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SONG OF THE LAND LEAGUE. (AFTER HARNEY MCGLOONE)

Landlords and Landlords deplore,
Gentry's joy is passing away;
Tears a low voice but 'tis a loud roar
"Bury your feud and join in the fray!"
Up with the League and down with the
Landlords!
Never again will bend to their sway
Parnell our friend,
We'll fight to the end,
And standing together we'll carry the day!

We flooded the soil with our tears and gore,
While folly and fraud had led us astray;
Landlords' intrigues still blind us no more,
Our brothers and friends to torture and slay.
O! how they fooled us,
Doped and misled us,
Fanning our passions to make us their prey;
Now in their spite,
We Irish unite,
And Tyranny's minions shall mourn the day!

Shrink not back from the Men in the Gap
The Shaw and his resolute band;
Stumble not blindly into the trap
Of those who advise to halt by the hand.
Conquer we must,
If true to our trust,
Never to falter, never give way—
Let renegade die,
And with Parnell our guide,
To lead us to freedom we'll carry the day!

Mark the results of the landlords' sway,
Buckshot and bayonet, bloodshed and tears;
Stumble not blindly into the trap
Of those who advise to conquer our fears?
Cursed by slavery—
Robbed by knavery—
Long have we watched for Liberty's ray;
Now for the right,
We'll rise in our might,
And God on our side we'll carry the day!

Silver Lake, Ont. March 19th. 1881. H. C.

REPLY TO THE LAITY. AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY BISHOP CLEARY

At the conclusion of the induction ceremonies yesterday afternoon, the address of the clergy was read by Rev. Father Farrelly, Vicar-General, after which that of the laity was read by Dr. Sullivan. Before commencing, the doctor said he hoped he would be pardoned for mentioning the singular coincidence which occurred to his mind. The day was the festival of St. Celestine, who it was said that St. Patrick to Ireland. On the anniversary of that day the descendants of the same people in an entirely new country were receiving from the Pope, after the lapse of nearly fifteen centuries, a new Bishop also. But he did not come with the fears and anxieties of St. Patrick—he came confident in the love and affection of his people.

The committee who presented the address on behalf of the people were: Dr. Sullivan, and Messrs D. R. Murphy (Trenton), A. McAuley (Picton), J. Meagher, W. Powers, James Donoghue and P. Lenea.

At the conclusion of the address His Lordship ascended the pulpit and delivered a most eloquent discourse. He has not a powerful voice, but his delivery is very easy and fluent, and his language the very best of English.

He began his discourse by saying that the address of which this (showing a paper in his hand) was a copy, and which has been read to me so feelingly and vigorously by Dr. Sullivan, has been presented to me in the name not of the city of Kingston alone, but of the entire Catholic community of the diocese. He accepted it most thankfully—it gave him intense pleasure. He was happy to be with the people, and felt the sincerity of the sentiments uttered to him. As regarded the welcome given to him both on the streets and in the church, it was another evidence of the true-heartedness and loyalty with which they received their Bishop. For the last six months he had yearned to see this day, to rest his eyes upon the people whom God had given into his charge, whose spiritual welfare he had taken into his solicitude, in whose interest he would devote the whole energy of his soul and look forward towards God in the ways of piety, holiness, justice and peace. The welcome of that day was a consolation for the

WORDS OF HIS HEART

received by the separation from His people to whom he was bound by the ties of nature as well as grace. They had loved him, he had loved them; they had worked together harmoniously, and God blessed them in their mutual operations. He was grieved at the separation, but was to-day consoled—being like the mother, who after the pains of labour, rejoiced in having a new-fledged, new family, and a new flock in God. He was their pastor and their spiritual father. He had some apprehensions in coming among strange people—in a geographical and secular sense they were strangers; but he felt, what the world knows, that they were a people of great and good works; that they had been tried and not found wanting; that they had in coming among them felt he would meet such as those whom he had been among before. He had worked harmoniously with the people he had left and had no doubt would do the same with his flock in Kingston. He owed to his late parishioners, and would give to them, to his last breath, this affection, remembrance, daily prayer and aspirations for the interest of the

OLD CATHOLIC LAND

from which he came. He would pray God to fulfil the wish with which the address was terminated—that distress and want might be converted into abundance and that peace and harmony might prevail. He hoped Ireland would procure a constitution similar to that of Canada, while the people

hold the bond of freedom and the safe guards of life, and regulate and make their own laws by which the rights of citizens are defined and developed. May God give to their people a similar state of affairs, whereby they may have a voice in their own legislation. Then misery will be driven from their doors and sorrow turned into joy. Outside of this daily prayer in behalf of his old people, however, from that day forward, he was the Bishop of Kingston, and from that day forward his thoughts, his energies, his aspirations, his aim, projects, efforts and calculations would be for Kingston and Kingston alone. Its spiritual interest claimed his attention first, and it would be his lot to see that all the means of grace were supplied to them abundantly; that virtue should be encouraged, strengthened and developed in their hearts and that the seed of faith and holiness should be planted in the minds of their children, so that if it pleased God to call him away he could lay his hand upon his heart and say: "I have done my work; I have fulfilled my mission; I have preserved the faith; I have

FOUGHT THE FIGHT

according to my power and as occasion demanded, and have sown the fruitful work of Jesus Christ among you." Not only spiritually would he be their adviser, but in social questions, if his word had any weight, if his counsel could have any guidance, they would always find him their devoted servant and faithful friend. He came to Kingston with a commission similar to that of the apostles who were sent north, south, east and west, without friends, political alliances, worldly interests or treasures, but solely with the cross of Christ to preach the Gospel to rich and poor, strong and weak, learned and unlearned, Jew and Pagan, and every creature on the face of the earth. The word of God came to him through the Vicar of Christ, from Him who had said "whatsoever is bound on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever is loosed on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." He (His Lordship) when called by the Vicar of Christ to a new field took the command "go" as firmly as if it were the word of God to him, and it was the conviction of his heart that God was with him. Naturally he was weak and had no reason to feel confident in himself; no one could tell him of his infirmities better than his own conscience, but it was not upon

STRENGTH AND VIGOR

that he relied for success. In the affairs of worldly life they would naturally consider each one's dispositions, and each one would choose for himself, calculate his chances in life and look for a position whereby he could establish a family and provide for them. But in the supernatural order of things nature counted for nothing, and grace counted for everything. Once Jesus said to His Apostles, let them should think that any success attending their efforts was the result of their own knowledge: "I have chosen you; ye have not chosen me." Having sketched the character of the apostles' work on earth briefly, but fluently, he alluded to the fact that poets, warriors, painters, sculptors, legislators, and others had been passed by, and that those selected by Christ for his special work were poor, illiterate fishermen, to whom he said "come with me and I will make you fishers of men." While passing a certain vineyard Christ beheld a man basking indolently in the sun, and calling upon him to join Him, He sent him forth to do a work of universal availing. Once Jesus said to His Apostles, let them should think that any success attending their efforts was the result of their own knowledge: "I have chosen you; ye have not chosen me." Having sketched the character of the apostles' work on earth briefly, but fluently, he alluded to the fact that poets, warriors, painters, sculptors, legislators, and others had been passed by, and that those selected by Christ for his special work were poor, illiterate fishermen, to whom he said "come with me and I will make you fishers of men." While passing a certain vineyard Christ beheld a man basking indolently in the sun, and calling upon him to join Him, He sent him forth to do a work of universal availing.

NAME OF JESUS CHRIST.

Again Christ in passing through the street noticed a man counting money—he was a hard, relentless, grasping man, and never gave a thought for the poor—he said to him "Follow me." He too was sent forth to preach the Gospel and in his poverty latterly was heard to declare that it was "better to give than to receive." Again a learned man, a bigot of power and influence in the State, on his way to Damascus, surrounded by soldiers, seeking the followers of Christ to bind and put them to death, was, in his breathing of fury and slaughter, spoken to from Heaven by a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" He was made an Apostle to go before princes and nations converting the people. The reason of God's selection of these men for his service was that His ways were not the ways of men; that the principles which govern the world were not the principles which ruled with Jesus Christ; that in the selection of men it was not the world's calculations that were considered by God—He would choose the instruments which the world would condemn. It was the same voice that appealed to Saul in the lightning that rang in his (the speaker's) heart, therefore was he strong and hopeful, having no apprehension in regard to his people's co-operation. He felt that if he discharged his duty God would bless his labours and cause the seed sown to fructify. Why then should he be happy when he received such a hearty welcome; when the people gathered around him and gave in their salutations, was such not an expression of their faith? It was an expression of faith. Because he represented the principles of divine faith and the mission of Christ, through his Vicar, and because he was the impersonation of the power of the Catholic Church. He was glad to see so many gathered together from various portions of this extensive diocese, at great inconvenience, and to meet a stranger. When placed upon the throne by the venerable Archbishop, who gave his salutation, and when the clergy kissed his hand, so cheerfully showing their allegiance, should he not naturally feel happy and rejoice with the rejoicing of the apostles? It was an evidence that they were of the one mind. He referred to the presence of the representatives of a Hierarchy from other parts of this and the neighbouring provinces—they had all embraced him and declared him a brother in the Holy Ghost; gave him the kiss of peace and a seat on the Episcopal bench, and shared

with him their counsel in regard to the public interest. He would not soon forget the solemnities nor ceremonies of the day. Again, he said he was pleased to see such a large representation of his flock. He believed that the declarations made to him were in

PERFECT SINCERITY;

he trusted they would believe in him and that God would bless and give them one mind and heart; he would do his best in their public interest, also that of their homes, families and society, and in all things he would be their bishop and father. He had heard of their patient spirit, and was of opinion that the more he would know them the more would love them,—he knew he would be beloved by them. He had been assured of this by the Sovereign Pontiff himself. When he visited the Holy Father before his consecration he asked for a

SPECIAL BLESSING

for the day of his episcopal elevation when the Pope, in a solemn and most pathetic manner, laid his hands upon his head and invoked the Holy Spirit to come upon him, fill his heart with holy aspirations and fit him for the Diocese of Kingston. He (His Lordship) told the Holy Father that he was going among strangers, the face of not one of whom he had seen, whereupon the Pope, in a paternal and affectionate manner, stroked his cheek and said:

"HAVE GOOD COURAGE;

you are going among people whom you will like; you will find them faithful and loving." This prophecy he had seen verified. They had shown him a genuine and sincere welcome. He loved them the more for it. He concluded as he began by stating that he would be to them a father and a pastor; that he would love them as his first love; he was the Bishop of Kingston and they were his people.

PERSONAL.

Bradlaugh has been elected for Northampton.

Labouchere still belongs to the Beefsteak Club.

Prince Pierre Napoleon died yesterday at Paris.

Bishop Sweney, of St. John, N. B., has arrived in Liverpool.

Ex-Marshal Bazaine has sent a challenge to the French Ambassador at Madrid.

We are happy to state that Sir John A. Macdonald has almost entirely recovered his health.

John T. Raymond, actor, was married at Philadelphia, yesterday, to Miss Courtney-Barnes.

Miss Anna Parnell is as witty in her speeches as her famous brother is dry and caustic.

John O'Leary, of Paris, ex-Fenian Centre, condemns the Land League, and everything else besides.

Among the prominent candidates for the Chilean Presidency is the victorious General Bagnedano.

Miss Hattie Deull, of Iowa City, after completing her 4th day of fasting, died yesterday at 12:45 p.m.

Thurlof Wead, of New York, heads a subscription for the sufferers in the Ohio earthquake with \$500.

Sir Charles Tupper's health is better. He consults Dr. Andrew Clarke, and remains in London for the present.

It is rumored this time when the estimates are passed Gladstone will go to the Peers as Lord Liverpool.

Mr. A. H. Dymond, of Toronto, has been appointed Principal of the Bantford-Blind Institute in place of Mr. Hunter.

Archbishop Croke has reinstated two priests, removed by the Bishop of Cork for the crime of being Land Leaguers.

The editors of the Toronto Mail are now all wits of the first water. The consequence of this is that it is a huge joke all over.

The health of Sir Charles Tupper is improving. He is at present in Ireland. The rumor is revived that Sir Alex. Galt will return to Canada and succeed Sir John A. Macdonald as premier.

Parnell will, during the Parliamentary Easter recess, address meetings in Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford, Glasgow, and other large centres. He will be accompanied by T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., will hold the leading brief for the defence of Herr Most, and he is instructed to apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel Sir James Ingham, Chief Magistrate of the Bow Street Police Court, to admit Herr Most to bail.

We must only conclude that the Princess Beatrice has refused an offer of marriage from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, for the latest number of the New York Herald comes to hand praising Parnell, and says an Irishman's first duty is to Ireland. And this in large editorial type!

The name of Mr. W. H. Higgins, editor and proprietor of one of our best weekly exchanges is mentioned in connection with the Shibleyville of Ontario county. The place could not be given to a better man. We understand that a certain rising barrister of Toronto will soon lead the accomplished daughter of Mr. Higgins to the altar.

FROM MORRISBURG, ONT.

MORRISBURG, April 7.—John Pliny Crysler, Registrar for the County of Dundas died this morning in his 81st year. Mr. Crysler was one of our oldest and most respected inhabitants. He represented this county for a number of years in the old Parliament of Canada. He was appointed to his late position some thirteen years ago. In politics he was a strict Conservative.

THE IRISH LAND WAR.

DETAILS OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE POLICE AND PEOPLE OF BALLAGHADREEN.

The Irish World has received the following cable despatch:—

DUBLIN, April 7.—The Crowbar Brigade is again at its devilish work. Landlordism infuriated by the spectacle of an uprising people to humanity, has cast its life upon the hazard of a single throw. The enemies of the Land League are bent on bringing on a physical conflict. A desperate encounter between the police and the people took place near Glogher, in the County Sligo, on Saturday last. A process server tried to serve a number of ejectment writs on the Thursday previous and failed. Popular opposition proved formidable. Driven back by the people, he sought and was afforded protection by the police. Forty men of the constabulary, with rifles loaded with buckshot, escorted him to the nearest barracks. Word was likewise sent to the military commandant at Ballinaghadreen, who gave orders to the soldiery to hold themselves in instant readiness. Meantime, the process server, guarded by Police Sergeant Armstrong and five men, set out from the barracks determined to serve the writs on the devoted tenantry.

Very soon they were in sight. On their approach, they were met by a crowd of men, women, and children, who roared for the process-server and landlord French, in whose service he was now acting. The process-server gnashed his teeth and pushed on. Arrived at the scene, Sergeant Armstrong halted the men. The people stood between the police and the to be demolished cabins.

Intense interest was depicted on the assembled crowd. Old white-haired women wept and little children clung to their mothers. They were to sleep that night in the roadside ditch! The young and middle-aged men looked sullen and cast menacing eyes on the armed evictors. The aged men wore an anxious face, and with prayers and gestures held in check the spirit of resistance that chafed to break forth and scatter the Crowbar Brigade. A brief consultation was held. Then one young woman advanced from the ranks of the crowd and addressed the police. "We don't wish to have any crossness or trouble. The men here don't want to hurt the police. But they say they will not be driven out of their houses. They bade me say to you, sir, that you must walk over their lifeless bodies before you will be allowed to quench the fires on their hearths. Don't push them to that, sir. Sure you cannot blame them. Where will the little children sleep to-night if you drive them out? Ah! sir, go back and deliver up the processes, and say ye can't do it. Only let us keep the roofs of our poor cabins over us for at least another year!" To this touching appeal the police made no reply; but, forming on the road, they fixed bayonets, and fired on the people!

The treacherous volley brought down five of the crowd. There fell dead Farmer Corcoran, into whose breast had entered a charge of buckshot, penetrating his heart; while a young man named Flannery was pierced through the head with a bullet which the process-server had fired from his revolver. Five were injured altogether, of whom two were mortally wounded.

