

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

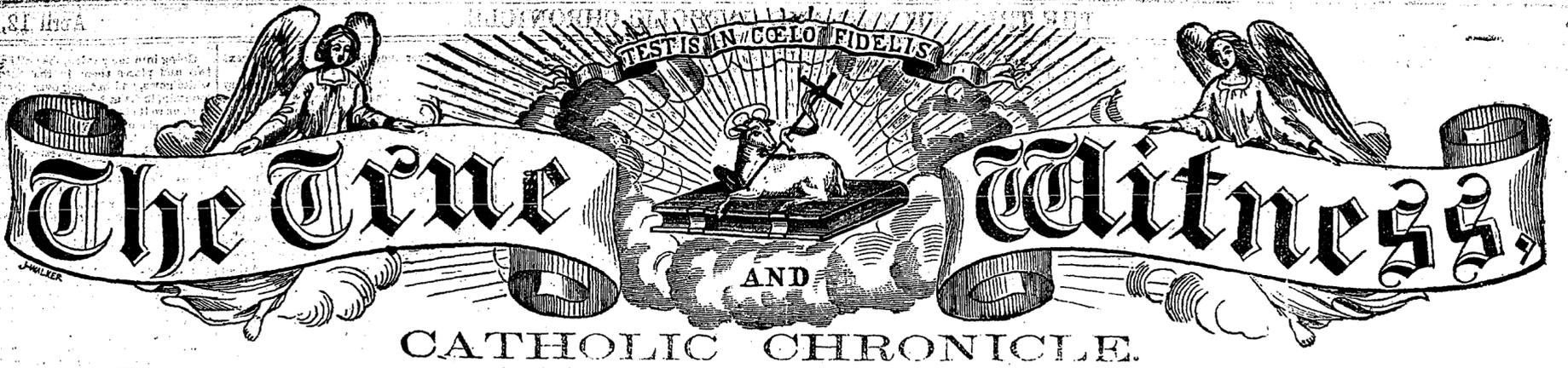
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



IRELAND

The Land War.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

P. J. SMYTHE'S REPLY TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

His Arrest Demanded.

THE IRISH MUST HAVE IRELAND.

No-Rent Rules!

MR. PARNELL

Released From Kilmainham

ON PAROLE ONLY.

MR. LABOUCHERE ON HOME RULE.

"No Rent" in Scotland

London, April 4.—In the House of Commons this afternoon, Mr. Gladstone stated that the negotiations with the Government of the United States respecting suspects of American nationality were continued. To representations made by Great Britain to the United States last June respecting certain Fenian literature, no answer had been received. The announcement was received with ironical cheers from the Conservatives. Replying to Mr. Gorst, Mr. Gladstone said the Government was sensible of the gravity of the condition of Ireland, but it must select its own time for proposing any desirable measures. It was a social and not a political revolution that was in progress. The Land League started when the Conservatives were in power. Though the agrarian crimes had increased, he believed the effect of the Land Act was extending. The state of Ireland was unprecedented for 50 years. There is a strong presumption that the influence of the Land League is behind the awful crimes committed there. He cited Healy's letter calling the Government a set of brigands. Sir Stafford Northcote said Mr. Gladstone's speech was disappointing, alarming and unsatisfactory, because it showed vacillation. Irish members declared that the Government, by crushing the Land League, encouraged ribbon societies. This was the cause of outrages. The House adjourned for the Easter holidays.

London, April 5.—All landlords in the Counties of Westmeath and Roscommon are now under police protection. London, April 5.—The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"It is difficult to see how any of Ireland would arise in any foreign country we should wonder why the office of Viceroy was not put in a commission composed, say of a good lawyer, a practised statesman, and a sensible soldier. So long as the old system of Dublin Castle continues, whether Forster remains or retires, the Government are practically committed to the same impotent mistakes as took place fifty years ago during a similar ordeal. Forster was in anxious consultation with the Lord Lieutenant and the police yesterday. Recent murders are causing serious anxiety. The London Times says the condition of Ireland is the subject of the deepest anxiety to all the members of the executive. London, April 5.—Mr. Patrick J. Smyth, member of Parliament, replying to a resolution of the Tipperary commissioners, concerning his recent parliamentary action, says:—"Case your babbling about things you do not understand. If you are not utterly lost to every sense of patriotic and humane feeling, weep for the land reduced to a condition of savagery. See the recent outrages, and reserve your curses for the League of Hell, which has brought all this ruin and shame upon our nation."

The following despatches have been received by the N. Y. Irish World:— Dublin, April 6.—Not satisfied with the arrest of priests, some of the landlord organs are clamoring for the arrest of Archbishop Croke. The Dublin Express says:—"When a public man makes such a speech as Dr. Croke made on Monday is an advocate of anarchy, and is morally guilty of countenancing crimes while professing to condemn them. A government has a right to place persons under arrest who are disseminating doctrines subversive of society when their teachings are sure to result in the breach of the peace." One hundred prosperous tenants on the

Charney estate, near Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, met their landlord last Monday. In former years they have always punctually paid their rent. They now refuse to do so, and at the meeting told the landlord that if he evicted them the land would remain valueless. All left without paying a penny of rent. Within the last ten days sixty suspects have been released. Among them is Mr. Mangan, who was elected Mayor of Drogheda while in prison. There is rumor that the Government intends to have recourse to martial law. The people are calmly waiting this move on the part of the Government. They are no way daunted. Two hundred tenants on Lord Clinton's estate in Here Island, County Cork, have just struck against rent. They refuse to pay Lord Clinton a penny of rent. In the election for Poor Law Guardians the Land League candidates are everywhere victorious. In most cases the landlord chairman of the Poor Law Guardians is dismissed. Suspects have been elected in the places of Lord Emly, of Lismore, and Lord Clancarty. The landlords are astounded at Forster's statement about rents being paid. One landlord writes to the newspapers that he has not received a penny since Forster entered upon office. The Dublin Daily Express, a landlord organ, admits that rents are being withheld in many parts where the No Rent Manifesto at first took no hold.

New York, April 8.—The World's London special says: It is rumored, in unusually well-informed circles, that Parnell will soon be liberated, probably as soon as the Government carries the closure scheme, and is able to prevent systematic obstruction in the House. The Government has given no official explanation of the reasons which impelled it to release American suspects, but will be called upon, immediately after the reassembling of Parliament, to lay such information before the House and country as is not inconsistent with the interests of the public service. Dublin, April 8.—The Land League paper United Ireland, has again been printed here. The issue was seized by the police. The number was much milder in tone than its predecessors. New York, April 8.—The Herald's London special despatch says: "The Burgin Convention has commenced its annual meeting at Edinburgh, and immediately proceeded to unanimously adopt a resolution in favor of Home Rule, namely, that all Scotch legislation should be effected, subject to the approval of Parliament and the veto of the Crown, by Scotchmen chosen biennially by the electors of burghs and counties."

