devil in his eye, I'll shoot to kill,'" replied Uncle Dan, examining the priming of his rifle.

"Fall in," commanded Uncle Dan.

"Now wait till I fire an' then follow suit." Olesh presented a tempting mark for any rifle, as he approached so fearlessly with his revolver in his right hand. Uncle Dan, though not without a twinge of conscience at what he was doing, leveled his deadly rifle at that head, which, when a child, had so often nestled on his breast.

Uncle Dan was a certain shot at that range and every step Olesh took was bringing him to sorer death. Unconscious of his danger, or perfectly reckless of consequences, the young Confederate urged his powerful black horse on. The old man held his heavy rifle in the palm of his right hand, the breech was balanced against his right shoulder, and his aim was as steady and true as if he were sighting a deer, instead of a human being he had known for years and loved from childhood.

"The d--d rascal!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "He's ruined the gal, and now he shall die."

Just as his finger touched the trigger, Irene sprang from the doorway and struck the rifle from its intended mark. The ball whizzed two feet above the head of the Confederate captain.

"What do you mean?" said the old man, turning, in sharp surprise.

"I am afraid of rifle-shots drowned any reply that Irene might have made.

Olesh had escaped the deadly bullet of the old scout, but some of the many shots, that immediately followed, struck him. The revolver dropped from his hand, his horse reared and plunged in terror, and then both rider and steed fell, a helpless mass, to the ground.

Then all eyes were astonished at the sight of a slender figure, with loosened hair streaming in the wind, hastening through the deadly shower of balls to the fallen man's side; and all ears were astonished by her wild cry: "Spare, oh, spare his life! 'He is my husband!"

CHAPTER XXV.
AT HOME AGAIN.

When their leader fell, the Confederate cavalry wheeled about and galloped away toward the mountains. Uncle Dan ordered his men to cease firing, as Irene was directly between them and the flying enemy, and her life would be endangered by every shot.

Stunned, confounded and nonplussed by Irene's sudden and unexpected action, the old man, without loading his rifle, hurried after her. She was kneeling by the side of the insensible soldier, holding his bleeding head on her knee. The horse was struggling in the last throes of death, the blood streaming from two wounds in his breast. Olesh had fallen clear of his horse, and had struck his head in falling on a large stone.

"Speak to me, oh! speak to me, Olesh!" cried Irene, bending over him. "Oh, my love, it is I who have killed you. Save him, Uncle Dan. He must not die!"

"I fear he'll never speak again," said Uncle Dan. He said no more, for with one wild, long shriek the poor girl swooned on the breast of him whom not even the avowal of her love could thrill.

"Come here, some of you fellows, what's a loadin' about there?" commanded the old scout, as half a dozen soldiers approached the place.

The men were soon at his side.

"Now, some of you pick up that gal, and the rest of you that fellar and take 'em to the house. Lift 'em gently as 'em though they were babies. This has been a sorry job."

The soldiers obeyed, and Uncle Dan followed the group with both sorrow and amazement plainly visible on his features. They carefully laid Irene on the bed and called Mrs. Jackson to attend her, while Uncle Dan and another member of the company examined the injuries of Olesh. They found a gun-shot wound in his right side under his right arm. A rifle-ball had passed through the muscles of his right arm, between the elbow and the shoulder, but no bones were shattered and the wound was not a dangerous one. The out on the head, caused by being thrown against the stone as he fell, seemed more serious, but an examination soon convinced them that it might not be fatal. They dressed the wound, and washed the blood from his head, and he began to show signs of returning consciousness just as Irene, recovered from her swoon, started up, crying: "Where is he, where is he?"

"Here he is on the floor beside you," replied Mrs. Jackson. "Lie still until you are better."

"No, no," she replied, putting aside Mrs. Jackson's restraining hand. "Let me go to my husband! Lay him on the bed," she said to the men.

"What kind of a doped change has come over that gal?" thought Uncle Dan. "She hated him like pizen afore he got hurt, but now she loves him to distraction."

"Please, Uncle Dan," pleaded Irene, "have him put on the bed, he must not lie on that hard floor when he is wounded!"

"Bey, lift him up on the bed. She shall have her way."

Olesh, still unconscious, though breathing

more freely, was placed on the bed. His head had been bandaged, and a soldier stood by his side dropping cold water on the wound from a cup.

"Give me the water," said Irene. "I am his wife."

(To be Continued.)

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NICE FIRM CRABBED CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar; beat to a cream; five eggs beaten into that, one or two at a time, until the whole number are added. Beat very thoroughly. Then add one cupful of milk, with a little soda dissolved in it—a quantity equal to a medium-sized bean. Salt and flavor to taste. Use, to mix this, about three cupfuls of flour, according to the brand. Use lard in tins, and flour them thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven until it rises; then use more heat.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Three cups of dried apples, soaked over night and chopped fine. Pour over them one cup molasses, one cup sugar, half cup butter, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spices, and half a nutmeg. Set on the stove and let stew until the apples are well done, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Let cool, and add half a pint of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls soda, and flour enough to make it moderately stiff. Bake with a steady fire, not too stiff.

FARMER'S GINGERBREAD.—One teaspoonful of New Orleans molasses and two tablespoonfuls of water boiling hot. Stir into the water a teaspoonful of soda and turn into the molasses. Add a teaspoonful each of ginger and salt. Take one-half cup of brown sugar, one beaten egg, and when the molasses is cool mix. Put one teaspoonful of cream tartar into enough flour to make quite stiff, mix and bake in a hot oven.

JUMBLES.—One and a quarter pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, five eggs, a gill of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake one-half of this in small tins in quick oven. In the remainder put a quarter of a pound of currants and bake the same. Frost or not at pleasure by leaving out the whites of one or two eggs.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Fill a pudding-dish with boiled, sliced, or minced cabbage, and pour over it two well-beaten eggs added to milk enough to cover it; sprinkle with cracker-dust, and bake.

BAKED EGGS.—Break each into a cup, and put the eggs on a buttered dish strewn with cracker crumbs; cover with seasoned crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are brown.

LOTTERY TICKETS FURNISH A WEDDING OUTFIT.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 19.—South Portland, just across the harbor, is all agog over a bit of romance. For months Louisiana State Lottery tickets have been extensively dealt out here, and a few persons have had windfalls of fortune. A young man named Cole and his betrothed, Miss Jackson, in somewhat poor circumstances, concluded to try their luck, and each paid fifty cents for one-tenth of a whole ticket. At the October drawing they found, by reading the schedule of winning tickets, that theirs had drawn \$5,000. It is understood that their wedding cards are now in the hands of the printer.—New York Sun, Oct. 20.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Three young society ladies whose weddings had been announced to take place within the past fortnight were obliged to have the preparations indefinitely postponed on account of their illness. It is no wonder that many young ladies become ill as the great day for them draws near, as the great amount of work they have to do in preparing for the event is enough to wear them out entirely. The worry and bother of dressing and the constant shopping and the incidents of excitement might prostrate a delicate bride. Just think of the dresses the young woman of moderate ideas generally starts off with! Of course, there's the wedding gown, upon which no end of work is expended, then the travelling frock for the tour, and say four morning dresses, with a like number of tea gowns and reception toilets; then house dresses and the tailor-made walking suits with one slightly more elaborate for special occasions. This is only a part of the outfit, for undergarments, household linen and the thousand and one extras must be prepared.

As the fall is the rushing season in the marriage mart, it is well to recall one or two interesting superstitions that were religiously noted in the time of our grandmothers. In the first place, according to an ancient and reliable chronicle, there are thirty-two days in the year that are especially unlucky for marriages and journeys. They are as follows: Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 16; Feb. 7, 10 and 18; March 1, 5 and 8; April 6 and 15; May 7, 15 and 16; June 7 and 15; July 5 and 15; Aug. 15 and 19; Sept. 6 and 7; Oct. 7, Nov. 15 and 16; and Dec. 15, 16 and 17. Everybody knows that Friday is the most unlucky day for a wedding, while Wednesday and Thursday are the luckiest. Our grandmothers believed that it was a most unfortunate thing if the bride, after finishing her toilet and leaving her looking glass, should turn around again for a glance at herself. It was also bad for her to see the man she was about to marry after dressing and before the time had come for the ceremony.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Sloth will eat the kore out of every man and leave him nothing but a shell to inhabit. It envelops like a dream, and eats like a kanker. It has destroyed more hopes than misfortune has, and wherever it settles it leaves its mark like a cloud at noonday. Sloth is a syren, and he who listens to her songs will wake up to despair.—Josh Billings.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the plug, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformer be careful to have plenty of love. Let him speak the truth in love.—Dr. Habb.

SINCE LAST OCTOBER I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head. For a week at a time I could not see. I have used one end of remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was impure blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was faithless, but in a few days I was cured. My nose now, and also my eyes are well. It is wonderful how quick it helped me.—MRS. GEORGE S. JUDSON, Hartford, Conn.

"Without any weapon save that of her cold, cheerless household arrangements any wife may slay all the attractions of a home circle."—J. DeW. Talmage.

MUST NOT BE CONFUSED with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

POPPING THE QUESTION.
HOW MAN PROPOSES AND WHAT INDUCES HIM TO DO SO.

This popping the question is a funny business. Another queer thing is that almost any girl will freely confess, with a little urging, the number of proposals she has had, and a goodly proportion of sobered matrons even are no averse to recounting the conquests of their youth. But ask a married man how he happened to propose to his wife, and in nine cases out of ten he will only answer with an uneasy laugh and look as sheepish as if you had found him out in the one inexcusable folly of his life; and, as for unmarried men, who have ever known one who would acknowledge how many times he had been induced to offer himself and his more or less tempting prospects in a matrimonial way?

To a woman a proposal very rarely comes unexpectedly. Not that women, as a rule, are given to looking upon every eligible man in the light of a possible lover or husband, as one young lady declared to be the case with herself; but for the reason that the majority of men very naturally dread a refusal, and consequently postpone the critical moment until confidence is inspired by a kindly encouragement of the guarded advances they venture to make. A little diplomacy is often employed to bring a cautious admirer to the point, and clever is she who skillfully manages the delicate task that the effort is not manifest. All the world knows how Ruth schemed to captivate Boaz; and she was a right modest and proper damsel, too. But Ruth was a widow, and had had experience, and was level-headed enough besides to see the advantage of standing by her mother-in-law; so her success is not to be wondered at. Maud Muller tried very much the same dodge later on, but it did not work quite so well; and all the feminine world has been devising other and equally harmless little schemes, ever since Ruth's time, and probably before—down to the famous French woman who revolved before her partner at a ball and frankly said: "Monsieur, I desire a husband. Do you not find me beautiful?"

"Mademoiselle, we will be married to-morrow."

This was about as direct a proposal as that of a recent man in the North-West, whose courtship had been rather long drawn out. "I am going to the Rocky Mountains," he abruptly remarked one evening, "and if you want to go as my wife be ready next week." And she was ready.

Equally matter of fact was the following, written by a Yale man on a gilt edged invitation to a party.

DEAR,—You will probably not be greatly surprised at receiving a proposal from me. The fact is it is the proper thing to be engaged junior year, and as it has always been understood that we should be married agreeably to the custom of our country, and all that, and if you accept me I shall write to you regularly, initiate you into the class secrets and tell you about all my affairs. Anxiously awaiting a favorable reply, yours devotedly.

The depth of devotion which prompted this remarkable epistle may be questioned, but it stands as a unique example of a college boy's first effort.

Very few people fall in love at first sight, and propinquity is doubtless the commonest cause of marriage, though occasionally an unpremeditated act of heedless jest develops into a serious attachment. Master Cupid has a roguish eye, ever on the watch for unwary game. He frequently sends his arrows in unexpected directions.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other ailments, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Write addressing envelope to, naming the paper.—W. A. NORRIS, 119 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. (9-1350w)

After all there is more in what we are ourselves than in what we teach to ring out the best from those entrusted to our care, and should be a constant incentive to us.

IN BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flowers has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flowers brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist or a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

It ain't what you put into heads, but what you draw out. Suppression from without is never curative.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION.

The medical profession, the clergy, the press and the public alike acknowledge the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters as an unequalled remedy for chronic diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and blood. Its popularity increases with its years of trial.

The world is slowly discovering that it is not what a woman does, but what she is that makes home a possible creation.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hayward's Pectoral Balm that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

A well educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the peevishness of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern coinage.—Ruskin.

A LIVING BY DYING

was made by the Crosby girls, heroines of a prize story, which tells in delightful style the merits of Diamond Dyes and the advantages of using them. Send for Diamond Dye book to Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Don't say things, what you are stands over you the while and thunders so I cannot hear a word you say to the contrary.—Emerson.

Said a dapper little lawyer the other day, "There is a restaurant in Fleet street where I can get twenty-four kinds of meat and vegetables for eightpence." "How do you do that?" asked a friend. "I order hash."

LINES ON RECEIVING FATHER'S PICTURE FROM IRELAND.

There is always something sent to cheer
The exiles banished from their homes,
And driven by hard fortune here,
Amongst the strangers far to roam.
Forced from that land beloved by them,
To labor in our broad Atlantic crossed,
That poor old Ireland long has lost.

But what has come my heart to cheer,
An exile numbered with the rest;
It is a treasure that's to me more dear
Than any earthly wealth possessed.
It satisfies the keen desire,
That in my aching heart doth burn,
Whose flames of love shall not expire
So long as I thy absence mourn.

It's the picture of an absent friend,
But what a dreadful change appears,
Since last I gazed upon that form,
Though few in number are the years,
That form with youth once stood erect,
Now the weight of years does seem to sway,
And thy hair, that once was raven black,
Appears to be fast turning gray.

Oh, Father, when I think of thee,
And of my childhood's happy home,
Those visions wait me o'er the sea,
Visions that too quick have flown.
Yet all I ask is one request,
And oh, what honor it will be,
To let me quickly see thy face,
As thou didst guard my infancy.

ROSSANNA MCCONVILLE.

WHAT A DUNCE!

I suffered with fever, hot head and foul
breath,
With stomach disordered—was sick unto
death.
I bore it a week—surely I was a dunce—
Then I took a few "Pellets"—they cured me
at once.

What a dunce, indeed, to neglect such a
remedy and suffer a week, when quick relief
could have been found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Purgative Pellets.

When you see a man on a moonlight night
trying to convince his shadow that it is im-
proper to follow a gentleman, you may be
sure it is high time for him to join a temper-
ance society.

FOR FROST BITES.

There is no better remedy for frost bites,
chilblains and similar troubles than Hag-
yard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism,
lumbago, sore throat, deafness and lameness,
and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used in-
ternally and externally.

Lady—And so you left your situation
through having words with your mistress.
Swell cooking—Well, m, not words—not
exactly what you might call words, m. I
only spoke to 'er as one lady might to
another.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for
children teething. It is a purely vegetable pre-
paration, its ingredients are published around
each bottle. It is pleasant to taste and ab-
solutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regu-
lates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea
and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys
worms, and prevents convulsions, scalding the
bladder, and all other ailments of infants. It
is a safe and refreshing and natural sleep.
Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's
friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

Young ladies are painting pictures of frogs.
They are so suggestive of leap year.

The brightest flowers must fade, but young
lives endangered by severe coughs and colds
may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.
Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in-
fluenza, all affections of the throat and lungs,
which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores,
bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most
efficacious.

A young student preaching his first sermon
the other day thought he would be original
in his language; accordingly, instead of the
phrase "from the cradle to the grave," he
spoke of our journey from the "bassinet to
the sepulchre."

O. E. Constock, Caladonia, Minn., writes:
"I was suffering the most excruciating pain
from inflammatory rheumatism. One applica-
tion of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil afforded
almost instant relief, and two bottles effected
a permanent cure."

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?"
"Yes, Jim." "Well, cheer up, man; adver-
sity tries us, and shows up our better qual-
ities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it
was a solemn old judge and he showed up my
worst qualities."

A lady writes:—"I was enabled to remove
the corns, root and branch, by the use of
Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have
tried it have the same experiences.

Councillor's wife (to invited member of the
Chamber of Deputies)—After dinner, Taste-
greifer, the pianist, will give us some music,
after which you will perhaps oblige the com-
pany by delivering a political speech."

MOST EXCOURAGING are the twinges which
rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic,
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery
and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased
action of the kidneys, by which the blood is
more effectually depurated, removes through
the natural channels certain acid elements
in the circulation which produce rheumatism
and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxa-
tive antibilious medicine and general correct-
ive.

A burial society has been recently com-
menced in a northern country, the first ar-
ticle of which runs thus:—"That, whereas
many persons find it difficult to bury them-
selves—"

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I
was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for
eleven years. Always after eating, an in-
tense burning sensation in the stomach, at
times very distressing, caused a drooping and
languid feeling, which would last for several
hours after eating. I was recommended by
Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery
and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to
say that I have not been better for years;
that burning sensation and languid feeling
has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on
my stomach. Others of my family have used
it with best results."

Landlord—Come, Sepp, that is the tenth
match I've seen you strike. What have you
lost? Sepp—"I'm looking for a match that
I've dropped on the floor."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—This Oint-
ment affords the shortest, safest, and easiest
path to soundness in all kinds of skin dis-
eases, scrofulous affections, scorbatic mal-
adies, ulcerations, eruptions, and inflamma-
tions. There is nothing deleterious in the
composition of Holloway's Ointment, but on
the contrary, its ingredients possess the most
soothing, purifying, and strengthening qual-
ities, so that it can be used with perfect safety
by persons of all ages. The delicate skin of
infants is not irritated by its application, and
it is equally adapted for subduing the tedious
ulcerations attacking the aged. In all con-
stitutional, chronic, and complex affections,
Holloway's Pills should be taken whilst the
Ointment is being used, in order that all
harmful matter may be expelled from the sys-
tem.