Incensed by this unprovoked and dastardly attack, the people rushed upon the police, seized two of the constables, wrenched their rifles from them, and then beat them mercilessly with sticks and stones. Armstrong, the sergeant, was left lying on the ground. Then began a stampede by the rest of the police. Leaving their wounded comrades in dexterity to their fate, they fled to the neighboring hill, where, hid behind rocks and bushes, they changed their tunics, in order that they might the better avoid detection; and then, trailing their rifles after them, they escaped to the barracks.

Hays, another policeman, was beaten severely, but he managed to crawl to the barracks, which he reached before the process-server and the others who had run away.

The news of this terrible event filled the barracks with consternation. A general rising of the people of the entire district was among the fearful possibilities. The reserve force immediately turned out, and with forced march proceeded to the scene, where they found Armstrong a mass of wounds, with his rifle broken in fifty pieces, not yet dead but with no chance of recovery.

The murdered men were all Land Leaguers and were active and untiringly zealous in battling for the principles of the cause. Corcoran was a married man, and leaves a wife and six children behind him. Flannery was the sole support of an aged father and mother and a helpless sister.

CHIOS.

The Birthplace of Homer.

The ancient fame of Chios has almost wholly passed away. It is to-day little more than a stopping place for the packets between Smyrna and Constantinople. The currents of the tideless sea glide wavelessly around its shores; the rays of its unsheltered hills, its fertile downs are rarely cultivated now, and once famed vine is rarely acquired from the mastic which it sends to the surplus of its shores. Its natural advantages are great. Its area is nearly four hundred square miles, and it is only separated from the shore of Asia Minor by a strait about seven miles across. Before the Greek revolution the island contained numerous villages and several considerable towns. Its capital was built chiefly by the Genoese, and has been compared with its environs to Genoa the Superior. It contained 30,000 inhabitants, and was remarkable for the beauty of its churches, convents and houses. Ardent promoters of education and passionately fond of their native land, the rich Greek citizens embellished it with

colleges, libraries and hospitals. Throughout the Levant, as in Western Europe, the Chians had established the wealthiest and most considerable greenhouses. Their characters partook of the softness of their climate and of the delicacy of the products of their soil. Mild, gay, lively, acute and industrious, the men succeeded alike in commerce and its literature, the women were celebrated for their charms and grace, and the whole people, busy and contented, neither sought nor wished for a change in their political condition they were buried into the insurrection of 1822 by bands of adventurers from the neighboring island of Samos. An army of fanatical Moslems was ferried across from Asia Minor and let loose upon the island. The inhabitants, taken by surprise, and enervated by long peace and prosperity, offered no effectual resistance. The archbishop and the head of the clergy, with many of the leading citizens were hanged with every mark of ignominy, and their bodies were thrown into the sea, where with shoals of other corpses, they floated across the Ottoman ships. A populous city, fifty flourishing villages and many splendid convents and churches, all reduced to ashes, attested the fierceness of the Mahomedan revenge, and it was calculated that within two years 25,000 Chians had fallen by the sword and 45,000 had been dragged into slavery. But the Greeks of neighboring Psyra were preparing their revenge. Constantine Canaris and his thirty-three comrades ran into the midst of the Turkish fleet, grappled their fireships to the huge vessels of the Captain Pacha, blew it up with its crew and 2,000 men, and shouting "Victory to the Cross!" made good their escape to Psyra without a single wound. Greek independence was won, but Chios was ruined. Fifty years have passed without effacing the signs of the havoc which then was wrought, and the earthquake of Sunday comes to desolate the groves of olive and mastic that were slowly bringing back prosperity to the island.

THE TRANSVAAL.

LONDON, April 8.—Despatches from Newcastle, South Africa, say that the continuance of outrages by Boers in the interior tend to imperil negotiations for permanent peace between Great Britain and the Transvaal on the basis proposed by the Royal Commission.

LONDON, April 11.—President Brand, of the Orange Free State, on returning from Natal, was received by great demonstrations along the route. He expressed the conviction that the terms of peace between Great Britain and the Transvaal now being arranged by Royal Commission would unite all the nations of South Africa, and pave the way possibly to a union under one Government of the white peoples of the continent.

RUSSIA.

OVERTURES FROM THE nihilists.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 8.—It is reported that the Czar has received from the nihilist Committee a printed proclamation, dated March the 22nd, offering to lay down their arms in return, among other things, for a constitution and amnesty for all revolutionists. The Government continue the search for mines in the purlieus of the Anitchkov Palace, and another is spoken of as having been discovered leading from the Admiralty to the Soltkyoff entrance of the Winter Palace.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 8.—General Ignatieff has been appointed Minister of Domains, succeeding Prince Lieven, who has been appointed a member of the Imperial Council.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 8.—The trial of six persons concerned in the assassination of the Czar has commenced.

EARL BEACONSFIELD.

THE EARL IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.—LORD BEACONSFIELD'S BIOGRAPHY.

LONDON, April 11, midnight.—Lord Beaconsfield has had another evident attack of apoplexy and it is believed that his death is imminent and cannot be delayed many hours. In an interview between Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Rowton, otherwise Mr. Montague Cory, his former Private Secretary, his Lordship gave directions as to the publication of his biography and disposal of his private papers and voluminous correspondence. All these—both in the materials for the biography and the great mass of letters, covering the political, official and private correspondence of his Lordship's public career—passed through Mr. Cory's hands, and most of them were written by him. As to his illness and approaching end, Lord Beaconsfield spoke without the slightest dependency or regret. He said he had lived beyond the usual limit of human life, and had no sorrow at being obliged to leave it.

LONDON, April 12.—Lord Beaconsfield, since the last bulletin was issued, has slightly improved, and has acquired some strength.

"MANLY SPORT."

A renewal of the indiscreet experiment made by George IV., when Prince Regent, was made at the house of Lord Queensberry recently, when the long suite of drawing rooms were thrown open to a regular boxing match in the good old style. This nobleman had always maintained that much good could be obtained from training a boxer from Australia, as the greater length of arm and elasticity of muscle peculiar to that region would compensate for the compactness and sturdy build of John Bull. Accordingly a regular professor from the land of the kangaroo, of Tricket and Laycock, was imported and exhibited. The match, which was spoken of as a trial of skill, soon became a brutal and disgusting exhibition. Men and backers grew excited beyond all control of temper, and both boxers were severely injured. The Englishman, leaving the best in science, was completely beaten when it came to rough fighting. The exhibition of the House of Commons has been called to this "manly sport."

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY RACE. DARK BLUE WINS.

BARNES, April 8, 7.30 a.m.—The crowd of spectators does not equal that of former years. Vehicles of every kind are arriving, but waggons and other accommodations for standing spectators are not much patronized yet.

POTENRY, April 8, 8.20 a.m.—The haze began to clear away at 8 o'clock. Before 8 o'clock the two crews were on the ground, and also a large mass of spectators. The Oxford crew took a preliminary spin before 8 o'clock, but the Cambridge crew did not take the water until they were ready for the start. The umpire's boat appeared soon after 8. On entering their boats the crews were greatly cheered, Cambridge seeming to hold first place in public estimation.

POTENRY, April 8, 8.30 a.m.—The University boat crews have just started for the race. The Cambridge boat has the Surrey side of the river, and Oxford the Middlesex side.

LONDON, April 8, 9 a.m.—At Hammersmith bridge Oxford was leading by scarcely a boat's length.

LONDON, April 8, 10 a.m.—Oxford won the race.

Later.—Oxford got the best of the start and led for a short distance, but nearing Hammersmith bridge, the Cambridge crew, who were evidently working very hard, made a strong effort and drew nearly on a level amid great cheering. The Oxford did not seem much distressed, but quickened their stroke slightly, and passed the bridge a clear length ahead. As soon as the boats were through the bridge, Cambridge again made a bid for first place but the Oxford shook them off without difficulty and increased the gap to nearly two lengths. The Oxford evidently felt that they had the race in hand, and were rowing strongly and steadily.

BARNES, April 8, 8.50.—A transformation has occurred since 7.30. The scene is now of the liveliest description. As far as the eye can reach multitudes line the bank on both sides of the river, and the water is covered with all sorts of craft. The railway bridge is crowded with spectators: good order prevails. The weather is superb; the boats have just passed; Oxford's two lengths ahead, and both rowing well.

LONDON, April 8.—The steamers accompanying the race were well filled. Sir Charles Dilke was among the passengers on the press boat. The Cambridge crew embarked at 8.20, the Oxford at 8.25. The tide was nearly spent, neither strong nor high flood. The Cambridge boat was fitted with a wind sail. The Oxford was the choice of position. The skills were moored very close together. At 8.30 the men stripped, and were all ready at 8.35. They started well together, both crews striking 35 strokes to the minute. They kept together to the top of the concrete wall; time, 2 mins. 52 secs. Here the Oxford boat drew slightly ahead, but the Cambridge boat got the lead again at Walden Wharf; time, 4 mins. 25 secs. Up to now there was little to choose in time or style, the crews having kept very close together and rowing very steadily. At Crab Tree, a mile and two furlongs from the start, Cambridge drew over a little toward the Surrey shore. The race was magnificent; the crowds ashore and aboard steamers loudly cheered and applauded. The time to the *Sony Works*, about two furlongs further on, was 7 mins. 20 sec. At Hammersmith Bridge, one mile and six furlongs from the start, the Oxford's were two seconds ahead—time, 8 minutes 46 seconds. They drew away just above the Mill, and seemed to be going better than the Cambridge crew, though the latter quickened up and got within half a length when off Old Wells. Time to the bottom of Chiswick, 6 1/2 furlongs from Hammersmith bridge, 11m. 44s. with Oxford's nearly a length ahead and both rowing 36 to the minute steadily, but Oxford with a longer and cleaner stroke. The Oxford had now clearly the best of what was nevertheless a most determined struggle and seemed to have the race well in hand. When Barnes bridge was sighted they were quite clear of each other's bows and passed the bridge in 18 minutes 3 seconds. Cambridge followed in 23 minutes 8 seconds. Oxford now went clear away, and when the bend was made for Mortlake they were three lengths ahead, rowing with the same ease and power regularly from the start to the finish. The Cambridge crew rowed a splendid race for three miles. The course was admirably kept throughout, and there was no accident or hitch.

Later.—The Oxford won by fully four lengths; time of race 21 mins. 31 secs. The Mortlake towpath was densely crowded with spectators, and especially that portion commanding a view of the barn at Gwyer Sods and that opposite the winning post.

Among those who arrived to witness the finish of the race were the Chinese Ambassador and suite. As the crews came in sight it was evident that Oxford was the winner. As the brewery the Oxford were about two lengths ahead, the Cambridge crew slashing considerably. The Oxford pulled up fresh at the finish, but the Cambridge crew showed great distress.

The time of the race, taken by a Benson Chronograph, was 21 minutes 6 1/2 seconds, which differs from all times taken on the Press boat.

Lewis Lloyd, an old Cambridge oarsman, officiated as umpire, in the unavoidable absence of J. W. Chottry.

Hand-bills have been circulated in London offering £300 to anybody bringing to the Social Democratic Club the letter Bismarck wrote to Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary instructing the Government to prosecute the French.

REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"Let us hope your headache will not prove so serious as all that, my lady," he remarked.

"Your vertigo (how odd you never had a vertigo before) I am quite sure will be entirely gone to-morrow."

"He means mischief," Miss Heroncastle thought, watching him from her cover.

"And you think you are sure, Miss Heroncastle—Sir Peter has not the faintest suspicion," my lady asked, as she rose from the table.

"I am perfectly sure of nothing in this lower world, except that I am in it," Miss Heroncastle answered coolly.

"Good Heaven, Miss Heroncastle! what an idea—Sir Peter go. Of course, he'll not go—the very idea is absurd."

"The box is safely disposed of, my lady. Have no fears—Count Lara will be there."

"It is exquisite—it is lovely!" she murmured. "I have not looked half so well in anything for years—it brings my waning youth back—I fancy it will surprise even Jasper."

"Horribly nervous. Yes, my lady was that. Was it some dim presentiment that with her own hand she was flinging away to-night all that made the happiness of her shadow life?"

"I will ascertain," Miss Heroncastle's soft voice answered, as she moved noiselessly from the room.

"The fly is in waiting. Sir Peter is in his study—the rest still are in the drawing-room—there is not a soul to be seen."

"But still for a second she stood irresolute. In that moment one word from Miss Heroncastle would have turned the scale either way."

"Take one last look, my lady—is it not exquisite? Mrs. Everleigh will be ready to expire with envy. You look absolutely dazzling in your Kaled dress—yep never in your life wore anything half so becoming—Major will tell you the same."

"The scale was turned—the last hesitation over. From that moment until the grand dejeuner came, Lady Dangerfield never paused to think."

"They descended one of the back stairways—they met no one. Miss Heroncastle softly opened a turret door, and they glided through, they made their way in the dim starlight along the shrubbery, skirting a belt of dark woodland, and gained the highroad."

"Among the brilliant-robed throng there was not one who excited more attention than the little glittering page, Kaled. But where was Lara? An hour had passed since the page's arrival, but the page's master was absent still."

"What could keep Major Frankland? She flung herself into a seat as she asked the question—alone for a brief moment—the first since the ball began. "Did he not come down after all? How dare he disappoint me so? And how absurd I must look—the page without the knight. I'll never—"

"The Chief of Lara has returned again. Look up—my faithful Kaled—my prince and paragon of pages—and welcome your knight and master!"

"The Chief of Lara," in the picturesque dress of a Spanish cavalier, stood behind her, his mask over his face.

"He whirled her away, but for the first time in her experience the major's step and hers did not agree."

"What is the matter with you to-night, Jasper?" Lady Dangerfield asked half pettishly.

"Not likely. A pace must never presume to command his master. Rest assured that I am I, and at supper we will unmask, and become the cynosure of all eyes."

"A passing domino caught the half-whispered words, and paused to watch them. From that moment, wherever the knight and page went the black domino was sure to follow."

"How hot it is—how noisy they are," Kaled murmured, sinking into a moss-green seat.

"I must take off my mask—I shall look as red as a milk-maid when we unmask. In ten minutes that intervene between this and supper, let me try and get cool if I can."

"The moments passed on—the summons to supper was given—the maquerade and still Count Lara did not appear. In a storm of wrath and impatience, my lady lingered—twice to-night he had made her wait—what did he mean?"

"No, far or near he was nowhere to be seen. A dozen voices called his name; no one could tell what had become of him. Infuriated, mystified, my lady looked up and down. What was it she saw that made her leap from her seat with a low cry of fear, that drove the blood from her blanched cheeks?"

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"The evening gray deepened into dark. Ten came—the stars were out but there was no moon. Captain O'Donnell, to him this last act was but an act of simple duty to save his friend—the one last proof needed in the strange discovery he had made. No harm should be done—the coffin would be opened, and replaced precisely as he found it, the grave re-closed."

"At half-past ten the inn was already dark and closed up for the night; there were but few guests, and those few kept primitive hours. At eleven not a light was to be seen. Still O'Donnell sat at his window, looking out at the dim starlight smoking and waiting."

"Lanty Lafferty resumed his place of occupation of brushing a pair of his master's tops, and the conversation with the stranger from London, interlarding work and social converse with a little music. His tolling Irish voice came through the open windows to his master's ears."

"It was on a windy night, about two o'clock in the morning. An Irish lad so light, all—Bad scree to you fur tops, shure the art o'man wouldn't git ye the color he loikes!"