London, April 8.—Truth has the following on Irish Home Rule: "Home Rule has taken its place within the area of practical politics, because Englishmen are beginning to see that they will eventually have to accept it. There is no more reason why we English should claim the right to make laws for Ireland than for Canada or New Zealand. I venture to predict that within twenty years it will be thought monstrous that we should have ever denied the Irish so self-evident a right." Dublin, April 8.—Mr. Smythe, the Westmeath landlord fired at last Sunday, and whose sister-in-law was killed, writes to Mr. Gladstone:—"Your practical adhesion to the principle of force is no remedy in the case. Irish savagery has culminated in making it easy for the Land League assassin to murder my sister-in-law at noonday. I now lay the guilt of that deed of blood at your door, and in the face of the whole country, supported, as you are, by 'No Rent' members of Parliament and their press and some Irish bishops, terrorism is existing under the protection of your police. I know there are but a few who would venture to denounce the assassins, but they see them; and were they to do so their lives would be forfeited, while prisoners would almost assuredly escape after a face of a trial by jury."

Dublin, April 8.—The Castle officials are considering the course of action to be recommended for adoption by Parliament regarding the removal or repeal of the Coercion Act. All Irish law advisers of the Crown and several magistrates and county inspectors are here. Prominent officials generally take the gloomiest view of the state of the country. Dublin, April 10.—Mr. Parnell was released from prison this morning, and is now on his way to England. Dublin, April 10.—The release of Parnell is on parole for a week in order to enable him to visit a sister in Paris whose child has just died. London, April 10.—Parnell, desiring faithfully to observe his parole, alighted at Willden Junction, outside London, to avoid a demonstration. He was met by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Cork, April 10.—Bands are playing, houses illuminated, crowds parading the streets this evening in honor of the release of Parnell. In the country the hillside are ablaze with bonfires. The delight of the people is ex-

ST. PATRICK!

AN ELOQUENT SERMON

BY THE GREAT DOMINICAN

FATHER BURKE

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The nuns of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, are about establishing a branch of their institution at Stanstead. A convent building is at once to be erected there for that purpose. After Mass, on Easter Sunday, in the Church of St. Peter in Chains, Trenton, Ont., letters were read from His Lordship Bishop Cleary, accusing the Rev. Henry Brettergh of having recently issued, through the Kingston diocese, certain defamatory and seditious libels, tending to schism and grievous scandal of the clergy and of the laity, both Catholic and Protestant; and in virtue of the canonical obedience due His Lordship, Father Brettergh is commanded to appear before the Bishop on Tuesday, the 11th inst., at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary in Kingston, to answer such questions as shall be proposed to him in reference to the alleged libel. The reading of the letters caused a profound sensation, as Father Brettergh is deeply loved and respected by his congregation. The Benedictine Monastery at Solemes, in France, has been closed by the authorities, the seven or eight inmates allowed to remain fifteen months ago as caretakers having gradually been augmented till the establishment was virtually reconstituted. A week's grace was allowed them for reducing their numbers to the assigned limit, but they flatly refused to do so. Several other monasteries are threatened with the like severity in case of recalcitrancy. The dispersion of the Benedictines were effected by fifty gendarmes, a detachment of the Line being stationed outside. The door had to be forced and the monks dragged from the chapel where they were chanting. The Abbot was removed last and knelt outside the door, after which he informed the Prefect that he had incurred excommunication.

AMERICAN CITIZENS

In British Prisons.

MEETING IN THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

New York, April 4.—There was a large gathering at the Cooper Institute yesterday on the occasion of a mass meeting to protest against the action of the British Government in detaining American citizens in prison. In rear of the speakers desk was a life size portrait of the late Governor Marcy. The audience was an intelligent body and represented principally the middle and working classes. On the platform were Mayor Grace (Chairman), Patrick Ford, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Prof. Brophy, Samuel J. Randall, Wm. E. Robinson, S. S. Cox, Roger A. Pryor, Col. Fred. A. Conkling, Congressmen Voorkees, O'Donovan Rossa, Stephen J. Meany, Eugene Kelly, Senator Jones (Florida), Lubin Davitt, sister of Michael Davitt. Several other ladies and Catholic clergymen. Mayor Grace made opening addresses followed by S. S. Cox. Letters were read from David Davis, Speaker Kiefer, Senator Pendleton, Warner, Miller, Lapham, Fair, Cockrell, Jones, Frye, Belmont and Ferry, Congressmen Hewitt, Belmont, Callahan and Rosconser, Francis, Kernan, Roscoe Conkling and several others. Ex-Speaker Randall made a special address. Solutions were adopted expressing sympathy with the imprisoned Americans, and deep displeasure at the official neglect or evasion of duty which abandoned them to the mercies of unscrupulous jailors. That the syncretical bearing of Minister Lowell joined with his supercilious replies to the appeals of our unlawfully imprisoned fellow-citizens have been received with mingled feelings of disgust and indignation, that honour of the nation demands his recall and the substitution of some man in his place who has the will and ability to discharge his functions and office, earnestly requesting the President in compliance with the duty imposed upon him by law to forthwith demand of the British Government the prompt release of American citizens now unjustly deprived of their liberty by the said Government. Congressman Orth addressed the meeting. He assured the audience the committee having the matter in charge would shortly walk to the doors of the British prisons and demand the release of our citizens. He added the President was walking also to these prison doors, and would not stop until these men were released. Senator Jones, Congressman Lord and General Fryer followed. The latter said Mr. Lowell's place must be filled by a Massachusetts man. I can name one. (Loud cries of Butler, Butler.) You are right; Butler I mean. (Loud cheers) During the evening Mrs. Parnell took a seat on the platform and was received with great enthusiasm.

ST. PATRICK!

AN ELOQUENT SERMON

BY THE GREAT DOMINICAN

FATHER BURKE

CATHOLIC NEWS.

On Friday evening in the Church of St. Saviour, Dominican street, the panegyric on St. Patrick was preached by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P. There was a crowded congregation. Father Burke preached from the following text:— Let us now praise the men of renown and our fathers in their generation, let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise. These words reminded them of a solemn religious duty which they owed to God and to His saints, to thank God for the highest of His gifts, and which they owed to St. Patrick as the instrument and the means chosen by Almighty God to confer that gift upon them. In order that their celebration of St. Patrick might be a reasonable celebration, and their praise a rational praise, he had to ask them to consider three things—the work which St. Patrick accomplished for the Irish people, the fitness of the man for that work to which God had destined him, and the fruits that sprang from his labors in the past and the responsibilities that lay upon his spiritual children in the present and for the future. More than 400 years after the

OBITUARY.