A CHAPTER OF "DON'T" FOR PARENTS.

Don't laugh at and deride your children's
hobbies. Remember how much brighter life
has seemed to you, when you could realize
some cherished dream, and treat them ac-
cordingly.

Don't forget that youth needs amusement.
Your children have not only bodies but
minds. Rest for the body and amusement
for the mind are demands of nature which
too many parents ignore. If you do not pro-
vide for your children healthful and sufficient
amusement, then thank God for His mercy
on you, if your children do not take to
dangerous or wicked pleasures when they are
older.

Don't forget that your children are begin-
ning life, while you, perhaps, are ending it.
Give them the benefit of your experience,
but don't expect that your experience will
serve them in place of an experience of their
own.

Don't be impatient with your children
when they doubt your estimate of the world's
allurements. Remember it is you who have
tested these things, not they. You do not
see with your father's eyes, neither should
you expect your children to see with your
eyes.

Don't demand respect of your children, or
endeavor to enforce it by your authority.
Respect is paid not to those who demand,
but to those who deserve it.

Don't neglect your children's friends.

PAINFUL MEMORY.

It is our painful duty in this issue to record
the death of one of our oldest and best known
citizens, Mr. Martin Dowley, sr., which sad
event occurred at his residence, Main street,
at three o'clock, p. m., Tuesday, Nov. 15th.
Mr. Dowley was a native of the town of New
Ross, County Wexford, Ireland. Leaving
Ireland in 1851, he, along with his family,
sailed for Quebec, and on arriving at that
port went thence to New York, where his
son Samuel, our present townman, of the
plastering firm of Dowley & Summers,
then a young man of 16, was apprenticed in
the ornamental plastering shops of the then
famed P. N. Eoley. After two months
sojourn in New York the late Mr. Dowley,
turning of that city, returned again to Ireland
with his wife and three daughters, but again
returned to New York in the month of May
of the next year, 1852. Residing there for a
short time he came to Canada, arriving in
Ottawa in September of the above year.
Shortly after arriving he contracted with
the late Mr. John Suplee for the plastering of
the latter's new stone residence. On the
completion of this work he was engaged by
Mr. Wm. Moffat for the plastering of his
new brick dwelling house. It was chiefly
through Mr. Moffat's well-known kindness
and persuasion to him that made him settle
for his future home in Pembroke, where the
kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Moffat to him and
his family always drew from him his most
profound gratitude.

The deceased worked in the building line,
and was the pioneer contractor of the town,
and also filled the municipal office of Col-
lector, Assessor and Treasurer. He was al-
ways in favor of the improvement of the town
and never grumbled about his taxes, no mat-
ter how high they were. Two of his latest
wishes were that he might live to see the
completion of the new bridge and post-office.

He was also an ardent lover of Ireland,
viewing with intense interest the least item
of news from the old country, and many
times expressed a hope to soon see Ireland
govern herself. He was one of the founders
of the St. Patrick's Society of this town,
and as a member ranked among the
highest officers of it. As a mark of re-
spect to their late member the
society attended the funeral in a body
with draped badges, headed by the H. &
L. Band, played the Dead March in Saul.
The Requiem Mass and service was sung in
the cathedral by the Rev. B. J. Kiernan,
Messrs. Wm. Moffat, A. Irving, M. O'Dris-
coll, M. Gorman, A. Foster and M. Howe
acted as pall bearers. The funeral was fol-
lowed to the R. C. Cemetery by one of the
largest concourses of people ever seen in this
vicinity. Mr. Dowley was aged 80 years.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Literary
Association of this town the following resolu-
tion was unanimously passed.—We, the
St. Patrick's Literary Association of the
Town of Pembroke in council assembled, hav-
ing heard with regret of the demise of Mr.
Martin Dowley, Sr., one of our members,
and while bowing in obedience to the will of
Divine Providence, be it resolved: 1. That we
feel deeply the loss of Mr. Dowley, one of
our founders and oldest members. 2. That
we extend to our late member's family our
condolence and heartfelt sympathy in this
hour of grief. 3. That these resolutions be
indorsed by the president and secretary
and forwarded to the late Mr. Dowley's
family, and that they be inserted in the
Pembroke Observer, Catholic Record and other
Catholic newspapers.

JOHN RYAN, JR., JAS. P. SARRFIELD,
CORR. SECRETARY, President.
Tuesday, Nov. 15th, 1887.
—Pembroke Observer.

Ed. Murray died at his father's residence
in Franktown, Ont., Saturday last. At 12
o'clock he called the entire household to his
bedside and bade each farewell. At 12.15
his spirit passed away. He was attended
throughout his sickness by the Rev. Father
Stanton, P. O. of Smith's Falls, Ont. He had
been a sufferer for several years from con-
sumption, contracted one bitter winter's day
when in the performance of his duty as Road
master on the old Brookville and Ottawa. He
looked after the erection of the iron bridge
over the Rideau at Smith's Falls. Though of
strong constitution before that fatal day, he
was never able to fully rally so as to be all he
was before, and the insidious disease kept
on surely if slowly. To have risen to the
position of Roadmaster was an honor in
itself not lightly to be esteemed, and in those
flourishing days Ed. was a buoyant, pushing
overseer and held in high regard by Mr. Mc-
Kinnon. We believe he was also spoken of
by the men in terms of great satisfaction.
The announcement of his death produces
only expressions of deep regret, and recalls
the sad years of his life in 1876 and 1877
when in-lawson he lost his mother, his
mother-in-law, and his bright little three
year old boy, and then finally the baby, who
surely his soul was scathed and thunder-
struck. The pall-bearers were Messrs. R. F.
Preston, M.D., P. P. Salter, Nell McEwen,
D. Campbell, Robert Cavanaugh, P. Cadigan.
The funeral on Wednesday to the S. Falls
Cemetery was one of the largest Franktown
has ever seen.

STRENGTH OVER TEMPTATION.

I can take a drink or leave it alone, just as
I please. How often have we all heard this
boast from the lips of the young and inex-
perienced! It is uttered with a dogmatic and
self-reliant air that is supposed to leave no room
for doubt in the minds of hearers. Youth is
naturally prone to exaggerate its strength, and
especially when it assumes this attitude of
vaunting aside all ideas of doubt and uncertainty
in the reason to fear that its words are an idle
boast, spoken for effect only, and not the
result of reflection or consideration. There
is nothing easier than to frame
an assertion in the most positive

language. Any person of ordinary intelligence
can do that. But the person who is so con-
fident as to realize the weakness of human
nature and the propensity of flesh to lean upon
the wrong side, and who on that account is ac-
customed to weigh the dangers that beset the
path of life, and speak moderately, will rarely
be heard to speak in these positive terms. His
oblation has taught him that, as a rule, man
does not submit to temptation willingly, but is
weakly dependent upon his own ability to
control their desires and appetites—victims of
the very frailty in the existence of which they
refuse to believe.

The strongest men, intellectually, have been
betrayed by the same small vices that blight
the lives of the commonest folk. Particularly
is this true of the dry habit. Men of the
widest mental culture, the highest principles,
and the strongest sense of duty, have been in-
fluenced by yielding to the lowest cravings of our
fallen nature have permitted themselves to be
lured to the brink of abject ruin by closing their
eyes to the dangers of which they are fully cog-
nizant. Such a man will fall, not so much
because they overstrain their own strength,
but because of their refusal to allow the
due allowance for the insidious growth of habit.
If a man can take one drink and stop, there is
no reason why, under ordinary circumstances,
he cannot repeat the experiment. It is the re-
petition of it, which disproves the truth of the
self-control is a source of weakness. It en-
courages us to meet temptation that fear
would prompt us to avoid. If those who
profess to be able to stop at one drink
would regulate their practice upon that
basis there would be far less misery
and suffering in the world. In the wake of
graduation that inevitably follows in the wake of
intemperance would not be so widespread, but,
unfortunately, too many of those who can do
not stop, and the remarkable power which they
claim for themselves proves no safeguard.
There is much more reason to believe that men
strength, and who dread the danger of yielding
to a desire to be sociable or an inherent craving
for stimulants, will succeed with more cer-
tainty in evading the ruin of over-indulgence
than those who rely solely upon the strength
which they affect to believe resides within them.

MONEY MAKERS

don't let golden opportunities pass unim-
proved; there are times in the lives of men
when more money can be made rapidly and
easily, than otherwise can be earned by years
of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Boston,
Maine, who will send you, free, full particu-
lars about work that you can do, and live at
home, wherever you are located, at a profit
of at least from \$5 to \$25 daily. Some have
made over \$50 in a single day. All is new.
You are started free. Capital not required.
Either sex; all ages.

DOZZONI'S
COMPLEXION
POWDER

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Re-
moves all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For
use by all who desire to preserve or improve their
complexion. In stamps by
J. A. DOZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.
35-C

HAVE YOU A PAIN
Anywhere about you?
"PAIN KILLER"
And Get Instant Relief.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
25 Cts. Per Bottle.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle
Established in 1848, under the Act of Quebec,
32 Vict., Chap. 30, for the Benefit of the
District of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D—Drawing Third Wednes-
day of every month.

The Seventh Monthly Drawing will take place on:
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21, 1887,
At 2 o'clock p.m.

PRIZES VALUE, \$60,000.00

FIRST SERIES:
Prizes Value \$50,000.00
Principal Lot—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES:

Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 Real Estate worth.....	2,000	2,000
10 Building Lots in Montreal.....	300	3,000
15 Bed-room or Drawing-room Suites to choice.....	200	3,000
20 do do do.....	100	2,000
100 Gold Watches.....	10	5,000
1000 Silver Watches.....	20	20,000
1000 do do.....	10	10,000

2147 Prizes - - - - - Value, \$50,000

TICKETS - - - - - \$1.00

Prizes Value \$10,000.00
Principal Lot—1 Real Estate worth \$1,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$1,000	\$1,000
2 Real Estates worth.....	500	1,000
4 Threshing Machines worth.....	250	1,000
50 Gold Chains worth.....	40	2,000
1000 Toilet Sets worth.....	5	5,000

1057 Prizes - - - - - Value, \$10,000

TICKETS - - - - - 25 CENTS.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary,
19 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

NO MORE PILLS!
MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT,
BILIOUS DISORDERS,
ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in
20 to 30 days. No pay till cured.
Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

Paino-Sulphur Soap.
It is Marvellously
Efficacious in clear-
ing the Skin of Im-
purities, and keep-
ing it in a perfect
state of health. It
beautifies the complexion,
while as a Healing agent
it cures all kinds of
Wounds it passes
all trials. There
is no Form of Eruptive Disease for which this
Soap is so beneficial as the waters of the
Renowned Sulphur Springs. It cures
Wounds washed with it are relieved from
every side, and are disinfected when germs
of disease linger in the material. The value
of Paino-Sulphur Soap is beyond all price.
Paino-Sulphur Soap, and refuse all others,
you want to be cured.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

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Freemans to Old and New Subscribers. A Magnificent Lithograph Picture, size 18x24, grouping four of the leading HOME RULERS of the present age.

Wm. E. Gladstone, Chas. Stewart Parnell, William O'Brien, Michael Davitt.

Will be mailed FREE to every new subscriber to either THE POST or TRUE WITNESS, and to every old subscriber who will pay subscription in advance and send in one new subscriber to either paper.

The work has been pronounced one of great merit and worthy of a prominent place in the household of those in sympathy with Ireland.

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WEDNESDAY..... NOVEMBER 30, 1887

ADVERT.—Wednesdays and Fridays of Advent are days of fast and abstinence.

THE Catholic Review says: "It is worth while remembering that in New York avowed hostility to Catholics will cost a political party more than 50,000 votes." This remark applies to other cities as well as to New York.

GOVERNMENT organs have not been bragging about the deposits in the Government savings banks, since the return to the end of October shows a decrease of about half a million dollars since July 1st.

We have received a telegram from Father Demers, of Ormatown, Que., conveying the sad intelligence of the death of Father Woods, parish priest of Huntingdon, which melancholy event took place last Saturday morning. The funeral will take place next Wednesday.

It is announced that Dr. McGlynn will sail for the United Kingdom about February 1, whither he goes to introduce his new political creed. No man in America has fallen so rapidly and so far in the same length of time as Dr. McGlynn.

GEN. LAURE, who is running for member of parliament in the Tory interest at Shelburne, N.S., ought to write a book on what he doesn't know about farming. He says the potato bug will not attack potato vines if they can find milkweed to live upon ergo, plant milkweed with your potatoes.

It is announced on authority by cable to day that Lord Stanley of Preston will succeed the Marquis of Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada. We hope the change will be made without loss of time, in order that the meanest and most detestable of the evicting Irish landlords may cease the disgrace of his presence in our country.

MR. ABRAHAM, M.P., lately made a tour in Cheshire, England. In a speech at Tattonhall he said he was a Protestant and a Congregationalist, and yet the Catholics of West Limerick had twice returned him unopposed, and on neither occasion did his election cost him a single sixpence. It was a gross libel against the Catholics of Ireland to assert that when they recover their rights of a Parliament to make their own laws they would commence to oppress the Protestants.

EMMONSITE is the name of a new explosive, vastly cheaper and infinitely more destructive than dynamite. It is said that a man can carry enough in his vest pocket to blow up a city. It is the invention or discovery of a New York chemist. No wonder war is a game in which nations are afraid to engage. Rifles and bayonets are out of date, for what would an army be worth with them compared to a properly organized, drilled and equipped Emonsite corps?

The Brooklyn Eagle, speaking of the growth of Catholicity in Brooklyn, remarks: "Within the limits of the Brooklyn diocese to-day, there are considerably over 100

schools and places of instruction, attended by probably 30,000 or 40,000 children, with four or five hospitals, and some sixteen asylums, with their doors open to the poor, the sick and the unfortunate. And these numerous institutions—churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, homes, asylums—have all been established during the last sixty-five years.

HON. JOHN MACDONALD of Toronto, a prince among dry goods merchants, and the only Grit ever appointed to the Senate by Sir John Macdonald, has donated \$40,000 towards hospital extension in Toronto. This is a truly an admirable way of celebrating his political promotion. Usually new fledged senators give a dinner to their friends and the reporters at Ottawa and enjoy the obsequies of a mutual admiration and adulation society for one evening before sinking out of sight forever in the red chamber. We hope the new fashion introduced by Mr. Macdonald will be followed hereafter by other senators on their appointment.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD has been described by an American journalist as being "too old to learn anything, and too strong to be over turned." Were he in opposition to-day he would seize hold of the commercial union cry, as he did with the N.P. But he has managed to consolidate his power by entrenching himself behind the protective system with its rings, combines and monopolies, and with the obstinacy of his matured Toryism and indifference as to the means for perpetuating his power he seems to defy opposition. But he cannot continue to rule in neglect of pressing popular demands; and a change may not be so far off as some of his followers imagine.

GREAT and prosperous as the American people now are, there was a time they were glad of succor from Ireland. Among the historical reminiscences of Thanksgiving Day in the United States an American contemporary relates the following:—It is only about 256 years ago that Thanksgiving Day was observed in America. Old Massasoit and his ninety braves sat down to dinner with the long-faced Puritans. The Indians brought deer from the woods and the pale faces supplied fish, clams and corn. Ten years later, when the last batch of bread in the colony was in Gov. Bradford's oven, and starvation was staring the New England people in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting was changed into a day of thanksgiving.

THE Chicago Herald says: "Mr. Chamberlain may have been sent to remodel the entire Anglo-American treaty. He may be ready to trade Canadian fish for dynamites, but he is not the statesman to make such a treaty. He is too timorous on the subject of dynamites. His body-guard of detectives is too large. He cannot discuss the subject in a judicial mood. He would do well to give his mind to Canadian fish and to drop Ireland out of his calculations altogether. America has but one view of the Irish question. The Republic has been kinder to Ireland than has Ireland's own government. America has poured money into Ireland, and Downing street has sucked that money out. If coercion bills passed at Westminster fail, Mr. Chamberlain must not expect to come over and pass them at Washington."

ADVOCATES of confederation in Newfoundland are met with the same arguments by those opposed to union as the advocates of unrestricted reciprocity are met with in Canada. Take the following from the St. John's, Nfld., Colonist:—"We will fight side by side with any party who will keep this country out of confederation, because it would simply reduce this island to the same relative position to Canada that Labrador now occupies to Newfoundland. The factories and workshops of the colony would soon be shut up; the capital invested in them sunk; and the thousands of persons employed would have to seek a livelihood elsewhere. Believing all this, we deem it our bounden duty to oppose the entrance of this island into the Dominion of Canada, and gladly welcome all those determined to keep their country free to the fight for the independence of Newfoundland."

THE precise limitations of the powers of the Fisheries Commission do not seem to be generally understood. An American authority says the President has power to negotiate treaties, but the treaties must receive the approval of the Senate—in secret session, according to custom. Doubtless the British Cabinet supposed that a verdict by the commissioners would be of greater significance, but the fact remains that its finding, to have binding effect on the United States, must have a majority of two-thirds in the Senate, and Presidential treaties have of late years rarely secured this approval. At one time President Arthur had no less than eight such projects before the Senate. The failure of the Mexican tariff treaty is a prominent example of the practical impotence of the Chief Executive in this matter of foreign relations. The Senate is jealous of its prerogative of censor, and there are indications that it will not treat Mr. Chamberlain's court with any great degree of favor.