"Oh, thin, divil fear him but he was tight—shure it's a weakness all his countrymen have. It's me wud like a chrop av potheen this minute, fresh from the still—me very heart's broke a drinkin' the beer they have in these parts, an' me gettin' that fat in it, that sorta waistcoat I have in the world that'll button on me good or bad. Oh, blessed hour I will I see the day when all his scoggin' an' an' his divilry in Algiers, and Ameriky' and England will be over, an' meself back in O'Donnell Castle on the old sod once more!"

"Blessed times, upon my life," responded his listener, smoking philosophically. "I say Mr. Lafferty, there's yer master a calling of yer."

"Come in, Lanty, and shut the door—perhaps you had better turn the key. I see you have made the acquaintance of that fellow in the 'jint pashin' the time o' day, yer honor. They're civil crathurs thin English chaps moity, an' shure I'm not proud."

"I'm glad to hear it, and it's just as well your pride has not stood in the way of your sociability on the present occasion, as you would have made his acquaintance whether or no. Lanty, can you keep a secret?"

"A secret is it! Upon me conscience thin that same's a question I didn't expect from yer father's son. A secret! Arrah, Mister Redmond, is there a bad turn yer iver did since yer were breached I didn't know! Is there a bit of divilem' yer iver wor in (an' faith yer divilem' was post countin') that I didn't know better than my prayers, and did I ever tell—did I now! Faith it's late in the day, so it is, to ax me such a question as that."

"Well, Lanty don't be indignat—of course, I know you can. Then I want you to keep quiet this evening, and perfectly sober, remember; to retire to your room early, but not to go to bed. About half-past eleven, when the town is quiet and every soul in the inn goes to sleep, take your shoes in your hand, and wait for me under the clum of larches beyond the inn. You'll find your London acquaintance there before you—I brought him down, and I want you both to-night. Lanty, did you ever hear of a resurrectionist—a sack-emp-up?"

"Sorra hear. Is it anything to ait or drink?"

"Nothing to eat or drink. A resurrectionist is one who opens graves, steals dead bodies and sells them to medical students for dissection."

"The Lord betwee us and barn!"

"And this fellow you have been talking to all the evening is a professional sack-emp-up. The chasseur's gravity nearly gave way at Lanty's look of horror."

"Open a grave! Oh, king glory!"

"It's all on the square, Lanty—no stealing dead bodies, no selling to doctors—I haven't got time to that yet. But I have reason to believe that that very great mischief may be perpetrated, and that very great mischief may be perpetrated. To prevent that mischief I open this grave, open the coffin, see what it contains, and place it exactly as I find it before morning. You understand?"

"Understand, Mr. Lafferty was staring at his master with an expression of blank horror and consternation. Open a grave in the dead of night to see what a coffin contained. All the 'divilem' of the past piled into insignificance beside this crowning act. Was his master suddenly going mad?"

"I can't explain any further, and it is not necessary for you to know. Be on hand as I said: keep sober make no noise, and let me find you with Juggins under the larches at half-past eleven. They keep early hours here—all will be still by that time. Now go, and mind, not a word of this to a soul."

"Lanty Lafferty went—his mouth had fallen open, and he forgot to shut it, his eyes were like full moons, that blank expression of consternation still rigid in his face. After twelve o'clock he said, 'Oh, werra! After twelve o'clock I see what's in the coffin! Arrah! It's a little rhyme or rason there iver was wid him or wan av his name, but av this divil' bang Bannagher! Bannagher! upon me sowl it bangs the divil!'"

"But to rebel, to disobey, Mr. Lafferty did not dream. Had his master informed him it was his painful duty to murder someone, and he (Lanty) was to assist at the sacrifice, that faithful benchman might have groaned under the awful duty assigned him, but he would have obeyed. And he would obey now, although a legion of ghosts should rise in their winding-sheets to warn them from their dreadful deed."

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"The resurrectionist opened his bag, produced his shovels, gave one into the reluctant hands of Lanty, and set to work with professional rapidity and dexterity. The two men worked with a will until the perspiration stood in great drops on their faces."

"The men lay on their spades, wiped their faces, and drew a long breath. Then the resurrectionist and Lanty raised the coffin between them—the damp clay clinging to it, making it weighty—and placed it at Redmond O'Donnell's feet."

"At last! He drew one long, hard, tense breath—his eyes gleamed. "Open it," he said, in a composed sort of voice, and Mr. Juggins produced his screw-driver, and set to work once more. The screws, one by one, were removed—the last lay in the palm of Juggins' hand—nothing remained but to lift the lid and see either the mouldering remains of Katherine Trengena, or—"

"He made a sign, Juggins raised it, all three bent forward to look. There was a simultaneous exclamation from all as the bent again to reassume themselves. The late rising moon, which had been struggling through the mist of coming morning, shone suddenly for a moment full upon the ghastly object before them, and lit it brightly up."

"They saw what Redmond O'Donnell had expected to see—AN EMPTY COFFIN."

"THE LENGTH OF HIS RETURN."

"That fateful July night, destined to be marked forever in the calendars of Lady Dangerfield and Captain Redmond O'Donnell, was fated likewise to be marked with a red cross in that of Sir Arthur Trengena."

"Sir Arthur Trengena has run the length of his tether," Lord Ruyland had calmly said to himself while pacing the Castleford station; "it is high time to pull him short up."

"He waited placidly where he was; he saw Major Frankland return, still gloomy and in the sulks, saw him depart an hour later than the Parliamentary train, and give the order to Scarborough Park. There was no hurry, the young baronet was with the Park party at no sooner. He was going to play his last great stake to-night. If he failed, his whole fortune might be lost in one brief, forcible word—ruin; not one pulse beat quicker, not one sign of agitation or eagerness marred the serenity of his handsome patrician face. As coolly, as deliberately as he had pronounced sentence of doom upon young O'Donnell six years ago, he was going to bring Sir Arthur to his bearings to-night."

"The archery party returned; separated for a brief space, and met again at dinner. My lady was seized with that distressing headache, and disappeared immediately after, Miss Heroncastle in her wake. Sir Peter in a few minutes followed suit. Miss O'Donnell looking pale and fagged, made her excuses and sought her room. Lady Cecil insisted upon accompanying her. Squire Talbot cut short his visit and moodily departed. Lord Ruyland and Sir Arthur were left alone. There was no talk of going with the peer. Two minutes after Talbot's departure he opened the door, and fired the first shot."

"What is this about a letter from Cornwall and your departure to-morrow, Sir Arthur? I heard you telling Lady Dangerfield at dinner, but did not quite catch your drift. Business, I suppose?"

"Yes, business—business too long deferred. Pennwelder wrote me a week ago urging me to return. There's a fever among my people, there have been mining accidents and much distress. It is greatly to my discredit that I have neglected my duty so long."

"I positively leave to-morrow. I wish I had gone last week."

"He said it moodily, drumming with his fingers on the table, and not looking at his companion."

"So do I," Lord Ruyland spoke gravely, and with unwonted energy; "so do I with all my soul. For the last week Scarborough has been no place for you."

"It is high time for me to speak—a false delicacy has restrained me too long. I would indeed prove unworthy the dying trust of my dearest, my truest, my best friend, your dear father, if I held my peace longer. To-night I will speak, be the consequences what they may—to-night I will do my duty, however distasteful that duty may be. Long before your return to this house, if return you are mad enough to do, I and Cecil will have gone, and it is neither my wish nor my intention that we three shall ever meet again. My daughter's health demands change—she is falling into low spirits—I will take her to Scotland to the Countess of Strathearn's for the winter. I merely mention this that you may make your farewells to her final when you part to-morrow."

"A flush rose up over the blonde face of the Cornishman, a deep permanent flush; his lips compressed, his eyes did not leave the table. Guilt, shame, contrition were in his countenance, and guilt held him silent. Let Lord Ruyland say what he might, he could not say one word more than he deserved."

"I see I do not take you by surprise," his lordship coldly went on; "I see you are prepared for what I would say. How bitterly I have been disappointed in you—of all I had expected from your father's son—of—I may say is now on the eve of parting forever—of the plans I had formed—of the hopes I had cherished—it would be idle to speak to-night. Hopes and plans are all at an end—your father's dying wish binds me no longer since you have been the first to disregard it. But still for your father's sake I will speak. On his death-bed he asked me to stand in his place toward you. Altho I have striven to do so—hitherto I have held you as my own son—all that too is changed. You have deliberately chosen to become intimated with a woman of whom you know nothing—except that she is your inferior in station—deliberately chosen to throw us all over, and fall in love with a designing adventuress."

"That deep, angry red still burned on the baronet's face, his lips were still resolutely compressed, his eyes still fixed upon the table. At the last words, however, he suddenly looked up.

"Designing adventuress!" he repeated, slowly. "You use strong words, Lord Ruyland. Of course you do not make such a statement as that upon mere suspicion."

"I do not. I condemn no one upon mere suspicion. That I suspect Miss Heroncastle of some deep, mischievous, latent object in coming here, is true; that I suspect her of malicious working upon that poor little superstitious fool, Sir Peter, and his fears, and of playing ghost for his benefit, is also true. But let that go—it has nothing to do with you, and for your sake simply I speak. You have haunted Miss Heroncastle like her very shadow from the moment you met her first—for her you have pointedly, almost rudely, I had said, neglected and overlooked all others. There was but one way for this to end with a man of your high sense of honor—in marriage. Before that disastrous consummation is reached I lay a few plain facts before you. Afterward you will do as you please."

"He took from his pocket-book a little package of papers, and spread two of them out upon the table."

"Be kind enough to glance over these, Sir Arthur. They are the testimonials of character, and references given by Miss Heroncastle in London to Lady Dangerfield."

"Still dead silent, the young Cornishman took them. The testimonials were carefully worded, the references were to a Mrs. Lawton of Wilton Crescent, and a Jonas Woodwidge, esquire, of St. John's Wood. He read and pushed them back."

"Well," he said in a compressed voice. "Read this also." The earl pushed another letter across to him. "I wrote that, as you see, to my solicitor, asking him to call upon Mrs. Lawton. You have read it now read his answer."

"He pushed a third letter across. For the third time the baronet read."

"LONDON INN, LONDON, July 29th. "MY LORD.—In compliance with your demand I called at Wilton Crescent at the number given. No Mrs. Lawton lived there, or had ever lived there. I next called at St. John's Wood; a Mr. Jonas Woodwidge had resided there about a year ago, but has emigrated with his whole family to Australia. This is all the information I have been able to obtain."

"I am, my lord, etc." The flush had faded from his face, leaving him very pale.

"It is plain to be seen by any one not willfully blind, that the references are forged, by Miss Heroncastle of course, for her own ends. If Lady Dangerfield had taken the trouble to seek them and find this out for herself, no doubt her very clever governess would have been prepared with some plausible story to account for it. This much I must certainly say for Miss Heroncastle—she is one of the very cleverest women I ever met. Do you need further proof that she is a designing adventuress? Let me tell you what my own eyes have seen—sufficient in itself to cure you of your folly, if this sort of folly is ever to be cured."

"He leaned back in his chair looking sternly at Sir Arthur sitting like a culprit in the dock before him, and went on."

"It was the very night before Sir Peter saw the ghost under the King's Oak, of which more anon. It was a hot night, brilliant moonlight, and it is a falling of mine that I can never sleep well on very bright moonlight nights. It was past eleven when I went up to my room. I knew it was useless to go to bed, so I sat down to write half a dozen letters. It was half-past twelve when I finished the last—I lit a cigar and sat down by the open window to smoke myself into sleepiness if I could. The stable clock struck one, still I felt no inclination toward drowsiness. While I still sat there, to my surprise, I saw, at that hour, a woman and man crossing the fields and approaching Scarborough. If you have noticed, and beyond doubt you have, Miss Heroncastle possesses a very stately walk—a very commanding figure. I knew her instantly—I also, after a moment or two, recognized the man. Of him, however, it is needless to speak. He accompanied her to the very house; they parted almost directly under my window. I heard him promise not to betray her. She appeared to be absolutely in his power. When he left her she stood and watched him out of sight. All this was nearly about two in the morning, mind, when every body supposed the governess to be in bed and asleep. How she got in I don't know. She came down the next morning, looking as self-possessed and inscrutable as ever. My suspicions were aroused, and I watched again the following night. Sir Arthur Trengena, as surely as I tell you, I saw her steal softly under my window, a few minutes before midnight, and take her post under the King's Oak. The gallop of Sir Peter's horse could be distinctly heard on the road. She wore a long dark mantle, and as she rode up the avenue I saw her fling it off and stand before him all in white—her hair flowing, her eyes fixed. What followed you know. She picked up her cloak and made her way back—how, Heaven knows. I tell you the simple truth—to-morrow I shall tell it to all the house—to-morrow Miss Heroncastle quits Scarborough, and forever. To-night I warn you, Arthur, my lad—my son almost. Pause while it is yet time—give up this miserable designing woman, and forever. Do not bring disgrace on your dear father—on your honored name—and lifelong misery on yourself. Go to Cornwall—a good abroad—do anything—anything, only see Miss Heroncastle no more."

"The earl's voice broke—grew actually husky in the intensity of his emotion—in the perfection of his acting. And still Sir Arthur sat like a stone."

"It has been a bitter blow to me—a blow more bitter than I can say. But I have learned to bear many bitter things in my life—this is but one more case of disappointment added to the rest. It will be better perhaps that we do not meet to-morrow—let me say it now—good-by, and may Heaven bless you, Arthur."

"He rose and grasped the young man's hand. Sir Arthur arose too—quite white now, and looked him full in the face."

"One moment, my lord—then good-by if you will. All you have said I have deserved—no one can feel how I have fallen from honor and manhood more than I. Whether it is still too late to repair my great fault must rest with you. What I have returned to England for—what I came to Scarborough for—you must surely know. I shame to speak it. It was to see and know Lady Cecil Olive. If she could so far honor me, make her my wife. On the night I first met," he paused, and spoke the name with a sort of effort, "Miss Heroncastle, I had followed the Lady Cecil Olive to the boudoir to place my fate in her hands. Of the spell that seemed to seize me at that moment, you know only too well—it is a sort of madness that I saw how escape. For a time I was blind—I saw no danger—later my eyes have been opened to my own guilt. There is but one who can be my wife—whether or no I have wronged her too greatly—to ask her, you may decide. If so, then I leave England the moment my Cornish business is settled—if not," he paused. "It shall be as you say, my lord." He folded his arms, very white, very stern, and awaited his answer.

"The bound that battered old organ, the earl's heart, gave at the words! He was saved! But his immovable face remained as immovable as ever."

"You are but mortal, Arthur, and Miss Heroncastle is a most attractive woman. Without possessing a single claim to beauty, she is a woman to fascinate a man, where the perfect face of a goddess might fail. She is not too late, I hope, I trust; and yet Cecil is very proud. If she can forgive and accept you, I can, with all my heart. I shall not say good-by, then, but good-night and adieu."

"He left him before Sir Arthur could speak—left him alone in the brightly lit, empty drawing-room. He stood irresolute, then turned and followed the earl into the room. Now was the time—now or never; let him hear his fate at once. Something lay like a stone in his breast—the dark, beguiling face, the soft flute voice of Helen Heroncastle was before his eyes, in his ears. Of all the women on earth she was the one woman he would have chosen for his wife, and Destiny had written that he must never look on her face again."

"In passing the length of the drawing room to the door, he had to go by the tiny boudoir, where, on the evening of the theatricals, he had followed Lady Cecil. The curtains were only partly drawn, and seated within, her hands folded listlessly in her lap, her eyes fixed on the dim starlight, he saw once more, as on that evening, the earl's daughter. As on that evening, he swept back the curtain and stood, tall and dark, by her side."