Police Sergeant Nugent, who recently shot himself, died on the evening of April 6th.

Mrs. Pierre Verret, residing at Charlebourg, Que., dropped dead on the morning of April 6th.

Col. Henry D. Pierce, brother of the late President Pierce, died suddenly at Hillsboro, N. H., on April 9th, aged 68 years.

A. Halbert, President Chicago Ball Club and of the National Baseball League, died of heart disease and dropsy on April 10th. He was a prominent member of the Chicago Board of Trade.

The funeral of Mr. R. S. Roblin, who died in Brandon, Man., took place on April 9th, from the residence of his brother-in-law, W. H. Allison, Picton, Ont., and was attended by 2,000 people.

Mr. R. B. Butler, a well known politician, died at Sheddah, N. B., on the 5th instant. Mr. Butler represented Kent in the local Legislature as far back as 1851, and was elected to the Dominion Parliament in 1872.

Mr. A. F. McNab, a citizen of Winnipeg, Man., and son of Mr. A. McNab, ex-M. P. for Gengarry, Ont., died rather suddenly on April 10th, while suffering from an attack of measles. Heart disease is supposed to have been the immediate cause of death.

The Rev. Father Julien Gastineau, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and formerly Superior of the Educational Institution at Cote des Neiges, died in Paris on the 3rd instant. The deceased had many friends in Canada, whose respect and esteem he enjoyed in a high degree. He was, moreover, very favorably known in religious circles, and his death will be learned with deep regret by all.

IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

LONDON, April 6.—A Dublin despatch says that the report that the Irish-American "suspects" would be liberated on condition that they quit the country, except two or three who refused to accept the condition, is unfounded. About six "suspects" who are naturalized citizens of the United States, have been released within four weeks, but only on the same grounds as were the others who were liberated. Their citizenship is entirely unconnected with their release, the Executive holding that all persons resident in Ireland are liable to British law, and are to be treated as British subjects. Among those of this class released was Boyton, who was liberated on account of ill-health. There are only four "suspects" of the same class now imprisoned.

THE COSTIGAN RESOLUTIONS.

A report has been industriously circulated that there exists a division in the ranks of the Irish Catholic members of the Parliament among the Costigan resolutions. It has, however, been authoritatively stated to a representative of this paper that the Irish membership both sides of the House are a unit on the question.

CANADA

(Written by Special Request.)

I'm ask'd to sing a simple song,

To tune my Muse's lyre once more—

To let the echoes now prolong

The tunings of a bard that's o'er;

To here recall the past, farewell!

And all our country's praises tell.

I must refuse the 'queered' boon,

I must decline a song again—

My sun has past its gorgeous noon

And all my rhymin' are in vain,

For I can never tune anew

The chord that once is snapp'd in two.

From where Atlantic's billows lave

Our country's noble rocky shore,

To where Pacific spreads its wave,

Our country's banner long must soar:

Triumph must be its ever rise,

Her emblem's pre-reading to the skies!

While mineral wealth her mountains fill,

White gradually all her rivers flow—

White noble forests deck each hill,

And drapes the valleys far below,

While freedom on her sheds its ray,

She'll hold her powerful Western sway!

Upon her past she'll gaze with pride,

Her monuments will stand sublime,

From mountain tops to ocean tide,—

A best, a power, a proud climate—

Our Canada must rise in might,

Resplendent with a new born light!

Her heroes sleep beneath the sod;

Of many nations proud were they—

Who knelt unto one common God,

Altho' at divers shrines they pray,

And she will ever love each name,

That's writ upon her scroll of fame.

Her present is within the hand

Of each that loves his country true,

And traitor to his native land.

The one who swears should learn to do

As patriot should, as patriot must—

The guardian of his country's trust!

Her future is beyond the sea

Of all devoid of patriot power;

And yet within the reach of man

The tolling of her golden hour,

When ever powerful over must

She'll rise the mistress of the West.

Let each his duty well fulfill:

Let each his real labor know,

And Canada, a real laborer,

Will flourish, triumph, live and grow.

Drill her citizenry in hardiest

And then meet her gorgeous sun!

I will not chant, I may not sing,

'Tis not in swags and rhyme I live

Can make the glorious anthem ring,

That tells the world that we are free,

No, in the power of mind and brain

Our Nation's strength must long remain!

Once more, my Muse, I say adieu!

'Til time my harp upon its dye

When Canada, the proud and true,

Will rise in might, and fearless say—

'Tis done my part, my task is o'er,

I sink to wait I'm told, farewell!

And that will be the golden morn,

Preceded by the fiery night,

That tells the world that we are free,

Amid an everlasting light.

With her re-true my faith, cheer'd,

With her to sing and bless the Lord,
JOSEPH K. FERRIS,
Green Park, Aylmer, 6th April, 1882.

NOTHING ON EARTH SO GOOD.

Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters, to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Knapp, with Mr. Geo. E. Miller, 416 Main street, Worcester, Mass.:

Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

FATH AND UNFATH.

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"I have been telling Clarissa how we tired of each other long before the right time," says George, airily, "and how we came home to escape being bored to death by our own dullness."

Dorian laughs. "She says what she likes," he tells Clarissa, "has she yet put on the dignified stop for you? It would quite subdue any one to see her at the head of her table. Last night it was terrible. She seemed to grow several inches taller, and looked so severe that, long before it was time for him to retire, Martin was on the verge of nervous tears. I could have sworn for him, he looked so disheartened."

"I'm perfectly certain Martin adores me," says Mrs. Branscombe, indignantly. "and I couldn't be so very dignified to save my life. Clarissa, you must forgive me if I remove Dorian at once, before he says anything worse. He is quite untrustworthy. Good-by, dearest, and be sure you come up to see me to-morrow. I want to ask you ever so many more questions."

"Cards from the duchess for a garden party," says George, throwing the invitations in question across the breakfast-table to her husband. "It is quite a week later, and she has almost settled down into the conventional married woman, though not altogether. To be entirely married—that is, sedate and sage—is quite beyond George. Just now some worrying thought is oppressing her, and spoiling the flavor of her tea; her kidney loses its grace, her toast its crispness. She peeps at Dorian from behind the huge silver urn that seems jealously to conceal her from view; and says, plaintively,

"Is the duchess a very grand person, Dorian?" "She is an awfully fat person, at all events," says Dorian, cheerfully. "I never saw any one who could beat her in that. She'd take a prize, I think. She is not a bad old thing when in a good temper, but that is so painfully seldom. Will you go?" "I don't know"—doubtfully. "Plainly she is in the lowest depths of despair. I—I—think I would rather not."