THE honors bestowed upon Sir Hector Langevin and Hon. J. A. Chapeau last night by a number of their political friends irresistibly reminds us of Carlyle's reflections on the proposal to raise a statue to Hudson, the great railway grand. When men gather together to do honor to some one or two of their number the occasion affords outsiders an opportunity of seeing what sort of men they regard as worthy of honor. They present to the rest of the world their beau ideals of what they esteem great and good, and ask us by implication to ratify their choice. Thus we are forced to conclude that Langevin and Chapeau are the sort of men all who were present would like to be. They are the models of character which the Conservatives of Montreal desire their sons to imitate. They are the sort of men that the ladies of the land should regard according to Conservative ideas, as perfect types of the most ex-

alted manhood that the Conservative party is capable of conceiving. If that party had better men we may be sure it would trot them out, as these were trotted out. But such being their best we have a standard whereby to judge the rest.

ONE of the best bits of journalistic enterprise we have come across for a long time is the announcement in the Day Star of Corry, Pa., to the effect that it "will publish a long, intelligent despatch from Henry VIII., founder of the Church of England, dated at Washington, D.C., Oct. 22nd, 1887, through spiritual telegraph, Helen Mair Campbell, operator. It makes clear some points in the life of this great man left in the dark by historians. Our English, Scotch and Canadian readers, many of whom are excellent historians, will read it with interest." No doubt. Send along the despatch. But we think there must be a mistake. According to the best authorities his late majesty is located in a much warmer climate than Washington, D.C.

ENGLAND at the present time has a number of men who have outlived themselves and appear to the present generation like so many ghosts at a spiritualistic seance, who discredit their own reputation by talking drivel and writing balderdash. It is a common remark that the spirits of great poets, philosophers and statesmen, when they make alleged communications through mediums their poetry is invariably bad, their philosophy out of joint, and their statesmanship unmitigated nonsense. Yet we venture to assert that none of these alleged reports from the departed have shown more intellectual decadence than Tennyson and Swinburne, while still alive, have shown in poetry; more absurdity in philosophy than Tyndall and Huxley; more political idiocy than Salisbury and Balfour. What ghost upon the Stygian shore could howl more pitifully than John Bright? But these men live on and on to shame the glory of their prime and prove the truth of Wordsworth's verse:

"They whose hearts are dry as dust, Burn to the socket."

THE official statement just issued by the finance department shows that the total net debt of the Dominion on the 30th of October last was \$227,084,849. The public accounts show that the net debt at the end of the fiscal year of 1885-6, was \$223,159,107. The debt of the Dominion has therefore been increased by nearly four millions of dollars since the 30th of June last year, although the Pacific railway is finished and no great public works are under construction. The total assets of the Dominion on October 30th were valued at \$45,987,283, as compared with \$50,005,344 on the 30th of June, 1886. Thus, while the public debt continues to grow, the assets of the Dominion show a falling off.

Not very successful, so far, have been the sittings of the Labor Commission at Toronto. Unsatisfactory is how the city papers describe the proceedings. The court sat for hours, we are told, awaiting the advent of promised witnesses, but not one put in an appearance. They did not even make satisfactory excuse, and the efforts of the secretary and two local commissioners failed to bring them to the witness-box. This looks as if neither employers nor workmen cared to be put through "a course of sprouts" concerning questions of labor, wages, etc. This feeling doubtless arises from the conviction in the minds of men of both classes that the labor problem is not one which Government, the present Federal Government at all events, is able to grapple successfully. Employers do not care to expose their business methods, and workmen who could give the testimony required, do not desire to call down upon themselves the ill-will of their employers.

WHAT young women may do in aiding the cause of temperance has been demonstrated in a very remarkable manner in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. A writer in the Philadelphia Times says the progress of temperance principles among the young Irish Americans there "is without parallel in the history of temperance reform." Furthermore, he adds, "the temperance feeling is now so strong that no young man can enter the charming circle of female society unless he is an avowed temperance man and wears the Father Mathew badge. It has now come to such a pass that the young Irish-American ladies will have nothing to do with a man who drinks. By raising this boycott against the boys, the girls have played the true part of temperance missionaries, in that they succeeded in driving the young men into the societies."

If young women everywhere would act on this hint they could do more to make the world sober than any other secular agency. So long as the drinking agency is tolerated by young women, they cannot hope to get good husbands or happy homes.

MR. BALFOUR, Secretary for Ireland, has got off on a technicality in the libel suit brought against him by Mrs. Margaret Dillon, a Galway midwife. He stated in parliament that she "had refused to attend a woman because she was the wife of a man who worked for a boycotted person." The plea on which he escaped punishment for this slander was that he had spoken without malice, and was not responsible for the publication of his words in the newspapers. This is only another legal recognition of the old claim of privilege for what is said in parliament. Perhaps it is but right in the highest sense that speeches in parliament should be privileged, but there should be bounds to the privilege. In this country members of parliament have abused this privilege and made statements in parliament maliciously and with a view to blast, as far as they could, the private character of political opponents. A notorious instance occurred last session at Ottawa, where a certain member of the House of Commons assailed the private character of a gentleman politically opposed to him in the

most cowardly and vindictive manner, but when he was challenged to repeat his words outside, where he could be called to account before the courts, he did not dare open his mouth. Balfour's slander of a poor woman was bad enough, but the case we cite was simply infamous.

If the report of the basis proposed by the American Fisheries Commissioners for a settlement of matters in dispute be true, we do not see much hope for Canada obtaining her rights. Mr. Chamberlain having already given away our case. By advancing instead of conceding in their demands, the American commissioners are prompted doubtless by the belief that unless they secure a surrender of the Canadian case, the Senate will reject their recommendations. Simply stated, the Americans demand that England shall sacrifice Canada for the sake of securing their good-will, Chamberlain is willing to do so, and Tupper must submit. He will be in the same position that Sir John Macdonald was at the time of the Washington treaty. Should this be the result and Canadian claims obliterated, the myth of British protection will be exploded finally and forever. We will then know what that protection is worth. The English Government might as well tell the Americans at once, "Take all you care about taking from Canada, only keep in friends with us." That would be precisely the meaning of the contemplated surrender. Perhaps, after all, it would be well that it should come to this, for it would hasten the day when Canada would take the management of her foreign affairs in her own hands.

THE discussion on Commercial Union has revived old memories regarding events when the Americans were fighting for their independence and sought alliance with the French Canadians. It is related that, in 1774, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, in company with Rev. John Carroll, was sent by Congress, together with Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase, to Canada on an embassy, which had the effect of securing for the American patriots the neutrality of the French Canadian population, and which would have been successful in obtaining their active aid if there had been less bigotry displayed by some local American Legislatures. For instance, while the American ambassadors were endeavoring, in Montreal, to enlist Canadian sympathy, there came to this city an address to the Canadian people from the Continental Congress, in which John Jay, the writer of the address, alluded to the Catholic religion, dear to every French Canadian heart, as "a religion which had deluged their land in blood, and diffused impurity, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." That the ambassadors, in the face of that open insult to the Canadian Catholics, were able to secure their neutrality, was certainly a great victory, and yet that is what they did accomplish. Had Jay's bigotry not shown itself as it did, there is scarcely a doubt that Canada would have joined hands with the American colonies and would now form part of the United States.

MODERN SLAVERY.

In the discussion of the labor question some labor reformers seem to forget that supply and demand controls the labor market just as it does every other market. The laborer who toils with either head or hands, or both, as is usually the case, sells his labor just the same as a merchant sells his wares or the farmer his products. If the market is glutted with either, prices rule low; if scarce, high. The great trouble with the labor question, we think, lies in the fact that pretty nearly everything but labor is protected by a tariff system. The labor market is open to the world, and consequently has to compete with the pauper labor of protectionist friends talk so much about, while the manufacturer is protected. To say he pays his employes more wages because he is protected is simply to discount human nature. The manufacturer pays his employes just what the market demands and no more. And on the other hand the laborer has to buy all the supplies himself and family consume at prices dictated under the protecting wing of our tariff system, with rings, trusts, combines and monopolies of all sorts united to rob him. Such is the system under which the poor are compelled to create riches for those who demand their gratitude for giving them employment. In what does this system differ from slavery? Simply that the laborer is not a chattel de facto; he is only mortgaged by the Government to the monopolists!

DISGUSTED CONSERVATIVES.

Tory "resolute rule" in Ireland is in growing disfavor among the more intelligent Conservatives of England. English papers contain reports of an influential Conservative conference held at Deptford not long ago, to, in the words of the circular convening it, "consider the high-handed coercive policy of the Government in Ireland." Strong feeling was manifested in regard to Balfour's methods, and it was agreed that an effort should be made to save the coercionists from themselves. The observations of the chairman in opening the proceedings showed that the false pretences of "Unionist" leaders are at a discount even amongst their own followers. He, as a Conservative, had to confess with shame, he said, that the Government had not, in respect to Ireland, fulfilled their promises at the general election by governing according to the ordinary law; and declared that their present policy would eventually in alienating the best section of the Tory party in the country—viz., the moderate Conservatives. Thereupon the following resolution was carried:—"That this conference views with alarm the danger of the destruction of the great Conservative party by the high-handed proceedings sanctioned in Ireland, and, in fact, approved by the Government, and that Mr.

Evelyn's designation of their policy as being cruel, corrupt and shameless, is feared to be true. Therefore it is the duty of moderate Conservatives to combine and form a Metropolitan Conservative Association with the object of endeavoring to urge upon the metropolitan Conservative M.P.'s to represent to the Government the injurious effect the fatal policy of coercion will have upon the party." On this resolution the Dublin Nation remarks: "that a National League branch—even one of the so-called suppressed branches—could not formulate a more sweeping indictment of sham Unionist policy than this. It is, perhaps, as significant an indication as any yet afforded of the impression which the mad wickedness of the course to which Salisbury, Hartington and Co. have committed themselves is making in England."

THE RING OF TRUE METAL.

In an interview with a St. John Telegraph reporter Mr. Alexander Gibson, the lumber king of New Brunswick, expressed himself in relation to the Irish question in a manner that shows him possessed of sound, practical views. The part of the interview to which we refer is as follows:—

"You have seen it stated, no doubt, that those who advocate commercial union are in point of fact annexationists."

"Yes, but the loyalty bugbear is not able to do the same duty in Canada now that it used to do some years ago. I have seen many a man who has been in Canada and called himself to those who differed from them politically. I have seen those same 'loyal' people soon afterwards remove to the United States with their families, and be in a great hurry to get out their papers of citizenship in the republic. I believe with the great statesman who defined loyalty as being true to one's own country; and from that standpoint I think that Canadians have a right to discuss matters relating to the destiny of their own country. I am glad that Canada is not Ireland, and that England cannot take us by the throat as she does Ireland in the attempt to suppress free speech. We are allowed by England to discuss our own affairs simply because she feels it would be unwise to attempt to check by force the growing sentiment of the Canadian people. No one in Canada would dare arrest, say the editor of a St. John paper, for expressing the opinion that the annexation was the future of this country; and yet I look the way William O'Brien, the Irish editor, is being treated by the English Government because of his efforts on behalf of his own unhappy people."

"I did not know you sympathized so heartily with the Irish people."

"I do; and my wonder is that English statesmanship has not been able to devise a scheme that would give Home Rule not only to Ireland, but also to Scotland, England and Wales as well."

Mr. Gibson is a North of Ireland Presbyterian, and perhaps the most remarkable man in the Maritime Provinces. By ability and upright industry, without other aid than his own head and hands, he has shown what an Irishman can do in the short cycle of his life time when not handicapped by hostile conditions of government. To build up a great lumber industry, or a town, or a gigantic factory, is easily practicable to Mr. Gibson. The vindication of Home Rule by such a man is, therefore, a notable event. The reasons must have been cogent, the feeling irresistible, which drew from Alexander Gibson his indignant protest against the cowardly arrest of glorious William O'Brien. It shows what strides the Home Rule cause has made when this restless worker has such strong opinions in its favor. He may well thank God that Canada is not so near the English Tories as Ireland. If it were we would soon be disarmed and the cowardly, lying ruffian Froude would write of us, as he has written of the disarmed and marauded people of Ireland, that we were "the easiest people to be governed by military rule in the world."

In the interview from which we take the above extract, Mr. Gibson declares himself strongly in favor of unrestricted reciprocity, and as a merchant and manufacturer would rejoice were such to result from the negotiations now going on at Washington. This is the man whom Sir John Macdonald moved heaven and earth to prevent being elected to the House of Commons.

THE CASE OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

Royal personages have developed a usefulness for mankind which entitles them to a certain degree of consideration. When they are attacked by disease, the whole medical fraternity becomes interested and an amount of study is given their cases which would never be bestowed on the suffering of ordinary humanity. This is all the more gratifying from the fact that the disease from which these royalties suffer usually happens to be the one most prevalent, and thus a really first-class subject, patient we should say, is supplied with every advantage of boundless means to secure the most scientific treatment, for the benefit of humanity at large. Thus it is with the Crown Prince of Germany. His case has been diagnosed and we have in the pages of the New York Medical Record a professional view thereof that must be of great value in the treatment of a terrible affliction. The disease is carcinoma of the larynx. Let us quote:—

The diagnosis may therefore be regarded as settled, and the medical interest of the case is now centred on the questions of prognosis and treatment. The prognosis of carcinoma of the larynx is, of course, merely palliative. The duration of life after the appearance of the new growth varies within pretty wide limits. Thus, of the twenty-seven cases collected by V. Zimmesen, nine, or thirty-three per cent., died within the first year, fifteen died between the first and the sixth years, and three lived longer than six years, one being alive even fifteen years after the disease had first manifested itself. Epithelioma is more rapid in its progress than encephaloid cancer, the average duration of the former being, according to the statistics of Fauvel, twenty-three months, while that of the latter is three years. Of the operations proposed there are but two, viz., tracheotomy and laryngectomy. The former is, of course, merely palliative, but its utility in prolonging life is unquestionable. It removes the danger of suffocation attendant upon the continued growth of the neoplasm, and it also seems to exert a favorable influence upon the progress of the disease by giving rest to the larynx, and affording to the patient a measurable degree of comfort, as far, at least,

as his respiration is concerned. It also permits of local applications being made to the seat of disease. It may also be said in favor of tracheotomy that the operation is devoid of danger, and even when it is ineffective in prolonging life, it gives some relief to the patient's suffering and promotes euthanasia.

The attempt to tracheotomy, laryngectomy, was shown to be practicable, in a successful operation of local removal of the first larynx for carcinoma was performed by Billroth in 1878. Watson, of Edinburgh, is said to have performed laryngotomy in 1866, but his patient died. Billroth's patient lived for a year, and was enabled to talk by means of an artificial larynx. Since that time the number of cases of total extirpation of the larynx has mounted up into the hundreds, though unfortunately not all have resulted as happily as Billroth's first case. The best results, as regards prolonging of life, were obtained in intracapsular cases, in those cases, the shortest duration of life, in those who survived the immediate effects of the operation, was one year, in years. Many of the patients are still alive and entirely free from any cancerous affection. In comparing these results, however, it must be remembered that the operation itself is most frequently fatal, thirty-nine of these eighty-seven having died from its immediate effects. This, therefore, is the most operative which the Crown Prince and his medical advisers have to face: Tracheotomy, with no immediate danger of death, in order to obtain a possible prolongation of life, without voice and without hope, for three or four years; or laryngectomy, with a nearly even chance of immediate death, but possibly to its natural limits; but with an artificial voice and under the constant dread of a return of the malignant growth, either in the cicatrix or in some other organ of the body.

There is something deeply affecting from a humanitarian point of view in this diagnosis of the Prince's disease. No prisoner languishing in a despoiled dungeon has a more terrible sentence of death pronounced against him than is contained in the passages we have quoted. What to him is glory, greatness, an imperial crown? Alas, for poor humanity! All we can hope is that the doctors may learn how to treat the disease more successfully from the experience with which he has supplied them.

BISHOP CLEARY.

We have in previous issues of this paper laid before the public Bishop Cleary's Pastoral concerning the school question in Kingston, His Lordship's denial of the foul slander concocted against him by some unknown person in Napanee, his emphatic refutation thereof, and Father McDonagh's letter setting forth the truth in regard to what His Lordship said on the occasion of his recent visit to that place, also the Bishop's own remarks at Brockville in reference to the slander. With these publications we might quite properly allow the matter to rest, but inasmuch as the Gazette of this city thought fit, in a leading and very contemptibly constructed article, yesterday, to mutilate its retraction and apology of the day previous, some further comment is necessary.

It having been proved that Bishop Cleary did not use the offensive language attributed to him by the Ottawa Journal and eagerly reproduced by the Gazette and other papers of like anti-Catholic proclivities, the proper thing for a respectable paper to do should have been to rest content with having stated now it came to publish the slander and its apology. That was the course taken by the Mail, which after giving its correspondent's story concluded with this straightforward retraction:—"Nevertheless, since Bishop Cleary pronounces the report a 'foul calumny,' we are bound to believe 'that it misrepresented his utterances; and 'now beg to express our regret that we 'should have unwittingly done him a 'wrong.'"