"Her half-uttered exclamation died away. Before she could speak one word he was saying, what he had come to say—hurriedly—impetuously—his face all set and stern, looking as unlike a lover as can well be conceived. She drew little away from him, her clasped hands tightened over one another. She sat perfectly still and listened—a sort of scorn for him—a sort of scorn for herself—an utter weariness of everything, the only feelings she was conscious of. She listened with steady patience to the end."

"He was unworthy of her—infinite unworthy; he esteemed and admired her with all his heart; it had been his dying father's wish—he had her father's consent. Would Lady Cecil Olive do him the honor to become his wife?"

"She looked up at his last words, flushing red in the darkness."

"My father's consent," she repeated slowly "Sir Arthur told me the truth. My father has been talking to you to-night? He has—now shall I say it—he has ordered you to follow me here, and say this?"

"On my sacred honor no. I have been talking to your father asking his permission to address you. I have said before I am unworthy; if you refuse me I shall feel I am receiving the punishment I richly merit. If you accept me it will be the study of my life to make you happy."

"He stood and waited for her answer. "The punishment," he repeated with invincible calmness, "Ab, yes, Sir Arthur, my refusal would be punishment not over hard to bear. Heed me, hoping—yes, hoping—though he may acknowledge it himself, that I will refuse—I must say yes."

"She must say yes—her whole future, her father's, depended on it. She could not but have answered—she could not live this life forever—what would become of her if she refused? All at once Torrytreen rose before her, as if by magic. Yes, in those days he had loved her. He had changed—she was no more to him now than his cousin Genevra, and while he lasted, she must love him. No time to shift the truth now, she loved Redmond O'Donnell and this man who stood beside her asked her to be his wife loved Helen Heroncastle. What a miserable travestied world it was, what wretched hypocrites and cheats they were."

"Why had she not been born a farmer's daughter to hold life with a wholesome hearty interest, to love her husband and loved in return?"

"You do not answer," Sir Arthur said. "I have lost all hold on your respect and esteem, as I deserve. Lady Cecil, will you speak at least, and let me hear my fate?"

"What is it you wish me to say?" she asked wearily, a touch of pain and impatience in her voice. "You ask me to be your wife, Sir Arthur Trengena—you are a man of truth and honor—you have lost neither my respect nor my esteem. Tell me truly—truly—do you really wish me to say yes? If you do not say it, then I leave England again a month—for years—for life."

"She drew her breath hard—she spoke a sort of gasp."

"You will leave England! Then there is no one else on whom I will marry!"

"There is no one else I will marry if you refuse—no one."

"He said it resolutely—a hard, metallic tone in his tone, his lips set almost to pain."

"There is no one else I will marry—refuse me I leave England. Once more, Lady Cecil, will you be my wife?"

"I will be—your wife."

"The words were spoken—her voice faltered—her face was steadily turned to the moonlight. It was over. He took her hand and lifted it to his lips. How chill it felt, but scarcely so chill as the lips that touched it. Then it was drawn away and she stood there. "I leave here for Cornwall, as you know, be absent two—almost three weeks. To-morrow, before I go, I shall speak to Lord Ruyland. Whatever I have been in the past—this much, Lady Cecil, you may be sure of me—that you will ever be first in my thoughts from this hour—that if you do you happy if the devotion of a life can do it. I believe you," she held out her hand, her own accord now, "and I entreat and beg you with all my heart. It is late, and I am tired. Good-night, Sir Arthur."

"Good-night, Lady Cecil."

CHAPTER XXII. AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

By the first train on the morning following the discovery in the churchyard, Mr. Juggins, in a third-class car, went back to London. By the same early train in a first-

MONTREAL TRUE WITNESS.---Supplement.

The White Rose of Scotland.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"Catharine, we must part. The king this morn contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retorted in no measured terms, and am enjoined, on no measure of paying my life a forfeit to my penance, to quit the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of thine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune."

Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.

"And shall Huntly's daughter," replied the lady, "thus consent to desert her husband? No, my dear Richard, I have shared your short-lived splendor, let me participate in your reverses. Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile, and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

"Noble-minded woman—but it must not be!" ejaculated the youth. "Catharine—for I dare no longer wear a mask—prepare to curse thy unworthy husband. Thou deemest me the rightful heir to England's crown, but know me as a base impostor. I won thy love by a lie. Ambitiously aspiring to the heart of one fair and noble as thyself, I have entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonor. Yet, oh! forgive me, and do not execrate my wild ambition."

"Oh, Richard, was this deception generous? Yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride. My husband, avert not from me thus thy fearful eyes. Whoever thou art, thou has been to me all tenderness. It will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, 'mid thy gullant train, thou stoolest unmatched, 'twas not the splendor of thy royal name that bade me wish thee mine. Yes, my husband, I loved thee, and still I love thee, for thyself alone. Let us, then, fly these shores; desert from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy."

"Alas, my beloved! it is impossible. Bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest, no peace remains to me. Leave me to my woes—leave me to my dishonor. Why should I should both be wretched?"

As the unhappy speaker concluded he added in his arms his faithful wife, and ineffectually endeavored to subdue her determination to share his fortunes.

The reader will ere this have discovered in the husband of the Lady Catharine the youth who, during the reign of Henry VII., had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who with his brother had been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III.

Possessed of every accomplishment that could engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.

After the failure, however, of his endeavors to excite a revolt in that country, which were discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents, he had repaired to Scotland, and solicited the assistance of James IV. to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valor, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions.

He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly.

Between the "White Rose of Scotland"—for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her—and the adventurer an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

But finding the English people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish king gave up the cause as hopeless.

The sun was attaining to his meridian height when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders.

"Bless thee, liddle! bestow a bawbee in charity on pair auld wileless Mansie."

Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catharine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach.

She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating:

"Many thanks, liddle; Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee over the wide saut wava. But," almost shrieked she, gazing intently on the astonished Catharine, "muckle fear has I ye needna wish a speerly voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart—better a pillow on the smoking briar than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."

"What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catharine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, liddle, dinna ask. Gin ye saw wi' auld Mansie's een, ye wadna leave the land o' yer forebears to roam 'mong ruthless faes, a lanely exile. Fareweel, fareweel, liddle; dinna forget the warnin' o' auld Mansie!"

As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catharine, who, with her husband, repaired to the boat that was to convey them to the vessel which was about to waft her forever from her native land.

As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's discordant voice was heard chanting the following song:

"The White Rose has bloomed
Through a brief summer day,
Yet the White Rose is doomed
To a rapid decay.

"Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness a'while,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.

"Fareweel—oh, fareweel!
'Mid the tempest that blows,
In my ear rings the knell
O' Scotland's White Rose.

"Swift to bear thee away,
Round these hoarse billows swell
Aye again, an' for aye,
Rose o' Scotland, fareweel!"

As the last words of the song pealed on the ears of the terror-stricken Catharine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and, with eyes tearless from agony, perceived the shores of her native land receding fast from her view.

By an agreement between the English and Flemish courts, all English rebels had been excluded from the Low Countries.

Perkin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, and might therefore have claimed admission into Flanders.

But, as he must have dismissed his English retainers, the brave companions of his dangers, and as he had to apprehend a cold reception from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable footing with the English Court, he resolved not to hazard the experiment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in insecure and comfortless exile.

It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a detail of his subsequent attempt upon England, of his landing in Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking upon himself for the first time the title of Richard IV., King of England.

It was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the fortunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy.

This was a fatal blow to the adventurer.

In all his wanderings she had shared his fortunes.

With all his faults he had still adored his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair and spotless "White Rose."

We shall not depict the humiliating scene of his surrender to King Henry—of the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemnation—but pass on to the scene of execution.

The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy pretender to royalty dawned heavily and slowly.

At an early hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place of execution, were thronged with anxious and expecting thousands.

A detachment of soldiers surrounded the sledge on which the culprit and his confessor were placed.

As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin threw his eyes upon the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to his confessor, with a smile of bitter disappointment:

"Yonder is the throne to which ambition has exalted me."

The father entreated him to dismiss from his thoughts everything that might distract him from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker, adding, that though disappointed of an earthly throne, the present place was to be a stepping-stone to an eternal one.

"Were not these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the tree; and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the best assurance."

He was now urged to a public confession of his imposture.

"Is not then your master yet content?" said he; adding, "but I consent, and thus proclaim my infamy. Urged on by restless ambition, but more by the ready tool of others' designing, I have disturbed the quiet of these realms, and sought a crown to which I had no claim. Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my witness that had I not been bound by oath, I had long discontinued this iniquitous and futile enterprise. My unhappy Catharine! how does my heart bleed at thought of her. She long, long entreated me to resign the ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty's hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the descendant of a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast.

"She loved me—she wedded me—she clung to my misfortunes—she joined in all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. Oft has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish—oft has she cheered, with sounds of hope, my sinking heart. But now, now, father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master. Heaven's curse light on him if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! 'Twas well for both we were spared the misery of a last adieu. I deemed it, in thy king, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview, but my heart now tells me he did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more. I have done with earth—I have done with Catharine."

He knelt, and crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.

At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself into the arms of the criminal.

"Not yet! not yet! Spare him a little longer! Tear him not so soon from my arms!" she ejaculated.

"My poor mourner, 'tis too late," replied the condemned.

"Oh, no, no, no!" replied Catharine, "it is never too late for mercy. Take him back to his dungeon—respite him but a few hours. I will again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease till he forgives!"

Nature could do no more.

She sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

"Now is the time," cried he, printing a last kiss on her pale cheek, as he consigned her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past," ejaculated he, as he threw on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the hands of the executioner.

The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catharine restored animation.

Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot.

What she saw may be conceived from the sequel.

"The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked.

They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.

The Climax of Medicine.



The Great System Renovator,

The Best Blood Purifier, Liver and Kidney Regulator, and Health Restoring Tonic in the World.

Warranted to cure every form of disease arising from a Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, and disordered Kidneys, and every species of Humor from an ordinary pimple to the worst Scrofula, if taken in time, faithfully adhering to directions. Broken down conditions of the system requiring a prompt and permanent Tonic that will restore and invigorate the flagging vital powers will find the long sought remedy in

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

The discoverer of this marvellous medicine does not claim that it is an infallible cure-all, well knowing that there are certain advanced stages of disease, such as Consumption, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Cancer, etc., that often baffle all medical science and skill, but it is claimed, demonstrated, and established beyond controversy, that all ordinary diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Biliousness, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Constipation of the Bowels, Obstructions, Retention of the Urine, Dropsy, Enlargement of the Spleen, Fits, Lowness of the Spirits, Headache, Weakening Discharges, and all forms of Female Weaknesses, whose name is legion; Piles, Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, Uterine Diseases, &c.

For the purification of the blood and toning of the system no combination known to medical science can equal the life-giving principles of

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Do not exhaust and debilitate the system with drastic cathartics and strong purgatives, when a few doses of so pleasant and palatable a remedy as Burdock Blood Bitters will produce the desired result without harm or inconvenience to the most delicate constitution.

STRICTLY VEGETABLE,

And one of the best medicines in use for regulating the bowels,

Burdock Blood Bitters

Are Tonic, Laxative, Alterative (purifying), Diuretic (acting upon the urinary secretions), gently stimulating and invigorating all the organs of the body to a healthy action.

They act beneficially not alone upon the Liver, but upon the entire glandular system, carrying off impurities and all morbid and offensive accumulations, and regulating the secretions to a proper action; they thus impart a healthy tone and vigor to the whole

system. Diseases that have baffled all other treatment speedily yield to their benign influence.

Blood is the vital fluid by which the organs and tissues of the body are nourished; being the source from which we derive all physical and mental vigor, how necessary that it be kept pure. If the blood contain poisonous matter all the organs become impaired. The majority of diseases that afflict the human family arise from an impure or impoverished state of the blood, or an improper action of the Liver.

The Liver is the largest gland of the body, and the only one that is supplied with venous as well as arterial blood: its office is to secrete bile, which is nature's proper cathartic.

When the Liver is Affected

The bowels are constipated, the skin becomes pale, or else of a dark and sallow hue: the healthy elements of the blood become separated, and it is either loaded with thick and offensive matter becoming clogged in the system, or the watery portion may predominate, giving rise to bloating, dropsical swellings, etc., headache, biliousness, pain in the back and shoulders, dyspeptic symptoms, such as distress after eating, pain in the region of the stomach; a languid, tired, exhausted, stupid feeling comes over the sufferers, rendering them depressed in spirits, gloomy and miserable. General weakening and debility of the whole system follows, and the weaker organs of the body take on inflammatory or diseased action; congestion or consumption of the special organs affected is the result.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Are composed entirely of herbal medicines, prominent among which is that well known, valuable plant, *Arcium Lappaz*, or Burdock, that grows so plentifully by our waysides.

This invaluable plant, like many another, has been underrated in value because of its simplicity; yet the best botanical authority ascribes to it golden virtues as a blood purifier, and as such it ranks second to none.

Burdock possesses Alterative, Aperient and strong Diuretic properties, with a marked action upon the skin and secretions; alone it has wonderful power in Dropsies, slow perhaps in action by itself, but when combined, as it is in these bitters, with other choice alteratives and tonics, its action is truly marvellous, so marked and decided in its effects that a sample bottle of three or four doses will readily convince the most sceptical.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is put up in a neat package, containing a bottle of twelve fluid ounces, and sold everywhere at

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters will do more to break up the most obstinate forms of disease than a half-dozen of any other similar preparation now or ever on the market. Burdock Blood Bitters is the

Great Household Panacea,

And a combination covering so many indications and meeting so many requirements, that no family should be without it.

Sickness comes when least expected, and no remedy contains so many valuable properties of *Materia Medica* as this great blood purifier.

CERTIFICATES.

HONEYWOOD, Jan. 21, 1881.
Mr. T. MILBURN & Co.—I inform you that my wife was taken bad with what the doctors pronounced liver complaint and pleurisy, for which I doctored for a long time, and she got worse; indeed, so bad that she could not sleep except on her hands and knees—could not lie down at all; indeed, I tried almost everything, and no result, when I was advised to try your Blood Bitters, which I did, and before the bottle was half gone she could lay on her back and sleep just as good as ever; and before the whole bottle was gone she was comparatively well, and which she now is, and for which we thank your Burdock Bitters.
Yours truly,
JOHN B. STEVENS, Honeywood.

VACRELL, 2nd March.
Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.—I have suffered for years with constant pain in the head, and at regular intervals, terrible sick headaches. A half bottle of your Burdock Bitters has entirely relieved me from both. I am recommending it to all my acquaintances afflicted with this trouble.
Yours truly,
Mrs. R. McCLELLAN.

TESTIMONIALS.

Bilious Headache.
The following is from the proprietor of the *Canada Presbyterian*, and Government printer for the Province of Ontario.

THE PRESBYTERIAN OFFICE,
TORONTO, April 13th, 1880.
GENTLEMEN,—It affords me unqualified pleasure to bear testimony to the great benefit I have experienced from using your Burdock Blood Bitters.
For several years I have suffered greatly from oft-recurring bilious headaches. I was induced to try the above remedy; I did so, with the happiest results. I now find myself in better health than for years past. I trust by using a couple of additional bottles to be permanently cured. I never gave a testimonial of this kind before, but recognizing the sterling character of your preparation, do so cheerfully in this case.
Yours faithfully,
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.

Ulcerated Sore Leg Cured by one Bottle.
April 16th, 1880.

T. MILBURN & Co.
GENTLEMEN,—I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I was for some weeks past afflicted with a rapidly increasing ulcerous sore leg, accompanied with laves all over my body. Satisfied that it was the result of impure blood, I applied to you for some remedy for the purpose of cleansing the same. I have used the bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters given me by you, and to my great surprise my leg is entirely cured independent of any outward application, and the laves have entirely disappeared.
WILLIAM TRAINER, Fruiterer,
480 King Street East.

Cure of Kidney Complaint.
344 Parliament Street,
Toronto, April 17th, 1880.

