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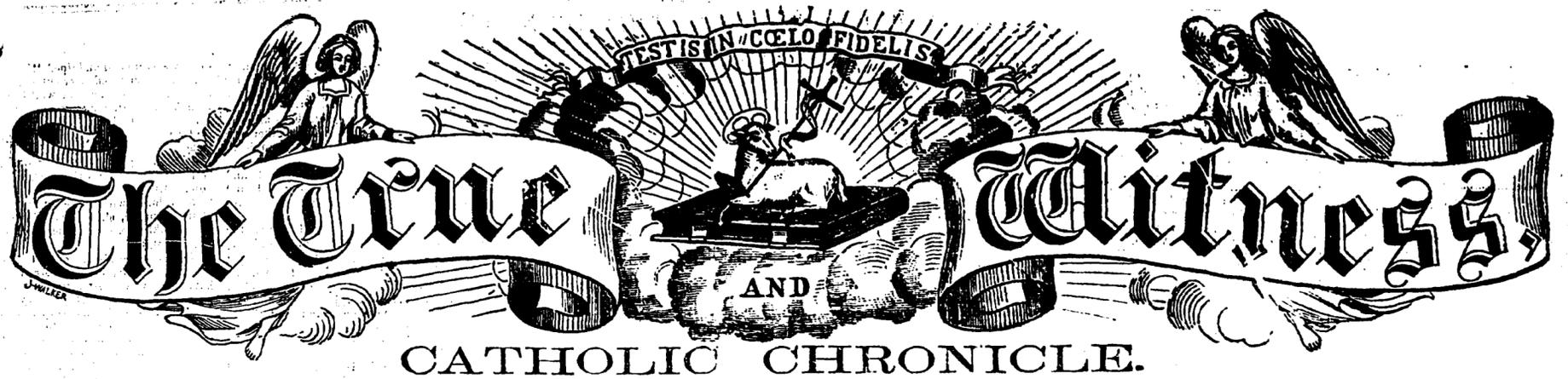
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VOL. XXX.—NO. 40.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1880.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

THE STATUE OF CLAY.

"Make me a statue," said the King. "Of marble, white as snow. It must be pure enough to stand before my throne at my right hand. The niche is waiting. Go!"

KNOCK.

Visions and Miracles Last Week Seen and Testified to by a Citizen—A Parent Raised From a Dying Bed—Sight Restored—An American With a Paralyzed Side Completely Cured.

(From the Munster News.) These wonderful and glorious miracles which are vouchsafed to the faithful who flock in myriads to the holy shrine at Knock...

people lived close to the Pyrenees, at a place called Batharram. They were a class of peasant who were always remarkable for their honest devotion—and the result of the vision of the Blessed Virgin was that a church was afterwards erected there and a pilgrimage established, and though it passed through some very severe trials it stands to the present time, a monument of that most remarkable and blessed period.

CURES ATTRIBUTED TO THE CEMENT OF KNOCK CHAPEL.

The following letter from Montreal has been sent to us for insertion:— MONTREAL, March 28, 1880. DEAREST COUSIN KATE—A few weeks ago I was the happy recipient of your very welcome letter, which contained the very precious relic from "Knock Chapel."

fore. If this case should only have lasted for one week it is a miracle, as during five months he did not know what it was to be free from pain for two hours in succession.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

Kills of the Land System—Starvation in the West of Ireland—The Stolen Estates of Catholics—Mr. Redpath's Lecture.

James Redpath, the correspondent whose letters to the Tribune on the Irish famine were read with great interest, lectured lately in New York, in the Cooper Institute, to a large audience.

THE INTRODUCTION AND THE LECTURE.

Congressman S. S. Cox was called upon to preside over the Cooper Institute meeting to hear James Redpath's lecture on Ireland.

THE EXACTIONS OF THE LANDLORDS.

The priests, who live among the people, say so; the land reformers, who spring from the ranks of the peasantry, say so; and every honest enquirer, I think, will say so; if he studies without bias the history and statistics of the Irish farmers of the present century.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE IN LEINSTER.

Let us begin with the least distressed province of Leinster. There is no finer country in the temperate zone. There is no natural reason why poverty should ever cast its blighting shadows about the green and fertile fields of Leinster, but even here evictions have done their perfect work.

\$30,000,000 yearly to 6,000 or 7,000 landlords, who do nothing but hunt a fox, or hunt the tenantry. The Government that upholds this cruel system abstracts \$35,000,000 more from the land in imperial taxation, while there is left for food, clothing, and sustenance for 5,000,000 of people, not more than \$30,000,000, or about \$10 per head yearly.

A GLANCE AT ULSTER.

Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland and Ulster, to which we will now proceed, contains 480,000 more persons than Leinster. English writers and their American echoes have so constantly asserted that Ulster is always prosperous, and they have so constantly attributed that prosperity to the influence of Protestantism, that I must ask leave to expose the cruel and cowardly hypocrisy of this pretence.

These crimes belong to the past it is true, but it is equally true that their results remain. It is not a question of spiritual things, but of temporal things; it is not what faith we hold about our home in the next world, but what hold we have on our home in this.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Let us now approach the sacred soil of Munster and Connaught. There is nothing on this earth so sacred as human sorrows. Christianity itself has been defined as the worship of sorrow.

The local committee of the Mansion House report 232,759 in distress in Munster; and in Connaught, out of a population of 911,339, 421,750 persons are in extreme distress.

The landlords are absentees. Few of them have reduced their rent at all, and none of them have reduced it in the ratio of the decreased productiveness of the land.

What is the duty of the friends of Ireland? First, to feed the people who are starving, and after that to help them to improve their condition. (Applause.) Their condition is appalling. I find that belief prevails and is spreading among Americans that the accounts of the Irish famine have been exaggerated for political purposes.

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I know that not one-tenth of the truth has been told. And so, as I have already in the Tribune (applause)—told a part of what I saw, I determined to-night to try to bring witness to confirm my testimony, so that no man should be able to pretend to believe that the distress in Ireland had been made the excuse for raising money under false pretences.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

A Sketch of the Originator of the Land Movement.

Davitt was born of peasant parents, near Straide, County Mayo, in 1846—that year of trial and torture to the Irish people.

TORN DOWN OVER HIS HEAD.

by that ruthless institution which has played so prominent a part in Ireland's history—the Crowbar Brigade—the executive of the landlord's will; and he, with his parents and family, were thrown upon the roadside to live or die, as they might for all the reigning power cared.

THE HANDS OF THE HOME-DESTRUCTORS.

have been here and performed their work, leaving Straide but a name to mark the place where happy homesteads once stood, and whence an inoffensive people were driven to the four corners of the earth by the decree of Irish Landlordism.

What wonder that such laws should become hateful and when felt by personal experience of their tyranny and injustice, that a life of irreconcilable enmity to them should follow, and that, standing here on the spot where I first drew breath,

IN SIGHT OF A LEVELLED HOME.

with memories of privation and tortures crowding upon my mind, I should swear to devote the remainder of that life to the destruction of what has blasted my early years, pursued me with its vengeance through manhood, and leaves my family in exile to-day far from that Ireland which is itself wronged, robbed, and humiliated through the agency of the same accursed system.

AFTER THE EVICTION.

the Davitt family left Ireland, a portion coming to America, but the parents going to England. In the factory town of Rothdale young Davitt grew up, and, like most children of such surroundings, he was early serving a master in one of the factories.

that he could overthrow that wrong; and it was no "due to such men as Michael Davitt that more in that direction was not accomplished.

When the call came from Ireland for men in '65, Davitt was one of the first to respond, and was not the least disheartened at the failure, as was shown by his willingness to obey a second call in leading a detachment of the 2,000 North of England men who had gathered to attack Chester Castle.

There are many interesting incidents connected with this portion of his life which we pass over to come to what is really the most important and the one part in which he will be best known to posterity.

On returning to Ireland he set to work with his usual vigor, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the machinery of the Irish Land League in motion.

over to the cause of Irish Land Reform, upon whose platform every Irishman, regardless of other prejudices, could unite. Mr. Parnell, who has always been a well-meaning man, who had previously thought of other methods of attacking the manner of his connection with the agitation.

It was a very significant fact showing the anomalies of English law, that both Davitt and Parnell repeated, without interference in England, the very same speech delivered by the former in Curteen, and Davitt actually improved upon the same a few months ago, in London, before the English Land Reform Convention, to thousands of cheering Englishmen.

He is a man of educated thought and wide and varied reading, as well as of practical work, and among his many accomplishments is a thorough knowledge of the Irish, French and Italian languages, while the purest English is to be found in his public utterances.

A RECEPTION TO MR. PARNELL.

London, May 13.—Mr. Justin McCarthy (Home Ruler), member of the House of Commons for Longford County, has been selected as Chairman of a committee formed of representatives of the Irish organizations in London, to offer a public reception to Mr. Parnell.

The residence of Ralph Brooke, in Wiltshire, England, is offered for sale on account of his approaching return to Barak. The house, which is of stone and of classic architecture, is advertised as containing four reception rooms and sixteen bedrooms.

One Night's Mystery.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Bertie's good looks and Chesterfieldian manners were magnificently praised. Sydney's improved, pretentious eloquently commented on. Then the party became general. They played croquet, they played billiards, and did both with such gay laughter and tumult that they penetrated even to the drawing-room, where the elderly lady sat, raising a smile on their sober faces.

Star Island was proposed as a matter of course, but Bertie Vaughan protested against it. They were very well off as they were—he always believed it was a good maxim to let well enough alone. So the idea was given up, and the difficulty tided over.

Let us take a walk on the beach, then, said Sydney, who loved the sea; 'it is an hour now till dinner time and the water does look so calm and lovely.'

They all went down—Sydney and the Meers. Sunderland leading the way, Bertie and the Misses Sunderland following. It was lovely; the soft salt waves came lapping to their very feet, a faint breeze rippled the steely surface of the Atlantic, boats floated over like birds, and Star Island lay like a green gem in its blue bosom.

The elder Mr. Sunderland had brought a telescope, by the aid of which the revellers could be seen making merry afar off.

They're the theatre people from Wyckcliffe, Mr. Sunderland said, adjusting the glass for Miss Owens. 'and a lot of young fellows for Miss Owens. 'and a lot of young fellows for Miss Owens. 'and a lot of young fellows for Miss Owens.'

'Who's Dolly De Courcy?' asked Sydney; and Bertie Vaughan's guilty heart gave a jump, and then stood still.

'Oh! a pretty black-eyed actress from New York. Very jolly girl—ah, Vaughan? You know,' laughed Mr. Sunderland the elder.

In an instant—how Bertie did curse his fatal complexion in his heart—the red tide of guilt had mounted to his eyes. Both the Sunderlands laughed, a malicious laugh, Sydney looked surprised, and the younger Miss Sunderland, who was only sixteen and didn't know much, said:

'Law! look how Bertie's blushing.' 'I—I know Miss De Courcy—that is, slightly,' said Bertie, feeling that everybody was looking at him, and that he was expected to say something. At which answer the two Mr. Sunderlands laughed more than ever, and only stopped short at a warning from Miss Sunderland the elder, and a wondering one from Sydney.

'See! they're going home; they're putting off in two boats,' cried Miss Susie Sunderland, holding her hand over one eye, and squinting through the glass with the other. 'Oh, I can see them just as plain! one, two, three, four, oh! a dozen of them. There's the red shawl, and black feather, too, and there's Ben! yes, it is, Ben Ward, Mamie, helping her in. They've—' they're sat down, and oh! goodness, he's put his arm around her waist; he, he, he! giggled Miss Susie.

'Perhaps you would like to look, Mamie?' said the wicked elder brother, taking the glass from Susie and presenting it with much politeness to his elder sister whose turn it had been to redden at Susie's words. For the perfidious Benjamin Ward, Esquire, had been 'paying attention' to Miss Mamie Sunderland, very markedly indeed, before that wicked little fellow of men, Dolly De Courcy, had come along to demoralize him.

'No, thank you, Miss Sunderland responded, her eyes slightly flashing, her tone slightly acidulated; 'the going on of a crowd of actors and actresses don't interest me. Mr. Vaughan, just see those pretty sea-anemones; please get me some.'

Mr. Vaughan goes for the sea anemones with her, and Miss Mamie becomes absorbed in them, suspiciously absorbed, indeed, but all the same she covertly watches that coming boat with bitterness of heart. Alarm is mingled with Mr. Vaughan's bitterness, and as the boat draws nearer and nearer, he rather nervously proposes that they shall go back; the wind is blowing chilly; Miss Mamie may take cold.

'I never take cold,' Miss Mamie answers shortly. 'I prefer staying here.'

So they stay, and the boat draws nearer and nearer. Sydney, with an interest she cannot define, watches it through the glass adjusted upon Harry Sunderland's shoulder. They have a glass, too; the gentleman who sits beside the scarlet shawl and black feather fixes it for his companion, and she gazes steadily at the shore.

Still they drew nearer. Does Ben Ward do it (he is steering) with malice prepense? They come within five yards. No need of glasses now. Dolly De Courcy is sitting very close beside Ben Ward, laughing and flirting, and she looks straight at Bertie Vaughan, who takes off his hat, and never sees him. Mr. Ward elevates his chapeau politely to the Misses Sunderland, which salutation Miss Mamie, with freezing dignity, returns.

'Pretty Dolly gave you the cut direct, Vaughan,' says the elder Sunderland, enjoying largely his discomfiture. Harry Sunderland is a manly fellow himself, and has a thorough-going contempt for insipid dandy Bertie; for else she has suddenly grown shortsighted.

But Bertie is on guard now, and his face tells nothing, as Sydney wonderingly looks at it. For he recognized the handsome, dark girl in the scarlet shawl as the same she encountered walking late last evening with somebody that looked so suspiciously like Bertie.

'The water party float away in the distance, Miss De Courcy singing one of her high, sweet stage songs as they go. As it dies out into the sunset distance they turn as by one accord, and go back to the house: two of the crowd thoroughly out of sorts with themselves and all the world. Sydney, who, was rather silent. What did all this mean? she wondered. Most obedient to her father, she was most willing to marry Bertie Vaughan to please him, without much love on either side. Yet that he cared for her as much as she did for him, was as loyal to her as she was to him, she had never for a second doubted. But now a vague, undefinable feeling of wounded pride and distrust had arisen within her. What was the actress with the black, bold eyes to him, that he should redden and pale at the very sound of her name?

'It is Bertie Vaughan, then I wonder? Pretty Miss Vaughan—the Fair One With The Golden Locks? we fellows call him, who is the actress with the black eyes? If it is that milk-sop, Dolly, I'm surprised at your taste, upon my word, and honor, I am.'

'It is a business of yours, Mr. Ward, who it is? cries out Dolly, her black eyes snapping in the moonlight; 'isn't you, anyhow, be sure of that. And if you think your earnings are thrown away, I'll give you back to you. It shall never be said that Dolly De Courcy took any man's presents under false pretences!'

'Oh! d—' the exclamation said Mr. Ward. 'I never thought of them; and you know it; but, seriously, Dolly, I think heaps of you; never saw a girl in all my life. I like so well, and I'll marry you any day, you like—so there! Can I say fairer than that? If I do not see your thinking of Miss Vaughan; it isn't, Dolly, upon my soul. He's booked for his cousin—she isn't his cousin, by-the-by—and has been, ever since he left off petticoats. He hasn't got a red cent but what the old man will give him; and the wedding is fixed to come off in a month. He's spoony on you, I know, Dolly, but he can't marry you, because he hasn't a rap to live on. Now think over all this, and make up your mind to be

CHAPTER XIV. MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER. DINNER awaits them. It wants but three minutes to the hour as they struggle in, and Captain Owens sits, watch in hand, stormy weather threatening in his eyes. The signs of the tempest clear away as they enter, and

Mrs. Ben Ward, whose you'll never get a better offer, no, by George! while your name's Dolly.' 'Have you got anything more to say?' demanded Miss De Courcy, standing at the gate, and with anything but a melting expression, as Mr. Ward poured forth his tender wooing.

'Well, I guess not at present. What do you say, Dolly?' 'I say good-night, for the last time, and go home and go to bed!' snapped Dolly De Courcy, marching with a majestic Lady Macbeth sort of stride to her own front door.

'All right,' retorted the imperturbable Ben. 'Good-night! Dolly.' 'But Dolly was gone, and Mr. Ward laughed a little laugh to himself, struck a match, pulled out a stumpy, black meerschaum, lit it, and went on his homeward way.

It was only a question of time, he said aloud, glancing up at the one lighted window of the cottage; she's a bewitching little devil, and I'm bound to make her Mrs. W. She's soft on 'The Fair One,' at present, but she'll get over that. He must marry little Miss Sydney, and then Dolly will have me, if only for spite.

As he strode away, out from the dark shadows of the pines stalked Bertie, pale and ferocious with jealousy. It was precisely like one of Miss De Courcy's situations on the stage.

'Will she have you if only for spite?' repeated Mr. Vaughan between his teeth in most approved style; 'and she is soft on me at present, is she? Confounded cad! I wonder I didn't come out and knock him down there and then.'