"I think you had better, darling." "But you said just now she was always in a bad temper."

"Always? Oh, no; I am sure I couldn't have said that. And, besides, she won't go for you, you know, even if she is. The duke generally comes in for it. And by this time he rather enjoys it, I suppose—as custom makes us love most things."

"But Dorian, really now, what is she like?" "I can't say that; it is a tremendous question. I don't know what she is; I only know what she is not."

"What then?" "Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair," quotes he, promptly. "At which they both laugh."

"If she is an old dowdy," says Mrs. Branscombe, somewhat irreverently, "I shan't be one scrap afraid of her, and I do so want to go right over the castle. Somebody—Lord Alfred—would take me, I dare say. Yes!—with sudden animation—"let us go."

"I shall poison Lord Alfred presently," says Dorian, calmly. "Nothing shall prevent me. Your evident determination to spend your day with him has excited his doom; you'll see an answer, and let us spend a nice long happy day in the country."

"We are always spending that, aren't we?" says Mrs. Branscombe, adoringly. "Then, with a sigh, "Dorian, what shall I wear?" "He doesn't answer. For the moment he is engrossed, being deep in his "Times," busy studying the murders, divorces, Irish atrocities, and other pleasantries it contains.

"Dorian, do put down that abominable paper," exclaims she again, impatiently, leaning her arms on the table, and regarding him anxiously from the right side of the very forward urn that still will come in her way.

"What shall I wear?" "I can't matter," says Dorian; "you look lovely in everything."

"It is a pity you can't talk sense,"—reproachfully. "Then, with a glance literally heavy with care. "There is that tea-green satin trimmed with Chantilly."

"I forget it," says Dorian, professing the very deepest interest, "but I know it is all things."

"No, it isn't; I can't bear the sleeve. Then—discontentedly—"there is that velvet."

"The very, enthusiastically. "Oh, Dorian, dear! What are you thinking of? Do remember how warm the weather is."

herself from out the meadow an hour ago; her lips are red, and parted; her hair, that is loosely knotted, and hangs low down, betraying the perfect shape of her small head, is yellow, like ripe corn. She smiles as she places her hand in Dorian's and asks him how she looks; while he, being all too glad because of her excessive beauty, is very slow to answer her. In truth, she is "like the snow-drop fair, and like the primrose sweet."

At the castle she creates rather a sensation. Many, as yet, have not seen her; and these stare at her placidly, indifferent to the fact that breeding would have it otherwise.

"What a peculiarly pretty young woman," says the duke, half an hour after her arrival, staring at her through his glasses. He had been absent when she came, and so is only just now awakened to a sense of her charms.

"What?—what?" says the duchess, vaguely, she being the person he has rashly addressed. She is very fat, very unimpressible, and very fond of argument. "Oh! over there. I quite forget who she is. But I do see that Alfred is making himself, as usual, supremely ridiculous with her. With all his affected devotion to Helen he runs after every fresh face he sees."

"There's nothing like a plenty," quotes the duke, with a dry chuckle at his own wit; indeed he prides himself upon having been rather a "card" in his day, and anything but a "kretch" one either.

"Yes, there is—there is propriety," responds the duchess, in an awful tone. "That wouldn't be a bit like it," says the duke, still openly amused at his own humor; after which—thinking it, perhaps, safer to withdraw while there is yet time—he saunters off to the left, as he has a trick of looking over his shoulder while walking, nearly falling into Dorian's arms at the next turn.

"Ho, ha!" says Sir Grace, pulling himself up very shortly, and glancing at his stumbling block to see if he can identify him.

"Why, it is you, Branscombe," he says, in his usual cheerful, if rather fussy fashion. "So glad to see you?—so glad! He has made exactly this remark to Dorian every time he has come in contact with him during the past twenty years and more. "By the by, I dare say you can tell me—who is that pretty child over there, with the white frock and the blue eyes?"

"That pretty child in the frock is my wife," says Branscombe, laughing. "Indeed! Dear me! dear me! I beg your pardon. My dear boy, I congratulate you. Such a face—a face as a Grouse; or a—h—m—yes. Here he grows slightly mixed. "You must introduce me, you know. One likes to do homage to beauty. Why where could you have met her in this exceedingly deficient county, eh? But you were always a shy dog, eh?"

The old gentleman gives him a playful slap on his shoulder and then taking his arm, goes with him across the lawn to where George is standing talking gaily to Lord Alfred.

The introduction is gone through, and George makes her very best bow, and blushes her very choicest blush; but the duke will insist upon shaking hands with her, whereupon, being pleased, she smiles her much enchanting smile.

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Missed you on your arrival," says the duke, genially. "Was telling through the conservatories, I think, with Lady Loftus. Know her? Stout old lady, with feathers over her nose. She always will go to hot places on hot days."

"I wish she would go to a final hot place, as she affects them so much," says Lord Alfred, gloomily. "I can't bear her; she is always coming here bothering me about that abominable boy of hers in the Guards, and I never knew what to say to her."

"Why don't you learn it at night and say it to her in the morning?" says Mrs. Branscombe, brightly. "I should know only to say to her at once."

"Oh! I dare say," says Lord Alfred. "Only that doesn't help me, you know, because I don't."

"Didn't know who you were at first, Mrs. Branscombe," breaks in the duke. "Thought you were a little girl—eh?—oh? chuckling again. "Asked your husband who you were, and so on. I hope you are enjoying yourself. Seen everything, eh? The houses are pretty good this year."

"Lord Alfred has just shown them to me. They are quite too exquisite," says George. "And the lake, and my new swans?" "No! not the swans."

"Dear me! why didn't he show you those? Finest birds I ever saw. My dear Mrs. Branscombe, you really must see them, you know."

"I should like to, if you will show them to me," says the little hypocrite, with the very faintest, but the most successful, emphasis on the pronoun, which is wine to the heart of the old beau; and, offering her his arm, he takes her across the lawn and through the shrubberies to the sheet of water beyond, that gleams sweet and cool through the foliage.

As they go, the county turns to regard them; and men wonder who the pretty woman is the old fellow has picked up; and women wonder what on earth the duke can see in that silly little Mrs. Branscombe.

Sir James, who has been watching the duke's evident admiration for his pretty guest, is openly amused.