T. MILBURN & Co.
GENTLEMEN,—I have been for over a year subject to serious disorder of the Kidneys, often being unable to attend to business. Your Burdock Blood Bitters was recommended as a good remedy; I obtained a bottle and am happy to say that I was relieved before the bottle was half used. I intend to continue, as I have confidence that it will entirely cure me.
Yours truly,
BRUCE TURNER.

Kidney Disease.
Had strain across loins caused by shoeing a colt; cold settled into it causing Kidney Disease with tremendous pain. Tried several cures recommended; all failed. One half bottle of B. B. B. cured me.
JOHN BUCHANAN, Blacksmith,
York P.O., Ont.

York P.O., March, 1881.
This is to certify I had an unknown disease causing swelling of the limbs; tried all recommended medicines, but got no cure until after using one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which has cured me sound and given me vigorous health.
WM. HARRING, Farmer,
York P.O., March, 1881.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.
DEAR SIRS,—Had a severe cold and general debility of the system; used some of your Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave me immediate relief and cure.
Yours truly,
HENRY GRILSON.

GENTLEMEN,—Had unknown disease; tried doctors and all kinds of medicine, but gave no relief; used one bottle of B. B. B., which gave me wonderful relief. Another bottle I think will cure me.
Mrs. GRILSON.

Had a severe cold and cough, cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.
WARNER N. YOUNG, S.M. Agent,
York P.O., Ont.

THE QUICKEST PROCESS KNOWN.

Every Lady Her Own Dyer.



Mrs. Freeman's New Domestic Dyes in Powder.

Excelling in brightness of color, strength and permanency, all other dyes in the market. Clean in process, simple in method, elegant in effect, cheaper, more convenient and more durable than any other form of dyes as operated by the old process of dyeing.
By diligent research and untiring labor, we have succeeded in bringing these dyes to a uniform standard little short of perfection, by which we are able to produce the most beautiful, brilliant and perfectly permanent colors known in Art; while their use is so simple that all may meet with success in their efforts with them.
Properly blended, TWENTY-FIVE DIFFERENT COLORS may be produced by these dyes in the cleanest and quickest possible manner.

- LIST OF COLORS.**
Navy Blue, Brown, Dark Green, Gray, Violet, Magenta, Orange, Salmon, Orinison, Light Green, Light Blue, Black, Pink, Purple, Scarlet.

WHAT BECAME OF HER?

In a little village church in a small country place, a small congregation gathered together one Sunday. Every pew held people well known to each other, and who knew each other's business. Nobody there but had heard that Thomas Benton had courted Annie Redwood, and how all was going on well, when the two grandfathers quarrelled about an acre of ground in a stony, unproductive spot, and a family feud commenced, and they were separated.

And there the obstinate old grandfathers sat, not caring a whit for all the trouble they had caused, and never forgiving each other's trespasses, despite the fact that they repeated the Lord's Prayer together every Sunday.

Sometimes in summer there would be strangers from the city in church; but now it was winter, and every one wondered to see a large old woman in a great fur hood come into church, and seat herself in a back pew.

Who she was no one could guess, and why she came to church with such a cold as she seemed to have was a wonder to all. She coughed loud and long, interrupting the sermon and the prayer, and at last was seized with such a fit of choking that every head was turned. She seemed to try to rise, but found herself unable to do so. Then Annie Redwood, leaning towards her mother, whispered:

"It's a shame! People ought to be more Christian-like in their conduct. I'll go and help her out."

Then she arose and went softly down the aisle, and bent over the old lady and whispered something, on which the poor old soul arose and took her arm, and they went out of church together. The coughing was heard outside for a moment or two, but the services went on as before, and no one wondered that Annie Redwood did not return.

The family expected to find her when they reached home, of course; but she was not there. She did not come in to dinner, nor did she come to tea. By evening much alarm was felt, and inquiries were made, but without avail. No one had seen the girl since she left the church doors.

There was a Sunday train to a large city, and a man kept watch at the station all the day. He, seeing fewer passengers on Sunday than at any other time, had noticed them all.

The old woman in the plaid shawl had come to the station, but Miss Redwood was not with her.

A young man had been with the old lady. The old lady could not be traced after that, and nothing more was heard of Annie Redwood.

Many thought the old woman was some dreadful person in disguise, who had murdered Annie for the handsome watch and ring she wore.

The woods were searched and the ponds dragged, but in vain; and the poor girl was at last given up for lost.

The old people had been very cruel to her about Thomas; now they shed bitter and unavailing tears. How much better would it have been to let Annie marry, and have her still with them!

The old grandfathers shook hands for the first time for years. The families were reconciled; but Annie was gone, and Thomas was gone, and what was the use?

"If only I knew what became of my girl," sighed Mrs. Redwood.

"Ah, yes; and if I knew my boy was alive," said Mrs. Benton.

A year passed, and it was the day that Annie had disappeared; and they had all gone to church as usual, and were going homeward.

Mrs. Redwood was in tears.

"I think of Annie all day to-day," she said. "Oh, it is more than I can bear. Who was that old woman? What did she do to my girl?"

"Oh, mother, there she is!" cried one of the daughters.

All looked. Before them on the road tottered a large figure in a plaid cloak, coughing violently. The same old woman, no doubt. But who supported her? Who—

"Good Heaven! it is a ghost!" screamed Mrs. Redwood. "What is it? Oh! what is it?"

"Annie," screamed the girls together; and screaming, sobbing, regardless of what any might think of them, they surrounded the pair.

It was Annie, alive, and holding fast to the arm of the old woman she had helped out of church just a year before.

"Don't question me on the road," she said. "Let us go home."

And glad and angry, and a little terrified, the Bentons and the Redwoods entered the Redwood homestead, and closed the door.

"We thought you dead, Annie," sobbed the mother. "Oh, you have been cruel!"

"But I see my death has reunited you all," said Annie, returning the embraces. "All are here but Tom."

"Oh, poor Tom!" said his mother. "If he were only here too!"

"But I must have an explanation," cried Mr. Redwood, turning upon the old woman. "Who are you, madam? And what life has my daughter led with you?"

"A happy one, I hope, sir," said the old woman, tossing off her bonnet and throwing away her cloak; and before them stood a tall young man—Thomas Benton, and no other, who said:

"In this disguise I ran away with Annie a year ago. We changed costumes in the church porch, and so got safely off. Now we are here again, ready for your blessing, if you will give it to us. Are we forgiven?"

It was Annie's mother who said "Yes" first, but the others followed in chorus.

Yellow Oil Testimonial.
 Toronto, Sept. 13, 1880.
 Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., City.
 DEAR SIRS,—I can honestly recommend HAYYARD'S YELLOW OIL as the best reliever of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years, I have tried every known remedy.
 I remain, respectfully yours,
 JOHN TAYLOR, Alderman,
 190 Parliament St.

HAGYARD'S Yellow Oil,

THE GREAT PAIN PANACEA.
 Magical in its Power over Pain.
 The Most Popular and Efficient Remedy known for External and Internal Use.

There is no one remedy offered to suffering humanity whose use is so universally and frequently required as

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL.
 It should be found in every house for instant use in accidents and emergencies. For all forms of
Inflammatory Action and Pain,
 SUCH AS
Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Burns, Scalds, Bruises,
Wounds, Frostbites, Chilblains,
Group, Sore Throat, Quinsey,
Lame Back, Spinal Affections,
Contractions of the Cords & Muscles
 And all manner of Lameness and Soreness in any portion of the body,
Asthma, Congestion and Inflammation of the Lungs,
 And, in short, wherever and whenever Lameness, Soreness, Pain or Inflammation exist,

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
 May be safely and beneficially used. No danger of taking cold or any other ill effects occur during its use. Swellings and callous lumps disappear as if by magic.

AS A LINIMENT
 For universal application it is unsurpassed, while for internal use in proper doses it is safe and agreeable. There has never been a preparation like it in the market, and it is beyond the art of medical skill to produce its parallel as a remedy for pain and inflammation.

USED EXTERNALLY,
 It stops pain and prevents blistering from a burn; it prevents the swelling and discoloration of a bruise; it relieves the intolerable itching and burning of Frost Bites, destroys Corns and Warts, disperses Tumors, and all swellings and Callosities. Rheumatic pains and stiff joints yield promptly to its influence, even after years of annoyance and resistance against all other treatment.

TAKEN INTERNALLY,
 Its effect is none the less wonderful, one or two doses curing Hoarseness and Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Swelled Tonsils. In Croup, that dread destroyer of children, the first dose gives magical relief. In Colds and Kidney Complaints its effects are prompt and reliable. No matter from what cause pain and soreness arises, HAYYARD'S YELLOW OIL is a certain relief. No other Liniment or external application is required in the household.

The purchaser of HAYYARD'S YELLOW OIL incurs no risk, as every bottle is sold under a positive guarantee, and the money in all cases will be cheerfully refunded when satisfaction is not received. Finally, the best recommendation we can give the public of the efficiency of HAYYARD'S YELLOW OIL is its greatest popularity where it has been longest used.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
 Price, 25 cts. per Bottle.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors,
 31 Church Street, Toronto.

COOLEY'S DOG.

Cooley's boy has a liver-colored dog, which he has upon several occasions made the subject of very interesting and instructive experiments. Originally the dog's tail curled up over its back; but Cooley's boy was prejudiced in favor of tails that hung down behind, so after amputating the dog's tail with a hatchet, he spent a whole morning trying to graft a skate-strap on the stump. It was not a courageous dog. It would bark all night when nobody was about, but if a tramp came near the house in the daytime the dog would put the skate-strap between his legs, and go in and lie down behind the stove. Cooley's view was that he would prefer a fighting dog, and one day he read in a paper that a timid dog could be made brave by filling his meat with gunpowder and red pepper. Accordingly he put about a quarter of a pound of pepper and a little powder in some meat, rolled it up in a kind of a ball and tossed it to the dog. The dog swallowed it as quick as a flash.

For a few moments the animal seemed contented. But presently he gave a little start, and then paused and looked around to see if anything had happened. Then he gave another jump and began to assume a very solemn appearance. All of a sudden he uttered a sharp howl, and began to circulate around the garden. He went faster, and faster, and Cooley is willing to swear to at least four hundred revolutions a minute. Over the gooseberry bushes, through the asparagus bed, across the fences, among the bean poles he flew with fury, snapping at Cooley as he passed him, scaring the chickens and setting them to cackling, and smushing the vegetation to ruin. The louder Cooley called to him to stop the faster he went, and at last he got his gun and tried to shoot him. He shot fifteen times, and blew holes into the smoke-house door, killed four chickens, and put half a pound of quail shot in his Durham cow; but the dog still revolved, and went so fast that he looked like a single streak of dog reaching all the way around the garden.

At last the animal ran against the pump, and, being switched off of his course, he dashed through the kitchen door, knocked down the stove-pipe, whirled into the dining-room, across the table, smashing two dollars' worth of crockery, burst through the open door to the parlor, and brought up against the mirror, which he shattered to atoms. Then he fell on the Brussels carpet, had spasms around over the floor for an hour or two, and finally expired with his hind legs in the grate, and his head on a forty dollar rug which was covered with beef and red pepper. They buried him at the roots of the Isabella grapevine, and Cooley's boy, after recovering from the thrashing his father gave him with a fence paling, finally came to the conclusion that as a matter of practical fact, red pepper will not make a dog anxious for war.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The handkerchief with which Maximilian wiped his face just before being shot at Queretaro has been recently sold for \$1,501. We are inclined to suspect that the purchaser was, too.

Yellow Oil Testimonials.

York P.O., March 1st, 1881.
 Messrs. Milburn & Co.
 GENTLEMEN,—I wish to inform you that since I commenced to sell your YELLOW OIL, I can scarcely keep a sufficient supply on hand. Nearly every person in my neighborhood has used it for the different complaints it is recommended to cure; the result is really astonishing. I think it my duty to let you know, that others may have the benefit of it.
 I remain, yours truly,
 WILLIAM STACY,
 Merchant, Fleetwood.
 Toronto, March 9th, 1881.

Thos. Milburn & Co.
 GENTLEMEN,—I have personally used your YELLOW OIL in a case of badly sprained ankle, and recently in severe case of inflammatory rheumatism, with the very best results. We also use it successfully in the family for croup and sore throat, and would not be without a supply in the house.
 I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public.
 Yours very truly,
 JAMES H. NEILSON.

Nature's Grand Remedy for Cholera,
 Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Sea Sickness, Vomiting, Canker of the Stomach, and all other irritations of the Stomach and Bowels.

DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry.
 Valuable alike for Children or Adults.
SOOTHING SYRUPS SUPERSEDED.
 For Children Teething, Cholera Infantum, and all Summer Complaints,
IT IS UNRIVALLED.

Curing without the use of Opiates and other poisonous Narcotic Drugs. For all manner of Fluxes, even in that inveterate disease, *Leucorrhoea*, so exhaustive to the Female System, it will be found very beneficial.

The Cooling, Cleansing, Healing properties of the Wild Strawberry Plant, combined with other Vegetable Anodynes and Astringents, impart a healthy tone to all diseased mucous surfaces, correcting all forms of canker, hence Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY is also an invaluable remedy for PILES, curing that painful and prevalent disease when all other remedies have failed. It allays Inflammatory Action, and gives tone to the debilitated system when weakened by exhaustive discharges.

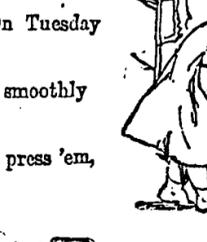
Mothers, keep it at hand for your infants, who are so liable to sudden attacks of Summer Complaints. IT IS SAFE AND SURE, PLEASANT TO TAKE AND PROMPT TO RELIEVE.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

On Monday I wash my dollies' clothes,



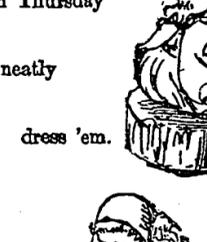
On Tuesday smoothly press 'em,



On Wednesday I mend their little hose,



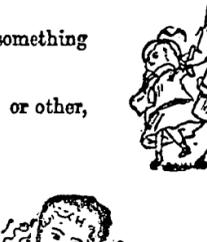
On Thursday neatly dress 'em.



On Friday I play they're taken ill,



On Saturday something or other,



But when Sunday comes, I say, "Lie still! I'm going to church with mother."



There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection—its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the maturer but less vivid picture of after years.

To all parties who sell Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

So well satisfied are we that this OIL is a medicine that the public will like and continue to buy, that we wish you to refund the money on all 25 cent sample bottles sold, in every instance where the purchaser says it is not as represented, and where the empty bottles are returned. All such empty bottles returned to the druggist from purchaser will be made good by full ones. This has been the mode of introducing it for years past; and out of many thousands sold, seldom has a bottle been returned. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Telephonic Despatch

FIRST EDITION.
 PROOF STRONG AS SAMSON.
 A Postmaster's Experience as Narrated by Himself.
 Certificates Received from all Classes of People.
 Numbers of our Best Citizens come Forward and voluntarily Offer their Testimony.
 A Clear Case Established and the Convincing Proof Published in this Column.

HAGYARD'S Pectoral Balsam

Is not a new untried medicine foisted upon the public by dint of persistent advertising, but is a remedy of tried and proved merit. It has been a candidate for public favor for a period of almost a half a century, and during that time has performed more cures than any other remedy ever offered to suffering humanity.

From its very nature it becomes almost a specific in all diseases affecting the mucous surfaces, such as we find in the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive System, in the Lungs and Respiratory System. Hence from acting on the mucous surfaces of the entire Respiratory System, its wonderful curative efficacy is seen in curing

Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, Quinsey, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Asthma, Acute and Chronic Bronchitis, Acute and Chronic Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Wasting of Flesh, And all Diseases of the Lungs.