Having been compelled to apologies, yet still cherishing a sneaking desire to justify the outrage in which it had participated, the Gazette returned to the subject, and addressed injury by referring to Bishop Cleary as one who attacked the press "with more zeal than discretion." It also refers to "His Lordship who is of a somewhat combative disposition," and winds up a punning attempt at its own justification with this piece of stupidity:—

When His Lordship puts on his thinking cap and ponders over his accusation of design and malice against the press, he may possibly discover that the offence of publishing an inaccurate report of his language at Napanee was not so great, and had more of excuse than his own conduct towards the newspapers.

Considering the character of the journalistic assaults made upon His Lordship by the Gazette and other papers, based upon a lying report emanating from one of the most notoriously bigotted papers in the country, the vigor of the Bishop's language was amply justified. As we observed in a former article, the right of the authoritative preacher of God's word is above the reach of human law or criticism. In the assertion of that right bishops have often defied the most powerful monarchs and set at naught the laws of nations. In the instance which called forth the unjustifiable remarks of the anti-Catholic press, Bishop Cleary exercised his undoubted right, as he certainly performed a praiseworthy duty. It is only a few weeks ago since the very papers which now assail him published disgusting reports of the seduction and debauching of Ottawa school girls of tender years by leading business and professional men of that city. His Lordship might have referred to these reports as sustaining his views as to the common schools and mixed education. He did not do so, he confined himself to what had some under his own observation of the conduct of young women in public places. It is true, everybody knows it is true, that just such conduct as he condemned is by no means uncommon. He did not say it was the rule, but it cannot be denied that female 'freedom' of manners and styles of dressing are matters that everyone may see for himself every day. At Quebec, on a recent occasion, Cardinal Taschereau declined to be present at an assembly where he knew women would appear dressed in a manner offensive to good taste and modesty. Could there be a more severe rebuke to the uncouth fashion of the day than that? It is pure nonsense to say

that Bishop Cleary aspersed the morality of Canadian Protestant women because he pointed out wherein he considered the conduct of women in public deserving reproach. Nothing we are sure could be further from his thoughts. The spirit in which his remarks were laid hold of showed that the *Gazette* and its confederates were more desirous of making a sensation than of defending the women. Their action was mean as well as vengeful, and was stooped to with the purpose of having a fling at a Catholic bishop and making perhaps a dollar or two out of the sensation.

These observations would not be complete without some reference to the extraordinary letter over the name of Mr. Peter Ryan, in the *Toronto Globe*. Catholics certainly will be astonished to learn how he became constituted their mouthpiece with reference to the words of a Bishop addressing his flock. He betrayed great lack of judgment as well as good taste, as a Catholic, to say no worse, in rushing into print with an open letter lecturing Bishop Cleary on his duties and responsibilities. Considering the facts as now ascertained he should lose no time in setting himself right. Having been too quick in accepting the first story he should repeat and acknowledge his error. That his motives were good we cannot doubt, but his common sense was singularly at fault.

We trust this is the last we shall hear of the subject, and that the miserable attempt of the men who have ill-treated the Catholic children of Kingston and slandered Bishop Cleary will fail in its wicked purpose of creating religious animosity.

CLEMENCEAU.

France is in the throes of a crisis which involves far more than a change of ministers. As on former similar occasions, the storm brings one more prominently to the front as the person who appears for the moment best fitted to cope with the difficulties of the situation. Dr. Clemenceau, the one time friend of Gambetta, now leader of the Extreme Left or ultra-radical party, editor of *La Justice*, an influential Paris paper, a sympathizer with the Communists, is of all men in France, likely to become master of the situation. Like Gambetta, he has distinguished himself more as a smasher of governments than as one capable of governing. As leader of the Advanced Left he has been a conspicuous figure in French politics for a dozen years. That he is possessed of capacity of no mean order, even his enemies admit; but his ability has always been directed toward destroying rather than conserving or creating. He is a Vendean, with the resolute and pugnacious characteristics of the people of that historic province.

The following is a not unfavorable sketch of his career:—

Clemenceau was born in 1841, began his professional studies at Nantes, and completed them at Paris, where in 1869 he was created a doctor of medicine. After which he practiced at Montmartre. After the revolution of September 4, 1870, he was appointed Mayor of the Eighteenth Arrondissement of Paris and a member of the Commission of Communal Education. At the election of February 8, 1871, he was elected a representative of the Department of the Seine in the National Assembly, where he took his place among the members of the Extreme Left, and voted against the preliminary articles of peace. On the 18th of March he endeavored to save the lives of the Generals Leconte and Clement Thomas, but in vain, for he did not arrive at the Rue des Rosiers until after their execution. On this occasion the Central Committee of the Communists, which was sitting at the Hotel de Ville, resolved that Dr. Clemenceau should be arrested; but he was fortunate enough to elude the vigilance of the instructional police. When the murderers were put upon their trial (Nov. 29, 1871) some of the witnesses accused him of not having interfered as early as he might have done, but he was warmly defended by Colonel Langlois, whose testimony appeared to clear Dr. Clemenceau from all blame in the matter. However, the accusations led to a duel between Dr. Clemenceau and M. le commandant de Ponsarques, who was wounded in the leg by a pistol shot. Dr. Clemenceau was prosecuted for this affair about a month later, the result being that he was condemned by the Seventh Chamber of Correctional Police to a fine of 25 francs. In the attack of the 20th of March he introduced in the National Assembly a bill, signed by the Radical faction of the deputies of the Department of the Seine, to authorize the election of a Municipal Council for the city of Paris, to consist of eighty members; and he was one of those who signed the preliminary articles of peace. He was elected a member of the Municipal Council of Paris for the Chignacourt quarter, and he took a prominent part in the discussions concerning primary secular instruction and financial questions. On Nov. 23, 1874, he was re-elected a member of the Municipal Council, of which he became successively secretary and president, and eventually president in 1876. He was elected a Deputy for the Department of the Seine by the Eighteenth Arrondissement of Paris Nov. 20, 1876, and afterward he became Secretary of the Chamber. In the following April he resigned his place in the Municipal Council. He was again re-elected to the National Assembly by the Eighteenth Arrondissement of Paris at the general election of Oct. 13, 1877. Since that time he has been generally regarded as the leader of the Advanced Left.

Should President Grevy resign, which now appears unavoidable, Clemenceau will, it is said, be the only man who can form a ministry with promise of stability. This shows to what an extraordinary extent radicalism has spread in France during recent years. There can be no doubt but that Clemenceau has been steadily working for years towards the object which now appears within his grasp. It was owing to his activity and influence that the princes of former royal families were retired from the army and subsequently exiled. By his exertions about the same time the transported Communists were brought back to France at the public expense. Never did the privilege of French politics bring about a more astonishing event than that the man who might have prevented the worst murders of the Commune should be put forward as the saviour of the nation in a crisis of this present. How one who is the recognized leader of a party whose creed embodies

Prudhon's principle, that property is robbery, can save the nation, would be a puzzle to find anywhere out of France. But it seems altogether likely that his lease of power, if he can obtain it, will be like Gambetta's, short and disastrous to himself and his followers. A party which believes that all government is fraud and oppression is not likely to be successful in government.

BRUMMAGEM JOE.

Brummagem Joe's idea of the American is like the old French idea of the Englishman—a sort of person endowed with an eccentric passion for some particular things. Thus the John Bull of the French stage was always demanding *roses* and *plum-pudon*, with the flourish of a blue umbrella. In the same way the American reporter is to Chamberlain a Bohemian ready to do anything for liquor and cigars. The keen-witted, highly-educated, thoroughly experienced man of the world, who takes in human nature from a boot-black to an ambassador, and sketches all with a fidelity to truth and grace of language that would make the fortune and establish the eternal fame of any literary man a century ago, must have been a revelation to the British screw-driver. He spread a table with liquor and cigars for men who could walk round him and take his moral and intellectual measure in half the time a tailor would measure him for a coat. None of them drank, but they tried his cigars, not that they cared about cigars, but just to see what brand he thought good enough for reporters. Then he opened a corner of the curtain which hides what he doubtless considers his great mind. The reporters took a peep. They photographed it and gave it to the world. And what is it. Oh, if we were Chamberlain how we would bestow our choicest anathemas on the man who invented psychological criticism and taught newspaper men the art of putting this and that together as a mental exercise conducive to the establishment of verities. Never did a gathering of biologists cluster round the Neander fragments with greater joy, never did physicists observe an abnormal subject with more intense delight than did that room full of New York reporters observe Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

Pitiable in the extreme is the affected caution of the parish politician turned ambassador. Sancho Panza in Barataria was a magnificent embodiment of wisdom compared to the transparently crafty Joseph. He gave himself away as completely as if he had made a bargain to do so. He betrayed his mission, unless, indeed, he is a knave of unparalleled calibre, and settled the whole matter off-hand. Canadians have been astonished spectators of the scene. They and their interests are dismissed with lofty indifference. He, for the time, imagines himself the supreme arbiter who has no necessity for going through the formalities of diplomacy. Coming to deal with the smartest nation in all creation, and a dispute with one not less smart (we mean Canada), he cuts the knot in presence of the reporters, exactly as certain travelling showmen, who desire a puff, give a *seance* in private to the same class of gentlemen.

The thing is too funny. Here is how the *Evening Star*, of New York, speaks of him after the interview, and it would be hard to excel the remarks as utterances of contempt:—

The Brummagem Dodger is an evolution of the contemporary Janus Mugwump, one of whose most distinguishing characteristics was Lord Halifax, who served all parties and was faithful to none, as Lord Macaulay put it:—

He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers.

The Brummagem Dodger is now with us upon a mission to adjust the Canadian Fisheries dispute or more hopelessly muddle it, as the case may be.

The most pronounced and discredited Mugwump in British politics is the Hon. Joe Chamberlain. Not even the lurid-headed Randolph Churchill, a tintype reproduction of the only Schurz, can hold a candle light to him.

The Brummagem Dodger has bestraddled contemporary politics in more different and grotesque attitudes than any other statesman of his time. If you have him on the hip to-day you may not have him to-morrow. Like the desert Arab, he will have sneaked away in the night time.

Researcher is the most obtusive plank in the obfuscated platform of the Brummagem Dodger, which is equally true of the Janus Mugwump coterie.

DARWIN'S RELIGION.

Public interest in the career of Charles Darwin, one of the most remarkable men of this or any other century, has been revived by the publication of his life and letters, edited by his son, Francis Darwin. So much has been said and written concerning the theory of Evolution, with which his name is identified, that it is not necessary to enter upon a discussion of it here. What most interests ordinary readers is the views of the great naturalist on religion. A candid examination on this point will not be without value, as showing how the clearest intellects, when not guided by faith, are as weak as the most uneducated savage in presence of the wonders of God's universe. In 1879 Darwin wrote to a correspondent who had inquired concerning his religious views:—

"What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to any one but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older) but not always, an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind."

On another occasion he wrote amplifying the qualifying sentence in the above quotation:— "It is impossible to answer your question briefly; and I am not sure that I could do so, even if I wrote at some length. But I may say that the impossibility of conceiving that this grand and wondrous universe, with our conscious selves, arose through chance, seems to me the chief argument for the existence of God; but whether this is an argument of real value I have never been able to decide. Nor can I overlook the difficulty from the immense amount of suffering through the world. I am also induced to defer to a certain extent to the judgment of the many able men who have fully believed in God; but here again I see how poor an argument this is. The safest conclusion

seems to me that the whole subject is beyond scope of man's intellect; but man can do his duty. For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation. As for the future, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities."

In several pages, printed in this connection (although they form a part of the autobiography, written in the year 1876), Mr. Darwin gives a kind of history of the change in his thoughts. It begins: "Whilst on board the Beagle I was quite orthodox and I remember being heartily laughed at by several of the officers (though themselves orthodox) for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality. I suppose it was the novelty of the argument that amused them." He "gradually came to disbelieve Christianity as a divine revelation. Disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress."

Some pages follow in which the argument from design in nature is concluded to fail, "now that the law of natural selection has been discovered," and in which he touches the question, "Whether the world as a whole is a good or bad one," giving his judgment that "happiness decidedly prevails, though this would be very difficult to prove," and that, "if the truth of this conclusion be granted, it harmonizes well with the effects which we might expect from natural selection."

"That there is much suffering in the world, no one disputes. Some have attempted to explain this with reference to man by imagining that it serves for a moral improvement. But the number of men in the world is not being compared with that of all other sentient beings, and they often suffer greatly without any moral improvement. This very old argument from the existence of suffering against the existence of an intelligent First Cause seems to me a strong one; whereas, as just remarked, the presence of much suffering agrees well with the view that all organic beings have been developed through variation on and natural selection."

"At the present day the most usual argument for the existence of an intelligent God is drawn from the deep inward conviction and feelings which are experienced by most persons. Formerly I was led by feelings such as those referred to (although I do not think that religious sentiment was ever strongly developed in me), to the firm conviction of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul. I well remember my conviction that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. But now the grandest truths would not cause me to blink an eyelid, or to be troubled in my mind. It may be truly said that I am like a man who has become color-blind, and the universal belief by men of the existence of redness makes my present loss of perception of it not the least value as evidence."

"Another source of conviction in the existence of God, connected with the reason, and which I feel more strongly than as having much more weight. This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I feel somewhat as if I were looking through a telescope at a distant star, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, but trusted when it draws such grand conclusions."

It is noteworthy that, after stating and truly feeling that there was nothing in the theory of natural selection that need disturb religious convictions, it seems to have had that very effect upon him. It is also notable that his great difficulty was the very old one, of the existence of evil in the world—one which, however insoluble, was not at all but is in some sense mitigated by the theory of natural selection, when regarded from a purely philosophical standpoint.

The example of Darwin, however, merely emphasises the truth that a man, no matter how highly endowed he may be with genius and learning, if he seeks not the grace of God, is sure to lose that inner perception of God and his works which alone can give peace of mind and satisfaction of soul. In his youth Darwin had that faith, for he tells us that when going to school:—

"I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally very anxious to pray in the intervals, and I used to pray to God to help me, and I will remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided."

There was nothing in his life, studies or observations to show that he could not have retained this faith. He simply drifted away like many others, till, as he tells us himself, he became blind to the truths and beauties of the Christian faith. This view appears to be sustained by the fact that there are many among the most eminent scientific men of the day who are firm believers in religion, and not a few of them are pious Catholics.

THE OLD ARGUMENT AGAIN.

It is astonishing how the same old argument does duty on all sides. We have already shown how it has been used against confederation in Newfoundland, and the Tory press of Canada make the most of it every day in opposition to unrestricted reciprocity, and now it is brought to bear in the States against the same proposition. A Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., who claims to have commercial relations with all parts of the world, is quoted by the *Utica Herald* as saying that "the letting down of the protective bars against Canada would be followed by the transfer of English manufacturing establishments, English capital and labor to Canada, and the flooding of the coveted American market with their products. English capital can come into the States, set up factories and compete with American manufacturers for the American market. But in doing so it is subject to like conditions as those under which home producers and manufacturers labor—the same rent, taxes and cost of labor. Across the border it is under English laws and conditions. Commercial union would be almost equivalent to free trade direct, quite so except for the cost of establishing plants and perhaps a little increase of wages over those paid in Manchester and Sheffield. The advantages would be all with Canadian and English capitalists. The Canadian market is of little account to us. Ours is of the very first importance to English manufacturers. It is proposed that we exchange even the advantages of a market of

60,000,000 for that of less than 5,000,000. It would be a good bargain for Canada; but we must first consider what would be good for us."

In Canada the anti-reciprocityites declare that this same letting down of bars would ruin Canadian manufactures and destroy our trade. Both these theories cannot be correct; as a matter of fact both are absurd. In any case Canada stands to win by having larger markets open to her products, while the influx of both American and English capital into the inviting field she would offer under commercial union, may be regarded as one of the surest results of the proposed arrangement.

TWO PROPOSITIONS.

Two distinct and opposing propositions for the future destiny of Canada have been laid before the people. Goldwin Smith has suggested the lines of Commercial Union, Dalton McCarthy has advanced the principles of Imperial Federation. Neither England nor the United States have seriously considered either proposition. Both movements have sprung from the feeling in Canada that the existing constitution of the Dominion does not possess any of the elements of permanency and cannot last for any length of time.

As in the case of all former national advances, the demand for commercial union is met by a Tory counterblast, this time in the form of imperial federation, a nebular hypothesis of the most gaseous composition. As if the universal clock of time could be put back a century, the regular progress of a great people towards the fulfillment of their national destiny interrupted, and the natural growth of a continent reversed.

In a paper read before the Commercial Union Club, of Toronto, Mr. Goldwin Smith pointed out that the movement was independent of both political parties, and a broad appeal in the interests of the national commerce to the intelligence of the whole people. He then goes on to observe:—

It is much to be regretted that members of the Government should have so precipitately assumed an attitude of opposition. Their own standing offer to the Americans under the Tariff Act shows that they recognize the need of Reciprocity, while they must be aware that a partial Reciprocity, a Reciprocity in natural products only, is not to be obtained. The choice, they must know, lies between unrestricted Reciprocity and no Reciprocity at all. To enforce Reciprocity was the avowed object of their measure of tariff retaliation, and we are seeking to accomplish that object in a far better way. Their chief, when British manufacturers cried out against his tariff in 1879, proclaimed fiscal Home Rule for Canada in the most defiant terms. If they have bound themselves to a certain class of protected manufacturers by a tie other than regard for the industrial and commercial interests of the people they will find themselves in the end heavily weighted. The Conservative party in England never recovered the effects of its ill-starred resistance to the removal of commercial restrictions which crippled national industry and deprived the people of the fair earnings of their labor. If any political party means to stand or fall by restriction, assuredly it will fall—but that will be its own doing, not ours. There is also reason to regret that the British Commissioner at Washington should have shown so little not only of diplomatic reserve, but of respect for Canadian self-government. When in a matter of the most vital importance to the Canadian people, the intention of imposing an imperial veto on their wishes is proclaimed at Washington to the reporters of the American press, Canada is made to feel her dependency indeed. That all the great national industries of this country, and our people generally, would gain very greatly by free admission to their natural market in the world, cannot be seriously doubted by any impartial reasoner. This conviction will grow irresistibly, and will burst through all political obstacles in the end.