"Your training!" he says to Clarissa, over whose chair he is leaning. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself and your pupil. Such a disgraceful little coquette I never saw. I really pity that poor duchess; see, there how miserably unhappy she is looking and how—"

"Don't be unkind; your hesitation was positively cruel. The word 'red' is unmistakably the word for the poor duchess today."

with all the phrases would be so different, they would claim her attention whether she willed it or not, and to make ordinary spirited conversation just at this moment would be impossible to her. The smile dies off her face. A sigh replaces it.

"How well you are looking to-day!" says Scrope, lightly, thinking this will please her. She is extremely pale, but a little hectic spot, born of weariness and fruitless hoping against hope, betrays itself on either cheek. His tone, if not the words, does please her; it is so full of loving kindness.

"Am I?" she says. "I don't feel like looking well; and I am tired, too. They say,— 'A merry heart goes all the day. Your sad tires in a mile-a.'"

I doubt mine is a sad one, I feel so worn out. Though," hastily, and with a vivid flush that changes all her pallor into warmth—"if I were put to it, I couldn't tell you why."

"No? Do you know I have often felt like that," says Scrope, carelessly. "Oh! over there. I quite forget who she is. But I do see that Alfred is making himself, as usual, supremely ridiculous with her. With all his affected devotion to Helen he runs after every fresh face he sees."

"There's nothing like a plenty," quotes the duke, with a dry chuckle at his own wit; indeed he prides himself upon having been rather a "card" in his day, and anything but a "kretch" one either.

"Yes, there is—there is propriety," responds the duchess, in an awful tone. "That wouldn't be a bit like it," says the duke, still openly amused at his own humor; after which—thinking it, perhaps, safer to withdraw while there is yet time—he saunters off to the left, as he has a trick of looking over his shoulder while walking, nearly falling into Dorian's arms at the next turn.

"Ho, ha!" says Sir Grace, pulling himself up very shortly, and glancing at his stumbling block to see if he can identify him.

"Why, it is you, Branscombe," he says, in his usual cheerful, if rather fussy fashion. "So glad to see you?—so glad! He has made exactly this remark to Dorian every time he has come in contact with him during the past twenty years and more. "By the by, I dare say you can tell me—who is that pretty child over there, with the white frock and the blue eyes?"

"That pretty child in the frock is my wife," says Branscombe, laughing. "Indeed! Dear me! dear me! I beg your pardon. My dear boy, I congratulate you. Such a face—a face as a Grouse; or a—h—m—yes. Here he grows slightly mixed. "You must introduce me, you know. One likes to do homage to beauty. Why where could you have met her in this exceedingly deficient county, eh? But you were always a shy dog, eh?"

The old gentleman gives him a playful slap on his shoulder and then taking his arm, goes with him across the lawn to where George is standing talking gaily to Lord Alfred.

The introduction is gone through, and George makes her very best bow, and blushes her very choicest blush; but the duke will insist upon shaking hands with her, whereupon, being pleased, she smiles her much enchanting smile.

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Missed you on your arrival," says the duke, genially. "Was telling through the conservatories, I think, with Lady Loftus. Know her? Stout old lady, with feathers over her nose. She always will go to hot places on hot days."

"I wish she would go to a final hot place, as she affects them so much," says Lord Alfred, gloomily. "I can't bear her; she is always coming here bothering me about that abominable boy of hers in the Guards, and I never knew what to say to her."

"Why don't you learn it at night and say it to her in the morning?" says Mrs. Branscombe, brightly. "I should know only to say to her at once."

"Oh! I dare say," says Lord Alfred. "Only that doesn't help me, you know, because I don't."

"Didn't know who you were at first, Mrs. Branscombe," breaks in the duke. "Thought you were a little girl—eh?—oh? chuckling again. "Asked your husband who you were, and so on. I hope you are enjoying yourself. Seen everything, eh? The houses are pretty good this year."

"Lord Alfred has just shown them to me. They are quite too exquisite," says George. "And the lake, and my new swans?" "No! not the swans."

"Dear me! why didn't he show you those? Finest birds I ever saw. My dear Mrs. Branscombe, you really must see them, you know."

"I should like to, if you will show them to me," says the little hypocrite, with the very faintest, but the most successful, emphasis on the pronoun, which is wine to the heart of the old beau; and, offering her his arm, he takes her across the lawn and through the shrubberies to the sheet of water beyond, that gleams sweet and cool through the foliage.

As they go, the county turns to regard them; and men wonder who the pretty woman is the old fellow has picked up; and women wonder what on earth the duke can see in that silly little Mrs. Branscombe.

Sir James, who has been watching the duke's evident admiration for his pretty guest, is openly amused.

"Your training!" he says to Clarissa, over whose chair he is leaning. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself and your pupil. Such a disgraceful little coquette I never saw. I really pity that poor duchess; see, there how miserably unhappy she is looking and how—"

of it. Never thought of it until the next day. "I quite thought you were going to marry me," says Mr. Kennedy, sadly. "I had quite made up my mind to it. I never—"

"I can't think what you are talking about," says Mrs. Branscombe, coldly, and with some she must be the doll in question, and to be filled with awkward sounds, anything but dignified.

Kennedy, reading her like a book, nobly suppresses a wild fit of laughter, and goes on in a tone, if possible, more depressed than the former one.

"My insane hope was the doll," he says; "it proved only dust. I haven't got over the shock yet that I felt on hearing of your marriage. I don't suppose I ever shall now."

"Nonsense!" says George, contemptuously. "I never saw you look so well in all my life. You are positively fat."

"That's how it always shows with me," says Kennedy, unblushingly. "Whenever green and yellow melancholy marks me for its own, I sit on a monument (they always keep one for me at home) and smile incessantly at grief, and get as fat as possible. It is refinement of cruelty you know, as superfluous flesh is not a thing to be bantered after."

"You must have fretted," says Mrs. Branscombe, demurely, glancing from under her long lashes at his figure, which has certainly gained both in size and in weight since her last meeting.

"At this time both laugh. "Is your husband here to-day?" asks he, pleasantly.

"Yes." "Why isn't he with you?" "He has found somebody more to his fancy, perhaps."

As she says this she glances round, as though for the first time alive to the fact that indeed he is not beside her.

"Impossible!" says Kennedy. "Give any other reason but that, and I may believe you. I am quite sure he is missing you terribly, and is vainly searching every nook and corner by this time for your dead body. No doubt he fears the worst. If you were my—I mean if ever I were to marry (which of course is quite out of the question now), I shouldn't let my wife out of my sight."

"Poor woman! what a time she is going to put in!" says Mrs. Branscombe, pityingly. "Don't go about telling people all that, or you will never get a wife. By this time Dorian and I have made the discovery that we can do excellently well without each other sometimes."