Seeing that sinewy Ben Ward could have taken Bertie by the waist-band and laid him low in the kennel any moment he liked, perhaps after all it was not to be wondered at. He opened the garden gate, flung a handful of loose gravel up at the lighted panes, and waited. There was a momentary pause; then the curtains moved about an inch aside, and in a tone of suppressed fury a voice demanded:

'Is that you, Ben Ward?' 'No, Dolly—it's Bertie.' Like a flash the muslin curtain was swept away, and Dolly's eager face, eager and glad, in spite of all her efforts, appeared.

'You, Mr. Vaughan! and at this time of night! I may ask what this insult means?' 'Oh, nonsense, Dolly. You're not on the stage now. Come down—there's a darling girl—I've something to say to you.'

'Mr. Vaughan, it is almost twelve o'clock—midnight! And you ask me to come down! What do you think I am?' 'The dearest girl in creation. Come, Dolly, what's the use of that rubbish?'

Miss De Courcy, without more ado, drops the curtain, goes deliberately down stairs, unlocks the door, and stands in the moonlight before her lover.

'My darling! He makes an eager step forward, but with chilling dignity Miss De Courcy waves him off.

'That will do, Mr. Vaughan! I know what your 'my darlings' are worth. If I told you my opinion of you this moment, you would hardly feel flattered. I hope you enjoyed yourself with your charming cousin today.'

The withering scorn of this speech could only have been done by an actress. Miss Dolly in a fine stage attitude, stood and looked down upon Mr. Vaughan.

'No, Dolly, I didn't enjoy myself. Was it likely, with you on Star Island with Ben Ward? I had to go. I tried to get out of it—tried my best—and failed. I can't afford to offend my uncle—that is the truth—and at the bare mention of my having an engagement he flew into a passion; and you ought to see the passions he can fly into. No, I did not enjoy myself, but I had to go.'

'Oh-h!' said Miss De Courcy, coldly. 'I always thought you were a grown man, not a little boy, to be ordered about and made do as you are bid. Since you are so afraid of this awful Captain Owens, then, and so dependent upon him, of course the moment he tells you to marry his heiress you'll buy a white tie and go and do it. Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Vaughan, because even an actress may have a reputation to lose if seen standing here with you after midnight.'

She turned as if to go—then lingered. For he stood silent leaning against a tree, and something in his face and attitude touched her.

'Have you anything more to say?' she repeated holding the door.

'No, Dolly, since you take that tone—nothing. What you say is true—it is pitiful in a fellow of twenty-one to be ordered about like a fellow of twelve, and I ought to have held out and braved the old man's displeasure and gone with you. I have nothing to say in my own defence, and I have no right to do anything that will compromise you in the sight of Ben Ward. He's rich and I'm poor, and I suppose you'll marry him, Dolly. I have no right to say anything, but it's rather hard.'

He broke off. The next instant impulsive Dolly was down the steps and by his side, her whole heart (and it was as honest and true a heart as ever beat in its way) in her dark shining eyes.

'No right?' she cried out. 'Oh, Bertie! if you care for me you have every right!'

'If I care for you?' the blue eye looks eloquently into the black ones; 'do you doubt that too?'

'No!' exclaimed Dolly, doubt, anger, jealousy, all swept away in her love for this man. 'You do like me, Bertie! Oh, I know that! You do like me better than her?'

'Than her? Than whom?' 'Oh! you know—I've no patience to talk about her, your cousin, the heiress, Miss Owens. She's sweetly pretty, too—but, Bertie, do say it; tell me the real truth, you do like me better than her?'

He bends down his handsome face, and whispers his answers—an answer that brings the swift blood into the dusk cheeks of the actress, and a wonderful light into the glittering black eyes.

'But what is the use of it all?' she breaks out with an impatient sigh. 'You are afraid of her father. You are dependent on him. You will not dare offend him, and—you will marry her!'

'No, by Jove!' exclaims Bertie. 'I'll marry nobody but you, Dolly—that I swear. If I lost you, if you married Ward, I'd blow my brains out. I couldn't live without you. I don't know how I came to be so awfully fond of you, but I couldn't. And I wish you wouldn't take things from Ward; ear-rings, or flowers even, or from any of them. You belong to me, and I don't like it.'

'Very well, Bertie,' assents Dolly with a long-drawn, happy breath. 'I won't. I don't care for 'em or their presents, but I was mad to see you there on the shore; and then Ben Ward told me all about you going to marry Miss Owens, and the wedding things coming from Paris; and the wedding to be next month, until he had me, half insane. It has been the most miserable evening in my life.'

'Indeed! No one would have thought so to hear you and Ward laugh.'

'If I had a language, I would have cried, and accused him for the stage as well as on. Oh, Bertie, don't do me about this. Flore you so well that—' her voice actually faltered, tears actually rose to her dark black eyes.

'I won't, Dolly, I swear it! And you—you're very exacting over you have behind in New York?—how am I to know you are not engaged even to some fellow there?'

'It was a random shot, but it struck home. In the moonlight he saw her start suddenly and turn pale.

'Ha! he said, 'it is true, then? You are engaged?'

'Bertie,' she faltered, 'I don't care for a single man on all the earth but you! You believe that?'

'But you are engaged in New York?'

'Ye—s—that is, I was. But I'll write and break it off—I will to-morrow morning. Bertie, don't look like that. I never really cared for him, he was too fiery and tyrannical.'

'What is his name?' Vaughan gloomily asked.

'What does it matter about his name? I'll never see him again if I can help it. I'll write and end it all to-morrow. Come, Bertie, don't look so cross; after all, it only makes us even.'

'Yes, it only makes us even,' he repeated, rather bitterly; 'even in duplicity and dishonesty. I'm a villain and a fool too, I dare say, in this business, but I'll see it to the end for all that.'

'A villain and a fool for caring for me, no doubt,' the actress retorted, angrily.

'Yes, Dolly, but I do care for you, you see, and I have never refused myself anything I cared for, and don't mean to begin now. So I shall marry you—how or when I don't quite know yet, but I mean to marry you and you only.'

She nestles close to him, and there's silence. The pale blue moonlight, the whispering wind, the rustling trees, nothing else to see or hear.

'Why didn't you tell me all this sooner?' the girl asks at length. 'Why did you leave it to Ben Ward? Even last night you deceived me—making me think she was a little ugly school girl.'

'Why didn't you tell me about the man in New York? Why hadn't you told him about me? It won't do for you and me to throw stones at each other—we have both been living in glass houses. Let us say quite Dolly, and bury the hatchet. You know all now. You believe I love you, and mean to marry you, and not Miss Owens, and that, I take it, is the main point.'

'But Bertie, this can't go on long. She expects you to marry her next month.'

'Her father does—she doesn't.' She would very much rather not marry me at all. And next month isn't this. Sufficient unto the day the evil thereof.'

Unconsciously to himself Bertie Vaughan was a profound fatalist, letting his life drift on, a firm believer in the 'Something-to-turn-up' doctrine.

'You see,' he went on, 'the governor's life hangs on a thread—on a hair. At any moment it may end. His will is made, and I am handsomely remembered in it. He may die suddenly before the wedding-day—in which case I'll be a poor fellow. The moment he finds out this he will destroy that will, turn me out, and disinherit me. Have I not reason enough for silence? Just let things drift on, Dolly—it will do no harm; and if, on the eve of the wedding-day, he is still alive, then I will throw up the sponge to fate, run away with you, turn actor or crossing sweeper, and live happy ever after. There is no programme!'

He passed, Dolly De Courcy stood silent, her sea-black eyes fixed thoughtfully upon him. How selfish, how craven, how utterly without heart, generosity, honor or gratitude, this man she loved was! This man who looked like a young Apollo here in the moon's rays. False to the core, how could she expect him to be true to her? Unstable as water, would not the love of wealth prove the stronger in the end? Might he not play her false, and marry Captain Owens's fair young heiress after all?

'No! Dolly cried, inwardly; 'that he shall not! I have his letters—I will go to Owens Place, and show them to this haughty Englishman and his daughter first. He shall never play fast and loose with me.'

'And now, darling, I must be off,' Vaughan said, looking at his watch. 'Ye gods! half-past one. Farewell, Dolly; remember! no more flirtations with Ward. Give him his ear-rings and his conge to-morrow.'

'I'll keep the ear-rings, but I'll give him his conge, replied prudent Dolly. 'Good-night, Bertie. Be as false as you like to all the rest of the world, but be true to me.'

'Loyal je serai duran ma vie!' laughs Bertie Vaughan, and then he is through the little garden gate and away. Dolly stands and watches the slender figure of her lover out of sight, then turns.

'Faithful unto death,' she says to herself. 'Yes you will be that to me, for I shall make you.'

The clocks of Wyckcliffe were striking two as Vaughan came in sight of his home. To his surprise a light burned in Captain Owens's chamber, and figures fitted to and fro. He stopped; a sudden thought—shall he be said hope! sending the blood to his face. Was the squire sick, was he—dead? The rest of the house was unlighted. Perhaps, his absence had not been discovered. He softly inserted his latch-key and opened the door. All was darkness. He closed it and stepped in. As he did so a light appeared on the upper landing, and some one lightly and swiftly began descending the stairs.

'Perkins, is that you?' the soft voice of Sydney asked.

'There was no reply. She descended two or three more stairs lamp in hand, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, and came face to face with Bertie Vaughan.

Presently the chamber door opened and Doctor Howard came out, looking jolly and at ease. Sydney sprang up and ran toward him.

'It's all right, my dear, it's all right,' the old doctor said, patting the cold hands she held out to him; 'papa won't leave me yet awhile. He thinks he will, but, bless you, we know better. If he keeps quiet, he's good for a dozen years yet. Now, just run in and kiss him good-night, and then away to bed. Those pretty eyes are too bright to be dimmed by late hours. Ah, Mr. Bertie, good-morning to you, sir.'

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'And now, darling, I must be off,' Vaughan said, looking at his watch. 'Ye gods! half-past one. Farewell, Dolly; remember! no more flirtations with Ward. Give him his ear-rings and his conge to-morrow.'

'I'll keep the ear-rings, but I'll give him his conge, replied prudent Dolly. 'Good-night, Bertie. Be as false as you like to all the rest of the world, but be true to me.'

'Loyal je serai duran ma vie!' laughs Bertie Vaughan, and then he is through the little garden gate and away. Dolly stands and watches the slender figure of her lover out of sight, then turns.

'Faithful unto death,' she says to herself. 'Yes you will be that to me, for I shall make you.'

The clocks of Wyckcliffe were striking two as Vaughan came in sight of his home. To his surprise a light burned in Captain Owens's chamber, and figures fitted to and fro. He stopped; a sudden thought—shall he be said hope! sending the blood to his face. Was the squire sick, was he—dead? The rest of the house was unlighted. Perhaps, his absence had not been discovered. He softly inserted his latch-key and opened the door. All was darkness. He closed it and stepped in. As he did so a light appeared on the upper landing, and some one lightly and swiftly began descending the stairs.

'Perkins, is that you?' the soft voice of Sydney asked.

'There was no reply. She descended two or three more stairs lamp in hand, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, and came face to face with Bertie Vaughan.

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care. And in two or three years some lucky fellow would win her heart and become master of Owens Place. A pang of jealousy and envy shot through him as he thought it. He was prepared to resign both himself, but all the same the idea of that other who would profit by his folly was unbearable to him.

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Sydney left her, to change her own dress before dinner. Cyrilla sat down for a moment in the low easy chair in front of the fire, burning cheerily in the steel grate, and slowly and thoughtfully removed her wraps.

"So, she thought, 'that's the way the land lies—already Master Bertie has placed his pretty face and impetuous hand at another shrine, and Sydney has found it out. He doesn't like me. I could see that. We are antagonistic at sight. All your weak men are fickle and foolish: I wonder who his imitator can be?"

"Sigh no more, in sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever. One foot on sea and one on shore, To one thing constant never. Then sigh not so, But let them go."

Cyrilla hummed softly as she dressed. She wore the before-mentioned garnet merino, the gold and ruby set, a jet comb in her black hair, a cluster of scarlet geranium blossoms and velvet green leaf over one ear.

"Thoroughbred," was Captain Owenson's inward critique; "a Bohemian by accident, a lady by birth and breeding to the core. Ah! they may say what they like in this new land, but blood will tell."

He gave his handsome guest his arm to the dining-room, with stately Sir Charles Grandison courtesy. Bertie followed after with Aunt Char, and Sydney came in the rear.

"I say, Bertie, can't you get up anything to amuse the girls this evening?" the captain inquired. "There's a theatre of some sort over in the town, they tell me. Is it eligible?"

"All the people of Wyckliffe attend, sir. 'Ha! do they? And what is the play to-night?' Anything worth going to see?"

"The 'School for Scandal' and the 'Lion of Love,'" answered Mr. Bertie Vaughan. "Ambitions at least—capital things both. And two actors, my boy—very fourth or fifth class, no doubt, as betis strolling players?"

"A few of them, sir; a few also are very good indeed," answered Vaughan, rather resentfully. "Them, what do you say, young ladies? What do you say, mamma? Shall Bertie take you to see the 'School for Scandal'?"

"I should like to see those, papa," responded Sydney. "And so should I, I am sure," said Aunt Char. "There's nothing I used to be so fond of when I was a girl as going to the theatre."

"And you, Miss Hendrick," inquired the deferential host. "I shall be charmed, Captain Owenson; I delight in the theatre." "Then that is settled. There will be no trouble about seats, or anything of that sort, Bertie?"

"I am not so sure of that, sir. It is a benefit to-night, you see, and the season closes tomorrow. The beneficiary is a prime favorite, and the house is likely to be crowded."

"Who is the beneficiary?" asked Sydney, flashing a sudden intent look into his face. "That fatal trick of blushing! Up came the blood of conscious guilt into the ingenious face of Mr. Vaughan."

"Miss De Courcy—you saw her the other night, you remember. She plays Lady Teazle." "What's the boy blushing about?" cried the captain. "Miss De—what did you say, Bertie?"

"De Courcy, sir—a *nom de theatre*, no doubt, answered Bertie, his natural complexion back once more. As he made the reply he looked involuntarily across at Miss Hendrick, to find that young lady's dark searching eyes fixed full upon him—a look of amusement in their depths."

"She should be a tolerable actress to undertake Lady Teazle," Cyrilla said, suavely. "I know of no more difficult part." "She is a good actress—a charming actress," retorted Bertie, a certain defiance in his tone. "I have seen many, but never one much better."

"Isn't she rather wasting her sweetness on desert air, then?" suggested the captain. "It seems a pity such transcendent talent should be thrown away on mill-men. Suppose you all start early and so make sure of good seats."

"There was a universal up-rising, a universal alacrity in hastening away to prepare. Squire Owenson's proposal met the views of all capitally."

Bertie, who had looked forward to a long, dragging, dull evening listening to Sydney and her friends' playing the piano or gossiping about the school, brightened up wonderfully. Sydney had an insatiable curiosity to see again the actress whose very name could bring hot galls to Bertie's boyish face, and Cyrilla was desirous of beholding Sydney's rival. So a hasty toilet was made, and the three ladies piled into the carriage, with Bertie, submerged in drapery, between them, and were driving away through a whirling snow-storm to the Wyckliffe theatre.

"Half an hour later," and with the last bars of the "Agnus Dei" Quadrille, with which the provincial orchestra was delighting the audience, died away, there entered a group that at once aroused the interest of the house. A flutter of surprise and admiration ran along the benches—a hundred pair of eyes turned to stare with right good will. The theatre was filled, as Vaughan had foretold—pretty, pliant Dolly was so great a favorite that they were giving a bumper house."

Bertie Vaughan came first, with a young lady on his arm—Miss Owenson—a tall, dark, stately young lady, wearing an opera wrap, a jet comb, and scarlet geranium blossoms in her hair. Miss Owenson came next, with her mamma, looking fair as a lily, her light flowing hair falling loose and unadorned. A few significant looks, a few significant smiles were interchanged. It would be rather good fun to see the actress Vaughan was in love with, and the heiress he was to marry face to face.

The broad, universal stare sent the color fluttering tremulously in and out of Sydney's childish face. Miss Hendrick bore it all with the profoundly unconscious air of a three-seasoned belle, hardened by long custom to open admiration. "A little bell tinkled as they took their places, the curtain went up, and the 'School for Scandal' began."

Cyrilla, lying gracefully back in her chair, slowly fluttering her fan, smiled with barely-repressed disdain as she watched the first scene. Ah! she had seen that most bewitching of comedies played three years ago, in London, in a theatre where all were good, and a few were nearly perfect. To Sydney it was simply entrancing. It was almost her first visit to a play, and she was never prepared nor inclined, to make invidious distinctions.

So absorbed did she become—that she almost forgot her principal object in coming, until at last Lady Teazle appeared on the stage. A tumult of applause greeted her, and Dolly, looking charmingly in the piquant costume of old Sir Peter's youthful wife, bowed, and dimpled, and smiled her thanks.

"Ah! pretty, decidedly!" was Miss Hendrick's thought. "She glanced at Bertie Vaughan. Yes, the tall, fair, face had lit up, the eyes were alight, a smile of eager welcome was on his lips, his hidden hands were applauding tumultuously. She glanced at Sydney. A sort of pallor had chased away the flush of absorption; a sort of gravity her friends had never seen there before, set her soft, childish mouth."