Here, we have a very matter-of-fact view of the question, a view which must be admitted thoroughly Canadian as opposed to the view taken by the Ottawa Government and the British Commissioner. The scheme of Imperial Federation on the other hand is absolutely lacking in practical points. In no sense does it come within measurable distance of the region of practical politics, while the dread it arouses of the re-establishment of Downing street rule is increased by the arrogant pronouncements of Mr. Chamberlain and the methods of Tory Government in Ireland.

In the long and somewhat disjointed address delivered by Mr. McCarthy before a meeting of Imperial Federationists at Ottawa, it is difficult to find an idea of what Imperial federation really means. He indulged in that sort of rhetoric which has aptly been described as glittering generalities, but for anything in the way of a definition of the scheme we are left to draw what conclusion we please. He said enough, however, to satisfy us that it is contemplated to make Canada contribute to the maintenance of the British army and navy and become a partner in the taxation of the empire for imperial purposes. He said:—

The commercial unionists pretended that nothing in their scheme was intended to break connection, or sever us from the mother country, but we had to look forward to the time, rapidly approaching, when this country must be prepared to take its stand, and that we, as freemen, will claim our right to a voice in all the affairs by which we are governed, local and imperial, and we had also as a part of that to remember that the burdens of freemen would also have to be borne by us. He thought we were prepared to do this, while demanding our rights, whatever burden these rights should entail, and we ought to be ashamed to think that the poorer people of the country from which we spring had to bear the whole burden of protecting our shores and mercantile marine, while we were set free from contributing to that cost. He was not anxious to increase the taxation under which we were laboring, but he felt certain we should not be substantially increasing the taxation by joining hands with their brother colonies and the Mother Country. It would be, in his opinion, the surest guarantee of the peace of the world.

Very clumsy indeed is the effort here made by Mr. McCarthy to sugar the pill of colonial taxation for Imperial purposes. But we fancy the people of Canada will resolutely

resist the endeavor of a few Tory politicians who are looking to England for titles and social recognition, to reimpose the yoke of Downing street.

American, which term in its broad sense includes Canadian, civilization, is projected on lines altogether diverse from the imperial system of Europe. With the dynamic in situations and policies of Europe this continent has no concern. They are military in their essence, the democracy of America is industrial in its essence. Canada, no more than the United States, can be diverted from its destiny, and if the Americans are true to themselves and seize the opportunity which now offers for cementing the friendship of Canadians, they can make this continent secure for all time against European encroachment.

FRANCE.

Between Royalists on one side and Extreme Radicals on the other, the Republic of France is in a very bad way. If there was any man supremely capable of taking the presidential chair, now vacated by Grevy, and admittedly able to bring order out of the existing chaos, there would be some hope of a strong government being established. But the extremists on both sides are bent more on destroying the republic than preserving it. One seeks the restoration of monarchy, the other the abolition of the presidency and the senate, because these institutions are too conservative. Such a state of affairs is deeply perilous to France, with Germany on the watch, determined to cripple her old enemy. It is a grim commentary on human institutions that a great nation should be hurried to the brink of revolution on account of a bit of ribbon and a childish decoration. We believe, however, that there is in France, as there is in all nations, a great power resident in the people that makes for the maintenance of law and order. This power made itself felt on former occasions, when leaders of political factions would have plunged the country into anarchy. That it will assert itself again we cannot doubt. In case it should not, France will become like Poland before the partition, and her warring factions will be ploughed under by the red-hot ploughshares of foreign occupation. A theatrical soldier, like Boulanger, will not do in a crisis like this. However, a few days will decide, and we can only hope that France will be saved by the establishment of a government that will be more in harmony with justice and moderation than the miserable makeshift ministries that have succeeded each other with fatal rapidity since the fall of the Empire.

EVOLUTION.

How is it possible that in a pious church-going city like Montreal, a publication, which upholds infidelity, can command a daily circulation from twenty to thirty thousand copies? Is not infidelity the blackest of sins against God and man, and yet what is the evolutionism of Spencer, Huxley and others, appearing in the sheet referred to, but rank infidelity? Either our people is benumbed by that chilling indifference which is the logical result of the watering down of creeds, or it becomes so matter of fact, so engrossed with the tangible interests of the hour, as to give no heed to the discussion of questions touching on religious dogma and belief.

We are called on, forsooth, to reverse the modes in which human thought has hitherto formulated itself, to cast away the heritage which a truth-searching ancestry has handed down—the methods and truths bequeathed to us by an Aristotle, an Augustine, an Aquinas and a host of the giant intellects of humanity. And for what? For the crude theories and fancy hypotheses of a few scientists who, instead of confining themselves to the investigation of facts, go beyond their sphere and depth to philosophize and theologize. We always thought that exact science was made up of evident conclusions deduced from evident principles, or if there is question of physical and experimental science, of conclusions derived from such a wide field of facts so thoroughly sifted as to their nature, compact and calculated in their relations and effects that there can be no mistaking the law they point to. Such was the science of the Keplers, the Galileos, the Newtons, and, in later days, of the Secchis. But our system builders have found in these shallow times a smoother road to renown. Of the facts they have examined and asserted, it must be admitted with an industry and perseverance worthy of a better cause, only those are admitted which fit with the preconceived idea to be established, as if the same stones could not be shaped equally well into a Roman and Gothic edifice according to the design of the architect. But this is not all.

When the stern realities of facts cannot be found, or if they will stubbornly refuse to fit, imagination steps in to fill up holes and vacuums, supply missing links, and cement the walls together with "it-is-possible," and "might-be," and "may-have-beens," and "perhaps," till at last the scientific structure is complete and stands out for the gaze of an admiring world. Biology, the one science, has at last been discovered and demonstrated! The persistence of the one force manifesting itself in a whirlpool of being through endless geological cycles! But the scientific edifice on nearer inspection proves to be but an ice-berg and, when the sun of true science begins to play on it, melts and topples to ruin. Till our physicists are able to show us the evidences of protoplasm, till they point out the first cell, till they show us the link between the mineral and vegetable, the vegetable and animal, the animal and human world, their edifice is foundationless. It is devoid of frame and joist. Nothing can be more unscientific than to build a theory on facts and laws quite at variance, nay, in contradiction with those which fall under our observation. A genesis of species as upheld by the Darwinian

ian theory and based on the transformist view would shortly entail the destruction of animal life throughout all the varieties of its manifestation within the memory of man. It would render life impossible on its present lines as Professor Virchow has lately demonstrated at the scientific congress of Vienna.

A rationalist and sympathiser with the new lights, his profound knowledge, wide experience and the eminence he occupies as physicist, surely give weight to his frank declaration that modern science has not produced a single fact in proof of the Darwinian species. Furthermore, that fixity of the species, through the loss of permanent fecundity only within its own lines, lies at the foundation of the animal kingdom as at present constituted. To appeal to other laws and other conditions of existence in remote geographical periods is to give play to the imagination, not to reason within the stern and clearly defined limits of exact science. The years are counted by decades since Darwinism was rejected on the continent of Europe as an untenable theory. There is among the nations of the north, especially since Reformation days, a certain docility to the teaching of New Lights, a viewless, what might be called a gullibility which lays them open to the deceptive influences of false guides, especially when the latter take care to dress their theories in elegance of style and plausible interpretation of fact.

WHERE A CRIME ACT IS NEEDED.

Whilst the Tory statesmen of England are endeavoring to put down the demand of the Irish people for constitutional redress by the enforcement of a crime not aimed at the suppression of political opponents, we read of a state of society in London more hideous than that which called down the wrath of heaven on the cities of the plain. An American writer recently stated that there is upon the streets of that great city at the present day "a body of women variously estimated at from 70,000 to 100,000 in number, who force upon the public eye on every street corner and in every public place the whole melancholy drama of society's outcasts, from plump and joyous girlhood to the wasted wickedness of delirium tremens and advanced old age." Then look at the picture the same writer gives of the streets of the metropolis of a nation that boasts of being the foremost among the Christian peoples of the earth—a nation which sends its missionaries to all parts of the world to convert the heathen and spends millions of money annually for the salvation of souls in Africa, India and China. "After 11 in the evening," he writes, "all the sidewalks of London belong to these creatures. You jostle them everywhere; they look out at you from every alley and darkened doorway; they swarm in the open parks and on frequented corners. Such another sight is to be seen in no other city in the world—and has not been dreamed of even remotely by those who have not witnessed it."

What a terrible state of social degradation does this picture disclose! How ineffably often that civilization must be where such a sight is of nightly occurrence. For if this army of women is enormous, how much greater must the number of men be to make it possible by supporting it?

And let it not be forgotten that from this same city of London are sent to parliament the main body of those members who are most persistent and implacable in applying coercion and crime acts to the simple, industrious, god-fearing people of Ireland. These be the men who shake the platforms of Piccadilly with denunciations of Parnell, and find their most fitting exponent in the Hipping Balfour,

"Dabbling his clock young hands in Brin's gore,"

as Byron said of Castlereagh.

How can we regard such a picture as this and think of the gifted, pure-hearted William O'Brien, condemned by the men who created that terrible army of 100,000 lost, abandoned women, to death by slow torture in a prison cell on bread and water for asserting the right of free speech claimed by all Englishmen? Will it not be said by all right-thinking people that these London politicians had better look at home and consider whether an act for suppressing crime be not more needed there than in Ireland? Of cant and hypocrisy the British people have had enough. Right at their own doors English statesmen have a great national crime to encounter and overcome, before they can ask the world to applaud their base and futile efforts to suppress the just demands of the righteous people of Ireland.

PROBABLY FATAL EXPLOSION.

A NUMBER OF PERSONS INJURED AND ONE MAN MISSING.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 28.—The kitchen range boiler at the Kirby House exploded this morning, wrecking the rear end of the building and burying a number of people under the ruins. The following were taken out from the ruins badly injured: Anna Kennedy, assistant cook, Carrie Olson, Julia F. Myer and Nora Daugherty, dining-room girls; Mary Arbuckle, pastry cook; Frank Hommel, the cook, is missing, also Mrs. W. Gage, assistant cook. The ruins are being searched in the hope of finding them and others who may be buried therein. Minnie Thompson, a girl employed in the *Scandinavian* bindery, across the alley, was badly cut about the head. Mr. Beckwith, one of the proprietors of the hotel, was hurt in the head. The alley back of the hotel is piled to the depth of four or five feet with debris from the wrecked building. The north wall of the dining room was blown in for a distance of twenty feet. The firemen extinguished the flames which had started before they had gained much headway. The accident was probably caused by the freezing of the fire pipes supplying the boiler with water. The following were also injured: Maggie Moran, kitchen girl; Alice Burke, pantry girl, and Mary Krueger, kitchen girl.

Beef, Iron and Wine
As prepared by M. E. HEDERWITZ, of New York
It is a very highly recommended food for all persons
should be taken in case of
Anemia, Chlorosis, etc.

RECKLESS POLICE

USING THEIR BATONS INDISCRIMINATELY AT LIMERICK YESTERDAY—DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF THE MARCHER MARYS.

AT GLASNEVIN

DUBLIN, Nov. 27.—Twelve thousand persons assembled in Glasnevin Cemetery to-day, in honor of the Marcher "Martyrs."

BISMARCK AND THE CZAR.

THEIR INTERVIEW—THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR HARDLY ABLE TO RESTRAIN HIS PASSION—THOSE FORGOTTEN LETTERS—THE WAR FELT-ING IN RUSSIA.

PEST, Nov. 26.—The Pesther Lloyd says the interview between Prince Bismarck and the Czar was a dramatic one.

MAY TO BELL.

Dear Bell: I'll write you a short letter to say I'm wonderfully better.

MODERATE DRINKING.

REV. MR. MACDONNELL CAUSES A COMMOTION IN TEMPERANCE CIRCLES IN TORONTO.

TORONTO, Nov. 27.—A fortnight ago Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's church, preached a sermon on moderate drinking.

TEN YEARS OF TORTURE.

Mrs. Thomas Ares, of Huntley, Ont., was for ten years a sufferer from liver complaint.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC

For 1888 has been received, and is certainly a credit to the publisher.

HAVE NO EQUAL AS A PROMPT AND POSITIVE CURE FOR STICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PAIN IN THE SIDE, AND ALL THE TRICKS OF CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Try them.

GREY TO RESIGN.

FERRY DIRECTOR SUCCESSOR HIM—WHAT THE KAISER THINKS—THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

PARIS, November 26.—In an interview with a deputy to-day, the President said, "I am master of my day, and hour. I must get what I have to do and say."

PROBABLE CANDIDATES.

PARIS, Nov. 26.—It is stated that Gen. Sausser has asked permission of the War Ministry to announce in the newspapers his refusal to contest the presidency.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

PARIS, Nov. 26.—It is reported that the Comte de Paris and his secretary have arrived here, bringing with them a manifesto to be published on the eve of the Presidential election.

THE KAISER'S VIEW.

BERLIN, Nov. 27.—In an interview with the president and vice-president of the Reichstag to-day, the Emperor William expressed regret at the resignation of M. Grey.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

The worn out, waste and poisonous matter in the system should escape through the secretions of the bowels kidneys and skin, or serious disease results.

FIFTY MILLIONS.

THE PRICE EDWARD ATKINSON SAYS THE UNITED STATES SHOULD BUY THE MAKING PROVISIONS FOR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Edward Atkinson, of Boston, has sent another letter to the Chamber of Commerce.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER McMANUS.

WINDSOR, Nov. 24.—Rev. Father John McManus, formerly parish priest at Woodlale, and now supplying the place of Rev. Father Wagner, died suddenly at the parish residence on Goyean street, yesterday morning.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

AN ANCIENT BURIAL PLACE UNEARTHED IN YOUGHALL, IRELAND.

For some time past excavations have been carried on in the grounds of the Presentation Convent at Youghall, Ireland, where some buildings are being erected, and almost every foot of ground revealed human remains.

COMMERCIAL UNION AT TORONTO

TORONTO, Oct. 24.—At a meeting of the Commercial Union Club to-night, the following resolution was passed: "That this club feeling that unrestricted reciprocity with the United States is of the most vital importance to Canada at the present time, thinks it ought at once to represent to the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, the British Commissioner, and Sir Charles Tupper, at Washington, the views of the people of Canada who are now advocating commercial union with the United States, and with that object the president be instructed to communicate with Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Chamberlain and to arrange, if possible, that they should receive a deputation from this club who would explain to them the views of the club on this most important subject."

PREVAILING SICKNESS.

The most prevailing complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammations and congestions.

DEATH OF THE FINEST COW IN THE WORLD.

The Jersey cow Europe, registered in the herd book of the American Jersey cattle club as No. 2464, made Darlington the Mecca of all lovers of the cow who desired to see her in her highest perfection.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

INTERNATIONAL SUGAR BOUNTIES CONFERENCE—LORD STANLEY, OF PRESTON, TO SUCCEED LANSDOWNE.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—The International Sugar Bounties Conference opened to-day in the Foreign Office, with Baron Henry De Worms, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, presiding.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

THE PROGRESS OF ONTARIO COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE STATES.

St. Thomas, Nov. 23.—A meeting called by the Commercial Union Club was held in the Foresters' hall last night.

A SENSATION!

OPINION OF A FASHIONABLE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

"Do you expect to win in your dress reform movement," was asked of Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, 19 E. 44th St., New York, editor of Dress.

"I hope to!"

"Why do you object to the present style?"

"It is ungraceful, deforming, and injurious."

"Do ladies generally support the reform?"

"Yes, very generally. My correspondence is very heavy. Next to Mrs. Cleveland's mine is said to be the largest daily mail of any woman's in the United States, and from not only every State in the Union, but from almost every country of Europe."

"Is the magazine, Dress, succeeding?"

"Very handsomely, indeed. Dress has been published less than a year, and I am gratified with reports from all over the world of the acceptance by ladies in the very highest rank, of the reform which Dress advocates."

Mrs. Miller is a comely woman in appearance, and is very enthusiastic in her dress reform agitation.

"She herself is young and attractive, with a figure so harmoniously developed as to suggest strength, power and beauty."

The reform which she is urging with so much eloquence and grace seems to be the coming one.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller has the advantage of high social position, being of the same family with the late Wendell Phillips, and the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"It is in the fashionable world, of course, where all the styles are determined, and where the change must begin," she says.

How do you endure so much work and keep so well?"

"I dress myself according to my own ideas, and furthermore, I give myself the best of care and treatment. Six years ago, I was nearly exhausted from my work of lecturing, writing, etc."

"Indeed, you do not look like it now!"