Dorian coming up behind her just as she says this, hears her, and changes color.

"How d'ye do?" he says to Kennedy, civilly, if not cordially, that young man receiving his greeting with the utmost bonhomie and an unchanging front.

For a second, Branscombe refuses to meet his wife's eyes, then, comparing the momentary feeling of pained disappointment, he turns to her, and says, genially,

"Do you care to stay much longer? The Carringtons, and Scrope, and the Carringtons."

"I don't care to stay another minute; I should like to go home now," says George, slipping her hand through his arm, as though glad to have something to lean on; and, as she speaks, she lifts her face and bestows upon him a small smile. "It is a very dear little smile, and has the effect of restoring him to perfect happiness again."

Seeing which, Kennedy raises his brows, and then his hat, and, bowing, turns aside, and is soon lost amidst the crowd.

"You are sure you want to come home?" says Dorian, anxiously. "I am not in a hurry, you know."

"I am. I have walked enough, and talked enough, to last me a month."

"I am afraid rather broke in upon your conversation just now," says Branscombe, looking earnestly at her. "But for my coming, Kennedy would have stayed on with you; and he is—a rather amusing sort of fellow, isn't he?"

"Is he? He was exceedingly stupid today, full of avatars. I don't believe he has a particle of brain, or else he thinks that other people haven't. I enjoyed myself a great deal more with the old duke, until that ridiculous Sir John Lincoln came to me. I don't think he knew a bit who the duke was, because he kept saying odd little things about the grounds and the guests, right under his nose; at least, right behind his back; it is all the same thing."

"What is? His nose and his back?" asks Dorian; at which piece of folly they both laugh as though it was the best thing in the world.

Going into the garden, she pulls a flower or two and places them in the bosom of her white gown, and bending over the basin of a fountain, looks at her own image, and smiles at it, as well she may.

Then she blushes at her own vanity, and, drawing back from the mirror, tells her husband she will go a little further, and see what Andrew, the under gardener, (who has come to Satoris from Hythe) is doing in the shrubbery.

The path by which she goes is so thickly lined with shrubs on the right hand side that she cannot be seen through them, nor can she see those beyond. "Voices" come to her from the distance, that, as she advances up the path, grow even louder. She is not thinking of them; or, indeed, of anything but the extreme loveliness of the hour, when words fall upon her ear that make themselves intelligible and send the blood with a quick rush to her heart.

"It is a disgraceful story altogether; and to have the master's name mixed up with it is shameful!"

The voice, beyond doubt, belongs to Graham, the upper housemaid, and is full of honest indignation.

Hardly believing she has heard aright, and without any thought of eaves-dropping, George stands still upon the walk, and waits in breathless silence for what may come next.

"Well, I think it is shameful," says another voice, easily, recognized as belonging to Andrew. "But I believe it is the truth for all that. Fatsy saw him with his own eyes. It was late, but just as light as it is now, and he saw him plain."

"Do you mean to tell me," says Graham, with increasing wrath (she is an elderly woman, and has lived at Satoris for many years) "that you really think your master had either hand, not, or part in inducing Ruth Annersley to leave her home?"

"Well, I only say what father told me," says Andrew, in a half-apologetic fashion, being somewhat abashed by her anger. "And he ain't one to lie much. He saw him with her in the wood the night she went to Lunnon, or wherever 'twas, and they walked together on the way to Langham Station. They do say, too, that—"

"A quick light footsteps, a putting aside of branches, and George, pale, but composed, appears before them. Andrew, losing his head, drops the knife he is holding, and Graham grows a fine purple.

"I don't think you are doing much good here, Andrew," says Mrs. Branscombe, pleasantly. "These trees look well enough; go to the eastern walk, and see what can be done there."

Andrew, only too thankful for the chance of escape, picks up his knife again and beats a hasty retreat.

Then George, turning to Graham, says, slowly,

"Now, tell me every word of it, from beginning to end."

Her assumed unconsciousness has vanished. Every particle of color has flown from her face, her brow is contracted, her eyes are shining with a new and most unenviable brilliancy. Perhaps she knows this herself, as, after the first swift glance at the woman on Andrew's departure, she never lifts her eyes again, but keeps them deliberately fixed upon the ground during the entire interview. She speaks in a low concentrated tone, but with firm compressed lips.

Graham's feelings at this moment would be impossible to describe. Afterward—many months afterward—she herself gave some idea of them when she declared to the cook that she thought she should have "swooned right off."

"Oh, madam! tell you what?" she says, now, in a terrified tone, shrinking away from her mistress, and turning deadly pale.

"You know what you were speaking about just now when I came up?" "It was nothing, madam, only idle gossip, not worth—"

"Do not equivocate to me. You were speaking of Mr. Branscombe. Repeat your idle gossip. I will have it word for word. Do you hear?" She beats her foot with quick impatience against the ground.

"Do not compel me to repeat so vile a lie," entreats Graham, earnestly. "It is altogether false. Indeed, madam,—confusedly—I cannot remember what it was we were saying when you came up to us unexpectedly."

"Then I shall refresh your memory. You were talking of your master—and of that girl in the village who—"

The words almost suffocate her; involuntarily she raises her hand to her throat. "Go on," she says in a low, dangerous tone.

"It was the garden at Hythe—old Andrew—who told it to our man here, she says, plainly. 'You know he is his father, and he said he had seen the master in the coppowood the evening—Buth Annersley ran away.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There's not a scene on earth so full of lightness Sleeps not beneath the flowers and turns their brightness To dark despair."

It is a day of a blue and goldness so intense as to make one believe these two are the only colors on earth worthy of admiration. The sky is cloudless; the great sun is wide awake; the flowers are drooping, sleeping—too languid to lift their heavy heads.

The gentle wind, that like a ghost doth pass, A waving shadow on the cornfield keeps."

And George, descending the stone steps of the balcony, feels her whole nature thrill and glow beneath the warmth and richness of the beauty spread all around with lavish hand. Scarcely a breath stirs the air; no sound comes to the ear the deep stillness of the day, save the coo of the "swallows" silken wings, skimming the water of the sleeping lake.

As she passes the rose trees, she puts out her hand, and from the very fullness of her heart, touches some of the dewy flowers with caressing fingers. She is feeling peculiarly happy to-day; everything is going smoothly with her; her life is devoid of care; only sunshine streams upon her path; storm and rain and nipping frosts seem all forgotten.