The PECTORAL BALSAM, when used according to directions, will cure any of the above diseases.

One Bottle will cure Hoarseness of a month standing, or longer: One Bottle will cure an old, long standing Cough. Two or three doses will cure a recent Sore Throat. Two to three Bottles will cure the worst case of Bronchitis. A few doses will relieve Croup. One or two Bottles will cure Asthma, and will relieve from the first dose. Whooping Cough relieved with one Bottle, and the Spasms reduced from the first dose. In some cases Spitting of Blood cured with from three to six Bottles.

We have in our possession thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world certifying to its worth in the cure of all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Air Passages. Such is our confidence in its ability to cure in every case, that we sell every bottle under positive guarantee if it does not perform all we claim for it, your money will be refunded.

TORONTO, January 8th, 1880.
 MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.
 DEAR SIRS,—I take great pleasure in recommending HAYYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM for coughs, colds, and bronchial complaints. I have used it for the last three years, and have always found it gives perfect satisfaction, and can with confidence recommend it.
 I remain, yours truly,
 D. H. FLETCHER,
 No. 135 Church Street.

TROWBRIDGE, March 2nd, 1878.
 MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.
 GENTLEMEN,—About the first of November last I contracted a very heavy cold, which settled on my lungs, and through it I was hoarse for about two months that I could hardly speak. I used a number of different dollar bottles without any good effect. One day, reading your almanac, I noticed that HAYYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM was recommended. I resolved to try it, and after using three 25 cent bottles, was entirely well.
 Yours truly,
 CHARLES COSENS, P.M.

OFFICE OF "THE MAIL,"
 Toronto, 7th January, 1880.
 T. W. MILBURN, Esq.
 DEAR SIR,—I have used HAYYARD'S PECTORAL in my family for colds, etc., for several years and have found it to be an excellent remedy. It is so pleasant to the taste that children are always satisfied to have medicine time come round.
 Yours truly,
 THOMAS W. DYAS.

DIXIE, Feb'y 17, 1880.
 GENTS,—I have much pleasure in recommending your PECTORAL BALSAM. I had in my store for three years and never was asked for it. My wife tried one bottle for a bad cold, which completely cured her before it was all used. I then recommended it to my customers, to their entire satisfaction, and am completely sold out. Please send me three dozen at once, and oblige
 J. KENNEDY.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM has been a candidate for public patronage for 25 years, and during that time has favorably established its claims to be the best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs offered to the public. The proprietors confidently assert, and have proof to the effect, that this remedy has cured and relieved many cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and other kindred diseases of the Throat, Lungs and air passages than all other remedies combined that have been placed upon the market during the present century.
 Price 25 cents, and sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Montreal Land League Meeting

The usual weekly meeting of the Montreal branch of the Land League was held Sunday afternoon in the St. Patrick's Hall.

Mr. W. E. DORAN, being called on for an address said: He had come expecting to be a listener, rather than a speaker.

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last: the amount of money received from all sources up to the 27th of March last is \$1,404 95 cents.

The amount sent home to the Parent Association is \$384 45 cents, equal to \$10 10 cents.

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ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"John T. McG."—The lottery you refer to took place on November 30th; you send home the bonds.

"A Subscriber."—Mrs. Mary Agnes Fleming is the author of "Le Chasseur d'Afrique, or the Wonderful Woman." It may be had by applying to Mr. J. B. Lane, 36 1/2 Bleury street, Montreal.

LAND TENURE.

Some of the Curiosities of the Land Question.

[From the Scottish American Journal.]

From the earliest periods of the history of mankind we find a "land question" troubling them.

Savage, as soon as they come within the pale of the chronicles, are found breaking each other's heads about hunting-grounds, or the patches of sterile desert in which they root for grubs and other small deer, or in the waters of which they fish; and, as we all know, no people are so civilized as to discontinue the old-world pastime of warring about boundaries.

When they are not killing each other, we see them making laws about the division, enjoyment, or inheritance of land; and these ordinances are all peculiar and different from the rules about movable or created property, the rudest savage recognizing that in his world the land is a fixed quantity, and has to be specially legislated for.

Many curious old systems of tenure have existed, but for the most part they all of them recognized the idea of service. Thus, for instance, when an estate was granted on the condition that the holder should plow the king's pottage or with a basin of water and a towel, or as the Baron of Bradwardine had to do, on the condition of pulling off the king's boots, it was not to be supposed that these gifts or services were considered equivalent to the value of the soil.

Knights' service and "grand serjeanty" implied, in addition, military duties. Petty serjeanty, on the other hand, demanded services allied to war, such as the payment of rent in spears or arrows, which need not be performed personally to the king or to the lord of the manor, who held for the Crown. They were merely to keep the tenant in mind that the lands were not his; and of course the more absurd the tenure, the more likely the "owner" would be to recollect the circumstances under which they were granted to him by the king.

When a charity boy gets his head "bumped" at a particular point during the annual beating of the bounds, he is not apt to forget the particular thus made a rough memorandum of for the benefit of posterity who may not understand trigonometry.

For centuries the Corporation of London has, through the senior alderman or town clerk, "done suit and service to the Sovereign" for a piece of ground in the county of Salop, by chopping one fagot with a bill-hook, and another with a hatchet, and for "the Forge," in the parish of St. Clement Dunes, by counting six horseshoes and sixty-one hobnails. Now this is no unmeaning farce, but devised of its quaintness for a good and sufficient purpose.

The Duke of Marlborough is bound every year, on the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, to present to the sovereign two flags as his feudal service for holding the estate presented by the nation to his ancestors; and in like manner other great proprietors hold their properties on similarly apparent trivial tenures.

"Pepper-corn" tenures were devised, not with a view to the actual payment for the use of the land, but simply to compel the tenant to acknowledge yearly that he was not the actual owner, and could be dispossessed. These tenures are still in vogue in various parts of the country.

In Orkney, for example, feudalism never gained a firm footing. As in Denmark, and the rest of northern Europe, land was for early times held here by Oial Right or "Allodial Tenure." That is to say, it was vested absolutely in the owner, and not dependent on a superior. The Odallers of Orkney, when the rest of the country were persuaded to adopt the tie of service for that of Odal, were allowed to retain their old privileges on the condition of paying a large contribution to the erection of Kirkwall Cathedral. Hence, to this day, the Odal tenure prevails throughout a great portion of Orkney and Shetland, the right to land being completed without writing by undisturbed possession proved before witnesses. Mr. David Balfour is one of the greatest proprietors in the islands, and among his tenants are several who pay, or are supposed to pay, pepper-corn rents, their farms being too small to support the cultivators, even when they supplement agriculture by fishing. One of these "pepper-corners" came to the laird, and intimated his intention of "fitting unless a barn was bigged."

"Why, you pay no rent!" was the astonished reply. "Balfrun!" was the laird's angry remonstrance, "ye maunna say that. I dee pay a rent." "What rent?" the laird enquired. "Weel, it sood be a hen," was the cautious answer, the pepper-corn not venturing to assert that the rent had ever been actually paid. But it was necessary to evict it, as undisturbed possession might in time be construed into ownership.

These pepper-corn rents are occasionally troublesome. Not long ago a wealthy Hungarian laird farmed on a life lease to his less fortunate elder brother, at a yearly rental of one kretzer—or something less than a farthing. But the tenant after a time began to consider that this stipulation was derogatory to his dignity, and declined payment. Thereupon the younger brother became wroth, and sued his pepper-corn tenant, and after the delay of some months, and the expenditure of several hundred florins, won his case, and duly received his farthing. But next year the same process had to be gone through, and as there is every prospect of the kretzer being a yearly suit in the courts, the farm is likely to prove a costly one to the litigious brothers, and a windfall to the Magyar lawyers.

ITALY'S RELATIONS WITH FRANCE. PARIS, April 9.—It is rumored to-night that King Humbert had decided to dissolve the Italian Parliament. A correspondent at Rome telegraphs that should ever a Ministry be formed from the right a war with France would be improbable, if not impossible; but from the prominence given to the Tunis question by Paris papers of every political shade, it is evident that it is regarded as much more important than if it were, as pretended, a mere quarrel with frontier tribes. The Ministerial crisis in Italy was not unexpected, and will in no way modify the resolution of the French Government. The Ministerial press this morning is very guarded in its utterances on the news that Signor Cairoli's downfall is imminent. The Debats and Republique Française are quite silent. The Latere, which expresses the opinion of a large portion of the class of advanced Frenchmen, says this morning: "The French Government has only two duties to perform—it must act vigorously and negotiate prudently."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Roman Catholic Bishops of British Columbia have petitioned the Local Legislature to grant to the Catholics in that Province the same educational advantages which the Protestant minority enjoys in the Province of Quebec. In other words, Separate Schools.

Our.—We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. Joseph Placide Bertrand, priest of thisocese. The rev. gentleman expired yesterday morning in the parish of St. Placide; he was a member of the Society d'une Messe.

The venerable Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam—"The Lion of the Fold of Judah"—closed the 90th year of his life and the 67th of his sacred ministry on the 6th ultimo. He was born on the 6th of March, 1791, and was therefore seven years old at the time of the Irish rebellion of '98, and nine when the treachery and corruption of Lord Castlereagh and some of his colleagues voted away to the local Parliamentary liberty of Ireland, and gave the color of legality to the legislative annexation of Ireland to Great Britain through the act of union in 1800.

He entered Maynooth College in 1811, at the age of 20, and was ordained priest three years later. He was raised to the coadjutor-bishopric of Killala in 1825, which office he filled with such eminent ability and devotion during the succeeding nine years, that, in the same year—1834—he was consecrated Bishop of Killala, and he raised to the still higher dignity of the Archbishopric of Tuam, whose sanctity his watchful care has steadily increased during the last 46 years, and still continues, by unwearied zeal, benign countenance and profound learning, to stimulate, ornament and edify. His efforts to harvest the fruits of Catholic Emancipation, secured from the English Parliament by O'Connell in 1829, were unremitting and of wide popular benefit. He had witnessed the harrowing physical miseries and persistent attempts at moral elimination wrought upon his fellow-Catholics through the satanic ingenuity of the infamous penal code, and hailed with hosannas the advent of an opportunity to wipe out its baneful influence. Archbishop John, while always influential public peace, is intensely Irish in his affections, and has ever been the front champion of the rights of the oppressed people, and the uncompromising enemy of every moral oppressor by every moral method. The fame of his character is nearly as broad as the Church in whose undying fold he holds such high and holy rank. The unnumbered acts of benevolence with which his life is filled, and which have reached but to soften and ameliorate the hard and unfortunate conditions of humanity in the wide field of his spiritual jurisdiction, insure for his future a monument as enduring as that which belongs to the immortal character of the ministry of which Archbishop MacHale is so illustrious a representative. Let us hope that the grand old Arch-Prelate may be enabled to celebrate his centennial with the people at Tuam.

Prince Oscar of Sweden stands fully a head higher than any other European sovereign or heir apparent.

The expenditure at Rome during the carnival this year was very large, \$10,200 having been taken in one theatre in one evening.

Since 1806 nine thousand divorces have been granted in Italy, Milan being set down for no less than 3,000. Since 1870 Rome has had 600.

A select committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to inquire into what are alleged to be the excessive charges of railroad companies for the carriage of goods, more particularly agricultural produce.

The leaders of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months' deep mourning, during which they will see no company. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains, and long thick veils.

The correspondent of a London paper writes: "I saw this morning a gentleman who has won two Chester Cups, and who has had six horses in training, acting as timekeeper to the omnibuses of the London General Omnibus Company. Having served as conductor for some years on twenty-eight shillings a week, he has lately been promoted to the post mentioned, for which he receives thirty shillings per week of seven days."

Recently on the Custom-house officers at Leith boarding a vessel in the docks with a cargo of oilcake from New Orleans, they discovered a box containing several thousands of cartridges composed of material more than usually explosive. It is said that they were consigned to no one in Scotland, and that it was not originally intended to discharge the cargo at Queenstown. The cartridges were taken charge of by the police, who are investigating the matter.

There are many curious traditional formalities in connection with royal marriages in Germany. On a recent occasion the marriage contract was signed on a certain table covered with red velvet, which is by tradition set aside for this special purpose, and the bride had to take the crown of diamonds from a handsome pietra dura table, originally the property of the Emperor's mother, in front of which all royal princesses have to decorate themselves with jewels before proceeding to the nuptial altar. The wreath in her hair was of myrtle leaves and blossoms from a tree planted by Queen Louise seventy-five years ago.

Englishmen may buy such titles as that of M.D., and recent disclosures have shown that some of them do. But they have not come to selling and buying titles of nobility. It has been gravely proposed in the French Chamber to legalize this practice. The proposer, M. Joubert, would charge 10,000 francs a year for the title of duke, 5,000 for that of Marquis, and so on in a descending scale, finishing with 2,000 francs a year for the use of the particle de. He thinks there are Frenchmen enough who love titles to pay the State 100,000,000 a year for the right of sporting them.

The pride of so many London seasons has passed away without even what was left to Adrienne—a memory. Mrs. Langtry is not even spoken of. The great beauty was the portly daughter of a clergyman in the Channel Islands. Her husband is the son of a shipping agent, whose ships ran between Belfast and Liverpool. He was not brought up to any profession, as he had inherited a very ample patrimony, and been educated to fill the part of a gentleman. But things are altered since old George Langtry's vessels sailed from the Irish to the English port, and what was affluence in those days, although recognized as a comfortable competence, will not support an establishment at the West End, with carriages and horses at command, and such hats and dresses as the world never saw, and such as the eyes of royalty loved and dwell on. Some of the latter cost \$750.

FROM BARRIE, ONT.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

BARRIE, ONT., April 8.—This morning, while the regular passenger train on the Hamilton and North-Western Railway was backing into Barrie, it collided with an extra train on the Northern which was backing towards Allandale. The tender of the extra engine was telescoped into the passenger coach, destroying both completely. The baggage car was thrown from the track and the conductor's car of the extra had one end stove in and was more or less damaged throughout. A young man named David Thornton, a fitter from the Northern Railway workshops in Toronto, who was in the baggage car, was crushed to death. He came from Toronto yesterday to do some work at Allandale and was coming over to see Barrie this morning before returning home. Another young man named Bedford, had two toes cut off. The driver of the extra managed to jump off and escaped uninjured, but the engineer was not so fortunate. When the two trains met, neither the tender of his engine smashed into a caboose, crushing him against the boiler, but providentially a piece of iron got fixed in such a manner that it protected him from being killed, a slight wound on the side of the head being the only damage done. Fortunately there were no passengers on the train at the time or he would undoubtedly have to chronicle a greater loss of life. The engineer of the extra train says that the accident was caused by the train being leaving Allandale ten minutes ahead of time and the heavy fog which hung over the track at the time, thus preventing him from seeing that the Hamilton train was coming on. He says he had ample time to clear the track had the other train been on time.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS. SEEN IN THE LADIES' GALLERY DURING THE IRISH COERCION DEBATES.

The wife of a north of England member of Parliament, who was in the ladies' gallery several times during the Irish coercion debates, writes that the passions excited were scarcely less violent among those helpless, silent listeners, cramped and crowded out in that narrow cage like wild birds just caught, with their fine plumage all crushed and torn, their bright colors all faded. Many a lovely Irish face, whose owner had entered all bright and sparkling, full of life and joy at the anticipation of triumph for the Irish cause, became overshadowed by degrees as the debates went on, until in more than one instance a deadly pallor and a shower of cold tears had succeeded to the expression of hope and trust the countenance had worn. One lady, whose agitation had increased with each moment, burst into a terrible paroxysm of grief as the Irish members disappeared at Speaker's summons, and the features of that pale face and tightly clasped hands as she bent over the gayly decorated muff upon her lap and rocked herself to and fro, the lady writes, has haunted her ever since.