"No! I am not now. I am now a perfectly well woman and intend to remain so. You see I understand the laws of life too well to be, or remain ill, but strange as it may seem for one to say who is opposed to medicines on general principles, if I find myself tired or feeling ill I fly to the one simple remedy which I do endorse, and that is Warner's safe cure, which gives new energy and vitality to all my powers. It is indeed what I sometimes call my 'stand-by.' I have many opportunities to recommend it, and embrace them gladly, because I know that it is thoroughly reliable, and for women especially effective. Indeed, I often find myself recommending it to my friends as warmly as I do my magazine, or indeed my improved garments, and I could not do it not personally know of its value!"

Mrs. Miller insists that all women can and must be beautiful, and will be so if they follow her style of dress and self-treatment.

"Will you not state, briefly, in just what your reform consists?"

"Oh, with pleasure! I propose a jersey fitting garment to be worn next to the body, making of woman a vision of loveliness!"

II. "Over this I put a cotton or linen garment, of one piece, without bands or binding, covering the entire body also."

III. "In place of the petticoats, I propose one complete body covering garment called 'leglets.'"

IV. "We abandon the corset entirely as totally unfit for use in its common form, and we substitute therefor a supple supporting waist, and then we make the outside gown as beautiful as artistic skill and common sense can design."

Mrs. Miller's words of counsel, which every woman should heed, will undoubtedly give to the women of America some new ideas upon a subject to very near to each of them.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL LONGLEY HAS A MIND OF HIS OWN.

TORONTO, Nov. 24.—The Mail has received the following despatch from Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia:—

HALIFAX, Nov. 23.—From most trustworthy private information from New York and Washington, I cannot longer doubt that Mr. Chamberlain has deliberately determined to arrange the fishery question according to British rather than Canadian interest. He is evidently misinformed as to the main drift of public feeling in Canada or indifferent to it, and I regret to say I believe Sir Charles Tupper, under instructions from his Government, is only too ready to coincide with Imperialistic ideas. If Canada were represented at Washington at this moment by a man ready to meet the popular demand for unrestricted trade with the States, the finest opportunity for securing the best known presented which has ever occurred in our history or may ever occur again. My information induces me to believe that Sir John Macdonald is contemplating a scheme of Imperial federation in the Washington commission fails to reach a satisfactory conclusion, as it undoubtedly will if the commercial union solution is rejected by the British commissioner. He hinted at this when in Montreal at the latter end of October, raising funds for the Empire. The name of the ministerial organ is itself significant. If my views be correct a great struggle is impending in Canada, and every man who values the interests of his country will be face to face with the problem whether we are to be a free, self-governed and prosperous community, or simply a plaything for British diplomatists and manufacturers.

J. W. LONGLEY.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER McMANUS.

WINDSOR, Nov. 24.—Rev. Father John McManus, formerly parish priest at Woodlale, and now supplying the place of Rev. Father Wagner, died suddenly at the parish residence on Goyean street, yesterday morning.

MON FRERE XAVIER.

Have just arrived across North Shore, She don't be here a nice little before, She come see me and Telephone.

Mon Frere Xavier.

She's travel wit one circus troupe, She make some jump through paper hoop, She was first-class at trick-de-loup,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She's rick like Jew—she wear good clothes, One o' sich mouchoir for blow his nose, Chapeau castor, dat's a Beaver, 'spose,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She make his possible every time, She always use de vera best kind, She never was late for train bein',

Mon Frere Xavier.

Dat's curly hair, and black like crow, She make big mash wear-er' sho go, De girls be' crack she love her so,

Mon Frere Xavier.

You know, she was no habitant, Dat just come off from St. Laurent, She was a pure blood tige,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She say "eh frere, now I come down For see your little fancy town, I am well furnish, take me round,"

Mon Frere Xavier.

I take him tout partout wit me, I show him everything worth see From Hochelaga to St. Henri,

Mon Frere Xavier.

First place I take him was Joe Beef, First de keep his shop on Common street, She's for de "bommer" pay one treat,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She's Elephant' nes and Tiger back, Enjoy hiself and try his luck, Dey thought she come from Ke-o-ku,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She's got fine girl, you bet your neck, Dat's live down to Fourbourg Quebec, Next door my brudder-in-law Aleck,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She's name dat's Delina Lapiere, She live in a tenement' up stair, De wedding will be grande affaire,

Mon Frere Xavier.

Dat will take place, my friends, next week, I have engage some jig musique, We goin' to have a large pic-nique,

Mon Frere Xavier.

She will invite you all de dere, Xavier he will drink his share, And dere will be some red paint for spare,

Mon Frere Xavier.

(Pete.)

MAYOR SULLIVAN SUMMONED.

DUBLIN, Nov. 25.—Lord Mayor Sullivan has received seven summonses for publishing in his paper The Nation the proceedings of the suppressed branch of the League. The trial will begin on the first of December.

"What fine dark hair you have got, Miss M. My wife, who is much younger than you, has her hair quite gray." "Indeed," rejoined Miss M., "if I had been your wife my hair, no doubt, would have been gray, too."

The world is full of inconstancy; its friend-ship ceases the moment there is no advantage to be expected from it.

EXPORTS FROM THE DOMINION.

STATEMENT SHOWING A GREAT INCREASE FOR THE HALF YEAR.

OTTAWA, Nov. 25.—The following is a statement of exports from the Dominion for the month of October:—

Table with 2 columns: Product, Value. Includes Produce of the mine, Produce of the fisheries, Produce of the forest, etc.

Compared with the same month last year this shows a decrease of \$410,035 in the produce of Canada and \$180,731 in the produce of other countries.

In the produce of Canada the decreases are:—Mine, \$27,924; forest, \$322,029; animals and their produce, \$43,572; manufactures, \$23,320; miscellaneous, \$31,085.

In the produce of other countries the decreases are:—Agriculture, \$84,031; manufactures, \$43,572; miscellaneous, \$31,085.

The total exports from the Dominion amount to \$41,650,134, being an increase of \$1,923,817 over the same period of last year, of which \$807,999 is in produce of Canada and \$1,116,419 in the produce of other countries.

The goods entered for consumption during October is:—

Table with 2 columns: Category, Value. Includes Dutiable goods, Coin and bullion, Free goods, etc.

Duty collected, \$1,690,632.

MUST NOT DISSEMINATE LIBERAL LITERATURE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 25.—D. McNamara, a shopkeeper at Ennis, has been sentenced to a week's imprisonment for selling copies of a United Ireland, of which William O'Brien is editor, and the selling of which has been claimed. This is the first instance in which a person has been proceeded for selling newspapers, and the Government has decided to prosecute Messrs. Mayne and Sheehy, tenants have been reinstated and their arrears of rent have been reduced \$2,500. There is great rejoicing among the tenantry.

A PERFECT FOOD

for an infant or invalid should combine the strengthening properties of the pure gluten of wheat and the nutritious elements of barley and oats. This combination being in Lactated Food perfect results. Giving predigestion, it is at once assimilated by the feeblest stomach.

Widower (to old friend)—I speak for the portrait of my wife is such a pleasing likeness that I have positively to hold my ears with both hands every time I look at it.

A Splendid Christmas Present GIVEN AWAY

Five Million Sheets of Choice Music to be Given Away.

By many thousands of the most intelligent and cultured people of America, regarded as the very best music ever published, and which will be given away free of charge to the amount of \$100,000.

Each subscriber will receive the entire collection of 147 pieces, which will be given away free of charge to the amount of \$100,000.

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Each subscriber will receive the entire collection of

DO IT NOW
BY FRÉDÉRIC GAREY.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The playing you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come, when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should then begin it,
Do not tell your teacher "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste no moments, nor your words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
This working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

Useless questions should be answered only by silence.

God fails not to bow blessing in the long furrows.—Jeremy Taylor.

Humble love, and not proud science, keeps the door of heaven.—Young.

A good way to make children tell the truth is to tell it yourself.—Catholic Columbian.

In revealing the defects of others we make known our own vices.—Ignatius of Loyola.

Let all see enjoyment lead to the unseen fountain from whence they flow.—Halcyon.

Prayer is the outlet of the saints' sorrow, and inlet of their supports and comforts.—Flavel.

Charity requires us always to have compassion on human infirmity.—St. Catherine of Siena.

If you want to praise a lofty edifice of perfection take humility for your perfection.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

Would it not be unreasonable to judge others when we ourselves fall into the same faults?—St. Catherine of Siena.

No being created has ever been able to satisfy the heart of man. God alone can fill in infinity.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

The serene beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of the Spirit of God.—Spurgeon.

God's strength is like a well of water that never runs dry—a living well where we can always renew our strength.—W. H. Childs.

Temptation is the line of duty God has provided for; but temptation sought and coveted God has made no provision for.—G. E. Rees.

The more we spread religion abroad, so much the more have we remaining, and so much the more richly does it flow back.—Prof. Christlieb.

Use sin as it will use you—spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world; kill it or it will kill you.—Baxter.

Our passions are cruel and ferocious beasts, but once conquered and brought into subjection they become very useful servants.—Ven. Louis of Grenada.

Health and prosperity should always be mistrusted; poverty and afflictions borne patiently are the signs of a soul's salvation.—St. Joseph of Cupertino.

A beautiful flower is humility, beautiful is patience, obedience, meekness, modesty, and every other virtue, but most beautiful is charity.—B. Jourdain de Saxe.

There are three things which the Christian desires with respect to sin: justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not ruin; and glorification, that it may not be.—Cecil.

The highest position, the most noble profession, is that of a man who testifies the truth in his fellow-men, and who, by elevating them, brings them nearer to God.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

It is good that we sometimes have trouble and crosses, for they often make a man enter into himself and consider that he ought not to put his trust in any earthly thing.—Thomas a Kempis.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

Everytime you hear the clock strike, remember you are not the master of the next hour, and think, at the same time, of the passion our Lord was pleased to suffer to gain eternity for you.—B. Laba Cordigere.

Many pray more with the lips than from the heart. They think only of reciting a certain number of Pater's. They place all their piety in the simple words. We must not do so; there is little fruit to be gathered from it.—B. Henry Suso.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Interesting Ceremonies in the New Roman Catholic Church at St. Mary's—Father Kiernan's Mission and Its Work.

(Frederick, N. B., Observer.)

The new Roman Catholic Church at St. Mary's was filled to its utmost capacity this morning, on the occasion of its dedication by His Lordship, the Right Rev. John Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of St. John. Large numbers were in attendance from Fredericton, St. Mary's, Gibson, Marysville, Manguerville, and the Nashua, and many were unable to gain an even standing-room in the church. The dedication service began at 10.50 o'clock, with a procession headed by Rev. Father Walsh bearing a processional cross. Following him came the altar boys, six in number, Rev. Father McDevitt and Rev. Father Kiernan in their robes, and the bishop in mitre and cope. At the conclusion of the introductory prayer, the procession, followed by the entire congregation, marched round the outside of the sacred edifice, the bishop sprinkling the outer walls with holy water, the choir chanting the *Miserere*. On returning to the main door the procession entered and marched up the aisle to the altar chanting the litany of the saints. The Bishop then stood up and solemnly blessed the church and altar, the ceremony being completed by a prayer around the interior of the church, the bishop sprinkling the walls with holy water, after which the mass proper to the day was celebrated, the bishop assisting. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Walsh. The musical part of the service was effectively rendered by a choir of Fredericton singers, Miss McGarrigle presiding at the organ.

At the close of the service Mr. E. C. Barry, of Manguerville, stepped forward from the audience and read the following address to His Lordship Bishop Sweeney:

To His Lordship the Right Reverend JOHN SWEENEY, Bishop of Saint John:—

My Lord,—We, the Catholics of the newly erected Parish of Saint Mary's, gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which your present visit affords, of giving expression to the feelings of love and veneration which we, in common with the children of the Church throughout your diocese, entertain for your Lordship. While situated at this, one of the most remote parts of the diocese, and consequently unfamiliar with a great deal of your work nearer home, still it affords us gratification to be able to bear evidence to the great zeal which you have displayed in carrying out the commands of our Divine Master and the sincere desire with which you have guarded the interests of those committed to your care during the quarter of a century of your administration. The establishing of this parish, the fact of your having sent our present beloved pastor to continue the good work so long and so faithfully carried on by our former pastor, the reverend and venerated Father McDevitt, the erecting of this church, and your presence here to-day, each in its further proofs of the deep interest you take in the welfare of your flock, and the arduous you have for the salvation of souls. It has well been said that the Catholic Church is more remarkable for nothing than for the great piety, untiring energy and zeal of her bishops. In your life and character these truths have been abundantly exemplified.

The recent celebration of your Lordship's jubilee—when the dignitaries of the Church from all parts of Canada, and sections of the neighboring republic as well, joined in doing you honor; when the people (not at all confined to those of your own faith) vied with each other in offering you thanks—marks an important day in the history of the diocese, and that reflects credit alike upon yourself and the church which you represent.

On account of the large territorial extent of your diocese and the arduous duties of your high office, it is not to be expected that your Lordship can visit us as often as we would desire; yet, however, to assure you that a hearty welcome awaits your Lordship whenever you come among us, either to encourage what may be undertaken by our newly appointed pastor for our spiritual or temporal welfare, or to dispense the graces and blessings specially attached to your office as first pastor of this parish, we thank your Lordship for your presence here to-day and accept it as a pledge of your own interest in our new parish. Our earnest wish is that you may be long spared to administer the affairs of the Diocese of which we form a part.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,
JAMES HAYES, St. Mary's;
WM. D. RILEY, Manguerville;
RICHARD HAYES, Tay Creek;
B. MCMENAMIN, Stanley;
JAMES DUNNISON, Zionville;

Saint Mary's, Nov. 15, 1887.

His Lordship in reply expressed his deep gratitude to the people of the new mission for their words of kindness. He congratulated them on the speedy erection of the church, and expressed the hope that before long a much larger building would be required for the mission. He paid a high compliment to the labors of Father McDevitt, who for many years had charge of the entire mission on both sides of the river, a district as large, if not larger, than many of the dioceses in the country. The spirit of this new mission, in conjunction with the zealous work performed by the Rev. Father Kiernan since his coming amongst them, a little over two months ago, in erecting it so short a time a much needed church, spoke volumes for the earnest and blessed work carried on all these years by Father McDevitt. The new mission, contained a large territory, but Father Kiernan, by the great work he had already performed, has shown that he is equal to the task that has been imposed upon him. He invoked a blessing upon them all and trusted that many of their families would be blessed around this sacred altar.

The new church is very prettily located on the N. E. corner of a short distance below the village of St. Mary's. It sits back from the road about one hundred feet and is inclosed by a picket fence. The entrance to the church ground was covered with a beautiful hedge of arched evergreens at the dedicatory service this morning. The church, although small, is well adapted to the present needs of the mission and has been very neatly and tastefully finished. It has a seating capacity for about 250 people. There is an ead gallery for the choir in which stands a small organ. The altar is a very rich and tasty structure and was very beautifully draped and decked at the opening services this morning. It was only on the 10th of August last that this new mission was laid off from the Fredericton district and Father Kiernan, of Montreal, was appointed to the charge of the new parish. He arrived here a few days later and immediately set to work to collect funds for the erection of the new edifice. His efforts in this direction were so successful that in a short time he was able to proceed with the new church. Less than two months ago the work of building was begun and to-day the church is dedicated.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
—H. A. AUSTIN, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Erection, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

WHAT CORSETS HAVE DONE.

"Take off your corset!"
"I heard a howl of dismay."
"Oh, we can't live without corsets! We should fall to pieces!"
"I can't hold myself up an hour without corsets!"
"I always have such a pain in my side when I lay aside my corsets!"

My dears, do you see what a severe accusation you bring against this article yourselves? Wearing corsets has so enfeebled your muscles that they are no longer of use to you. If you had never worn them, your body, left to the laws of Him who made it, would have needed no support. I know one woman, almost 60 years old, tall, stout, well developed, who has never worn corsets or heels, and whose flesh is firm and cool, needing no bones to keep it in position except her own.

I suppose you cannot undo wholly what the years of life-foulish torture have done for you, but you can have a better torture if you will begin now to live like rational beings. Go and buy some of those well-made, new-fashioned waists, with buttons to hold up your heavy draggy skirts; buy them big enough so that you can draw the longest breath your squeezed and disabled lungs will allow, after the waist is burst; so loose that you can lift your arm above your head easily; if your side or your back aches, lie down; rub your flabby flesh every day with a rough cloth wrung out in salt and water; draw your breath in as far as you can and breathe it out slowly as you can every time the clock strikes.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

TO BE PROSECUTED.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The Government has decided to prosecute Messrs. Mayo and Sneezy, Nationalist members of Parliament.



BRISTOL'S PILLS

The Infallible Remedy for Biliousness and Indigestion.

NO. 1850, SUPERIOR COURT, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Signora Maria Santa Imple, a wife common as to property of Barnetti Francesco, a laborer, both of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, praying to be separated as to property, from this day, of the said Barnetti Francesco, Defendant. Montreal, Oct. 26th, 1887.

DAVID, DEMERS & GERVAIS,
13-5
Attorneys for Plaintiff

WHAT WAILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or a heaviness or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred vision, or other grave maladies not quite liable to get in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common and most insidious disease, Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions, and in a reasonable length of time not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Bladder Disease, other grave maladies are quite liable to get in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every ailment powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative, tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity for its power in curing Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS.

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by impure blood. It is a powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its influence. It is a powerful, restorative, tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity for its power in curing Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a powerful, restorative, tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity for its power in curing Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvellous power over this terribly fatal disease, which has so long been a scourge to humanity, it is called the "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections it is an efficient remedy.