"Poor little Syd!" Cyrilla thought; "it is rather hard your father should insist upon making you miserable for life whether or no. You don't love this handsome dandy, but he will break your heart all the same. I would like to see the actress, were she beautiful as Venus herself, that Fred Carew would throw me over for!"

The play went on. Dolly did her best, and received applause enough, noisy and hearty, to satisfy a Rachel or a Bletch. The smile, a smile of quiet amusement, deepened on Miss Hendrick's lips—a smile that nettled Bertie Vaughan. The great screen scene came, and at Miss De Courcy's pose and the acting that followed, Cyrilla absolutely laughed aloud.

"You seem well amused, Miss Hendrick," Bertie said, aggressively, an angry light in his blue eyes. "I am well amused, Mr. Vaughan. I may safely say this performance is a treat. I may also safely say, I never saw a comedy so thoroughly comical before."

"You don't like it, Cy?" asked Sydney. "Of course, after the London theatre, it must seem very poor. What do you think of—of Miss De Courcy?"

"Miss De Courcy is the most original Lady Teazle I ever beheld in my life," Cyrilla replied, still laughing. "Mr. Vaughan, I thought you said they had some tolerable performers in this company? What has become of them to-night?"

"Miss Hendrick is pleased to be fastidious. For my part, I think Miss De Courcy plays remarkably well, and gives promise of becoming in the future a first-class artiste. Try to recollect this is not the Prince of Wales' Theatre."

"I'm not likely to forget it," laughed Cyrilla, with wicked enjoyment of the young man's evident chagrin. "And you really think, Mr. Vaughan, that Miss De Courcy plays remarkably well, and gives promise of becoming a popular actress?"

"Do not you, Miss Hendrick?" "Most decidedly—most emphatically not. If she lives for fifty years, and spends every one of them on the stage, she will not be a whit better at the end than she is now. She does not possess the first elements of a good actress. Personally, she is too short, too stout, too florid, too—may I say it?—vulgar. Mentally—she has not an ounce of brains in her head, she does not know the A B C of her art. But I see I bore you, I had better stop."

"By no means," cried Bertie, defiantly. "Go on." "Well, then, did you not see how that screen-scene fell?—that is the best situation in the play—she made nothing of it. And she is making eyes at the house all the while—a fatal mistake. An actress should be the character she represents, and utterly ignore her audience. And she mimes in her walk; she talks English with a Yankee accent; she is coarse in voice and manner; she hasn't the faintest conception of a lady. A tolerable singing chambermaid, with training she might make; a tolerable comedienne, never!"

"A strident sentence. But it is so much easier always to criticise than to do better." "I beg your pardon, I could do very much better," retorted Cyrilla, coolly. "I lived among theatrical people all my life before I came to Canada, and was pretty thoroughly drilled in the rudiments of the profession. Once I looked forward to treading the boards myself before my aunt changed all that. If I were in Miss De Courcy's place to-night, I assure you I would play Lady Teazle much better. Don't look so disgusted, Mr. Vaughan, it is perfectly true!"

Again she laughed, more and more amused at Bertie's irritated face. The curtain had fallen, and Ben Ward had left his seat and gone out. Bertie knew what that meant—a quiet flirtation with Dolly behind the scenes. He fidgeted uneasily, galled by Cyrilla's contemptuous criticism, yet unable to resent it, jealous of Ward, and longing desperately to break away and rush behind the scenes also. The two girls were discussing the play; Cyrilla in an undertone beresquing Miss De Courcy for Sydney's benefit. This was the straw too much; he arose.

"If you'll excuse me, Sydney," he said pointedly, ignoring Sydney's friend, "I'll leave you for a moment. There's a—man down at the door I wish to speak to."

Without waiting for a reply he turned and walked out, with his usual negligent saunter. Two minutes more, and he made his appearance in the green room, in time to behold his rival presenting Miss De Courcy with a very handsome bouquet.

"Ah, Vaughan," Ward said, with a cool nod, "how are you? Decidedly pretty girls those you escort to-night. Who's the dark one?"

"No one you know, Mr. Ward, or are likely to know," retorted Bertie, turning his back upon him. "Dolly, you're in capital form this evening, never saw you look or play better in my life!"

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"No one you know, Mr. Ward, or are likely to know," retorted Bertie turning his back upon him. "Dolly, you're in capital form this evening, never saw you look or play better in my life!"

"It's a pity you can't make one of the young ladies you have with you to-night," cried Dolly; her eyes shone. "Do you suppose I don't see her laughing at me—at us all—since she came in?" Such sneering fine ladies as that could stay at home—not to come here to laugh at their betters!"

"Gently, Dolly—gently, put in, Ward merrily. "You'll hurt Vaughan's feelings. One of those two is the girl he is to marry this month or next. It wasn't she who was laughing at you, was it? Admitting you as Vaughan does, I should think he would have taught her better."

"It was the girl in the white opera cloak and red dress," said wrathful Dolly; "she sat and sneered every time I opened my lips—I could see her. You had better go back to them, Mr. Vaughan," cried Dolly, with a toss of Lady Teazle's tall head-dress. "You're only wasting your time here."

"I think I am, by—" exclaimed Vaughan, with a furious oath. "I have wasted too much already. You're a fool, Dolly, and you'll live to repent it!"

"He dashed out, his blue eyes lurid with jealous rage." "Bertie, Dolly called, faintly, by his head he never looked back. He strode straight out, straight into the theatre, and resumed his seat beside his affianced."

"By Jingo!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, his shrill whistle of astonishment cutting the air. "who'd have thought there was so much fire in a milk-sop!" Let me congratulate you, Dolly, on your pluck in getting rid of him."

"(To be Continued.)"

ROCKS AND RIVERS.

AN IRISH FABLE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'KENN.

When the Rivers first were born, The hills tops each surveyed, Through the lifting haze of morn, Where his path through life was laid.

Down they pour'd through heath and woods, Ploughing up each passing field; All gave way before the flood; The Rocks alone refused to yield.

"Your pardon," said the Waters bland, "Permit us to pass on our way; We've sent to fertilize the land, And will be chid for this delay."

"You sent?" the Rocks replied with scorn, "You muddy, ill-conditioned streams; Retain us live, where ye were born, Nor beat yourselves with such wild dreams."

"You will not?" "No!" the Waters mild Called loudly on their kindred stock; Wave upon wave their strength they piled; And clef in twain rock after rock.

They nurtured towns, they fed the land; They brought new life to fruits and flocks; The Rivers to the People, and the People, On Irish Landlords are the Rocks.

THE LAND CONFERENCE.

(From the Freeman, May 1st.)

"TO THE HON. SECRETARIES OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE: 'GENTLEMEN—I delayed answering your invitation to attend the Land Conference until I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with the programme to be submitted. I am now favored with a copy, and, although I agree with some of the opinions expressed therein, I cannot concur with the scheme as a whole."

"The programme distinctly condemns the plan of Fixity of Tenure. I was elected as a pledged supporter of Fixity of Tenure as well as of a Peasant Proprietary. I believe the scheme now submitted to be in many important particulars quite impracticable, and in some inequitable."

"I agree generally with the plan laid down at the conference of the Central Tenants' Defence Association and the Executive of the Land League, held at the European Hotel on the 15th December last, which embodied the dual principles of Peasant Proprietary and Fixity of Tenure."

"I think that this was a practicable and sensible programme, and would be sorry to see it departed from. At that Conference it was declared that it was not sought to force the landlords to sell. I think that compulsory sale might be demanded in the case of corporate estates, waste lands, and possibly the estates of absentees. Further than this I do not think we can go at present in the way of compulsory sale with any hope of success."

"I sincerely trust that the Conference may adopt some practicable scheme in which all sincere Irish land reformers may unite. We have a great opportunity, and it would be lamentable were it lost through differences between ourselves, or demanding changes which would not bear critical examination. That there is danger of this is indicated by the article in the Times of to-day, which, commenting on the Irish land question, states that differences do exist, and adds: 'The diversities of opinion among Irishmen are sufficient in themselves to justify the prudent hesitation of an English Parliament.' If you adopt what at the Conference to which I have alluded was happily designated the 'two planks' of the tenants' platform—Peasant Proprietary and Fixity of Tenure—with limitation of compulsion, as then laid down, I do not think there will be any diversity among the Irish people's members. But I would be false to pledges upon which I was elected, as well as to my own deliberate judgment, were I to abandon the claim for Fixity of Tenure in favor of another mode of settlement which might be either partial or remote, and which I think nothing short of physical force could attain immediately for the whole body of Irish cultivators. What I think is wanted is immediate protection by way of Fixity of Tenure, with the fullest facilities for the tenant subsequently becoming proprietor. I think that such a settlement might now be obtained by a united and determined Irish party, but if we are divided on the question, of course the difficulty will be incalculably enhanced."

"I shall only say, in conclusion, that while I cannot attend the Conference, I do not argue that the difficulties in the way of an equitable system of Fixity of Tenure are insuperable. I will in my place in Parliament earnestly support such portions of the programme ultimately adopted as I may deem to be practicable and useful, while adhering to the principles upon which I was elected."

"Yours faithfully, 'E. DWYER GRAY. 'April 27th, 1880.'"

"TO MESSRS. KETTLE, DAVITT AND BRENNAN, HON. SECY. IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE: 'Sergeant's Inn, Temple, April 23. 'GENTLEMEN—I beg to acknowledge the receipt to-day of your invitation, dated the 19th inst., to attend a Conference, to be held on Thursday next, in the small Concert Room of the Rotundo. 'While warmly sympathizing with you in the objects which you pursue in seeking to abolish the evils of landlordism, and to promote the growth of a class of secure and independent cultivators throughout Ireland, you will excuse me if I feel bound by the circumstances of your information to make the following remarks:—'You inform me that this Conference was settled at a meeting of your body on the 10th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Parnell, M.P.—I very much regret that, so far as I know, there was no attempt made to consult the Irish representatives upon the question. I need not comment on the character of this omission."

"You propose to call a Conference of land reformers and representative men throughout Ireland to formulate such a demand for a change in the land system of this country as the wants of our agricultural classes imperatively require. Allow me emphatically to observe that the Irish constituencies have just elected their representatives, and land reformers, each of whom has had the advantage of consulting a far larger number of farmers and cultivators than are likely to be in the small Concert Room of the Rotundo on Thursday next. With the greatest confidence in the earnestness of your patriotism and the rectitude of your intentions, I am of the opinion that the elected representatives of the Irish constituencies who are most competent to formulate the demand for necessary land reforms. We have just mingled with every class of the Irish community. We have visited the poor houses of the rack-rented country. We have heard the complaints of town shopkeepers and tradesmen at the losses which the impoverishment of the cultivators spreads through all orders

and departments of the Irish social fabric. The solemn adjurations of the faithful priests of Ireland in behalf of their plundered parishioners, ruined by the accursed land system, are still ringing in our ears. We have before us all the information which can possibly be collected upon the all-important subject, from the reports, and addresses of the first founders of the Tenant-right movement down to the very latest. With regard to the admirable labours of Mr. Parnell, M.P., himself, I am happy to say that I am intimately acquainted with the views of the illustrious Irishman, that it was in Union with his feelings that I first brought the subject of the present agitation of the agrarian situation before the House of Commons early last year, and that it was my office on successive days of the amendment moved by me on the reply to the Address to demand at length the American mission and the generous policy of the honourable member for Meath against a hostile majority, comprising the occupants of both the front benches of the Conservative and Liberal parties."

"I would add my conviction that the depressed and suffering condition of Irish agriculture is not a simple but a complex problem, and that numerous questions, apparently remote, are in reality intimately connected with the solution. The terrible competition for farms, for instance, which enables the extortionate landlord to screw up his rents to the most monstrous figure, could not exist except under the deplorable circumstances created by a system of misgovernment, but not only in one or a few particulars, but in all its branches. In this view every reform which bears upon the restoration of Irish prosperity must be considered not only separately but in its relation to other reforms and to the general situation. The reclamation of waste lands, so long and ably urged by Mr. J. G. MacCarthy; the abolition of the grinding over-taxation of Ireland, so convincingly exposed by Mr. Mitchell Henry and Sir Joseph McKenna; the establishment of a peasant proprietary, conceded in principle by the Shaw Lefevre Committee; the Tenant Right bills of Messrs. Butt, MacCarthy Downing, and Shaw; the revival of the fishery industries of our maritime counties and boroughs, and so many of our leading members have labored; the definition and extension of the Ulster Tenant Right; the spread of a sound education, that indispensable key to material wealth as well as to intellectual progress—all these and numerous other important projects are intimately related to one another and to the common end. The science of politics may be compared to the science of war, which wins its victories, not by isolated movement of special arms of the service, but by the wise combination of all the various kinds of force at the disposal of the commanders. The Irish land reform is, above all, a reform which must be the fruit of a general campaign and a skilful and concerted pressure all along the line, and that concert can be alone arranged, and that campaign conducted, by the National Parliamentary party, whose prompt organization has been so regrettablely interfered with, and apparently subordinated to secondary considerations."

"Renewing the expression of my thanks for the great courtesy of your invitation, I am reluctantly obliged to decline to participate in a demonstration, well intentioned and patriotic, but quite superfluous and wholly inopportune, which has been used, however undesignedly, to thwart the meeting in the Irish capital of the really representative elected members of the national constituencies. I have the honor to remain, gentlemen, your faithful servant, 'FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL.'"

FREE THOUGHT SOCIETIES. CIRCULAR SENT TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY OF TORONTO. To the Catholic Clergy of Toronto: VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—To the sorrow and disaffection of a Christian people, there is in Toronto a society of persons calling themselves Freethinkers, or persons who claim the right to think as they please on all subjects, whether relating to God, His Divine Son, revelation, human and divine laws, the Ten Commandments, the rights of parents, rulers and the like; but as free thought is the parent and forerunner of free actions, it follows that those people claim the right also of acting as well as thinking as they please. Many of them profess not to believe in God, in Heaven, Hell, or a future state. The Nihilists of Russia are of this class, and take their name from the Latin word nihil, which signifies nothing—that is, nothing after this life—reward or punishment. Such doctrines would, if carried out and acted on, upset all right and all order, and if the followers of such teaching were in the majority they would render a country uninhabitable. Persons who do not believe in God, in His Son, Jesus Christ, or in the Bible cannot take an oath on it, and consequently, cannot testify in court, or act as jurymen, magistrates, members of Parliament, or in any capacity in a Christian country where an oath is required. A person who disbelieves in the Ten Commandments, in hell, or in heaven can hardly be trusted in the concerns of life. This society of freethinkers from time to time bring from the United States lecturers to blaspheme God, His holy religion, and to turn into ridicule all the mysteries of our faith. The respectable journals and newspapers of this city give these adventures no countenance; but, alas! thoughtless young men, through a culpable curiosity, go to hear their discourses, and thus expose their faith to be undisciplined by ridicule and sophistry, which they, not being efficiently instructed in philosophy and religion, did not see and cannot answer, though the lies and sophistry of those wicked men have been exposed and answered by the most learned men of all the ages. If these foolish men were striving to re-plant the world into the depths of barbarism and paganism are the only wise men on earth, then let the Christians and real philosophers of all nations and times have lived and led virtuous lives in vain. You will, rev. Sir, warn your people, especially the young men, to avoid all contact with these Freethinkers, their lectures, and their writings. As persons cannot read obscene and filthy literature without a stain on the purity of their consciences, so they cannot read, converse, or listen to the discourses of these atheists without sin. It is a true saying, 'Gentle mind and some of it will stick.' Too many young persons imitate that fly that buzzed about a candle till it was at last caught in the flame. It is said that reasonable people should daily say against the poisonous weeds of infidelity. They read a bad book, their consciences reproach them, they throw it aside; and the temptation comes again, they take it up, read or converse, till the flames of infidelity destroy their souls. The bad example given by attending infidel lectures has done a great amount of harm by encouraging others to go along. The words of the Holy Scriptures are true and plain: "Those who love the danger

shall perish therein." We desire to warn young persons especially of the danger of the grievous sin, and do now reiterate the prohibition of the Holy See, which forbids all Catholics to read books contrary to faith and morals, and to attend meetings or lectures where God and His holy religion are mocked and sneered at. If any Catholics, which may God forbid, should disobey this sacred precept, they commit a grievous sin, and are not real Catholics. If after this prohibition any Catholics should go to the meetings and lectures of the Freethinkers or Atheists, they openly profess at least to favour infidelity, and commit a grievous sin, the absolution of which we reserve to ourselves. As impurity is the parent of infidelity, you will, rev. Sir, exhort young men to avoid that shameful sin. When a young man is sunk in that vice, he becomes brutalized, and knowing that if God exists He will punish him, he tries to persuade himself that there is no God, no heaven, no hell. But his persuasion or his arguments will not set aside the great, good, and holy God of heaven and earth. You will exhort your people to pray to our good God to soften the hearts of poor sinners, and to ask also the intercession of the blessed Mother and the Saints to preserve our people in the faith. We shall take occasion soon to speak of Almighty God, His divine attributes, and to fortify our young men against the fallacies of modern infidelity. Yours in Christ, JOHN JOSEPH LYNE, Archbishop of Toronto. St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, May 9, 1880.