JAMIEH IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER. The following letter was received by the Mayor of Montreal recently:—

HONORABLE SIR,—I would state that for some years past I have been endeavoring to ascertain the nativity of my father, John G. G. Miller, who served in the English army at Montreal, Canada, from 1771 to 1803. He served in an Anglo-German regiment under an officer named "Guthoff," who was probably his colonel. If you could ascertain the number of the regiment to which "Guthoff" belonged I should be very much obliged.

Very respectfully,
G. G. MILLER, Philadelphia.

The whole detective force of Montreal was out this morning searching for the required information. As yet they have labored without success. Any person who can tell anything about John G. G. Miller will be amply rewarded at the Central Police Station.

THOMAS CARLYLE. HIS BEQUEST TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY. LONDON, April 9.—The Times publishes this morning the late Thomas Carlyle's will. It occupies one-and-a-half columns, and is written by himself. The paragraph in which the Chelsea philosopher makes a bequest to Harvard may be of interest. "Having with good reason," he says, "ever since my first appearance in literature, a variety of kind feelings, obligations and regards toward New England, and indeed long before that, hearty with real and steady, which still continues to America at large, and recognizing with gratitude how much of friendliness, of actually creditable human love I have had from that country, and what immensity of work and capabilities I believe and partly know to be lodged especially in the silent classes there, I have now after due consultation as to the feasibility and expediencies of it decided to fulfill the fond notion that has been hovering in my mind these many years, and I do therefore hereby bequeath the books whatever of them I could not borrow but had to buy and gather, that is in general whatever of them are still here, which I used in writing on "Cromwell" and "Friedrich" and which shall be accurately searched for and parted from my other books to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, city of Cambridge, State of Massachusetts, as a poor testimony of my respect for that Alma Mater of so many of my trans-atlantic friends, and as token of the feelings above indicated towards the great country in which some I have reason to be confident that the Harvard authorities will please to accept this, my little bequest, and deal with it, and order and use it as to their own good judgment and kind fidelity shall seem fittest. A certain symbolical value the bequest may have but of intrinsic value as a collection of old books it can pretend to very little. If there should be doubt as to any books coming within the category of this bequest my dear brother John, if left behind me, as I always trust and hope, who already knows about this Harvard matter and who possesses a catalogue or list drawn up by me of which the counterpart is in the possession of the Harvard, without he will see it for me in all points accurately done in regard to this and to all else of these final directions, I wish him to be regarded as my second self, my surviving self."

A growing indifference to religious services is noted in England as well as here. The Rev. Newman Hall says there is throughout that country a diminishing attendance on public worship. "As a rule," he adds, "in our large towns skilled artisans ignore our ecclesiastical arrangements. I do not say they are aggressively hostile or ostensibly infidel; but they are indifferent on our ordinary public services. As a class they do not go to church. To a large extent this is true also among the upper ranks of fashion, wealth and intelligence. He regrets, too, that a majority of English church-goers content themselves with the morning service on Saturday, leaving the church almost empty in the evening. His figures as to London are as follows: "London has four millions of people, of whom one-half might at one time be at church; but for these two million there is only church accommodation for one-half, and of those one million of seats only half a million are at any one time occupied."

ROUND THE WORLD.

Twelve bodies have thus far been cremated at Washington, Pa. Five of them were sent from this city.

Fenians in New York claim that their organization had nothing to do with the "Mansion House Plot."

Two girls were arrested in Ottawa yesterday for wearing "loud" hats. Action will be taken against the Corporation.

Seven residents of Rutland, Vt., have been taking lessons in draw poker, the instructor being a professional gambler, and the cost \$3,172.

At St. Catharines, John McGuinn, charged with the murder of John Smith, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary.

Charles Verret, employed in making sugar at Lake St. Charles, fell into a boiling cauldron when seized with an epileptic fit, and was dangerously burned.

After the telegrams arrived at Nice announcing the assassination of the Russian Emperor, his brother, the Grand Duke, was seen driving on the parade as if nothing had happened.

The widow of Admiral Farragut has accepted the invitation of the President and Mrs. Garfield to be a guest at the White House during the ceremonies of unveiling the Farragut statue.

Queen Victoria is about to purchase the famous historical estate of Stoke Park. She went through the mansion the other day and was greatly pleased with it. The price set is \$1,250,000.

The supposed Fenian, Coleman, who recently landed from the steamer "Australia," turns out to be an Englishman. The Fenians of New York, took measures to prevent his arrest.

A gypsy horse trader, on seeing Maud S. without knowing her, offered to take her and \$20 for the beast he was riding, and could not be induced to do better. The great trader is not handsome.

At a Land League meeting in Brooklyn, yesterday, Parnell's mother stated that Mr. Gladstone had made overtures to her son and to herself, saying, "only tell your son to pull with us and he will be the savior of Ireland."

Tennessee has a new law forfeiting the office of every Sheriff who permits a prisoner to be taken from his custody. This is intended to put a stop to lynching, and is based on the belief that mobs, being almost always cowardly, can be effectively opposed if the Sheriffs have the desire to do it.

Mike Simmons had the police of Greenville, Ohio, looking all day for the \$1,000 which he had lost. Arrests were made and houses ransacked. At length Mike's own clothes were searched, and the roll of bills found in the bottom of his trousers, where it had fallen through a hole in his pocket.

A young man of Keokuk, Iowa, imported his fiancée to name the day for their marriage. Upon her saying she would marry him the following month, he threw his arms around her and embraced her. He was not conscious of using unusual strength, but the girl suddenly fell back dead in his arms. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to boycott Captain Boycott and party on their way through New York, by threatening the landlord of Earle's Hotel if he did not get rid of the obnoxious guests. The landlord was properly indignant, hoisted the British flag on his hotel, and offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrator of the cowardly threat.

The Department of Justice, to whom was referred the letter received by the relatives of Marmaduke Graham, murdered in the North-West, was unable to get any further information from the person at Ridgeway, who professed to have intelligence that would lead to the arrest of the murderer. It is believed that the writer of the letter is either a fraud or else a little out.

H. T. Hare, of the National Armory of Springfield, has the enviable distinction of being the only person in the world who has ever hit the bull's-eye, six feet in diameter, at 2,500 yards, with three different rifles, and who has once even hit the same sized target at 3,200 yards. The exact penetration of the ball at this immense range was not studied, but its force was quite positively determined to be sufficient to kill.

There has been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families, hence there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend, in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made friends. "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body," "Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even with him. I guess you don't know that girl's mother as well as I do."

"I remember," says Labouchere, in the London Truth, "being once at a ball given by the Empress of Russia, to the late Emperor, on his birthday. I was playing at cards, when the emperor, who was wandering about, came behind me to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four, and it was my deal. 'Now,' said the Emperor, 'let us see whether you can turn up the king.' I dealt, and then held up the turn up card, observing, 'Your orders, sir, have been obeyed.' A dozen times afterward the Emperor asked me how I managed it, and he never would believe that it was a mere hazard, and that I had taken the chance of the card being a king."

In the disagreement of the jury in the case of Lawson act, Labouchere the defendant obtained a distinct triumph. The trial lasted five days. The cost to Mr. Levi Lawson was \$100; to Sir John Holker and Sir Harding Giffard, Attorney and Solicitor-General under Lord Beaconsfield's Government, per day \$500 each; to Sergeant Ballantine and the two Q.C.'s per day, \$250 each; total counsel fee for five days, \$8,700; solicitor's cost at least \$3,250; in all, \$12,000, which Lawson has virtually been fined. The cost to Mr. Labouchere, who was his own counsel and solicitor, has been nothing, and there will probably be a large increase in the sale of the Daily News and Truth. It is not likely Mr. Levi Lawson will renew the trial, or that his chances of a baronetcy are improved.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, it is said, will be made peer; and if so, his peerage will be the twelfth which her Majesty has conferred on distinguished Generals. Sir John Colborne and Sir John Pease were created severally Lord Seaton and Lord Keane in 1839. Sir Hussey Vivian was made Lord Vivian in 1840. Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were raised to the peerage in 1846. Lord Fitzroy Somerset was made Lord Raglan in 1852; and Sir Colin Campbell was made Lord Clyde in 1858. Sir Hugh Rose was created Lord Sandhurst in 1866; Sir Robert Napier Lord Sandhurst in 1871, and Sir Richard Airey Lord Airey in 1876. Of these peerages only one, Lord Clyde's, is as yet extinct.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table listing names and amounts contributed to the Land League Fund, including names like TRUE WITNESS DONATION, A. Wexford Quebecer, E. L., Mr. McGillivray, etc.

IN MEMORIAM.

ERECTOR OF A STAINED GLASS WINDOW IN MEMORY OF THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.

There has just been completed by Mr. Spence, of 29 Jurors street, one half of stained glass window which the Catholic citizens of Brockville are erecting in their church to the memory of the well-beloved, the late Bishop O'Brien. The window, when complete, will be formed of six subjects, each forming a separate arch, and each measuring nine feet high and three feet seven inches wide. The entire height of the window, inclusive of tracing and gilding at the head, will be about 25 feet, and the entire width 10 feet 9 inches. The three subjects already finished are the Nativity, the Crucifixion and the Ascension of our Saviour. These will form the upper portion of the window. The other three subjects, forming the lower portion of the window, will be St. Patrick preaching at Tara, St. Bridget receiving the veil, and St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, raising the dead to life. The first of these latter is completed, and represents St. Patrick before the King of Ireland, at the feet of whom sits the bard with harp in hand.

The following inscription will run across the bottom of the window:—"In Mem. R. M. I. Et. Illm. D. O. Joan O'Brien, Ep. Regiopol. Olim. Pas. Huj. Eocl. Ob. T. D. Mens. Aug. 1879. Natus. 43. Reg. R. I. P." The design for the work is magnificent, and the execution thereof cannot be spoken of in terms of praise too high. The colors have been excellently chosen, there being no glaring vulgarity or misappropriateness displayed. The window, when completed, would form a valuable addition, as a work of art, to any church on the continent.

The one-half already finished will be despatched to Brockville to-night, and the other half will follow on Thursday, as the window has to be placed in position by Saturday next.

THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE, MONTREAL BRANCH. GENTLEMEN.—The under-mentioned auditors appointed at the last meeting report that after a thorough examination of the books and accounts they are happy to state that they found all the books and accounts correct and agreeing with the vouchers. We are very happy to announce to you that the funds of the Land League are steadily increasing since the 10th of September

IRELAND!

THE LAND AGITATION

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT

EVICTIONS ON THE INCREASE

THE NEW LAND BILL.

A SERIOUS AFFRAY

BUCKSHOT!!!

THE "PLUCKY" POLICEMEN

Shooting Down the Women.

ONE GIRL MORTALLY WOUNDED.

DUBLIN, April 5.—The Gazette contains a proclamation ordering that, on or before the 7th instant, every person in the following places shall lodge at the nearest police station all the arms and ammunition they possess for the purpose of obtaining licenses:—Several baronies in the County Down; The Counties of Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Longford, Mayo, Roscommon, Monaghan, Sligo and Westmeath; part of Kilkenny and Queen's Counties; the cities of Limerick and Cork; the town of Galway, and several baronies in Tipperary. Several counties are also proclaimed with regard to the sale of arms without license.

At a meeting of the Land League to-day Brennan announced the receipt in the past week of £2,597, including £1,256 from the Irish National Land and Industrial League of America. £50 was voted for the families of those killed at Clogher.

New York, April 5.—At a land meeting to-night a despatch was read from Farnell stating that the Coercion Bill did the Land League no harm.

London, April 5.—In the House of Commons, Mr. O'Connor, Home Ruler, called attention to the increase of evictions in Ireland. He appealed to the Government to take steps to restrict them.

Mr. Forster said those who advised the people to pay no rent were partly responsible for the evictions. He hoped the Land Bill would bring about a better state of things.

Mr. Gladstone declared that never in his knowledge had any Government exercised greater care or bestowed more anxious labour on the consideration of any proposal than the present Government had on the Land Bill.

London, April 6.—Lord Churchill (Conservative) gave notice that he would to-day ask whether persons contributing articles to the Freiheit are liable to prosecution? Whether two members of the Government did so contribute towards it at a time when it would otherwise not have been carried on, and whether they would be included in the prosecution? The members alluded to are Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Brassey, the Junior Lord of the Admiralty. It is stated that two members of the Government visited the offices of the Freiheit after Meot was arrested.

Mr. Forster, in the House of Commons, last night, said the evictions of tenants in Ireland had increased to 215 in the past month. The Government was watching them with the greatest attention, but it would be contrary to all precedent to make a statement anticipatory of the Land Bill.

DUBLIN, April 6.—A policeman wounded at Clogher has since died of his wounds.

A fatal collision occurred at Ballinamore, Ireland, between the police, while protecting a process server, and some two hundred of the populace who attacked them. The police fired on the mob.

The News says it is informed that the statements purporting to give an account of the Land Bill are incorrect in several important particulars. They strongly resemble one of the various drafts considered by the Cabinet. It is understood that a strict inquiry has been made regarding the identity of the person guilty of the breach of confidence by which the document was made public.

London, April 5.—A man named Cahill has been arrested at Tullamore on a charge of shooting Daly, the victim of a recent agrarian murder in Westmeath County. George Marshall, recently charged with the robbery of arms, was arrested last night near Tralee, under the provisions of the Coercion Act. Jasper Tully, editor of the Roscommon Herald, who was arrested at Boyle last week on a charge of intimidation, is one of the most active and influential organizers of the Land League.

DUBLIN, April 6.—Police Sergeant Armstrong, who was dreadfully injured in the affray at Clogher, County Mayo, last Saturday died this morning. The whole district around Bellaghaderreen is in the most excited condition. It is little short of civil war. Another horrible affray is reported from the same county. A process server was attacked by two hundred women armed with sticks and stones at Ballinamore. His police escort fired on the women, mortally wounding a girl named Byrne and severely injuring another. The girl who was killed was twenty years old.

London, April 7.—Mr. Gladstone rose to introduce the Land Bill, and was much cheered. The House was exceedingly crowded. Mr. Gladstone said the bill would deal both with the relations between landlord and tenants, and subjects which may be grouped as requiring an advancement from the Exchequer. It was the most difficult question he ever had to deal with in the course of his political life. He felt a satisfaction at exchanging the

DEBARY WORK OF REPRESSION for legislation of an improving and reforming character. The grounds which induced the Government to deal with the land question were not that Irish landlords were bad; not that the tenants of the Irish people had been made by persons whose wild

proposals are little removed from schemes of public plunder, but because the Irish Land Laws contain peculiar provisions, which prevent the prosperity of the Irish tenant. Account the report of the Beesborough Commission, the Irish people declare that they do not desire the expropriation of the landlords, or the confiscation of the property of others, but desire to cultivate in security the land of the country, and enjoy the fruits of their labor, paying a fair rent for the land. These being the views of the Irish people, we have a broad basis on which to proceed to found legislation. It is not just to say that legislation is necessary because of the faults of Irish landlords. They have stood their trials, and, as a rule, have been acquitted, though the proceedings of a limited number of them have been.