GUILTEAU AND THE NIBBLISTS.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—To a reporter Guiteau said that there were thousands of Nibblists in this country, and in the future members of their order will commit crimes that will cause a reign of terror in this country. Said Guiteau:—"The American Nibblist is a more dangerous citizen than you or any other ordinary man would imagine. Old Schwab, the beer seller of New York, is a pronounced Nibblist as well as a Communist. Some of these days that old brute will do something to startle the country. He is an old agitator and ought to be put out of the way. He is a bad citizen. In fact when I am released from gaol I intend to pursue the Communists and Nibblists until they leave the country." The reporter changed the subject, and suggested that in case the Court in San Francisco would be carried out. "I suppose so," said Guiteau. "Are you prepared to die?" asked the reporter. "Prepared to die?—prepared to die?" shouted the assassin. "Why certainly I am ready to die when the Lord calls for me. I have always lived a correct and virtuous life, and I know that I will be saved."

HEWSON VS. MACDONALD.

Toronto, April 4.—At Osgoode Hall today the Master delivered judgment in the celebrated case of Hewson vs. Sir John Macdonald. He commenced by saying that he thought he should stay the proceedings. There was no arbitration as to the terms of settlement, no authority from either party, and then the plaintiff through Mr. Shields, had the most express notice that the settlement must be a money one and nothing else. No agreement could be arrived at on the question of an appointment worth \$2,000 a year. The defendant's attorney informed the plaintiff's attorney that nothing but a money payment could enter into the terms of settlement. Upon this it would seem that the Hon. Mr. Howland was applied to by the plaintiff to intervene as a friend, and that gentleman recommended a settlement by payment of \$2,500 and an appointment. If, under such circumstances the defendant was compromised, there was no safety for any man. The condition set up by the plaintiff did not attach to the release. The defendant did not consent to it, and it was void in law. The notice of trial must be set aside.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

From the KINGSTON (ONT.) DAILY WRIG. This old medicine, the ever-effective healer of ills that flesh is heir to, is still before the public in its full force. It is started on its career of mercy for a good medicine is a merciful agent, forty years ago, and is today sought after by the children of the men who first sought out its virtue and established its name. Were it not for its merits it would long since have died and left no sign, like many a one; popular curative has done even in the last five years. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is no artificial deleterious compound, certain to afford temporary relief only by cutting its way by powerful agents through vitality, yet leaving a worse injury behind it. It is a vegetable, and by natural remedies works off complaints from a slight cold to a threatening consumption.

HISTOIRE DES CANADIENS FRANCOIS.

The first portion of Sulte's Histoire des Canadiens Francois has been sent in through the courtesy of Wilson & Co., 89 St. James street, who have started one of the finest and most beautiful books, for such an extensive work, that it has been our experience to notice before. It comes from the pen of one of the most original and versatile minds in the Dominion, a gentleman who has many times before demonstrated talents as an historian. Impartially, mental vigor and industry of research are the prevailing characteristics of this history, the first number of which we have just received. We understand that the work is to be the chief oeuvre of Mr. Benjamin Sulte. The work will treat chiefly of archeology, the early manners and customs of both the red men who inhabited the primeval forests as well as the French who succeeded them. We bespeak those features in a most masterly manner by the popular publicist; and for beauty of illustration, paper and typography, we are bound to acknowledge Wilson & Co. have taken the lead, considering the extent of their costly enterprise, the warm and prompt support of those who can read the French, or those whose children are learning the French language, no doubt it will be theirs.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, DIABETES.

No danger from these diseases if you use Mop Bitters; besides, being the best family medicine ever made. Trust no other.

ERRA'S COOCH—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cooch, Mr. Erra has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Oval Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled—JAMES ERRA & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Erra's Cocoa-Land Soap.

(Continued on Third Page.)

"Oh, madam, do not pay any attention to such a wicked tale," she says, anxiously; "and forgive me for ever having presumed to send my ears to it. No one knowing the master could possibly believe in it."

"Of course not." "The answer came with unnatural calmness from between her white lips. Graham bursts into fresh tears, and flings her apron over her head."

Mrs. Branscombe, at this, throws up her head hastily, almost haughtily, and, drawing her hand with a swift movement across her averted eyes, breathes a deep lingering sigh. Then her whole expression changes; and coming quite near to Graham, she lays her hand lightly on her shoulder, and laughs softly.

Graham can hardly believe her eyes; has that rippling, apparently unaffected laughter come from the woman who a moment since appeared all gloom and suppressed anger? "I am not silly enough to fold over a ridiculous story such as you have told me," says George, lightly. "Just at first it rather surprised me, I confess, but now—now I can see the absurdity of it. There, do not cry any more; it is a pity to waste tears that later on you may long for in vain."

But when she has gained the house, and has gone up to her own room, and carefully looked her door, her assumed calmness deserts her. She passes up and down the floor like some chained creature, putting together bit by bit the story, just related to her. Not for a moment does she doubt its truth; so terrible fear is knocking at her heart, some dread that is despair and that convinces her of the reality of Andrew's relation.

Little actions of Dorian's, light words, certain odd remarks, passed over at the time of utterance as being of no importance, come back to her now, and assert themselves with overwhelming persistency, until they declare him guilty beyond dispute.

When she had gone to the altar and sworn fidelity to him, she had certainly not been in love with her husband, according to the common acceptance of that term. But at least she had given him a heart devoid of all thought for another, and she had fully, utterly, believed in his affection for her. For the past few months she had even begun to cherish this belief, to cling to it, and even to feel within herself some returning tenderness for him.

It is to her now, therefore, as the bitterness of death, this knowledge that has come to her ears. To have been befooled where she had regarded herself as being most beloved—to have been only second, where she had fondly imagined herself to be first and dearest—is a thought bordering on madness.

Passionate sobs rise in her throat, and almost overcome her. An angry feeling of rebellion, a vehement protest against this deed that has been done, shakes her slight frame. It cannot be true; it shall not; and yet—and yet—why has this evil fallen upon her of all others? Has her life been such a happy one that Fate must needs beguile her one glimpse of light and gladness? Two large tears gather in her eyes, and almost unconsciously roll down her cheeks that are deadly white.

Sinking into a chair, as though exhausted, she leans back among the cushions, letting her hands fall together and lie idly in her lap.

Motionless she sits, with eyes fixed as if riveted to earth, while tears insensibly steal down her sensitive cheeks, which look like weeping dew fallen on the statue of despair.

For fully half an hour she rests, scarce moving, hardly seeming to breathe. Then she rouses herself, and going over to a table bathes her face with some eau-de-Cologne. This calms her in a degree, and stills the outward expression of her suffering, but in her heart there rages a fire that no water can quench.