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Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's Book on Consumption.

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608 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A Consumptive Cured.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. James was experimenting with the many herbs of California, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his child of Consumption, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The doctor uses this recipe (free, not asking two-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures Night Sweats, Nausea at the Stomach, and will break up a cold in twenty-four hours. Address "Dr. James & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa." naming this paper.

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Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly, and the Grand Semi-annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person observe and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with fairness and integrity in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the signatures attached, in our advertisements."

Commissioners,
J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
F. H. LANAU, Pres. State National Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 15, 1887.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF \$300,000 is.....\$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is.....100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is.....50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is.....25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are.....20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are.....25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are.....25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are.....50,000
200 PRIZES OF 250 are.....50,000
500 PRIZES OF 100 are.....50,000

100 Prizes of \$500 approximating to \$50,000 Prize are.....50,000
100 Prizes of \$250 approximating to \$25,000 Prize are.....25,000
100 Prizes of \$100 approximating to \$10,000 Prize are.....10,000

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1,000 Prizes of \$100 decided by.....\$300,000
1,000 Prizes of \$100 decided by.....\$100,000
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This Great Household Medicine Rank Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life

These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and 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 cases where the constitution, from what ever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages, and a General Family Medicine, are unsurpassed.

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Sores and Ulcers!

It is an infallible remedy. Slightly rub on Neck and Chest, as 5/8 meat, it Cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Colds and even Asthma. For Glandular swellings Abscesses, Piles, Nistulas, Gout, Erysipelas, and all kinds of Skin Diseases, it has been known to fail.

Both Pills and Ointment are at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 533 Oxford Street, London, in boxes and pots, at 7 1/2d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 38s., each, and by all medicine vendors throughout the civilized world.

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WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATE OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and all Scrofulous Humors.

To One and All.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often and so long afflict you? Use Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Soda, Iron, and Phosphate of Lime. It is a safe and sure remedy. It is no grace preparation, but is so highly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders
Acadian.....	3,970	Capt. P. McGrath.
Asiparian.....	3,458	" V. S. Main.
Austrian.....	3,458	" John Bentley.
Buenos Ayres.....	3,005	" James Scott.
Camadian.....	2,906	" John Kerr.
Carthaginian.....	4,214	" A. Macnicol.
Caspian.....	2,728	" Alex. McDougal.
Circassian.....	3,724	Lt. R. Barrett, R.N.R.
Corean.....	3,428	Capt. C. J. Menzies.
Crescent.....	3,615	" C. E. LeGallais.
Hibernian.....	3,097	" John Brown.
Lucerne.....	1,025	" Hanna.
Manitoba.....	2,975	" Dunlop.
Monte Video.....	3,500	Building.
Nestorian.....	2,689	" John France.
Newfoundland.....	919	" C. J. Mylins.
Norwegian.....	3,623	" R. Carruthers.
Novia Scotia.....	3,309	" R. H. Hughes.
Parisian.....	3,859	Lt. W. C. Smith, R.N.R.
Peruvian.....	3,038	Capt. J. C. Stephenson.
Phoenician.....	2,425	" D. McKillop.
Polynesian.....	3,983	" Hugh Willie.
Pomeranian.....	4,304	" W. Dalziel.
Prussian.....	3,030	" James Ambury.
Rosarian.....	3,600	Building.
Sarmatian.....	4,376	Capt. J. Ritchie.
Scandinavian.....	3,068	" John Peck.
Siberian.....	3,904	" R. P. Moore.
Waldensian.....	2,256	" D. J. James.

The Steamers of the Liverpool Mail Line sailing from Liverpool on TUESDAY, from Portland on THURSDAY, and from Halifax on SATURDAY, calling at Quebec, Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Halifax:

Sardinian.....Saturday, Dec. 3
Parisian.....Saturday, Dec. 17
At 7 1/2 o'clock A.M. on the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train from the West.

From Portland to Liverpool, via Halifax:
Sardinian.....Thursday, Dec. 1
Parisian.....Thursday, Dec. 15
At 8 o'clock A.M. on the arrival of the Grand Trunk Railway train from the West.

Rates of passage from Montreal via Halifax—Cabin, \$58.75; First, \$75.00; Second, \$92.50 (according to accommodation); Intermediate, \$35.50; Steerage, \$25.00.

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NEWFOUNDLAND LINE.

The Steamers of the Halifax Mail Line from Halifax to Liverpool, via St. John's, N. S., are intended to be despatched

FROM HALIFAX.

Nov. Scotland.....Monday, Dec. 5
Asiparian.....Monday, Dec. 19
Parisian.....Monday, Dec. 19
Nov. Scotland.....Monday, Jan. 15
Rates of passage between Halifax and St. John's—Cabin, \$20.00; Intermediate, \$15.00; Steerage, \$10.00.

GLASGOW LINE.

During the season of Winter Navigation steamers will be despatched from Glasgow for Boston (via Halifax) when occasion requires, as follows:

FROM BOSTON.

Carthaginian.....About Dec. 12
Siberian.....About Dec. 26
Scandinavian.....About Jan. 9

The Steamers of the Glasgow, Londonderry and Philadelphia Service are intended to be despatched from Philadelphia for

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Hibernian.....About Dec. 2
Norwegian.....About Dec. 16
Sardinian.....About Jan. 6

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WHAT HAS THE UNION DONE FOR IRELAND?

(Continued from first page.) The two first propositions I shall disprove by saying very little on them: every student of Irish history knows they carry their own refutation written in legible characters on the front: on the last, the whole, or nearly the whole, of my arguments must turn. If they can prove that the Imperial Parliament has legislated beneficially for Ireland, and that it is capable of forwarding its interests still more, the question is at an end—in that case Home Rule is unnecessary—my intention at present is to prove the reverse.

When Henry Grattan, amidst the profound silence of despotism that so long hung upon the destinies of his unhappy country, raised his voice and claimed for her that liberty which was so long and so unjustly withheld, he was told it was impracticable—when he demanded Free Trade, he was told it was impracticable—when he claimed Independence, and stated that no power on earth, save the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, had power to make laws to bind her, he was told it was impracticable—when the Irish Minister, backed by the British Government, proposed the Union, he loudly denounced the measure, and told them it was impracticable—when the Irish Parliament was about to surrender that power which they held in trust for the people, he told them they dare not, it was utterly impracticable. Yet, notwithstanding, we find all these events were found perfectly practicable. If the fact of Union is founded on the immutable principles of right and justice, every effort to repeal it will and ought to be impracticable: if, on the contrary, it is partial and unjust, its repeal will be found perfectly practicable. The question must stand or fall on its own merits. But the opponents of Home Rule are knowingly and wilfully making use of the repeal of the Union—the dismemberment of the Empire—as an ad captivum vulgus argument. Grattan's opinion—and I doubt very much if ever it was that patriot's opinion—will ever claim respect: but the time is past when bare opinions, unsupported by argument, could influence much the public mind. People now judge and think for themselves; they will allow no man to think for them. If Grattan said that the Act of Union, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, was to remain unaltered and unalterable, it must have been in a moment of hopeless despondency and despair: he was no longer the Grattan of 82—his aim was merely to no longer grasp at the "thunders of Jove," to fling the bolts of the enemies of his country's liberties; it must have been in a foreign and uncognate soil, when he exhibited in his own person a melancholy illustration of the truth of his own doctrine, "that the mighty oak of the forest should not be transported at fifty."

I have wasted too much time and words on mere opinions; I now come to examine what the opponents of Home Rule call—facts. They say the evils of Ireland are not to be attributed to the Union, but to the misgovernment of the Irish Parliament before the Union. The inference to be drawn from this part of their argument is, that if the Act of Union were repealed, and a domestic Legislature re-established, it would succeed to all the corruption of the late government, and perpetuate the miseries of the country—that the Irish Lords and Irish Commons are by nature unfit and incompetent to perform the duties of self-government; that the Irish form an exception to every other Nation and people, ancient or modern! The Irish Unionist landlords, and other puppets of the Tory regime in Ireland, have uttered a sentence of eternal degradation upon their country, as unjust as it is unfounded. I would be ashamed to use argument to prove that the Irish are not inferior to the people of any other country—no matter how advanced in the sciences, arts, and civilization. I am sure my opponents do not think so. If we are not to have an Irish Parliament it is not for want of material to form one. We have the cleverest politicians, debaters, statesmen and parliamentarians in the British House of Commons. This fact they have wrung from their bitterest enemies in that House. Ergo, before the enemies of Ireland made such a sweeping charge against the old Irish Parliament, and heaped upon its departed shade all the evils of the country, they should have asked themselves if Ireland ever yet had a Government founded on the principles of the British constitution, animated by the public voice, and sympathizing with the public wants? They ought to have known that it is a problem not yet solved—that it is an experiment not yet tried. Gladstone has now satisfactorily solved the problem; but the Tories refuse the people the application of the solution. They are only in harmony with France's latest solution—"Military, or quasi military rule." A slight glance at Irish history would have told these implacable, wooden-headed Tories that Ireland never enjoyed the benefits of the British Constitution. The government of Ireland, from the reign of Henry the Second to the revolution of 1688, was one continued scene of rapine, plunder and extermination. Just what the Tory Government and landlord class are doing in this year of grace 1887. The "Glorious Revolution of 1688," which secured liberty to England, established in Ireland a most ruthless despotism. "To the Catholic it was a sad servitude—to the Protestant a drunken triumph—to both, a huge

without trade and without constitution." Until 1778, the Irish Parliament was in effect nothing more than a chapel of ease to that of Westminster; the edicts of the British minister were registered by the submissive Assembly, almost without a murmur or complaint. The Irish Revolution of 1782 gave to Ireland an Independent Parliament; they were indeed independent, but they did not recognize the political existence of three-fourths of the people, who were the mere spectators, the audience, to cheer the actors in the great political drama. In 1793, the elective franchise was granted to the Irish Catholic—he was made half a freeman; at the end of seven short years, in 1800, before he could understand or value the sacred trust in his hands, he was disfranchised—the Irish Commoner was disfranchised—Ireland was disfranchised—by an act of political turpitude, the most disgraceful that ever dishonored any age or nation, she was deprived of her independent legislature. The Irish Parliament was in its infancy; it was allowed no time to mature itself. It would have become every day more Irish, its enemies plainly saw this—all its interests were in common with those of the Irish people. It had only eighteen years of existence to counteract the effects of ages of misrule. Notwithstanding the unnatural position it stood in with reference to the great body of the people—though it represented only a fraction of the nation—it did more for Ireland than all the governments that preceded or have succeeded it. There is no other green spot in the dreary desert of our history, that the eye can rest upon, or the Irish heart rejoice at. "There is not a nation on the face of the habitable globe," said Lord Clarendon, in 1793, "which had advanced in cultivation, in commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period." "In four years," said Grattan, in the English Commons, "the Irish Parliament gained for Ireland what you did not gain for England in a century—Freedom of Trade, Independence of the Legislature, Independence of the Judges, Restoration of the final Jurisdiction, Repeal of the Perpetual Mutiny Bill, Habeas Corpus Act, Nullum Tempus Act, a great work you will exceed it, and I shall rejoice." This evidence in favor of the Irish Parliament must be conclusive; it comes partly from one who afterwards became the base instrument for its subversion, and partly from him whose name must be forever embalmed in the grateful hearts of Irishmen—the illustrious Grattan, who spurned Pitt's gold, spurned the vile instrument of his diffusion, Castlereagh, and remained faithful to his country to the last. W. McK.

Montreal, Nov. 28, 1887.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

ROME, Nov. 28.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day Signors Boghli and Sacchi interpellated the Government regarding petitions demanding the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. Minister Zanardelli replied that the Crown lawyers were of the opinion that such petitions did not incriminate the signers. It was otherwise perhaps with regard to the letters of bishops, who clearly demanded that the temporal powers of the Pope be restored. He considered it unwise, however, to take action against them, which they desired. No greater service could be rendered them than to bring them into prominence through a public trial. By ignoring them the Government shows the great liberty enjoyed by its enemies and caused their movement to be viewed with indifference.

FRANCE ONCE MORE.

PRESIDENT GREY AGAIN SURPRISSED. PARIS, Nov. 28.—Thirteen deputies and senators waited upon President Grey to-day and expressed their readiness to join a new cabinet. They undertook to obtain a dissolution of Parliament by the Senate, and urged President Grey to stay at his post and save France from the dangers which threatened it. The President's reply is not known. In the Chamber of Deputies to-day, M. Rouvier moved for an adjournment of the House until Thursday, at the same time stating that the government would then make an important communication. The Congress of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies will meet on Friday at Versailles to elect a successor to President Grey. President Grey's message of resignation will be short. He will disclaim all responsibility for the consequences of his retirement. M. Clemenceau in an interview with M. Floquet pointed out the inadvisability of dividing the Radical vote between Floquet and M. De Freycinet. M. Floquet replied that he neither desired to offer himself as a candidate for the presidency nor refused to stand. He left himself, he said, in the hands of his friends, who were entirely responsible.

Elections were held yesterday in Auxerre, Arras and Lille, to fill vacancies in the Chamber of Deputies. In Auxerre, Hervier, Radical, was successful, polling 30,674 votes, against 10,773 for Regnier, Opportunist. In Arras, Camesse, Republican, was elected his vote being 88,000, against 71,000 for Labitte, Conservative. In Lille, two Republican candidates were successful. The vote was as follows: Pierre Legrand and Maxime Lecomte, Republicans, 145,000; De Lesale and Fauville, Conservatives, 123,000. Mme. Limouzin, who has become notorious in connection with the Cafarelli scandal, intends to publish a book. It will be named "Les Châtiments," and will contain a history of her experiences. At a concert given by M. Lamoureux, last evening, a rhapsody of Irish airs was greeted with cries of "A bas Parnell." The London Post's Paris correspondent asserts that the following is the true story of the forged Wilson letters—"All the documents seized in Mme. Limouzin's house were shown to President Grey, who destroyed two letters, because they contained the words 'Grey et moi.' When the tainted words 'Grey et moi' were discovered at the Elysee Palace and two letters were written to remedy the mischief." It is announced that Baron Selles is going to Paris to testify against M. Wilson.

AN AMERICAN KILLED IN A DUEL.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—Thomas Potter, a young American athlete, was insulted a few days ago, in a quarrel about a lady, by George Carmona, and fought a duel with him. Potter did yesterday from the effects of a wound he received in the side. Carmona was wounded in the ankle.

"Don't you eat pie?" he asked of the young man who sat next to him in the restaurant. "Oh, yes," "But you don't take any." "He said pumpkin pie." "What's the matter with pumpkin pie?" "Why, I'm the groovy old man who sold him the canned pumpkin, and gave him twenty cents because we had the cans in stock three years."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"STORM" IN MANITOBA.

THE NORWAY CABINET ASKED TO EXPLAIN, AND SO FORTH.

WINNIPEG, MAN., November 28.—The Call to-morrow will publish a long letter from E. P. Leacock, M. E. P., addressed to Lieutenant-Governor Atkins, making charges of malfeasance of duty against the Norway Government, and calling upon His Honor to summon the Legislature in order that the charges may be substantiated on the floor of the house. The particular subject of the letter is in connection with railway matters, Mr. Leacock alleging that the Government has acted illegally, and that His Honor's consent has been obtained upon the wrongful advice of his ministers in the matter of the handing over to the Hudson's Bay Railway Company of \$256,000 bonds of the province, and also in entering into the contract for the construction of the Red River Valley Railway, the act for the construction of which has been allowed. Mr. Leacock makes a general charge of maladministration and extravagance, by which the funds of the province have been spent illegally and without any present assets to show therefor. The letter also refers to a resolution passed at last session providing for the calling of the legislature in case of a block of proceedings in connection with the Red River Valley Railway, as he claims they should have done. Taking it in itself the letter is little more than a consolidation of charges which have from time to time appeared in the Opposition organ, but they now come with peculiar force as advanced by Mr. Leacock, who has for years been Government whip, and whose opinions have been freely consulted in many matters. He knows much of the inner workings of the Ministry, and is said to be in a position to make public some matters which the Government would rather keep quiet. His present action, however, appears somewhat strange in view of the fact that only a short time ago he was appointed by the Government which the Hudson's Bay Railway. The letter will probably hasten the crisis, which appeared to have been pending some days ago in government circles, but which some days ago had been bridged over. Mr. Norquay was interviewed to-night about this matter, but declined to say much, except that he was perfectly prepared for a commission to inquire into the matter, and he indicated that Mr. Leacock would find himself in the hot water he had thought to be putting the Government in.

The devil sometimes removes all fear from you only to make you fall; he exaggerates in order to discourage you, and in everything he only seeks your ruin.

THE QUAKER'S RAVINGS.

JOHN BRIGHT'S CHARACTERIZATION OF GLADSTONE AND THE FARNELLITES—VERNON HARCOURT HOPEFUL OF AN EARLY DISSOLUTION—MORE PROCLAMATIONS.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—At the meeting of the Conservative Union at Oxford to-day a letter was read from Mr. Bright, referring to his proposal to send Irish bills to a grand committee, composed of Irish members. In the letter he says: "The rebel party will not accept the proposal because they are rebels, and with rebel Irish members in the House of Commons the plan would not be allowed to work. Mr. Gladstone has a hobby in which the rebel leaders for a time have agreed to join him. He is committed to that hobby and cannot condescend to consider a plan less pretentious but more reasonable than his. Nothing can be done until Mr. Gladstone's bills have been entirely got rid of and the position is wholly changed. He stops the way. He insists upon impossible legislation for Ireland to the exclusion of legislation of the whole kingdom. The Gladstonians still have faith in him. They are anxious to return to power, and they are furious because the Conservatives are in office, and they blame and others for keeping them there. They seem blind to the fact that Mr. Gladstone's conduct put the Conservatives in office. They forget that the electors of Great Britain, by a majority of nearly two to one, condemned Mr. Gladstone's bills and destroyed his ministry. We cannot allow Mr. Gladstone to return to office on his Irish policy. I prefer to join hands with Lord Salisbury and his colleagues rather than with Parnell and his friends, the leaders of the rebellion."