THE POLYGLOT CELEBRATION. A very interesting ceremony took place at the Vatican on the 18th of April. The students of the College of the Propaganda, under the presidency of their Prefect, Cardinal Simonini, had an audience of His Holiness, whom they addressed in no less than forty-nine different languages and dialects. It was indeed a Tower of Babel for knowledge of tongues. Around the Holy Father, smiling benignly on this universal family, were gathered children from the icy regions of the Pole, from distant parts of America and Asia, and even from the South Sea Islands. Among the compositions or addresses read or recited to the Pope, in the Turkish, Arab, Armenian, Bulgarian, Syriac, Coptic and Rumanian dialects, we will specially allude to the successful delivery of a Chaldee young poet, recently come over from Mesopotamia, and who in graceful verse laid the homage of his country at the Pontiff's feet, in expressing its simple creed that "the great Popes were elected of God and prepared for Him, in wisdom, according to the needs of the times; and also a very able and loyally expressed address by a youthful negro from Caylon. The Congregation was composed of cardinals and prelates, and of several representatives of the diplomatic corps, among whom were the ambassadors of Austria, Hungary, France, Spain, &c. The *Aurora*, in reproducing the details of that very interesting ceremony, adds: "If the present circumstances had allowed its being possible, we could have wished that this solemnity had taken place in the Church of St. Peter's, as being a more universal centre for the Catholic public at large. And those who are only nominal Catholics, in witnessing so touching a ceremony, must have felt, in spite of their avowed, some secret and powerful compulsion in the presence and under the influence of such a Pontifical assembly, and the mighty outpouring of all voices and tongues in one channel of grand Catholic unity. Three choruses by Mustapha occupied the time in the interval of the rehearsals. The whole of the entertainment lasted nearly three hours. The Holy Father listened attentively and with evident interest until the last half-hour, when his countenance began to show signs of fatigue, and he was evidently weary as he rose at the close to retire. CARDINAL HOWARD'S LINGUAL ATTAINMENTS. It was remarked that Cardinal Howard, the modern Mesopotamian, whose well-known polyglot talents are so extensive as to have enabled him to follow and understand a considerable number of the almost unknown languages spoken at that assembly, evinced in the meeting an interest which never flagged, and which is easily understood, His Eminence being quite at home on that ground. THE LATE GEORGE BROWN. THE MOURNFUL OBSEQUES—A LAST TRIBUTE. TORONTO, May 12.—From an early hour this morning the city was crowded with strangers who had come from all parts of the Province to pay a last tribute to departed greatness. THE COFFIN in which the remains of the deceased were laid was made of solid black walnut heavily moulded at the top and base, ornamented with massive silver handles the full length of the frame, and also shorter ones at the ends, with silver plated lifters. A handsome silver wreath of laurel encircled the words "At Rest," and the plate bore the following inscription beautifully engraved:— GEORGE BROWN, Died 8th May, 1880, Aged 61 years. The inside of the casket was elegantly upholstered throughout with the richest satin, heavily quilted, the words "At Rest" being worked in floss at the head, together with other suitable designs. On the casket were spread wreaths of flowers. THE FUNERAL SERVICES AND PROCESSION. At half-past 2 o'clock this afternoon the members of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies met at the Reskine Church, Simcoe street, and after arranging the order of procession, proceeded to the deceased gentleman's late residence, where had already collected thousands of citizens and carriages. At about the same time the ex-employees and employees of the *Globe* office arrived at Beverly street, and under the direction of Mr. Robt. Gay and the foremen of the various departments, took up a position south of the residence, where they could fall into their proper places. Carriages containing the Corporation, Senators, members of Parliament and citizens generally were continually arriving, and before three o'clock both streets passing the family residence were densely crowded. A few minutes after three o'clock the Rev. Mr. King, who had been Mr. Brown's pastor, entered the room, and shortly afterwards the religious services were held. After a passage of Scripture had been read, prayers were offered up, and the funeral service was immediately concluded, those present being visibly affected. Immediately after the service was concluded, the casket was carried to the roadway in front of the gate, and the procession was formed, the following gentlemen acting as

Huntington. First in the solemn procession were the officiating clergymen, Rev. Mr. King, Prof. Greig, Prof. McLaren and Dr. Reid, Moderator of the General Assembly; then followed the medical students of the *Globe*, Dr. Thibault, Dr. H. Wright, Clarke and Leslie, after which came the hearse and pall-bearers. The chief mourners followed the hearse, and amongst them were Mr. Gordon Brown, his son Edward, Rev. W. S. Ball, of Guelph, and his sons Peter and Alfred, Mr. Thomas Henning, Mr. Belley and others. The employees of the *Globe*, past and present, some three hundred in number, then took their places, followed in a carriage by the Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary. The senators, members of the House of Commons and Ontario Legislature came next, both Houses being largely represented, as were the clergy, who followed. Next in the line were the Mayor and Corporation, Public School Board, delegation from the country, Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, Stock Exchange, St. Andrew's, Caledonian and other national societies, journalists, printers and citizens generally. Those without carriages marched four abreast. The funeral procession consisted of 2,148 persons and 351 carriages; the procession occupied 48 minutes in passing a given point. It proceeded along Baldwin, McCaul, Caerhowell and Elm streets, to Yonge street, the sidewalks being lined with a dense mass of people, who stood in respectful silence, broken by whispered words of regret. Proceeding across Yonge street through the attending throng, the slow journey of the dead was made along Carlton and Parliament streets to the Necropolis, where a great gathering was awaiting the *corps*, and as many of those attending as could find admittance entered the city of the dead, and made their way to the grave prepared for the reception of the remains. The pall-bearers lent their last aid. Rev. Mr. King, assisted by brother clergymen, conducted the burial service, and the earth closed upon what was mortal of one of the fathers of his country.

A cast in plaster was taken yesterday of the face of the deceased Senator, and will be reproduced in marble. A meeting of leading citizens is to be held this week, to take into consideration the erection of a statue of the late Senator Brown in Queen's Park. The statue is to be modelled in the same style as that of Lincoln in Waion Square, New York.

MR. BRADY'S TESTIMONY. Mr. Brady, who is Government Commissioner of Irish Fisheries, sends a long report to the Dublin papers. I make a short extract of what he saw between Loop Head, Co. Clare, and Killis, Co. Galway:—"In one cabin I found five children. The mother was absent for relief nine miles away—had been so also the day before, and came back at night empty-handed. The cabin had no window in it—it was more like a dungeon than a human habitation. Two of the children—one a boy about eleven—lay on a wisp of hay at one side of the fire, with a dirty old quilt over him; the other, a younger boy, at his feet in the same bed. They were both sick—said to be fever. On the opposite side sat on a stool a fine little girl of nine, just recovering from fever, minding two other children lying in a wooden box or cradle, both also sick. When there moment—two the child's cotton frock caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. Fortunately I was able to extinguish the flames without injury to either herself or me, as I had strong worsted gloves on, and save the scorching of those and the burning of the child's dress no injury resulted. I could not find even a trace of food in the cabin, and yet the child never complained. I went to the nearest constabulary barrack to have some charity for the poor woman, and was there informed that perhaps it would be twelve o'clock at night before she would be back, as she had to go nine miles away, and had done the same yesterday. Her husband was away in Scotland looking for work. This is only a sample of many cases which come under my notice."

GLADSTONE APOLOGIZES. AUSTRIA'S WOUNDED DIGNITY RESPECTED. London, May 11.—Lord Granville has sent a despatch to Sir H. G. Elliott, British Ambassador at Vienna, enclosing, at the request of Mr. Gladstone, a copy of a letter written by the latter in consequence of oral and written communications with Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador at London. The following is the text of Mr. Gladstone's letter:—"When I accepted the task of forming an Administration, I resolved, as a Minister, not to repeat or even defend the political language regarding more than one foreign power I used when in a position of greater freedom. I regret that I should even have to implore the Emperor of Austria language which he did not use. I have no hostile disposition towards any country. I have always heartily wished well to Austria. In the performance of the arduous task of consolidating the Empire I feel a cordial respect for the efforts of the Emperor. Respecting my anticipations on the foreign policy of Austria, when it was active beyond the borders, I will not conceal from you that grave apprehensions were excited in my mind lest Austria should play a part in the Balkan peninsula, hostile to the feelings of the emancipated populations and to the reasonable hopes of the subjects of the Sultan. These apprehensions were founded upon secondary evidence, and it was not the evidence of hostile witnesses, and was the best at my command. You may assure me that Austria does not desire to extend or add to the rights she acquired under the Treaty of Berlin. Had I possessed such assurance before, I never would have uttered any one word which you describe as painful and wounding, but I will immediately express my serious concern that I should have been led to refer to transactions of an earlier period or to use terms of censure which I can now wholly banish from my mind. I think this explanation should be made, not less public than the speech which supplied the occasion. GLADSTONE.

The Physical welfare of children is a study endangered by the administration of indigestible and drastic medicines intended to relieve costiveness, sour stomach and flatulency. Give them instead that bland gentia, *Hygieia's* reliable, MILD OF MAGNIFICENT, having agreeable taste and a milk-like smoothness requires no perspiration to induce them to take it. Sold by all Chemists.

SCENE—Breakfast table. Mother reads from morning paper.—What is vinegar without a mother? "Little M. enquires." "What does that mean?" Mother.—It means there is what is called mother in vinegar." Child remarked: "There's vinegar in mothers, sometimes!"

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19.

CALENDAR

THURSDAY, 20—Of the Octave. FRIDAY, 21—Ember Day. Fast. SATURDAY, 22—Ember Day. Fast. SUNDAY, 23—First Sunday after Pentecost, or Trinity Sunday. Epist. Rom. xl. 33-36; Gosp. Matt. xxviii. 12-20. Last. Gosp. Luke vi. 35-42. Cons. Ep. Kain, Wheeling, 1875. MONDAY, 24—St. V. M. Help of Christians. TUESDAY, 25—St. Gregory VII. Pope and Confessor. St. Urban, Pope and Martyr. First Ordination in the United States, 1783. App. Odn. New Orleans, 1802, 1870. WEDNESDAY, 26—St. Philip Neri, Confessor. St. Eleutherius, Pope and Martyr.

NOTICE

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It is to be presumed that with the squealing of D'Israeli, the ousting of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and the annihilation of the great Jim Lowther, the proceedings against Davitt, Brennan, Daly and Killeen will be discontinued. Those gentlemen are not now in a position to persecute or prosecute anybody, and the Liberal Government will scarcely continue the crusade against Ireland, begun by their Tory predecessors. Davitt and Brennan are coming to America to raise funds for the work of agitation, and of their success there can be little doubt. Parnell is also expected, and those three, together with Dillon, who is on the ground, will be capable of rendering yeoman service to the cause of Irish freedom.

In glancing over the proceedings of the different legislatures of the world the intelligent reader cannot help being struck from time to time with the appearance of Irish names among the members, whether Cabinet Ministers or rank and file. We read of the Nugents, Tnafes, Dillons, O'Donnells, O'Malleys, McMahon, O'Reilly, Blakes and hundreds of others figuring prominently in the councils of Europe. We see to-day, for instance, the name of General Prendergast speaking in the Spanish Cortes, and it was only a few weeks since we heard of a Viscount Taafe having been called upon to form an Austrian Ministry. We need scarcely say that there is one country of which we do not hear of Irish Catholic statesmen in her Cabinets, generals in her armies or admirals in her navies, and that one is England.

The news from Ireland is interesting. At a meeting of the Home Rule Parliamentary party Mr. Parnell was elected leader by a large majority. This is, at all events, satisfactory. Mr. Shaw is Mr. Butt without his eloquence, and Mr. Butt never did anything in the British House of Commons but make speeches which maintained the credit of Ireland for oratory. He had to great a respect for the British Constitution to wish to change it very materially, and without a change, in so far as Ireland is concerned, little could be done. Mr. Shaw is still less fitted for the leadership of a party desirous of something like a revolution, while Mr. Parnell is evidently the right man in the right place; he has more respect for the rights of Ireland and of humanity than that piece of patchwork made up of tradition and statute laws—good, bad and indifferent—called the British Constitution. He knows that the bad part of those laws have been dealt extensively out to Ireland, and he is resolved, in so far as in him lies, that it shall be so no more. When Mr. Parnell speaks in the House of Commons in the future his voice will be recognized as the voice of Ireland. That, at least, is a consolation whether it be hearkened to or not.

Mr. Foster, the new Irish Secretary, is a Quaker, and so is Mr. Bright, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and both right honorable gentlemen, besides belonging to a religious sect which has ever been favourable to peace and freedom, are recognized as being friends of Ireland, that is to say, they would like to see justice done to Ireland as they would like to see it done to the Zulus and the Afghans and other people, who have the misfortune of standing in the way of the spread of the British Empire. Nevertheless Mr. Foster recommends a renewal of the coercion act for Ireland. From his position as Chief Secretary, he may be acquainted with facts rendering a continuation of the Coercion Act necessary, of which the outside world knows little or nothing. It may be, for instance, that the Fenians or Clan-na-Gael are throwing arms into Ireland preparatory to an insurrec-

tion, or that the people are rendered so desperate from starvation that a rising is feared, headed by Parnell and Davitt and the Land League agitators generally. An insurrection is always feared in Ireland, though considering that the disaffected are not allowed even the possession of a percussion cap the wonder is why such a fear should exist, especially when well-armed England is close at hand with her hundreds of thousands of armed men and her fleets of iron-clads, which are the terror of the world. It is true the men of Wexford, with nothing but pikes and pitchforks, had nearly succeeded in clearing out the Anglo-German army in '98, but that time is past, and since then breech-loading rifles and monster cannons have been brought into use, while, as for Ireland, she is not in possession of even a pike, and as for a "gun," the sight of one in the hands of an Irishman in Ireland is almost a phenomenon. In order to carry the Coercion Act to its legitimate conclusion, the Lord-Lieutenant—if he is not already—should be empowered to seize spades, reaping hooks, scythes, pitchforks and other dangerous agricultural implements, which besides will scarcely be required for some time to come. When poor Beaconsfield went out it was hoped the Coercion Act would go out with him, but it was a mistaken notion. The Coercion Act can proudly lift its head, and paraphrasing "The Brook" of Tennyson, sing "Governments may come and Governments may go, but I go on forever, forever, forever."

The Jesuits and the Commune.

One of the wonders of the age we live in is the persecution carried on by the French Government against the Catholic Church in France, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that God, for inscrutable reasons of his own, permits that grand nation to be occasionally chastised for its sins by a set of godless men, which the population of France have raised to supreme power in the State, knowing them to be what they are—a lot of atheists and infidels, whose sole aim seems to be the destruction of the Church which taught their ancestors how to be great without being unchristian. It cannot be possible that the great Catholic heart of France is not grieved at the antics of the Ferrys, the Simons and Freycinots, who are at present, through some unworthy freak of fortune, ruling her destinies, or that the French people will slumber much longer over the volcano from which is issuing the communique and the infidel. The whole world looks on in astonishment at the gross injustice of a French Government expelling the Jesuits and receiving back from exile the men of the Commune, the men who murdered Archbishop Darboy, and took the opportunity to stab France in the back while she was reeling and fainting in front of the victorious legions of the German Bismarck. But it seems the Jesuits it is of whom the infidel Government of France are so much afraid. The Jesuits are conspiring against the State, the Jesuits are seeking to undermine the Constitution, the terrible Jesuits are ubiquitous and almost omniscient, and consequently they will have to go, for their presence is a never-ceasing protest against the actions of the Ferrys and the Simons. When the Jews were given a choice between our Saviour and Barrabas, they exclaimed unanimously, "Give us Barrabas." The infidel regime of France also chooses the Commune and devote, in so far as in it lies, the Jesuits to destruction. There are Jesuits in Canada who are good British subjects, in the States who are loyal Republicans, in England who are sound patriots, the world over who are excellent and respected citizens, but it seems the Jesuits in France are conspiring against the Government. Everyone is at liberty to conspire in France except the Catholic clergy. No one need be surprised, however, at the intense hatred the Communards entertain towards the Jesuits, who are the foremost champions of the Church and of true civilization, which M. Ferry and his confederates are seeking to destroy. They will not succeed, however; they may achieve ephemeral successes, but the day of religion and order will dawn again in France, when the people arouse themselves from the lethargy into which the enchanters have thrown them into and some fresh iniquity will cause them to throw off the yoke of the Commune.

The Sick Man.