ARBITRARY, HARSH AND CRUEL. This is partly, but not the sole reason for the necessity of the legislation we are about to introduce. Mr. Gladstone then referred to the partial failure of the Land Act of 1870, which he attributed mainly, though not wholly, to the amendments the Government had introduced. He reviewed the reports of the Richmond and Beesborough Commissions, which, notwithstanding conflicting authorities, had made recommendations which had been of the greatest service to the Government. The Richmond Commission, with one dissentient, and the Beesborough Commission unanimously, agreed in recommending the establishment of a court to deal with differences between landlord and tenant regarding rent. The two great questions to be dealt with are, first, the

RELATIONS BETWEEN LANDLORD AND TENANT IN IRELAND; second, the advances from the public exchequer. He declared, that never as a Minister had he submitted any measure with a greater sense of the enormous moment of the topics and propositions involved. Nothing that can be legitimately done, he said, by a Government for the promotion of legislation shall we hesitate to do to procure the passing of an effective measure to deal with the land question of Ireland. He examined and justified in detail the principles of the measure, beginning with the right of assignment, or free sale, which, he declared, already existed by common law and custom. Before the Act of 1870 the interest which a tenant had to assign was so small as to be worthless. Under that Act tenant right, in the shape of compensation for disturbance, became something sensible and considerable. It had been recognized by every member of the Beesborough Commission. A minority of the Richmond Commission acknowledged it, and a majority had not a word to say against it. The present bill does not introduce any

UNREGULATED TENANT RIGHT. Provision is made for preventing it from passing into extravagance and for protecting the just rights of the landlords by bringing into fair competition the tenant's right to assign and the landlord's right to get what his land is reasonably worth. The salient point and cardinal feature of the bill is the institution of a court to take cognizance of rent, and which will not be deterred from taking cognizance of tenure and assignment. There is strong ground for making a resort to this court optional instead of compulsory. There may be tenants who do not desire the interference of this court. Every existing tenant might call on the court to fix a judicial rent for fifteen years, during which there could be no change, and no eviction except for a breach of certain specified covenants.

THE ULSTER CUSTOM. remains as now, at the tenant's option, but the tenants will have the protection of the general provisions of the bill for controlling the augmentation of rent. The power to contract out of the act is given where the amount amounts to £200 yearly. The Court will have final authority over land cases. It is to consist of three persons, one of whom must be a Judge or an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court. Its proper seat will be at Dublin, but extra commissioners, and, if necessary, sub-commissioners may be appointed under the control of the Central Commission.

CIVIL BILL COURTS will be Courts of first instance. It is proposed to assist tenants to purchase their holdings, and invest Courts with power to purchase lands from landlords desiring to sell and resell them, retaining the title as a guarantee for repayment and against subdivision. Advances will be made to owners, tenants and solvent companies formed for the purpose of reclaiming lands or for other agricultural improvements, on condition that the advances do not exceed the amounts the borrower has laid out on his own behalf. Advances will also be made to assist emigration. They will be under the control of the Land Commission, subject to the consent of the Treasury, and be made either to Colonial Governments or Companies. It is not proposed to place any limit on these advances beyond making them secure. Mr. Gladstone concluded by saying justice is to be the principle to guide England in regard to Ireland. (Loud cheers.)

Sir S. Northcote and Mr. Shaw stated that they did not intend to discuss the bill now. Shaw said he believed the latter part of the bill gave general satisfaction. He hoped this attempt, which he believed was made honestly and sincerely to settle the question, would be accepted in Ireland as having been made in that spirit.

Mr. Farnell said he did not intend to express an opinion on the bill at present, but regretted that the power as to emigrants was not accompanied by others enabling the Land Commission to favor emigration to lands that might be purchased for that purpose.

Mr. Forster stated that the Government would be prepared to make advances to tenants for the purchase of perpetual quit rents, this being a point which Mr. Gladstone omitted to mention in his speech. The bill was then read the first time.

London, April 8.—Discussion has arisen in the Cabinet, and there is great excitement. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Privy Seal, has resigned, and the opinion prevails that Sir Wm. Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Home Department, will also resign.

London, April 7.—The Irish members met after Gladstone's speech, and the general opinion was that if the Bill passed there would be little cause left for complaint on the part of Ireland. Fears were expressed that the House of Lords might alter the Bill.

Several meetings of Irish members were held to-night. The general opinion was favorable to the Land Bill, but exception was taken in a number of instances to the fact that no provision was made for the laboring classes. At a meeting of the Ulster members, it was decided to recommend the

Bill to the Ulster tenantry. It is stated that the Home Rulers are determined to oppose the emigration of the Irish peasantry.

[By Cable to The Post.]

London, April 8.—The Irish Land measure will differ in many respects from the accounts of it which have already been published. The bill itself, which will be in the hands of members of Parliament to-morrow, will cover twenty-seven closely printed folio pages. It is a serious effort to solve the Irish land question. Since the first draft was submitted to the Cabinet it has undergone no fewer than twenty-two important changes. It opens by conferring on all existing tenants the right of free sale subject to the reasonable objection of the landlord; to the incoming tenant such objection, however, being subject to the revision of the Land Court to be instituted. It permits landlords to

PURCHASE THE TENANTS' INTEREST. Ulster tenants may sell their interest either under the Ulster custom or under the provisions of the present bill, but they must elect one of either method. Tenants have the right to bequeath their tenancy where a landlord demands an increase of rent, and if the tenant agrees or the Court awards such an increase no alteration can be made in the rent for a term of fifteen years. No tenant can be evicted except for non-payment of rent, waste or breach of contract. A new scale of compensation for disturbance is adopted. Where the rent is made £30 it is fixed at a sum not exceeding seven years' rent; under £30 five years' rent; under £100 four years' rent; over £100 three years' rent. The tenant's right to compensation for improvement is guaranteed. The tenants may apply to the Court to fix what is the fair rent. Only tenants paying £150 rent and over can contract themselves out of the provisions of the bill. Excepting in these cases leases and contracts inconsistent with its provisions are declared void.

THIS PREVENTS ABUSES, such as took place in spite of the land act of 1870, landlords like the Duke of Leinster having compelled their tenants to accept leases contracting themselves out of the provisions of that bill. Limited owners can exercise the same powers as absolute owners under this act. This is a departure from the fundamental principles of British land laws, and it perhaps foreshadows the downfall of the law of entail and settlement. Many of the foregoing provisions were foreshadowed in the Standard's editorial on Wednesday on the land bill, which was based on an old draft of the bill. It was completely at fault in reference to the main provisions of the bill dealing with the

CREATION OF A PEASANT PROPRIETARY. Part fifth of the bill deals with the acquisition of land by tenants, the reclamation of land and emigration. It provides that the Land Commission, out of the money in their hands for the purpose, may, if satisfied with the security, advance sums to tenants for the purpose of enabling them to purchase their holdings where landlords are willing to sell. Such an advance is not to exceed three-fourths of the principal sum. When the sale of a holding is about to be made by a landlord to a tenant in consideration of the tenant paying a fine and engaging to pay to the landlord a fee as farm rent, the Commission may advance a sum equal to half the fine; payable to the landlord. Provision is also made to enable the Commission to give purchasing tenants a Parliamentary title, at a fixed scale of costs, in order to avoid the heavy legal expenses which attend the sale and transfer of landed property under the ordinary law. Tenants can pay the principal and interest by annual payment of £5 per £100, clearing off the debt in 35 years. The Treasury may authorize the Board of Works to advance money to compensate for the reclamation or improvement of waste lands on property security. The Land Commission may from time to time, with the sanction of the Treasury, enter into agreement with any person or body of persons having authority to contract on behalf of the

DOMINION OF CANADA, or of any Province thereof, or on behalf of any British colony or dependency, or any State or district in such Dominion, Province, Colony or dependency, or on behalf of any public company or other public body with whose security the Land Commission may be satisfied, for the advance by the Commission by way of a loan out of the money in their hands of such sums as they may think it desirable to expend in promoting emigration from Ireland. Such agreements shall contain such provisions relating to the mode of application of loans and the securing and repayment thereof to the Commission, and for other purposes as the Commission thinks fit under the head of supplemental provisions. The Act provides, "The Treasury may from time to time, as they think fit, issue out of the Consolidated Fund, or the growing produce thereof, the sums required for advances or purchases of estates by the landlord under this part of this Act not exceeding the sum annually granted by Parliament." Provisions are also made for tenants purchasing an estate where three-fourths of the number are prepared to levy or are willing to borrow the necessary money from the Commission. A striking feature of the bill is the recognition of occupiers' and tenants' rights as a valuable interest. Its advances to the tenant in ordinary cases are limited to a sum of £3,000. In extraordinary cases the limit is placed at £5,000. The Civil Bill Court of the country is declared the Land Court of first instance. It is provided that all differences and settlements between landlord and tenant will be submitted to arbitration. It is reported that

A PERMANENT LAND COMMISSION shall be established, to consist of three persons, one being the Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland, the Central Commission to be established in Dublin with power to establish Sub-Commissions, and the Land Commission to be the final court of appeal on all land questions. The act is to be called "The Land Law of Ireland" Act of 1881. Several paragraphs of the bill are regarded by the Irish members as conferring solid benefits on tenants. So far as it falls short of the three "F's" it creates dissatisfaction, and strong efforts will be made by the Irish party to further extend its provisions. The provisions establishing law courts and encouraging the growth of a peasant proprietary give general satisfaction. The measure if passed into a law in its present state will completely destroy the arbitrary power of the landlords. It is noticed with satisfaction that no limit is placed to the amount of money to be directed to the reclamation of waste land or the establishment of a peasant proprietary.

Mr. Gladstone, in his speech introducing the measure, expressed the hope that by continuing to give justice, Ireland would be more reconciled to England and would yet acquire self-government.

The significant allusion was warmly cheered by the Irish party, who had preserved a reserved attitude during the evening. Mr. Gladstone, not wishing to be misinterpreted, said that what he meant was that Ireland

would be granted the same kind of self-government which Scotland enjoyed.

DUBLIN, April 8.—The Land League has issued circulars to prominent Land Leaguers throughout the country and members of Parliament who are Land Leaguers, requesting them to attend a special meeting in Dublin on Tuesday to consider the Land Bill. The Lord Lieutenant has addressed a circular to magistrates throughout Ireland requesting their co-operation in stopping the illegal holding of League Courts, and reminding them that all persons taking part in the proceedings of such courts are liable to arrest under the Coercion Act. The Land Bill is received with more or less favor by all sections of the press. Agitation upon the bill has already commenced in the North of Ireland, the measure being warmly discussed throughout Ulster. Three meetings will be held next week to consider it.

The correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says, regarding the Land Bill, the general impression is that no bill of such importance was ever better received. Extreme Irish members probably take as much credit as they can for having forced the measure on the Government, and accept the bill, which probably will pass its second reading on May 1st, by a very large majority. There is universal admiration of the skill with which the bill was drawn, and of the provisions whereby the rights of the tenant appear to be protected in every conceivable case without injustice to the landlord. Conservatives, while not denying the magnitude of the proposals, do not appear to be violently averse to the provisions of the bill. The Post says Gladstone delivered his speech with unabated vigor, and was remarkable for his well-known power of lucid explanations of detail. The Post makes a sweeping attack on the landlord and tenant clauses, and says it goes far in the direction of the principles of the Land League, and proposes to change the principle of Irish land tenure, which Gladstone, 10 years ago, would have condemned as revolutionary. The Standard says the most powerful argument advanced by Gladstone in favor of his bill is the existence of certain defects in the Land Act of 1870. It strongly condemns the clauses appropriating money, and says the bill with revision and amendment might be passed the present session, but the bill as supplemented contains materials which would require at least two sessions before it could be carried into a serviceable Act of Parliament. The Daily News says the bill meets with the cordial approval of the Liberal party.

London, April 8.—Lord Carlingford, known as Mr. Forster, formerly Secretary for Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's previous Administration, has been appointed to succeed the Duke of Argyll as Lord Privy Seal in the Cabinet, the Duke having resigned in consequence of his inability to agree to support Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill.

In the House of Lords to-night, His Grace the Duke of Argyll, in presence of an unusual number of their Lordships, explained his reasons for resigning the position of Lord Privy Seal in the Cabinet. He said he had made every effort to reconcile himself to the support of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, but found it impossible to do so. From his point of view he considered that the bill, if made law would paralyze the ownership of land in Ireland, by placing it under fetters and limitations under which it is not placed in any civilized country in the world. Under the bill neither landlord nor tenant would be the owner of the land; the ownership would be invested in a commission or put in abeyance, and the result would be most fatally injurious to agricultural interests throughout the United Kingdom, and more especially so in Ireland. The effect of the Duke's speech upon Irish members of Parliament is very bad; they say it foreshadows the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's bill in the House of Lords, and they will have to return to their constituents at the close of the session and tell them that while the English Parliament was ready to impose upon Ireland the most onerous and oppressive coercion, it would not give to her the slightest relief from the unjust and cruel land laws which have made it impossible for Ireland to prosper, although England's Prime Minister and the majority of her elected representatives declared such relief absolutely necessary, and was only the merest justice. The excitement among Irish members runs high, and their exasperation is great.

Concluded on Eighth Page.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881. The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and it is the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering if it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

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

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

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

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

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

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness from the 1st December, 1880, to the 31st December 1881 (thirteen months), including the one back number.

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

All the above subscriptions are for the term ending December 31st, 1881 (13 months). Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness.

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

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

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

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. A minister out in the far West, who has been troubled a good deal over marriage fees, issued the following circular and price list:—"One marriage, plain, \$2; ditto, kissing the bride, \$3; ditto, trimmed with one groomsmen and one bridesmaid, \$4; 50 cents extra for each additional groomsmen or bridesmaid. Bachelors past 40 will be charged extra. Maids of age 10 per centum off. Mileage will be charged in long distance matches. Liberal reduction to clubs. Payments in cash; no notes or securities accepted. No money refunded or rebates made for poor goods. Come early, and come often.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$5 to \$20 per day for home. Samples worth \$5. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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

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

NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency, 29 King St. West, Toronto, W. W. Butler, Manager, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

DR. KANNON, C.M.M.D., M.C.P.S. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, etc. 209 1/2 St. Joseph Street, (over McCall's Drug Store.)

FOR SALE. SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS, AND ALSO City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms.

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

Manufacturers of CHURCH ORNAMENTS, STATUES &c. 252 NOTRE-DAME ST. MONTREAL.

PEACHES for PIES. In packing our peaches we have a great many perfectly ripe peaches, and we put in 25 lbs. of fruit, which we put in gallon cans without sugar, expressly for pies. As they are pure, they make very nice Peach Pies.

A small consignment of above received by A. & C. Wolfe, Corner of St. James and St. Louis Streets, 77 St. James Street - MONTREAL.

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION. Revised Immigration Circulars just published and sent free to any address. Address: Catholic Colonization Bureau, ST. PAUL, MINN., U.S.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. A treatise on the individual economy of the people. The author is the people of Montreal. Should have their Dress, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, etc., etc. Cleaned, or Dyed at the ROYAL DYE WORKS, the place where good work and satisfaction is guaranteed.

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 706 CLAIKE STREET. JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor. Established 1870.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BARBER (A. B.). Les Presses de Cornouailles. L'abbé (A. B.). Les Presses de Cornouailles. L'abbé (A. B.). Les Presses de Cornouailles.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. POND'S EXTRACT. THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRAGES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped by Pond's Extract. A drawing of Pond's Extract is sent to all who send for it.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Catarrh. The Extract is the only specific for this disease. Cold in Head. Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. Burns and Scalds. Inflamed or Sore Eyes.

Earache, Toothache and Faceache. Piles, Bilind, Bleeding, or Itching. For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Female Complaints.

CAUTION. Pond's Extract. Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trademark on surrounding wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. It is the best and the only one.

Price of Pond's Extract, Toilet Articles and Specialties. POND'S EXTRACT, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.75. Pond's Extract, Toilet Paper, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Pond's Extract, Toilet Soap, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Pond's Extract, Toilet Cream, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Solely for the month of March, on receipt of \$5.00. Orders for \$5 worth, carriage free, on receipt of \$5.00, if addressed to: No. 14 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

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