SAUNDERSON AND HARCOURT.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—Major Saunderson, in a speech at Nottingham to-day, declared that Mr. Gladstone's statement that the murder of Constable Whelan was a put up case was an absolute lie. Mr. Gladstone was at one end of a chain and Patrick Ford at the other end. Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, speaking at Worcester this evening, said that he did not see any signs that the leaders of the dissen-ters were altering their views, but there had been a great shaking of the minds of their followers. Lord Hartington had sought to comfort the Unionists by the statement that dissolution was a long way off. It was like the voice of the old tempter: "Thou shalt not surely die," and would be equally falsified. It was the present duty of the Liberals to prepare the minds of the people for electoral issues. There was a great cause—to reconcile two kindred peoples between whom there had been long standing hatred and animosity. This would be the crowning work of their great leader (others).

NOT INTIMIDATED.

DUBLIN, Nov. 22.—At the meeting of the National League to-day Mr. Harrington stated that the members of the local branches, instead of being intimidated by the Government's proclamations, had largely increased their subscriptions since the proclamations were issued. Timothy Healy, referring to comments upon Irish members of Parliament, who were compelled to evade the police, denied that they are placed in an undignified position. He would not give a straw for dignity under such circumstances.

ARRANGING THEIR PREFERENCES.

DUBLIN, Nov. 22.—The differences in the Gaelic Athletic association, which led to the withdrawal of a number of members who accused the other members of an intention to clash with the National League and form a Fenian association, are about to be arranged. Messrs. Fitzgibbon and Davitt and Father Sennan have arrived at Thurles and will have a conference to-morrow with Archbishop Croke, the founder of the Gaelic Athletic association, and one of the members who resigned.

MORE SUPPRESSIONS.

DUBLIN, Nov. 22.—The Dublin Gazette publishes a proclamation suppressing the National League in Kerry and Clare and several branches in Cork, Galway and Wexford.

THE "SICK MAN" TO BE PROTECTED.

BREKIN, Nov. 28.—The Cologne Gazette says: "After the renewal of the central European alliance restoring the equilibrium

of the Mediterranean with the approval of England, negotiations commenced in accordance with which England is to co-operate with the peace powers in certain eventualities. A result of those negotiations is that Turkey is to be protected and inviolable."

At a meeting of the Town Council of Longueuil last night a by-law for the levying of taxes on different branches of trade was read a third time and passed. Mayor Morin remarked that as this was the last meeting at which he would preside, he would take the opportunity of thanking the Finance Committee for their careful management of the town's revenue, as a result of which they had now \$3,500 in the bank.

MARKET REPORTS.

Eggs.—There is but little to be said on the egg question, only that fresh, homemade are in demand and meet with ready sale. The markets are loaded with ancient fruit, and the demand seems to be only for something fresh. Parties who have a left over stock of this commodity should either "drop" on prices or wait for a "freeze up," as buyers only call for something new. Old eggs are not wanted, but our quotations are good for the best.

Bitch Cows.—There seems to be a good demand for good milch cows, but those offered during the week cannot be classed as standards, far from it. A good milch cow will readily sell for \$50 to \$60, but the "crumpled horn" variety, that reminds you of best dried out bone, is passed by with sympathy. Good milkers are wanted and find ready sale; worthless, drying mortals, are not wanted for any purpose.

Butter.—The butter market here has undergone no change of late and its demand for shipment seems to have gone by. For the past few days ordinary lots have found a more ready sale, while a first-class article has been held firm with less callers. It would seem that all the people had at last come to the rescue, and were ready to help clear the market. Still, since the heavy supplies have been worked off, trade both in this and the Old Country has been healthier. On the whole the season has been a most unsatisfactory one, as far as cattle shippers are concerned, owing to the trade being very uneven, and neither the grass, cattle or sheep in good condition. Some few shippers have had the forethought to drop out before the bad spells may possibly have made money, but on the whole more money has been lost than made.

Cheese.—It is estimated that there are about 225,000 boxes of cheese in Canada to-day. This is based upon the amount of stocks held west of Toronto being 125,000 boxes, and east of Toronto 100,000 boxes, of which 85,000 boxes at least are said to be in this city. This is much lighter stock than many had been calculating upon, which has had the effect of inspiring holders with more confidence in the future of the market. In this market a fair business has been transacted at steady prices, the sales of 2,000 boxes of fine to finest goods being made yesterday and to-day by one firm at 11c to 11c. The shipments from Montreal for the season of navigation are 1,103,143 boxes, against 891,965 boxes for the corresponding period last year, 1,076,801 boxes in 1885 and 1,108,447 boxes in 1884.

Beaves.

Now that the cattle shipping season is over the present is an opportune time for a brief review of the results of the past season. It is said that the total exports of cattle for the season amounted to 65,000 cattle and 39,848 hogs, against 55,207 cattle and 30,648 hogs for the season of 1886. When navigation opened a pretty fair trade prevailed in the Old Country, but owing to the immense number of cattle held and shipped from the United States and Canada trade almost collapsed, and one of the biggest breaks ever known in the history of the cattle trade took place. Still, since the heavy supplies have been worked off, trade both in this and the Old Country has been healthier. On the whole the season has been a most unsatisfactory one, as far as cattle shippers are concerned, owing to the trade being very uneven, and neither the grass, cattle or sheep in good condition. Some few shippers have had the forethought to drop out before the bad spells may possibly have made money, but on the whole more money has been lost than made.

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

In ashes there was no important change, business being quiet and prices steady. We quote first pots at \$4.05 per 100 lbs. As to flour and grain, the market has ruled quiet and steady, the bulk of business being on local account. The new flour standards were first put into operation during the week. There appears to be some difference of opinion regarding the advantages of the new standards, but as yet it is too early to venture a definite opinion one way or the other. There has been good demand for Manitoba strong bakers at \$4.20 to \$4.35. The grain market has also been quiet, and now that navigation has closed may be expected to continue dull. The Boston produce market is reported firm and prices higher. Eastern creamery, 20 to 27 cents; do extra, firsts, 24 to 25 cents; Western creamery, extras, 27 to 28 cents; do extra, firsts, 25 to 26 cents; eastern dairy, half skinned tubs, 25 to 26 cents; do extra, 28 to 24 cents; Western dairy, extras, 20 to 21 cents. Cheese—Market quiet and unchanged. Eggs—Market firm; Eastern, firsts, 24 to 25 cents; Western, firsts, 23 to 24 cents.

From London, Ont., it is reported that there was a plethora of pork, and with the large surplus of game prices pork went down to the best only sold for \$5.50. The dealers smiled blandly and the farmers cursed profusely at the low price, and a great number of them took their pork back home. There is one thing certain, prices are governed by the universal law of supply and demand, but there is hardly any reason can be assigned why pork should fluctuate from the average market so much as 50 cents to 75 per cent. in one or two days. Beef was in fair supply, but trade was dull, and very little changed hands. Some few sold a good quality at \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt., and lower grades went at \$3.50 to \$4. The poultry supply was large, especially in ducks, and some fine ones were offered at 50 to 60 cents. Butter kept firm at 24 to 25 cents by the single roll, and 22 for crock. Eggs were scarce, at 23 to 25c a dozen for fresh laid. Potatoes, \$1 a bag. Hay, \$11 to \$12 a ton.

FARM NOTES.

Poor sheep are always hard to winter, and there is a real necessity for their getting plenty of food. It does not pay. While it is not necessary that they should be fat, yet it is necessary that they should be kept in a good condition. It ought to be settled beyond dispute that it pays to provide good shelter for all the stock on the farm. The surest plan, as far as possible, is to provide for this ahead of the time when it may be wanted.

The water which dairy cows drink, if impure, will spread its impurity to their milk, and the quantity and quality of the food they eat makes its influence felt upon the quantity and quality of the milk. All young animals need room for exercise. Calves should not be too closely confined when being fed by hand. Colts require even more room, as they are fond of galloping around an inclosure. Pumpkins for cows have best effect when fed before very cold weather, for there is less absorption of animal heat to warm the mass, forty or fifty pounds, that a cow will take into her stomach. A good farmer, who takes no paper, may become better when he employs means to cultivate his mind, and he may find, also, a good farm paper the best investment he can possibly make.

In many parts of the West farmers are discussing the utility of feeding wheat to their hogs

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall street, N.Y.

KNABE PIANO FORTES. Tone, Touch, Workmanship, Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CO., BALTIMORE, 22 and 24 East Baltimore Street. NEW YORK, 112 Fifth Ave. WASHINGTON, 617 Market Street.

instead of corn. Care should be taken in feeding that mastication and digestion be complete. In these days of advanced agriculture the importance of fully stocking the farm is well understood. But in many cases there is the extreme of too heavily stocking. The early bird picks up the worm, so don't wait for others to lead in every new enterprise. As the same time don't rush into an enterprise simply because it is new. Farmers who think they must work twelve or fourteen hours a day ought to take a hint from the autumnal equinox that reminds them of shortened days. Do not depend upon any one crop. Have something to keep you reasonably busy the year round, and make everything pay at least a small profit. The best tub of creamery butter (not less than forty pounds) exhibited at the St. Louis fair received \$60, the second best \$25. Have fruit on your table all the year round. It will pay in health, which is wealth. Raise it on your own farm.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BIRTH.—THOMPSON.—In this city, on Sunday, the 27th inst., the wife of Hugh F. Thompson, of a daughter. 128-1

MARRIED.—O'BRIEN—BARRON.—At Rochester, N.Y., on the 23rd inst., by the Rev. J. McQuaid, assisted by the Rev. J. Kierny, T. C. O'Brien, of this city, to Martha G. Barron, daughter of M. Barron, Esq., of Rochester, N.Y. No cards. 126-2

BARLOW—TOMS.—At Christ Church, Ottawa, November 22nd, by the Ven. Archbishop Lander, Alfred E. Barlow, of the Geological Survey of Canada, to Fanny, youngest daughter of the late William Toms, of Ottawa.

WELSH—BROWN.—At St. Gabriel's Church, on 22nd November, by the Rev. Father McCarthy, Thomas Welsh to Mary, third daughter of Thomas Brown, of Lachine Road.

KELLY—BOYDEN.—At St. Ann's Church, on the 23rd Nov., by Rev. Father Capelle, C.S.S.R., Fred J. Kelly, to Edith V. Boyden.

DEED.—SUPPLE.—On Friday, Nov. 25th, Daniel, aged 9 years, eldest son of Daniel Supple, huckster.

SUPPLE.—In this city, on the 25th inst., James Supple, aged 1 year and 4 months. (Quebec papers please copy.) 126-2

WILKIE.—In this city, on the 28th instant, Eliza Butler, wife of Charles Wilkie, aged 35 years, a native of Quebec.

LLOYD.—In this city, on the 28th instant, Katy, aged 8 years, beloved daughter of John Lloyd.

DAVID.—In this city, on the 10th instant, Henry Michael Joseph, aged 1 year, 9 months and 17 days; also, on the 19th inst., Elizabeth Alice, aged 5 years, 5 months and 1 day, beloved and last surviving children of E. C. David, Esq., P. O. Department. 127-9

LANE.—At Juliette, Que., on the 1st inst. of diphtheria, Thomas Bernard Ambrose, aged 11 years, 2 months and 8 days, only and beloved son of James and Ellen Lane, of Kildare, Que. There was an angel band in heaven That was not quite complete, God took our darling Tommy To fill the vacant seat.

REDDY.—In this city, on the 23rd inst., of Bright's disease of the kidneys, Richard, 1 year and 6 months, only and beloved son of Wm. J. Reddy.

TOMLITY.—On the 23rd inst., of congestion of the lungs, Patrick Tomlity, aged 50 years, a native of Glasgow, Scotland.

GUNNINGHAM.—In this city, on the 22nd instant, of diphtheria, Curtis, aged 4 years and 7 months, youngest daughter of Alderman W. H. and Anna Gunningham.

STRYDE.—In this city, on the 22nd inst., Florence Amy, aged 12 years and 8 months, only and beloved daughter of John and Susan Stryde.

SALMON.—In this city, on the 22nd inst., Richard Salmon, aged 76 years, native of County Clare, Ireland.

COLEMAN.—In this city, on the 20th inst., of inflammation of the lungs, Michael Coleman, aged 33 years, native of Lismore, County Waterford, Ireland, son of the late Michael Coleman.

McKEOWN.—At Brooklyn, N.Y., on the 21st instant, Edward, aged 54 years, son of the late Patrick McKeown, and brother of Mrs. Jas. Hartford, of this city. May his soul rest in peace. 124-1

McMURDY.—In this city, on the 19th inst., of "pleuro-pneumonia," Elizabeth Kyle, aged 84 years, beloved wife of Robert McMurdy.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

S. CARSLEY has decided to clear out several lines of jackets for next week's trade. Bargains to be had in all kinds of mantles and jackets, all at special reductions.—Star.

S. CARSLEY'S Curtains Department, with the latest importation of new goods, has left nothing more to be desired.—Copied.

S. CARSLEY has always on exhibition all the very latest London and Paris novelties and the handsomest collection of mantles ever seen in Canada.—Star.

Legitimate claims. S. Carsley claims that he is the only importer of Genuine Irish Poplins. In fact it is the only place where Tim Brokers' Poplins can be had.—Pos.

AMONG THE GODS.—Father (to his son, who is leaning over too far): "My boy, mind you don't fall; the seats in the pit are four times as dear!"—Socherzhaftes Einfall.—Zit-Bit.

- COLORS DRESS GOODS: COLORED AURNIA CLOTH, COLORED COSTUME CLOTH, COLORED MELTON CLOTH, COLORED CHEVIOT CLOTH, COLORED CAMBRI'S HAIR CLOTH, COLORED LANSDOWNE CLOTH, COLORED FANCY STRIPED CLOTH, COLORED FANCY CHECK CLOTH, COLORED HAIR STRIPED CLOTH.

These are all new, handsome Cloths for Winter Costumes, Width 48 inches.

- NEW CHEAP PLUSHES, NEW CHEAP PLUSHES.

A new lot of Plushes just received, to be sold at 50 percent less than the ordinary price. S. CARSLEY.

The editor and father who penned the following paragraph must have had a rough time; "If in proportion to size a man could holler as loud as a baby, there would be no telegrams needed in this country."—Zit-Bit.

SILKS AND SATINS:

- BLACK GROS GRAIN SILK, BLACK SATIN MERVILLEUX, BLACK SATIN DE LYON, BLACK MOIRRE SILK, COLORED FAILLE FRANCAISE, COLORED GROS GRAIN SILK, COLORED MOIRRE SILK, COLORED INDIA SILK, COLORED RHADAME SILK.

Intending purchasers would study their interest by looking through our stock before making their selections; our stock is large and prices lower than elsewhere, special attention having been given to this department. S. CARSLEY.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

- BLACK NATTE CLOTH, BLACK BOUCLE CLOTH, BLACK RUSSIAN CLOTH, BLACK SOLEIL FRANCAIS, BLACK CROCODILE CLOTH, BLACK LOMAS TRICOT, BLACK OCEAN CLOTH, BLACK DRAP DE PARIS, BLACK FANCY CAMELIERE, BLACK FANCY GAME'S HAIR.

These lines are all Wool; heavy, at moderate prices. S. CARSLEY.

"Ma, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "Cause I want to draw an elephant."—Zit-Bit.

MILLINERY

At greatly reduced prices. Commencing with Monday, the 28th inst. the entire stock of Fall and Winter Millinery will be offered. AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. The assortment being most complete, ladies requiring Millinery of any description should avail themselves of this opportunity. S. CARSLEY.

- Ladies' Trimmed Bonnets, ALL REDUCED. Ladies' Trimmed Hats, ALL REDUCED. Children's Plush Hoods, ALL REDUCED. Ladies' Felt Bonnets, ALL REDUCED. Ladies' Fancy Bonnets, ALL REDUCED. Ladies' Felt Hats, ALL REDUCED.

Reporter (interviewing a rich man)—"You began life barefooted and worked for 56 a week. I believe?" "No, sir, I didn't." "Well, that will have to go in any way. They all do it, and if we should make an exception in your case our readers would complain."—Zit-Bit.

- Ladies' Plush Hats, ALL REDUCED. Ladies' Jersey Cloth Hats, ALL REDUCED. Ladies' Tailor-made Hats, ALL REDUCED. Feathers of all kinds, ALL REDUCED. Wings of all kinds, ALL REDUCED. Birds of all kinds, ALL REDUCED.

- Colored Flowers, ALL REDUCED. Jet Flowers and Sprays, ALL REDUCED. Hat and Bonnet Ornaments, ALL REDUCED. Mourning Bonnets and Hats, ALL REDUCED. Widows' Caps and Fronts, ALL REDUCED. Entire Stock of Millinery, ALL REDUCED.

S. CARSLEY. MONTREAL, November 30th, 1887.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.