The change of Government in England has by no means lessened the confusion in European affairs, though it may be that it has lessened the chance of immediate war. Lord Beaconsfield, always in quest of glory and adventure, was just drifting the country of which he was the dictator into an Austro-German alliance as a check to Russian aggression, and, perhaps, to French influence in the east. If he were allowed to play the role of grand disturber for another year Heaven only knows what might happen. But, even as matters stand, the dangers of conflict have not passed away; they have only receded a step or two for the present. Turkey is, of course, the grand disturbing cause, and what is to be done with her is the problem that stands prominently out for solution. The sick man is dying of inanition, crumbling to pieces, torn to fragments, with not the slightest hope from any quarter of assistance. It now turns out that the friendship of England has been as injurious to Turkey as the hostility of Russia; but neither friendship nor enmity would have brought her to her present state of helplessness and hopelessness if her system was not rotten to the core. When barbarism comes in contact with civilization in our days the barbarian must go, especially if the barbarian cannot reform, and that Turkey is beyond reform the few

friends left her will not deny. The Turk was originally a military adventurer from Asia; he came with his bag and baggage and encamped on the soil of the Greeks, which he took by force of arms, the Greeks themselves being effete, degenerate and corrupted by contact with that same effete eastern civilization which was corroding their Empire for centuries, just as the Turks have now succumbed and become corrupt from the same causes, which will in a short time hence make them disappear from Europe, bag and baggage, as they entered it, with this difference, that they were in possession of a certain kind of morality and military prowess, whereas now they are the "unspeakable" Turks. Since 1854, when French and English blood flowed in streams round Sebastopol, and French and English national debts were piled up to save the "gentlemanly" Turks, they have lost Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, part of Armenia, Roumania, Cyprus, and all but the most nominal hold on Egypt and Asia Minor, without naming territories which, according to the treaty of Berlin, have been, or are being, ceded to Montenegro, Servia and Greece. He is now so utterly bankrupt and demoralized that even the brave and savage Albanians, chiefly Mohammedans, are in arms for their independence, foreseeing that Constantinople is no longer able to protect them from their Christian neighbors. The jealousies of the European powers saved Turkey from dismemberment so long as she showed a spark of vitality or an inclination to reform, but destiny is against her; her mission, if she ever had one, is accomplished, and she is falling to pieces. The question now is, what shall be done with the pieces—that is to say, those of them which have not as yet found owners, for it is needless to state quite a number of them have been already gobbled up by Russia and her Slavonic proteges, and by England. Above all, who shall have that coveted prize, that seat of empire, Constantinople. This will depend upon the alliances likely to be formed, and the combinations of the powers to be effected. It is unquestionable that Russia has been throwing covetous glances on it since the days of the Empress Catherine, and still longs for it, but it is just as unquestionable that England will not allow her to take it if she can prevent it. Germany and Austria would prefer seeing the English flag flying at Stamboul, to the Russian, but France and Italy think the British flag is already predominant on the shores of the Mediterranean and do not want it made an English lake altogether, which it undoubtedly would be if England possessed Constantinople. France is jealous of British supremacy in Asia Minor. She is angry at the British occupation of Cyprus and she would have gone to war over it were it not for the armed Germany in front of her. Perhaps the Balkan confederation is about the best plan that could be adopted for preventing a collision, but whatever is to be done with Turkey must be done soon and before the life has entirely departed from the sick man.

Prize Fighting.

The Ontario authorities who prevented a number of American ruffians, rowdies and loafers from assembling on the soil of Canada and giving an exhibition of the noble art of self defence are entitled to the thanks of the entire community. It is about time to give gentry like Rooke and Donovan and Ryan and Gos to understand that they cannot do in Canada what they are not permitted to do in the States. We have rowdies enough of our own this side of the line without importing them, and we have immorality enough without a foreign exhibition of it to create emulation in the breasts of our young Canadians who desire to shine as future Sayers and Heenans. They say prevention is better than cure, and, doubtless, it is, but, nevertheless, few would be sorry had the choice spirits of the Bowery been permitted to land and commence their pastime in order to have the marred and taught a lesson which would serve as a warning to those who imagine that they can do as they please in the country. Six months in an Ontario gaol would give Messrs Rooke and Donovan ample leisure to reflect on the follies of prize fighting, at least on this side of the line, and we should be troubled with the abomination of their presence no more. The cry of indignation that has issued from the united throats of the Canadian press when it was known the bruisers intended making Canada their battle ground should cause us to congratulate ourselves on the vastly improved moral tone of the general public since 1860, did we not bear in mind that it is not so genuine as it pretends, and that it is second-hand morality, imported from England along with our cottons and latest fashions. Thirty years ago prize-fighting was popular in England and prize-fighters were heroes in public estimation, second only to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles Napier. The names of Ben Caunt and Tom Sayers were household words; their deeds thrilled the hearts of England through and through; the nation felt proud of them, and young Cantabs and scions of noble houses practised the noble art as amateurs, and thought no glory could equal that of a successful prize-fighter. *Bell's Life* was received everywhere with gusto, and while the paterfamilias read from that journal how the "Tipton Slasher" came up smiling to the scratch, or how the "Staleybridge Chicken" got one in on the bread-basket of Aaron Jones, the family, including the ladies, listened in wrapt and breathless attention. Dukes, including royal ones, Judges, members of Parliament, and even, it is said, clergymen (though we hesitate to believe it), assembled to see two human beings pound one another to jelly, and sometimes to death, and bet on the issue, and cheered to the echo when a more than ordinarily murderous blow was delivered, and when it was all over went

off to lunch and settle their books, never heeding what befel the poor maimed victims in the brutal combat. As a matter of course, Canadians followed the example, and were equally interested. Most of us are old enough to remember the feverish interest manifested twenty years ago when Sayers and Heenan fought, and the impetuosity with which the English mails giving an account of the great "mill" were awaited. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that not one-half the interest was shown in the recent general elections, or anxiety as to the final result. The affair was spoken of for months before and after, and the personal encounters which took place over the merits of the respective heroes were both serious and numerous. As the military power of Rome reached its zenith at the time of the great generals Cæsar and Pompey, so did the glory of prize fighting in England when Sayers and Heenan displayed their skill on Farnborough. After this it declined. But why? Was it because one of those periodical fits of morality which Macaulay so graphically describes in his review of Byron, seized upon the mind of the public? We are afraid not. We are afraid that the cause of the decline in the popularity attending prize-fighting was simply that Sayers, the Englishman, did not beat Heenan, the Irish-American; this, and nothing more. If Sayers had vanquished Heenan it is possible *Bell's Life* would have a larger circulation in Canada to-day than it has, because then there would be something in the thing worth reading. We are not sure if, even at this remote period, this innocent article may not cause some admirer of the defunct Sayers to grind his teeth with vexation. To him we say, be calm, Sayers was really the better man, but Heenan was the stronger, and certainly broke his arm, and to all intents and purposes rendered him *hors de combat*. It should, on the contrary, be a matter for rejoicing, for were it not for the tremendous blow then given prize-fighting would still be fashionable in England, and consequently the world would lose the sublime spectacle of the united throat of the Canadian press (including the Post) crying out against the abomination, and declaring against the villainous Donovans, Gosses and Ryans. Let us, therefore, be thankful we are virtuous, and say no more about it.

The Finances of India.

Since the days of Warren Hastings the great dependency of India has been a milch cow to England, but it would seem that the time has now arrived when the cow has run dry, and no more milk can be extracted from its unfortunate udders. To use plain language, India is bankrupt. The man in the British House of Commons who has devoted more attention than any other to Indian finance is Mr. Fawcett, and no sooner has he been in a position to handle the documents of the India office than he becomes master of the appalling intelligence that there is an actual deficit in the estimates of the Indian Government for military purposes of four million pounds sterling, or \$20,000,000. He has long been prophesying that such a deficit would arrive sooner or later, but, like the prophecies of Cassandra, his words were laughed at until the plain unvarnished facts which proved them true are set forth by the prophet himself, until the veil is torn aside and the real nature of the financial calamity stands revealed to the public gaze. This deficit of twenty million dollars would not matter vitally to a country of England's great resources, but to India it means bankruptcy pure and simple. The name of India to the uninitiated carries with it a sound of fabulous wealth, of inexhaustible riches. The mines of Golconda are associated with it, and we hear of the spices of Ind, of the Koh-i-noor, and porphyry pillars and gate of Jasper and Agate, and the jewelled temple of Umritsur, as if all these things really constituted a wealthy nation. The travellers in India, and the writers of scenes and sketches in India forget to tell us of millions upon millions of its population whose clothing is composed of a cotton rag tied round the loins, and whose food consists of a handful of curry and rice. There is more wealth to-day in the city of London than in all Hindostan with its two hundred million people, from Ceylon to Peshawar, from the mouth of the Indus to the mouth of the Ganges, and one of the reasons is that the riches of India have taken to themselves wings and settled down on the banks of the Thames. The vast fortunes of a large number of English noble and mercantile houses had their origin in India. Delhi, Cawnpore, Benares, Hyderabad, Lahore and other great cities, once the seats of royal dynasties, have been made to pay tribute to England in such a cruel measure as to call from Burke and Sheridan those celebrated speeches which now form part of the literature of the English language. India is at present one of the poorest countries in the world, perhaps the very poorest, except Ireland, another British dependency which has enriched the English aristocracy at the expense of the people of Ireland. The net revenue of India the last financial year was \$187,500,000, after deducting expenses of collection, but nearly half this sum is expended in England in paying the interest of the Indian debt, in the purchase of stores, pensions to distinguished Indian officials, and in other numerous ways. The interest on the English national debt, though enormous, is paid to Englishmen, and is spent in England, but the interest on the debt of the poorer country, a debt created by the richer country, is paid and spent in England, which makes a mighty difference. But out of this half left after the payment of interest,

there is the sum of \$25,000,000 expended in the maintenance of the military establishment, so that, in fact, the margin of \$15,000,000 is all that is left for carrying on the civil administration of 200,000,000 people. Compare this with the expenditure of Canada, with its four millions of a population, and it will be found that Canada spends more than India after paying the interest on her debts, and that the Asiatic dependency is eaten up by two gigantic items, namely, interest on the debt and military establishment. It is the deficit in the Indian estimates arising from the Afghan war which reveals the impoverished condition of India in all its nakedness, and the worst of it is that so strained is the present taxation that it is utterly impossible to increase. We can well believe that the genius of finance has sat up many and many a night studying how a few more lacs of rupees may be extracted from the soil and its products before such an admission was made by Sir William Stracey as that there was a deficit for one year alone of £4,000,000. The revenue of India is derived from land, opium, salt, excise stamps and customs. The land tax has long ago been permanently settled, and will admit of no increase for thirty years. Salt is taxed at two thousand per cent. on its value, and it is likely there will be a falling off in opium if it be true that the Chinese Government have consented to its cultivation in their empire. As regards stamps, excise and customs, the cry is for their decrease, and increase is out of the question.

When the question was raised in Parliament as to whether India or England should defray the expenses of the Afghan war, Sir Stafford Northcote magnanimously declared the money would come from the Indian exchequer, though Mr. Fawcett, shortly before the late dissolution, said it could not afford it, and that it was not right to make the unfortunate natives of India pay for the glory of Lord Beaconsfield. The English democracy learn now, for the first time, that Fawcett was right, and that Beaconsfield's lieutenant was indulging in one of his master's tricks of infamously. The proposition to raise money by indirect taxation in India will not hold water, for the great mass of the natives are so poor that they absolutely use no taxable article except salt, which, as we have remarked, is already taxed two thousand per cent! There must be a limit also to the public debt. It is in fact doubtful if any one will lend money to a country whose debt already takes half the revenue to pay its interest. The probability is, that England having drained the milch cow so thoroughly dry as not to have left a drop, will turn her loose to graze around as best she may; in a word, India being no longer profitable either as a source of revenue or a field for the younger sons of the British aristocracy, it is not unlikely that the next radical Parliament may send it adrift.

CORRESPONDENCE

GRAND CHURCH OPENING AT WALLACEBURG.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

DEAR SIR,—The consecration of the new R. C. Church at Wallaceburg, Kent County, will take place on Trinity Sunday, May 23rd instant. His Lordship Bishop Walsh, of London, will deliver a sermon at 11 o'clock in the morning and a lecture will be given at 7 in the evening. Rev. Wm. Mahoney, also of London, will lecture at 7 in the evening. Father Mahoney, the reverend gentleman who gave so great an intellectual treat to the people of Strathroy in All Saints R. C. Church on last Sunday evening. A large attendance of clergy and prominent residents of Kent and adjacent counties is expected at the Wallaceburg Church dedication, and the various hotels have made ample preparations for the occasion. The steamer Hiawatha, of the Sarala and Wallaceburg line, is engaged to convey visitors free to assist at the dedication. The vessel will leave Sarala at 7 a.m. and call at Corunna, Meoretown, Courtright, Sombra and Port Lambton. She will make her return trip in the afternoon to fulfill her Queen's Birthday engagements.

On Sunday week those who go to Wallaceburg will certainly enjoy the delicious fragrance from the blossoms of the many large orchards which border on the beautiful Sydenham river, and be delighted with the village scenery, but above all that of the elegant new church.

This building will be dedicated to God in honor of His Blessed Mother as "Our Lady, Help of Christians." It is 152x48 feet in dimensions, with a spire 175 feet high; 390,000 bricks have been used in the construction of this magnificent church. The windows are stained glass, and they are in keeping with the elegance of the church. They were generously donated by the following persons:—Peter Forhan, Messrs. Price & Hurley, H. O. McDonald, Miles McCarron, Tancred Lacroix, James Corley, M. Coveney, Denis Eurlay, James Gormley, Andrew Mahoney, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Ray, M. Mooney, J. A. Abare, Thomas Hogan, J. R. McDonald, Thomas Forhan, Wm. McCrae, S. E. Lalonde, J. B. McDonald, H. Lalonde and M. Collins. The largest cash subscription to the church was given by Peter Forhan. M. Wallaceburg, May 12, 1880.

DOCTOR ORACULAR EGO SPEAKS.

To the Editor of the Post and True Witness.

In limine, or, to use low peoples' expression, on the threshold, I wish to inform Society in general, and you, Sir, in particular, that there is a vast amount of ignorance in the world. I also consider that I am admirably fitted to set things right, both on account of my superior intellectual gifts and because I was educated, in England. I am noble of your provincials; I am deeply read in everything; every language, science and art is mine in potentia; political economy is my particular gift, nevertheless—I start not—I have composed commentaries on the Thirty-nine Articles, regulated the disorders of Shakespeare's genius, counted Homer's nods, corrected several *Niatus* in Newton's Principia, edited the poems of Hafiz, weeded a large amount of Popery out of Dante, supplied Sophocles' dramas, wherever needed, with the pure Attic, perfected the *Ænid* of Virgil, lent a touch of the true Augustan idiom to Horace, strengthened various sentences of Cicero, and, in a

word, cast the brilliant light of my genius over the dark places of universal literature. I am sure, therefore, that you will allow the justice of my criticism on your recent editorial on "Tallow." Tallow, Mr. Editor, is not derived from oak; it is a catceum rendering; it comes from whales. I have looked over Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, but have failed to discover any mention of the foregoing fact, which proves to everybody's satisfaction, I trust, that the *Stagyrites* was not equal to grasp every truth. Modern research can boast of more experience in men and things than could the old Grecian.

As I consider this question of Tallow of great importance to progress and civilization, and as I also opine that a demonstration of the unity of the race must be a triumph for all right thinkers, as against Darwinism, I beg leave to enlighten the ignorant crowd, not from a religious, social, philosophical, political, scientific or artistic point of view, (though I could easily do so) but philologically speaking. Sir, I beg your attention, for, conceive me, this is no newspaper business; this is for special weeklies, whose writers are English gentlemen and scholars—A. M. A., L.L.D.'s, Ph.D.'s, et cetera, chief of whom am I.

Close by the Arctic wilds there is a race, Inuit by name. The world called them Esquimaux until some Jesu—I mean some travellers—learned the proper name of those hyperborean people. Their language is evidently of Oriental origin, as a cursory glance at some of the grammars and dictionaries (stolen, I doubt not, from the simple people's libraries by the Jesuits) has convinced me. Indeed, their very name decides the question, *Inuit*! "*In*" means "*in*," evidently, not only from its striking resemblance to the English word "*in*," but because we find the same form in Latin, as, for instance, *in maxillis canis*, "into the jaws of an ass." You observe the Latin "*in*," plainly, although it must be translated into English with the idea of motion attached.

The Oriental vestige appears in the syllable "*nu*," which, of itself, has a Semitic appearance, as the western languages came radically from the East—but stop. Perhaps you, Sir, or some other fellow, may doubt this assertion. Sir, I could furnish forth yards of erudition to prove that the western languages are derived radically from the Orient. In the first place, man was created in the East, which, with the strongest proof of my endorsement, ought to be conclusive. In the second place, the Tower of Babel was commenced in the East. The vast majority of commentators (as I have shown with similar clearness and erudition in my heddomal volume, *Synonymata*) are agreed, Sir, that Babel means "*confusion*." Hence our English word—"None of your babbling!" But, dear me! I fear my ingenious reasoning shall be lost on ninety-nine in every hundred of your unenlightened readers!

The Western languages, then, came from the East, and the first tongue we meet with in the West is the Greek. "*Nu*" is a letter of the Greek alphabet. Therefore, it is unnecessary to argue further. "*Nu*" is found coeval with *nu*, running far beyond the written literature of Greece. It was a portion of Cadmus' baggage from Phœnicia. The Latin genius so highly prized this syllable "*Nu*," that they affixed it to "*men*," and thus raised it to an etymological apotheosis. Thus, *Nu-men* meant divinity; as *Nu-men imperatoris*, the divinity of the Emperor! I trust, Sir, you are able to follow me, for, I much fear, provincial ability remits but a hollow sound in the presence of solid learning.

"It" is of Persian origin, though pronounced as "*ath*," as you may perceive by perusing a volume or two of Zoroaster or Shiraz in the original. The word always means "motion." Even in Latin "*it*" signifies motion.

Without entering more profoundly into the philological analysis of the word, let me conclude that "*Inuit*" means—"It"; he goes "*in*" into "*nu*," new places, or regions, which very beautifully describes the early migrations of the tribes of Babel. I love those migratory peoples, because I, as an individual, am migratory; an exile from my unenlightened Yorkshire. But, how could the world, especially America,—learn polish and profundity except such as I expatriated ourselves *pro bono publico*; and tickled Bootan ears in foreign parts!

If, then, the word "*Inuit*" itself be of oriental origin, a *fortiori*, the race itself so-called is derived from lands of the rising sun. Such being the case, I fearlessly avow that out of their mouths I shall prove that your article on "*Tallow*" was a blunder,—that *cells* have nothing to do with *Tallow*, though whales have,—is short, that there is an enormous amount of pretence and sham science in the world at the present day, in spite of the Most Gracious Majesty our Noble Empress of Hindus and Queen of Great Britain.

Now, in the Inuit language "*tawil*" means "*whale*." Oil is "*Ho*," whence, doubtless, the Western "*oleum*," without the aspirate. Thro, "*Tawil*" "*Ho*," "*Tallow*,"—*whale's fat*!

The radical unity of language is as certain as the unity of the human race; the modifications of speech are many, because reason borrows words from nature, and nature has her thousand forms. But monkeys everywhere and in all times have had the same forms of expression, sign and gestures. They have never changed because they are irrational. They cannot grasp the relations of great nature's modes. Can you follow me, my dear Sir? Believe me, I am anxious for the intellectual progress of society.

Therefore, *Tallow* is derived from whales. In arriving at this conclusion, Sir, I do not for a moment imagine that you will accept it at once. Life is short, art is long, but prejudice is longer; and to start an unknown truth too suddenly upon mankind is next door to telling the race a monstrous lie! In saying this I allude to the reception which the world has given to the facts, the pregnant ideas, the unavailable proportions I have furnished it withal, *de omni re scilicet*, concerning everything knowable. You, Sir, will never understand the feelings of a seer when he is called a fool by a poor ignorant creature of grovelling tendencies, who has never experienced the classic atmosphere of venerable universities.

Hence, as I shall prove you in my next, *Tallow* is derived from whales. Enough for the present.

BILE, WIND, INDIGESTION.—DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS. One of the medicines that really acts upon the Liver, giving immediate relief in all cases of Bile, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Wind, Sickness, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Giddiness, Spasms, Nervousness, Heartburn and Debility. Thousands of constitutions have been destroyed by Mercury, Blue Pill or Calomel. The only safe remedy is DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS.

THE MOST ENDURING MEMORY OF Childhood clings to the nauseous worm medicines then abounding. Even now the writer seems to taste the disgusting compounds. But BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMPOUND or Worm Lozenges, which are so powerful and so popular, are pleasant to the taste, and do their work speedily and thoroughly.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND AFFECTIONS OF THE CHEST, *Brown's Bronchial*

Troche, are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold, or Unnatural Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE. MAY BE true, but a stitch in the side, resulting from cold or otherwise, is not so nice. It often prevents a long breath and causes intense pain, but all may be made right in a few minutes, by rubbing in BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. It doesn't mind a stitch.

TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many, many years, and never known to fail. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and gives rest and health to the child, and comfort to the mother.

PARNELL LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Total: \$1,189 00.

Hull Relief Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Total: \$10 00.

"True Witness" Irish Relief Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Total: \$2,138 10.

Sherrington, Napierville County, collected by a committee of the parishioners, under the direction of Rev. J. H. Carrigan...

100, Wilford Lussier 100, Paul Pinaoneau 100, Ferdinand Lefebvre 100, Mrs. Jule Dalgoon 100, Albert Poisson 100, Francois Blain 100, Edward Tremblay 100, David La Magdeleine 100, Noel Gibean, 50, Jules Doignon, 50, Alphonse L'Estrange 50, Pierre Giroux 50, Isaac Fredette 50, Julien Patenaude 50, Octave Giroux 50, Joseph Giroux 50, Jules Provost 50, Joseph Dalgoon 50, Aloise Trotter 50, Elisee Viau 100. Total, \$81.10.

REUBEN. A SKETCH. 'Reuben,' 'Reuben,' 'Reuben,' The house just rang with 'Reuben,' It was Reuben here, and Reuben there, And Reuben always—everywhere: The air was rife with—Reuben.

Had any business to be done, From early morn till set of sun, Creamed with lather and soap, 'Twas Reuben drove the rig to town, 'Twas Reuben brought the letters home.

He boned the boys and kissed the girls, He teased them, pleased them, pulled their curls, And set them nearly crazy; Then smothered their frowns, or won a smile, So slyly could the rogue beguile.

Now whistling, singing, roaring, racing, After youngsters wildly chasing, As if he were a boy, Now setting still in quiet thought, Musing deep, but saying naught.

But now he's gone and we are lone; Slow, tick, tick, tick, the clock goes on. And all is dull and daisy; Who could believe there lurked such art, Such witchcraft, in one boyish heart?

Oh Reuben! Reuben! Reuben! In there no other Reuben? These are the boys there, And boys always everywhere, But there is but one Reuben.

POSTERS.

—The task of transforming Rome into a modern city has proved a very costly affair, and the undertaking is now at a halt from lack of further funds.

—The Rev. Mr. Perrin, of Springfield, proclaims from his pulpit that checkers, chess, backgammon, and croquet are sinful under any circumstances.

—A Detroit mule accomplished the feat of kicking two men at once. Although they stood several feet apart, each received one of the beast's hind feet in his face.

—Forgeries have of late been frequent in France, 100f. bank notes, printed by way of precaution in the United States, with an English heading, having been closely imitated, and counterfeit coin is now common.

—The postmaster at Victoria, Mo., recognized the handwriting of a rival on a letter addressed to a young woman to whom he also was paying attentions. He could not resist the temptation to open the envelope and read the epistle. His crime was detected, and he was fined \$50.

—Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" have been translated into Bohemian, and a second edition of the Bohemian translation of Shakespeare's "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice" has appeared.

—Dr. Peck of Indianapolis has amputated the legs of a young girl on account of decay in the bones, produced by excessive rope jumping. He advises parents and teachers to prohibit this play under all circumstances.

—The electric light will be again used at the French Salon this season, although the jury of painting protest strongly against this mode of lighting as too unequal and glaring, injuring almost invariably the effect of painting and not improving that of sculpture.

—Emile Augier's play of "L'Avanturiers," in which Sarah Bernhardt makes her appearance in London, was first produced during the revolutionary year of 1848, and was rewritten ten years later for the Theatre Francaise. It is well known here by the adaptation made by Mr. Robertson under the title of "Homes," and has had more than one long run at Wallack's.

—The late Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone's favorite author was Homer. The present Lord Derby said recently of his father that "the only thing he knew perfectly was Homer, and even at that Mr. Gladstone beat him." Mr. Bright's favorite author is Milton, a copy which he always carries in his pocket. Mr. Lowe, in his great speeches on the reform debates of 1868, laid Virgil and Ovid heavily under contribution.

—At Monaco, a few days ago, while the Monte Carlo gambling room was crowded, an explosion broke the windows, looking glasses and timepieces, and threw down and slightly injured several persons. It is believed that a dynamite bomb was thrown into the room for the purpose of robbing the bank during the panic, and one player was attacked and robbed by four men, but as the officials all remained at their posts no further plunder was effected.

—A negro woman was entering the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, five years ago, with a ticket which she had purchased. Admission was denied, and an usher was ordered to put her off the premises. She resisted stoutly and was considerably injured before the man finally ejected her. She sued for damages and got a verdict of \$300. Mrs. John Drew, who manages the theatre, contested the case to the utmost, but the Court of Appeals finally sustained the verdict.

—Mr. Gladstone, in taking upon himself the duties and responsibilities of the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, follows an example set by several of his predecessors in Downing street. The two posts were held simultaneously by Walpole, Stanhope, Polham, Grenville, Pitt, Addington, Perceval, Canning, and by Peel in 1834 and 1835. Mr. Gladstone himself also, at the close of his last administration, acted as his own Chancellor of the Exchequer.

—Mrs. Wilkins of Oxford, N.C., had three children of her own and was stepmother to a boy. The latter annoyed her by stealing eatables from the pantry, and she tried in vain to prevent his depredations. She locked the daintiest of the food in a chest, and he opened it with a skeleton key. Finally she poisoned some cake, put it in a closet and went away for a day's visit. On her return, instead of finding that the boy was dead, she saw the remains of two of her children who had been killed by the poison.

—The Princess Frederica of Hanover's marriage to a private gentleman, who was equester to the late King of Hanover, was opposed by her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, and de jure King of Hanover, but Queen Victoria, who approves of love matches, and who gave one of her daughters to the son of a Scotch nobleman, as head of the family even encouraged it, and lent it the sanction of her presence. Morganatic marriages have been almost the rule in the house of Brunswick. In one instance even the descendant of a morganatic family sat on the throne. Duke George William of Zelle married morganatically a young French woman, Eleanor d'Olbreuse, and their daughter became the wife of George I., was the mother of George II., and is, therefore, an ancestress of the Queen and the Princess Frederica.

THE HOME RULE CONFERENCE.

A meeting, convened by circular, of Home Rule Members of Parliament, was held on Tuesday in the City Hall.

There were present—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Neale M. Keena, Mr. Phillip Callan, Count Arthur Moore, Lieutenant-Colonel Colthurst, J. F. Smithwick, E. Leamy, Wm. Shaw, Maurice Brooks, George Errington, Sir Patrick O'Brien, C. H. Meldon, F. H. O'Donnell, P. Martin, Q. C.; P. J. Smyth, Major O'Beirne, The O'Gorman Mahon, Eugene Collins, C. J. Fay, J. W. Foley, and D. F. Gabbett.

On the motion of Mr. Shaw, seconded by Mr. Meldon, the Lord Mayor took the chair.

Mr. Meldon stated what had been his action with regard to the convening of the meeting, as was already explained in the published correspondence. He then read letters which had been received within the past few days, and which had not been previously published in the newspapers. Mr. J. Orrell Lever, M. P., wrote:—"Engagements of an important character connected with efforts I am making to promote the material prosperity of Ireland render it impossible for me to be in Dublin on the day you mention" (laughter.) Mr. Rodmond, M. P., wrote regretting that it was not in his power to be present. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, M. P., in his letter, said he was of opinion that the meeting could be held with greater advantage at a later day. Mr. Molloy, M. P., wrote, on Monday, saying he presumed the meeting would be held in London, and in reply to a telegram from Mr. Meldon, stating the fact, wired that he would be present if possible. Mr. Villiers Stuart, M. P., and Mr. McFarlane wrote declaring their inability to attend. Mr. O'Shea, M. P., said he hoped to be present, and similar communications were received from Mr. James Leahy, M. P.; Mr. Denis O'Connor, M. P.; Mr. Mitchell-Henry, M. P.; Mr. Blake, M. P.; Mr. Whitworth, M. P., &c.

Mr. Shaw, M. P., who was warmly received, proposed—"That the election of chairman, committee, and officials be postponed to a future meeting, to be held in Dublin on a date to be arranged hereafter, and that the honorary secretaries and whips elected last session be requested to act ad interim. That Messrs. Gray, Meldon and Brooks be requested to arrange with the members present a meeting of the party in Dublin on such a day as may be most calculated to secure the fullest and most representative meeting. That we hereby affirm the resolution passed in 1874 as follows—(1) 'That in the opinion of the meeting it is essential that all members elected for Ireland on Home Rule principles shall form a separate and distinct party in the House of Commons, united in the principle of obtaining for Ireland self-government as defined in the resolutions of the Home Rule Conference of November, 1873, and endorsed by the country at the general election of 1874.' (2) 'That, deeply impressed with the importance of unity of action in all matters that can affect the position of the Home Rule party, or the interests of the Home Rule cause, we engage to each other and the country to obtain that unity by taking council together, by reasonable concessions to each other, by avoiding isolated action, and by supporting each other in the course thought best to promote Home Rule.' Some reference had been made to a speech which he had delivered in Cork, and it was alleged that in that speech he implied that there would be a division in the Home Rule party. That speech was delivered without any preparation, but he would be ready to repeat the statements he then made. But the gentleman who had then quoted passages from that speech had forgotten to quote another passage in which he expressed as strongly as a man could express it that the Irish party, to be effective to do any good for the country should be a united party, and should not, if possible, be broken up into sections. Of course, if there were a matter of great principle involved on which they could not agree, they could not act together as a body. But he did not anticipate that any such questions would arise, and he hoped that when the members of the Irish party, many of them men of great ability and experience, met together and exchanged views, personal and sectional feelings and irritations would disappear, and that they would again stand before the House of Commons a united party, (hear, hear.) Of course they should support the great Liberal party as far as possible. There was no question as to their line of conduct in that respect. That party sympathized with a great many of the Irish demands, and in proof of that he need only refer to the questions of the franchise and of registration. They might also hope for a great deal of good in respect to the education question, which he should say, he treated in a rather perfunctory manner during the last election. Some people seemed to think that the education question was settled. Primary education, he would say, was in a disgraceful state in this country; the people did not get anything like fair value for what was spent. They wanted to have the people of this country placed on an equality with England and Scotland as regarded the training of teachers and primary education generally. As to university education they had got only an outline; they had advanced a step, and he had no hesitation in saying that if the members of the Home Rule party had not acted as they did that question would not be settled even so far. It was their duty, as members of the great Irish party, to watch these questions carefully, to measure the forces opposed to them, and to try and meet these forces in the wisest and most judicious way. They had most difficult work to do in the House of Commons with regard to the Land question. They had opposed to them the prejudices of landowners in England and elsewhere. They had now at the head of the Government a statesman whose ability, honesty, power of organization, and power of carrying out everything he took in hand, had never been equalled in the history of politics. Mr. Gladstone understood the wants of the Irish tenants, he knew the weakness of his own Land Bill, and he believed he was thoroughly in earnest in endeavoring to settle this question. It would be the duty of the Irish party to meet again and discuss the subject more fully, but he thought it would not be their duty to meet now and separate without expressing a distinct and decided opinion on the subject (hear, hear.) He thoroughly concurred in the wisdom of postponing to a future meeting all questions that might prove to be of a controversial nature, and he hoped that when they met again they would discuss these questions amicably and generously, and that the result of their consultation would be that the party would become stronger than it ever was before.

Count Moore, M. P., seconded the resolutions. After some remarks from Sir Patrick O'Brien and The O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. P. J. Smyth said his principles remained absolutely unchanged from that which he held for some years past, but he saw that it was imperatively necessary, and he was there to work with his brother members

in the spirit of absolute unity. He had no desire to attend a sectional meeting of their party (hear, hear). If there were to be sections it was better, in his mind, that there should be no party at all (hear, hear). He, for his part, knew nothing of sections or individuals. They were there to promote great principles, and to those alone they should look, and to promote those every man knew and felt that it was by a united and cordial harmony alone the attainment of those aspirations could be accomplished. They had to contend against united parties and a united House of Commons. He thanked them for the kindness with which they had received him amongst them, and he hoped that from him at least disunion should never enter their ranks (hear, hear).

Mr. O'Donnell, M. P., in supporting the resolutions, said if he found himself present, it was entirely because he was guided by the same principles which had been so admirably expressed by the member for Tipperary. There was no one could feel more deeply than he the urgent and pressing necessity for establishing reforms which would protect the tenantry from systematic spoliation, and rot the people of Ireland in the soil of Ireland. It was with pain he saw, not only the English journals, but also some of the journals of the Continent, congratulating themselves upon the practical disappearance of the Irish cry, as it was called, for self-government, and the appearance in its place of the demand for land reform. Now, they were all land reformers; they were all tenant-righters; they were all in favor of a peasant proprietary, which would be the strength and sinew and the pride of their country, and in no distant future; but, above all, they were Irish Nationalists, and, even in obtaining the highest material advantages for their country, they must never cease to demand their national right of self-government.

Mr. Shaw then moved—"That we pledge ourselves to use every legitimate means to bring about a complete and satisfactory reform of the existing land system, and by the abolition of unfair rents and capricious evictions, and the establishment of a peasant proprietary, secure the Irish people in their rights of their native soil." Referring to the position he had occupied for the past two seasons, unopposed by himself, and at the wish of the members of the party, Mr. Shaw said that during the whole of that time, as regarded divisions and all that kind of thing, on every question in which it was of the slightest importance that the party should be united they were united, and there was no practical division amongst them (hear, hear.) In conclusion, he begged to move the resolution.

Mr. J. W. Foley seconded the motion. Mr. O'Donnell, in supporting the motion, said that in the land and other similar reforms there was no certain finality. They might not be able to gain more than "so much" this session or "so much" next session, but that by no means pledged them from going further later on. Whatever might be the most perfect land system, they were not justified in refusing minor reforms because they could not get that which they considered to be the supreme reform at once. Mr. Callan heartily concurred in the resolution. Most of the farmers in Louth were of the same opinion as Mr. O'Donnell as to accepting what could be now obtained instead of expecting the immediate realization of the utmost of their hopes (hear, hear).

The resolution was passed unanimously. The remainder of the business was transacted in private. The meeting made arrangements for the business of the session. Amongst other matters it was decided to bring the following subjects before Parliament:—Election of county boards, election of poor law guardians, rating of towns, sea fisheries, disfranchised boroughs, registration of voters, removal of paupers, waste lands, borough franchise, municipal franchise and absentee landlords.

It was moved by Mr. Shaw, and seconded by Mr. Errington, that the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor do leave the chair, and that Mr. Brooks be called thereto. A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor was passed unanimously for his distinguished conduct in the chair, and for the able manner in which he presided. The Lord Mayor having replied, the meeting adjourned until the date to be fixed by the committee appointed.

IRISH RELIEF.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and FORT. DEAR SIR.—Will you be kind to give publication in the columns of your worthy paper the reply of the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin, in regard to contributions sent by the Catholics of Brown's Mills to His Lordship.

P. N. O. GAINCERY, P. P. Brown's Mills, May 17, 1880.

MY DEAR REV. FATHER.—I am deeply grateful to you and to your warm-hearted Irish flock for your remittance of £51 5s. 5d. for the relief of my poor diocese. The kind contributors shall be remembered fervently and frequently in the prayers of our clergy and their flocks.

The destitution is still undiminished in this diocese and other parts of the country, and will continue so until the new crops come in, in August. So far, the all-bountiful Providence of God has enabled us to supply the necessary food to our poor famishing people, and we have every hope that the relief funds will be sustained for a few months longer.

Begging the help of your good prayers and those of your flock, and again assuring you of my profound gratitude, I remain, my dear Rev. Father, Yours sincerely in Christ, LAWRENCE GILLOOLY.

Sligo, April 27, 1880.

Shaw refuses to adhere to the Parnell party if their views are synonymous with those expressed in America.

A bottle was picked up on Lake Ontario, announcing the sinking of the schooner Firefly, of Kingston, with all on board.

The Irish Land League of America has elected P. A. Collins, Boston, President. Among the Vice-Presidents is the Rev. B. Cronin, of Buffalo.

It is stated that the work of the Dominion Line and Beaver Line of steamships, at Quebec, has been taken from the Union Canadiane and given to the Ship Labourers' Society, so that the labor troubles there will now come to an end.

A meeting of the Provincial Central Committee of the Irish Land League was held yesterday afternoon to effect a permanent organization and devise the best means of carrying on the organization through the Central Union delegates from different cities and towns.

Considerable surprise is occasioned in Quebec by the publication of a remarkable petition from the St. Jean Baptiste Society, addressed to the various railway and steamboat lines, and remonstrating with them for not having made a sufficient reduction in the return tickets for the St. Jean Baptiste Society's celebration in June.

MEMORY.

While the gentle breeze is sighing, For the happy days that are no more, While the evening shadows fall, While I list the vesper call, I'm dreaming of the happy days I passed beneath a mother's care, With sisters loving, blithe and gay; Where, where is she? Oh, where are they?

"Neath Irish earth my mother sleeps, While the dew slowly o'er her weeps, Rest, mother dear, your work is o'er, Trouble or grief thou'lt know no more. You loved me with a mother's love, You watch me from your shrine above, And when my soul from earth shall fly, 'Twill be to meet you there on high.

The fond companions of my youth, Those shining gems of spolia trail, Are far away o'er ocean foam— Away in our once happy home, Dear sisters, when you kneel to pray, Remember me so far away; And when you think of our loved mother, Don't forget your absent brother.

ALYDWIN C. GAHAN. Quebec, May, 1880.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

The following are translations of two cards with which we have been favored by the distinguished families of Espagnet and Nugent, who have been united in the bonds of matrimony:—

"The Marquis and Marchioness d'Espagnet have the honor to inform the editor of the Irishman of the marriage of Mademoiselle Christine d'Espagnet, their daughter, with Count Patrick Nugent, Lieutenant in the 134th Regiment of the Line.

"Aix en Provence, 31st March, 1880." "The Count and Countess de Nugent have the honor to inform the editor of the Irishman of the marriage of Count Patrick Nugent, their son, Lieutenant in the 134th Regiment of the Line, with Mademoiselle Christine d'Espagnet.

"Chateau des Meunets, pres Montfort. "Amaury (St. Oise), 31st March, 1880."

In the Tribunal, which has been forwarded to us, we find the following notice of the illustrious ancestry of the bride and bridegroom:—

Count Patrick Nugent, Lieutenant of Infantry, has been married to Madlle. Christine d'Espagnet. The Marquis d'Espagnet, the bride's father, is the representative of a family who have contributed, for eight generations (from 1573 to 1790), many eminent members of the Parliament of Provence. One of them, Mark Anthony d'Espagnet, was the faithful friend of Henry IV. The present Marchioness is sister of the Count Du Demalme—formerly member of Vaucuse—whose ancestors, originally belonging to Brittany, settled in Provence in the reign of Louis XIV. One of the Demalmes served under the Duke de Crillon, and was present at the siege of Malton. The paternal uncles of the Marquis d'Espagnet held commissions in the Body Guard of Charles X., and his maternal uncle was Moneigneur de Mons, Archbishop of Avignon.

The Nugents crossed from Normandy to England with William the Conqueror, and they settled in Ireland in 1172. The present representative is the Earl of Westmeath, Anthony Francis Nugent, 9th Earl. A branch of the family returned to France in 1688, and Nugent's Cavalry was called after their name. The Nugents have given a Marshal to England, a Marshal to Austria, a Captain-General to Spain, a Generalissimo to the Republic of Venice, and three Lieutenants-General to France. One of the grand uncles of Count Patrick received fourteen wounds in Fontenoy, and in 1870 Patrick's eldest brother was left for dead on the battle-field of Chatillon, near Paris. His grandfather who followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and Charles X. to Holywood, was the last surviving officer of the Irish Brigade; and his father it was who presented the golden spurs to Henry V. at Pragus in 1833. His mother, Madlle. de Malart, belongs to the oldest families of Normandy, and is connected with the Montmorencys.

Another marriage announced in the Tribune is that of the son of Monsieur le Baron Tellic (O'Reilly), the Deputy for Tern, with Madlle. de Mackau (Mackey—in anglicized Irish), daughter of Ange-Fredric-Arnaud, Baron de Mackau, and of Marie-Josephine-Mathilde Maison, daughter of Count Maison, and Madlle. Diana Domecq, a descendant of Marshal Maison.

The father of the Baron was Count O'Reilly, Marshal of France, born at Antibes in 1775, and died in Paris in 1860. He distinguished himself in the campaigns of Italy and Spain. After the fall of the first Empire he married Madlle. Victoire Massena, daughter of Duke de Rivoli. The family of Mackau, Minister of Finance with the Stuarts. At the close of the last century they were represented by Monsieur de Mackau, Minister to France at the Court of Wurtemberg, and subsequently at the Courts of Florence and Naples.

THE FINANCES OF MANITOBA.

It is time some scheme were devised for setting the Province of Manitoba free from its financial dependence on the Dominion. The circumstances in which that Province finds itself are peculiar. Each of the other members of Confederation had a political autonomy before entering it, and was in possession of a Crown domain, including not merely the land but the timber and mineral resources on or in it. Manitoba, on the other hand, was carved out of territory belonging to the Dominion. At the time of its creation as a separate Province its population was extremely small, and the great mistake was made of so limiting its area that its inhabitants never can by any possibility become numerous until its boundaries are extended. The Crown lands were not handed over to the Provincial Government by the Dominion Parliament, and experience has shown that the financial provision made in lieu of a Crown domain is quite inadequate. The people of Manitoba cannot be justly charged with special folly in the matter of unwise expenditure. They were granted a double chamber Legislature by the Conservative wisacres than in power, and they were placed at the outset under the administrative control of a Minister of the then Dominion Premier sent up from Ottawa, and long ago wisely rid themselves of the superfluous upper chamber. The general work of administration seems to be managed as economically as possible, and there have been no scandalous expenditures brought to light by Opposition ferrets.—Toronto Globe.

"What between Newmarket and my gun by day," wrote Charles James Fox to Mr. Wakefield, "and between Ovid and Voltaire 'zore by night, I have forgotten that Pitt has an overwhelming majority; and that there ever was such a place as the House of Commons." Lord Beaconsfield has somewhat the same feeling. He writes to Lord Bradford to say that he is "going down to Hughenden with a batch of the last novels, and now that spring is yielding to summer he hopes, with their aid, to enjoy in the country some pleasant time."

THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

REMOVING THE INCREDIBLES TO TORONTO.

TORONTO, May 17.—Mr. Sheriff Glass, of London, arrived by the 10.20 train to-day, having the Biddulph prisoners in custody, preparatory to making a return of their bodies to the Courts of Common Pleas and Queen's Bench, obedient to a writ of Habeas Corpus served on him in the Crown by James Carroll, John Kennedy, Martin McLaughlin, Thomas Ryder, Jas. Ryder, Jr., and John Purcell. The prisoners were brought in cabs to Osgoode Hall. Shortly afterwards they were arraigned in the Court of Common Pleas before Chief Justice Wilson and Justices Olesar and Galt, when they pleaded not guilty. Mr. McMahon appeared for the prisoners. Mr. Irving, Q. C., for the Crown, after disposing of the usual formalities, said that he prayed Oyer to the return of the *coroner*, he proposed to support the application for change of venue from Middlesex to the County of Wellington, as being most convenient to any other county in the pleasure of the Court on the strength of the affidavits filed. In connection with the previous application for such a change to which some new matter had been added, he then read the new matter in the 6th 11th clause of the affidavit by Mr. Hutchinson, County Crown Attorney for Middlesex, which set out that deponent had asked a number of parties residing in the vicinity of Biddulph to make an affidavit of fact within their knowledge which would show that a fair trial could not be had in the County of Middlesex, but that they had refused to do so, fearing that it would prejudice their interests. They attributed such feeling in the neighborhood to the popular prejudice that existed against the Donnelly family. It was well known that the faction opposed to the Donnellys had retaliated and had committed wholesale murder, and that no vindictive act of the Donnellys had approached in atrocity the act of the opposing faction. The burning of the house of Michael O'Connor, father of the chief witness for the Crown, had probably been the act of an incendiary, and if not it had the effect of exciting the public mind all the same. A farmer of the township had said that if he was placed on the jury he could not bring in a verdict of guilty, because his property would be destroyed if he did. The concluding part of the clause gave statistics with reference to the jury list for the County of Middlesex, to show that the jury, no matter how carefully it was selected, must necessarily be prejudiced. After some discussion it was arranged that the argument should be heard on the 25th inst. The prisoners were then taken to the Court of Queen's Bench, where the same proceedings were taken, the argument being fixed for the 26th inst. The prisoners were then committed to Toronto jail, pending the result of the application.

FOMENTING DISORDER.

DEMONSTRATIONS DENOUNCED BY THE ARCHBISHOP.

QUEBEC, May 18.—The following is the pith of the pastoral read in the Roman Catholic Churches in this diocese on Sunday: We have heard with grief, our dearly beloved brethren, that during the last weeks serious troubles have occurred in this city and environs, and that in spite of the exhortations of your pastors and of the warnings of the civil authorities the troubles are likely to continue to the great detriment of souls and temporal damage to our city. Let every one remember that man's labor is his own and that he is at liberty to sell it at whatsoever price he pleases. He has the same control over his labor that a man has over his own farm. Therefore, labor unions sin grievously against justice whenever they attempt to force men to join these unions or to work for the price fixed by these unions. Men who do not belong to these unions have an equal right to fix for themselves the prices at which they will work. We, therefore, warn Catholics not to be in any manner parties in any attempt to force others, by violence or otherwise, to enter these unions or to work at the prices fixed by these societies. Being desirous to prevent amongst the Catholics entrusted by God Almighty to our pastoral charge as much as lies in our power such grave and unjust attacks upon the natural rights of others, and knowing that such acts offend God and bring souls to perdition. Having invoked the Divine assistance, and using the authority vested in us by Jesus Christ for your spiritual welfare, we rule and ordain as follows:—

1. Any Catholic who in the course of the present year 1880 shall attack or conspire to attack any person belonging to a labor society or not, or any member of his family, because such person works, has worked, or is willing to work at a price which he thinks fit, shall, by the very fact of such attack or conspiracy to attack, be excommunicated.

2. The absolution from this sin and excommunication is hereby reserved to us and our Vicar-General. We remind all guilty parties that according to the eternal principles of justice such absolution cannot be granted unless due reparation is made for the damage caused by such attack.

3. This ordinance shall take effect throughout our whole archdiocese immediately on its reading from the pulpit at the prone of the parochial mass in the churches of this city and environs.

4. This pastoral shall be read at the prone of the parochial churches of this city and environs on the first four Sundays after its reception in and subsequently on the first Sunday of the months of July, August, September and October of the present year.

THE BRITISH GRAIN TRADE.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:—"The weather of the past week has been a great advantage, causing much anxiety, as a week's sunshine would speedily restore the wheat, which has lost color in some localities. The continuance of hopeful crop prospects has depressed the grain trade. The country markets have been very moderately supplied. In English wheat the condition has improved, but trade remains inanimate, and a decline of 1s per qr. has been necessary to effect sales. At the close of the week, however, there was more firmness, and there were some signs that the decline had been arrested. Imports of foreign wheat into London have been very moderate. There was a fair consumptive demand on Monday, and a reduction of 1s per quarter on white descriptions. The decline since has not much increased, but business (except in Russian, which has been taken by speculators on the prospect of a diminution of the Russian export) being of the merest retail character, millers have taken little or no advantage of the prevailing low rate. They expect a further decline, which does not appear unlikely if America continues to ship heavily and the weather remains favorable here and abroad. Malze is hardening; a good trade was done in Malze, but there has been a quiet demand of 25s 6d. The arrivals at ports of call have been moderate. Wheat, in consequence of a strong Continental demand, has continued to advance. Prices have advanced a shilling, although there was not much United Kingdom bidding. Red winter closes at 51s. No. 1 standard California at 46s, white Michigan at 45s 6d to 51s. There has been a quiet demand for Malze at slightly improved prices. Wheat for shipment is not freely offered, and buyers still hold aloof. Malze has been held for rather more money than it was a week or two ago. The sales of English wheat last week were 23,001 quarters at 48s, against 57,477 quarters at 48s 6d during the week ending last week. The sales of United Kingdom wheat for the week ending the 1st instant were 1,989,235 cwts of wheat, and 169,560 cwts of flour.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters do spare them; they are priceless for their age!

I. I love, oh I love to see each yellow time stained page!

They tell of times, of happy times in years long, long gone by.

Old letters here is one, the hand of youth is on its face!

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clamped by bloody hands.

Old letters! ye are priceless, ye cost a widow's tear.

Old letters! ye are now the only link that bind us to the past!

Old letters! ye are precious, ye are sacred to the dead.

OUR ANGL-IRISH LETTER.

Orthodoxy and Democracy—The New Ministry—Church Establishment—The Land League and English Laborers—Salaries and Pensions.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

LONDON, April 29, 1880. The weather just now is loveliness itself.

Among the suggestions said to be published by some anti-orthodoxy to animals society, are these: If the horse on his back, can be provided with a thick layer of wool, to prevent worms from entering the pores from below.

EXTREME COLD ENDURED BY BEEDS. Some recent experiments by DeCandolle and Pileat have shown that bees can endure without injury, much cold and cabbage seeds and grains of wheat, without previous artificial drying.

COTTON-SEED MEAL. It is a very concentrated food and in using it this fact must be kept in mind. A ton of it contains about 37 pounds of Potash, 50 lbs. phosphoric acid, and 76 lbs. of Nitrogen.

Wool-washing. It is a question in the minds of many wool-growers as to the best method of washing the fleece while it is still upon the sheep's back.

REUNAWAY HORSE CURED. A writer in the Prairie Farmer tells how a runaway horse was cured, as follows: "I had a neighbor once, a queer genius who never lacked in resources and seldom got into any difficulty from which he did not successfully extricate himself."

"I Don't Want that Man!" Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of "sick headaches and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years."

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COTTON-SEED MEAL. It is a very concentrated food and in using it this fact must be kept in mind. A ton of it contains about 37 pounds of Potash, 50 lbs. phosphoric acid, and 76 lbs. of Nitrogen.

Wool-washing. It is a question in the minds of many wool-growers as to the best method of washing the fleece while it is still upon the sheep's back.

REUNAWAY HORSE CURED. A writer in the Prairie Farmer tells how a runaway horse was cured, as follows: "I had a neighbor once, a queer genius who never lacked in resources and seldom got into any difficulty from which he did not successfully extricate himself."

"I Don't Want that Man!" Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of "sick headaches and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years."

AGRICULTURE.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH—Continued.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.

Work is apt to come with a rush; and there is no marky difference in this, to that, that the work is properly planned, much time will be lost.

Asparagus should be cut with a strong, rounded-pointed knife, and with care, so that the roots are not injured.

Beets—Plant the best sorts in drills 15 inches apart, as soon as above is no danger of frost.

Corn—Plant so soon as the frosts are past, and continue to do so at intervals of a week or ten days, until the ground is too cold to plant.

Cucumbers—Plants that have been started in frames should go out, but protect them if cold nights come.

Lettuces—Cultivate the early plants; set out new plants from hot-bed for succession.

Peppers—Set out plants when the weather becomes settled. A few should be in every garden.

Potatoes—Keep clean of weeds by frequent hoeing and stirring the soil.

Radishes—Will need to be sown every week or so for a succession.

Spinach—Keep the first crop clear of weeds, and sow every week or 10 days during this month.

Tomatoes—Should be put in hills 4 feet each way, as soon as the danger of frost is past.

Flower Garden and Lawn. Lawn—A light top-dressing of some fine fertilizer should be applied.

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

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured so many cases of this distressing complaint as the Extract.

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the lungs, stomach, nose, etc., is cured by the Extract.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. The Extract is the only reliable remedy for this disease.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. The Extract is the best remedy for these ailments.

Burns and Scalds. For allaying the pain and promoting the healing of burns and scalds.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes. The Extract is the most effective remedy for inflamed eyes.

Earache, Toothache and Faceache. The Extract is the best remedy for these pains.

Piles. The Extract is the most reliable remedy for piles.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extract is the best remedy for these conditions.

Female Complaints. The Extract is the most effective remedy for female ailments.

Advertisement for S. CARLSEY, 309, 325, 327 and 329 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

LETTER FROM LACHINE.

THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES

Mr. Editor.—Brimful of the idea of murdering a helpless old woman (and if toothless, all the better), I hastened back to Lachine...

His Worsnip.—"Had the prisoner any weapons in his possession?" "Yes, your Honor; he had this (stethoscope produced)."

FOND'S EXTRACT, for every Pain, or Soreness. A history without a parallel; almost without advertising its sale has extended all over the country. Try it!

Medical. NERVOUS DEBILITY. Vital Weakness and prostration from overwork or other causes, is radically and promptly cured by H. HASWELL & CO.

PRIZE RAKE OF THE DOMINION. COSSITT'S MOWERS, REAPERS AND RAKES! FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. SEE SAMPLES IN LOCAL AGENTS HANDS, OR ADDRESS R. J. LATIMER, Office of Cossitt Bros., 81 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

"Women Never Think." If the crabbled old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well...

PERE HYACINTHES CHURCH TROUBLES. Paris, May 15.—The action for libels brought against Pere Hyacinthe by his ex-vicar, Abbe Bichery, was called yesterday before a Justice of the Peace.

Medical, & GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. TRADE MARK. Will promptly cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness...

Medical, & VALUABLE TRUTHS. If you are suffering from poor health or languishing vitality, Hop Bitters will cure you.

DOMINION ORGAN EMPORIUM No. 230 Notre Dame Street (A. J. BOUCHER'S), Montreal. Philadelphia 1876, Sydney, 1877, Paris 1878, Toronto 1879. L. E. N. PRATTE, AGENT.

"What is her age, my boy?" "I don't know sir, but she has no teeth, and walks upon crutches."

In the Journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland for October, 1878, there is an illustration of a fine specimen of chain mail found in the Phoenix Park, Dublin...

Medical, & LUBBY'S FOR THE HAIR. There are persons who, having made use of various preparations without obtaining any satisfactory results, will be inclined to condemn the use of LUBBY'S PARIAN HAIR RENEVER.

Medical, & FURS! FURS! EDWARD STUART, PRACTICAL FURRIER, Corner of McGill & Notre Dame Streets. Respectfully informs his friends and the public...

GRAIN BAGS! GRAIN BAGS! Tarpanlins, Horse and Waggon Covers, Tents, &c. &c. For Sale or Hire. Mich'l Leahy & Co., 357 Commissioners St. Montreal.

Spencerian Steel Pens. SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS. Of the very best English make, unrivalled for flexibility, durability and evenness of point. REAL SWAN QUILL ACTION!

"Wait a moment," said the helpless woman, "perhaps it is this which causes you so much uneasiness, and as she spoke she drew from the folds of her venerable bosom a gigantic silver watch which might easily be mistaken for a burnished frying-pan, 'now listen for a tick.'"

Probably no one article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as the most nourishing and strengthening beverage...

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. For beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, and Economy. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass. Each package of the genuine bears our Trade Mark—a out of the Rising Sun.

WANTED. 300 tie cutters to cut ties on the line of the extensions of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway from Alamosa to Silverton, Col., from Alamosa to Albuquerque, N.M., and from Canon City, Col., westward. Price paid per tie, 8 cents.

THE COOK'S FRIEND Baking Powder. Is manufactured under the patronage of the CONSUMERS OF CANADA! The constantly-increasing demand for the COOK'S FRIEND Shows it to be the "People's Choice." Retailled everywhere. Manufactured only by W. D. McLAREN, 55 AND 57 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL.

BEATTY Pianos. Another battle on high prices Raging War on the monopolistic race. See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply sent free before buying Piano or Organ. Ready latest War. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

"Will you favor the Court with a little of your Italian?" "Si, Signor. Covil thu dhuill! Facille decensens Aveni sed roycare gradus. Arma virumque cano qui primus ab oris. Conticures omni."

Holloway's Pills.—The sudden changes, frequent fevers, and prevailing dampness sorely impede the vital functions and conduce to ill-health. The remedy for these disorders lies in some purifying medicine like these Pills, which is competent to grapple with the mischief at its source...

Stove Polish. THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. For beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, and Economy. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass. Each package of the genuine bears our Trade Mark—a out of the Rising Sun.

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BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY PATENTED. Catalogue sent Free. WANDUZEN & TIT, Cincinnati, O.

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS 91 BLEURY STREET. CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty. MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c. MADE TO ORDER.

FINANCE & COMMERCE

The local financial position has undergone no notable change since our last reference.

The traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway for week ending May 10th, amounting to \$37,412.22, against \$74,715.72 for the corresponding week last year, an increase of \$1,299.50.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Passengers, Mails and Express, Freight and Live Stock.

Increase in 1880. The River-du-Loup receipts are included in 1879, and not in 1880; adding them (\$4,200) the week's increase would be \$14,091.

THE MONTREAL BANK

The following is a statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ended April 30th, 1880.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes Balance of profit and loss account, Dividend 4 per cent, Balance of profit and loss carried forward.

INSOLVENT NOTICES

Dividends Announced for Payment.—J G Kennedy & Co, Montreal, May 25; V Cooke & Co, Richmond, May 25; Jos Giroux, Montreal, May 25; C L Foster & Co, Montreal, May 25; Fish, Shepherd & Co, Montreal, June 1.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE CITY WHOLESALE TRADE

Wholesale trade here has slightly improved in some branches during the past week, but no decided activity has yet been developed in this market as was confidently expected.

The local breadstuffs market continues very quiet. Flour has been dull this week, and if anything somewhat easier, though values are not notably lower.

The following are the city wholesale prices: Superior Extra, \$5.80; Extra Superfine, \$5.70; Fancy, \$5.60.

ASHES.—The local market for potash is more depressed just now than for many months past. At the present there is scarcely any demand, and the outlook is still gloomy.

ROOTS AND RHUBES.—A fair sorting-up business has been done here during the past week. The country trade is reported to be improving, with the advancement of the warm summer season, and travellers forwarding to our wholesale manufacturers numerous orders for light, sum-

mer goods so that all our large houses are kept fairly busy. Trade is reported to be fully equal to that of last May, so far. No change in prices is expected until quotations are fixed for the Fall trade.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—There is no quotable change to note in the condition of the market since our last reference. Purchasers are almost entirely limited to present wants, and prices continue to decline in England, so far as can be learned, but no English mail advices have been received here since the date of our last report.

DRY GOODS.—Business during the past week has been fairly active, the wholesale trade consisting mainly of sorting-up orders received through travellers, which, though not generally large, are fully as numerous as was expected.

FURS.—The only kind of raw furs coming forward is spring muskrat, of which there have been a good many offerings during the week, and prices are easy but nominally unchanged; shipping lots bring 16c to 16 1/2c according to quality, and for first-class skins 17c has been paid.

GROCERIES.—Trade is only moderately active. The delay of vessels by ice has had an effect on business generally. The season, however, is very favorable for the agricultural interests, on which all depends.

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present wants, and prices range from \$20 to \$23, as to brand, but, until the market is more settled we do not attempt to fix prices for the various kinds in our list. A cable received yesterday from Glasgow reports values about the same as a fortnight ago.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, etc.

SEEDS.—The demand for clover has been fairly active, with prices tending upwards. The clover crop in Ontario is reported to have been partially winter-killed, and the bulk of the seed in this market has been bought up to hold over.

WOOL.—The market here remains quiet and nominally unchanged. Manufacturers are pursuing a merely hand-to-mouth policy at present, and seem to be holding off until the arrival of the new clip of fleeces on the market, which is not expected to come forward for a couple of weeks yet.

THE FARMERS' MARKETS

Considered that farmers are now generally busy at home putting in their spring crop, the attendance at the city retail markets today was fairly good, and supplies of produce, although not large, were sufficient for the demand.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET

The supply of horses offered in the market during this week is reported to have been rather light, and not including many first-class business animals, still we find on comparing the official reports of the past week with those of the week before, an increase this week over those of last week of 31 horses and of \$2,151.

The following are the prices, corrected up to date: Potatoes, 60c to 70c per bushel; carrots, 30c to 40c per bushel; choice onions, \$3.00 per barrel, or \$1.50 per bushel; parsnips, 25c to 30c per bushel; radishes, 40c to 50c per bushel; turnips, 30c to 40c per bushel; cabbages, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per bushel; celeriac, 50c to \$1.00 per bushel; American lettuce, 50c to \$1.00 per bushel; artichokes, 25c to 30c per bushel; radishes, 40c to 50c per bushel; asparagus, 25c to 30c per bushel; new rhubarb, 40c to 50c per bushel.

MONTREAL HAY MARKET

The offerings of hay on College street market during the week ending to-day were much larger than last week, and the demand being only moderate, there being very little choice hay brought to market, prices have suffered a marked decline.

THE CATTLE MARKETS

In consequence of the large number of vessels, estimated at fully 100, detained by ice in the Gulf, trade here in cattle has been seriously interrupted, with during the past week and very few purchases were made by exporters to-day.

At St. Gabriel market this forenoon there were about 10 carloads cattle offered for sale, by J. C. Conhlan, Toronto; W. Rivinston, Brockville; C. Sabel, Ottawa; R. Jones, Mitchell; W. Roberts, Lennoxville; G. Devlin, Ottawa; M. Elliot, Newcastle; W. Walters, Whitty, J. Stone Whitty; and S. Waddell, from the Don. Mr. A. D. McPherson bought 7 cattle from John Robinson, of Toronto, at \$40 each, and 5 from M. Elliot at the same price.

RECEIPTS AND SHIPMENTS

The receipts at Point St. Charles for the past week were 142 carloads cattle, and 7 carloads sheep. The following were the receipts for export shipment to Europe: Messrs. Lemoin, Dunn & Co., 23 cars cattle from Whitty and Toronto; Dow, Hallam & Co., 26 cars from Toronto, Paris and Waterloo; Egerton, Rees, 6 cars cattle from London, 5 cars sheep from Kingston; J. & C. Oughlin, 18 cars cattle from Don and Forrest; C. M. Acro & Co., 2 cars cattle and 2 cars sheep, Port Hope; A. Dow & Co., 8 cars cattle from Waterloo; Jas. McShane, 9 cars from Don and Sarnforth; Craig & Kennedy, 20 cars from Don and Brampton; George Armstrong, 4 cars from Brampton; M. Williams, 3 cars from Forrest; Elliot & Williamson, 9 cars; J. Dunn, 8 cars.

AT VIGOR MARKET

The supply of cattle was again largely in excess of the demand, and business was dull. As previously reported, exporters are not buying freely, and the demand from local butchers continues light; they state that holders ask too high prices, while the latter contend that obtainable prices are low and unprofitable; one dealer reported to-day that he lost about \$200 on his total sales. The offerings at this market comprised 250 head cattle of which 200 were from St. Gabriel market, 150 calves and about 80 sheep and lambs. The quality of the beefs was unusually good, and prices paid ranged from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb. live weight.

The sale of 5 head of fine cattle by John Robinson, of Toronto, to butchers at 4 1/2c to 5c furnished the exception to the general rule. Messrs. Wilder & Roberts sold 20 head to butchers at from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c. Wm. Jack, of Lindsay, sold only 2 head out of 19 cattle at 4 1/2c, and B. J. Hopper sold 2 out of 10 head at about 4c. Matthew Elliott, Kingston, sold 20 head at about \$60 each or 4 1/2c. Mr. Elliott stated that these cattle cost him fully 50c in the country. B. Balderson, Perth, sold 5 head for \$210; J. Benoit, trader, 9 out of 17 head at an average of \$49 each, and J. B. Roy 20 head at 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c. John McKinnon, Guelph, had under offer 20 head of good cattle, which he drove away unsold. There was a large number of cattle in the yards yet unsold at noon. The calves were chiefly small, and sold at from \$1 to \$7 each; the largest and best calves, however, would bring \$10, if offered. Very few sheep offered; they sold at from \$6 to 8, and lambs, which were generally good, from \$1 to 4.50 each.

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market continues very light, and although barges laden with anthracite coal are arriving at this port from the States almost every day, business is reported quite dull. Consumers are generally holding off for lower prices, but from present prospects, they may have to wait for a considerable time.

Owing to the limited supply of cordwood in the market, prices at the wharf have advanced 50c per cord, and are now quoted ex-wharf, as follows: Maple \$4.50; birch, \$4.25; tamarac, \$3 to 3.50; hemlock, \$2.50 to 3. Dealers report, however, that retail prices, delivered from the yards, remain unchanged. During the week about 18 barge loads have arrived at the foot of the long wharf, near Molson's, and several others laden with cordwood are anchored at Hochelaga.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS

(For the Week ending Thursday, 25th April.) LONDON.—Best beef, 8 1/2d to 9d per lb; inferior and secondary, 6 1/2d to 8d per lb; best mutton, 1 1/2d to 1 3/4d per lb; inferior and secondary, 1 1/4d to 1 1/2d per lb. Although not active, the cattle trade to-day was steady; supplies, however, were not up to the average. Business was not active, but prices remained about the same as in demand, and last week's prices better than last week.

LONDON GROCERY MARKET

In Mincing Lane during the past week there has not been much change. Holders of sugar have been firm, and succeeded in obtaining a further advance for spot and abroad. The sale of coffee by the Dutch Trading Company went off at about 1 per cent below valuations. Good ordinary is quoted at 39 1/2c against 40 1/2c in April. The market here is dull. Large stocks have a depressing influence on prices, which has fallen upon all except good and fine. There was a steady demand for rice-afloat. Black pepper declined 1/4d to a farthing, and white 1/4d per lb. The public sales of tea were again large at about previous rates.

LONDON AGRICULTURAL SEED TRADE

LONDON, 25th March, 1880.—The end of the season being now close at hand, the attendance of buyers on the market to-day was most numerous. As regards American clover, the prevalent feeling exhibits less depression; nevertheless, current prices are still at a lower level, whilst the quality of the seed is finer than has been before. The market for other varieties of farm seeds are also surprisingly cheap. Holders of trefoil are accepting reduced terms. The trade for lucerne improves. Of sainfoin and Timothy stocks are at a low ebb. Spring wheat is held downwards. Hemp seed realizes 3 1/2s per qr. Canary is neglected. There is a better sale for mangel-seed. Scarce runners are dearer; white runners being remarkably cheap, consequently meet with more attention.—John Shaw & Sons' Circular.

FINANCE, COMMERCE AND TRADE

A shipping office has been established at the Port of Summerside, P.E.I., and Mr. Jacob Bohrum, of Summerside, is appointed shipping master.

CAUTION

The pianos advertised by some of the Montreal actioners to be sold in private houses this spring as "Weber" pianos are not "WEBER" pianos. The advertisements appear to be intentionally worded so as to mislead the public. There is probably no piano maker in the world who has had so many imitators, both of his name and style, as "Weber." Several parties, particularly country people, are deceived by these advertisements, supposing that these low grade pianos are really made by Weber, whereas none of his pianos have been sold at auction at any of these sales.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW YORK PIANO CO. Agents for "Weber." Montreal, 1st May, 1880.

OATHOLO

COLONIZATION BUREAU. St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.

THE FUEL MARKETS

There has been an improved inquiry in this market during the past week, for steam coal supply the wants of steamship owners and manufacturers, and prices paid for Scotch steam coal range from \$5 to \$6.25; few other kinds values remain unchanged; at this figure noted in our last report, but for round lots doubtless these quotations would be shaded. The demand for all kinds of hard coal in this

Premium Books.

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