Fitting her hat on once again, she goes downstairs, feeling eager for a touch of the cool evening air. The hot sun is fading; a breeze from the distant sea is creeping stealthily up to the land. At the foot of the staircase she encounters Dorian coming toward her from the library.

"I have been hunting the place for you," he says, gaily. "Where on earth have you been hiding? Visions of ghostly deaths rose before me, and I was just about to have the lake dragged and the shrubberies swept. Martin is nearly in tears. You really ought to consider our feelings a little. Why, where are you off to now?"—for the first time noting her hat.

"Out," returns she, coldly, looking straight over his head; she is standing on the third step of the stairs, while he is in the hall below. "I feel stifled in this house."

Her tone is distinctly strange, her manner most unusual. Fearing she is really ill, he goes up to her and lays his hand upon her arm.

"Anything the matter, darling? How white you look," he begins, tenderly; but she interrupts him.

"I am quite well," she says, hardly, shrinking away from his touch as though it is hateful to her. "I am going out because I wish to be alone."

The sweet past him through the old hall and out into the darkening sunlight, without a backward glance or another word. Amazed, puzzled, Branscombe stands gazing after her until the last fold of her dress has disappeared, the last sound of her feet has echoed on the stone steps beyond; then he turns aside, and, feeling, possibly, more astonished than hurt, goes back to the library.

From this hour begins the settled coldness between Dorian and his wife that is afterward to bear such bitter fruit. She assigns no actual reason for her changed demeanor; and Dorian, at first, is too proud to demand an explanation—though perhaps never yet has he loved her so well as this time when all his attempts at tenderness are coldly and obstinately rejected.

Not until a full month has gone by, and it is close upon the middle of August, does it dawn upon him why George has been so different of late.

Sir James Scrope is dining with them, and, shortly after the servants have withdrawn, he makes some casual mention of Ruth Annersley's name. No notice is taken of it at the time, the conversation changes almost directly into a fresh channel, but Dorian, happening to glance across the table at his wife, sees that she has grown absolutely livid, and really, for the instant, fears she is going to faint. Only for an instant! Then she recovers herself, and makes some careless remark, and is quite her usual self again.

But he cannot forget that sudden pallor, and like a flash the truth comes to him, and he knows that he is foul and despicable in the eyes of the only woman he loves.

When Sir James has gone, he comes over to her, and leaning his elbow on the chimney-piece, stands in such a position as enables him to command a full view of her face.

"Scrope takes a great interest in that girl Ruth," he says, purposely introducing the subject again. "It certainly is remarkable that no trace of her have ever since reached Fulham."

George makes no reply. The nights have already grown chilly and there is a fire in the grate, before which she is standing warming her hands. One foot—a very lovely little foot—clad in a black shoe, relieved by large

silver buckles; is resting on the fender, and on this her eyes are riveted, as though lost in admiration of its beauty, though in truth she sees it not at all.

"I can hardly understand her silence," perels Dorian. "I fear, wherever she is, she must be miserable."

George raises her great violet eyes to his, that are now dark and deep with passionate anger and contempt.

"She is not the only miserable woman in the world," she says, in a low, quick tone.

"No, I suppose not. But what an unympathetic tone you use! Surely you can feel for her?"

"Feel for her! Yes. No woman can have as much compassion for her as I have."

"That is putting it rather strongly, is it not? You scarcely know her; hardly ever spoke to her. Clarissa Payton, for instance, must think more pitifully of her than you can."

"I hope it will never be Clarissa's lot to compassionate any one in the way I do her."

"You speak very bitterly."

"Do I? I think very bitterly."

"What do you mean?" demands he, suddenly, straightening himself and drawing up his tall figure to its fullest height. His tone is almost stern.

"Nothing. There is nothing to be gained by continuing this conversation."

"But I think there is. Of late your manner towards me has been more than strange. If you complain of anything, let me know what it is and it shall be rectified. At the present moment, I confess, I fail to understand you. You speak in the most absurdly romantic way about Ruth Annersley (whom you hardly know), as though there existed some special reason why you, above all women, should pity her."

"I do pity her from my heart; and there is a special reason: she has been deceived and so have I."

"By whom?"

"I wish you would discontinue the subject, Dorian; it is a very painful one to me. I—"

"Then she moves back a little, and, laying her hand upon her chest, as though a heavy weight, not to be lifted, is lying on it, she says slowly, "You compel me to tell you what I would willingly leave unsaid. When I married you, I did not understand your character; had I done so—"

"You would not have married me? You regret your marriage?" He is very pale now, and something that is surely anguish gleams in his dark eyes. Perhaps had she seen his expression her answer would have been different, or, at least, more merciful.

"I do," she says, faintly.

"Why?" All heart seems gone from his voice. He is gazing mournfully upon the girlish figure of his wife as she stands at some little distance from him. "Have I been such a bad husband to you, George?" he says, brokenly.

"No, no. But it is possible to be cruel in more ways than one."

"It is indeed!" Then he sighs wearily; and, giving up all further examination of her lovely unforgetting face, he turns his gaze upon the fire. "I look here," he says, presently; "I heard unavoidably what you said to Kennedy that afternoon at the castle, that we could manage to get on without each other excellently well on occasions; you alluded to yourself, I suppose. Perhaps you think we might get on even better had we never met."

"I didn't say that," says George, turning pale.

"I understand"—bitterly—"you only meant it. Well, if you are so unhappy with me, and if—if you wish for a separation, I think I can manage it for you. I have no desire whatever"—coldly—"to keep you with me against your will."

"And have all the world talking?" exclaims she, hastily. "No. In such a case the woman goes to the wall; the man is never in fault. Things must now remain as they are. But this one last thing you can do for me. As far as is possible, let us live as utter strangers to each other."

"It shall be just as you please," returns he, haughtily.

Day by day the dark cloud that separates them widens and deepens, drifting them further and further apart, until it seems almost impossible that they shall ever come together again.

Dorian grows moody and irritable, and nurses his wrongs in sullen morbid silence. He will shoot whole days without a companion, or go for long purposeless rides across the country, only to return at nightfall weary and elck at heart.

"Grief is a stone that bears one down." To Dorian, all the world seems going wrong; his whole life is a failure. The two beings he loved most on earth—Lord Baxtoris and his wife—distrust him, and willingly lend an open ear to the shameless story of the unhappy Fate has ordained for him.

As for George, she grows pale and thin; and altogether unlike herself. From being a gay, merry, happy little girl, with "the sun upon her heart," as Bailey so sweetly expresses it, she has changed into a woman, cold and self-contained, with a manner full of settled reserve.

Now and again small scenes occur between them that only render matters more intolerable. For instance coming into the breakfast-room one morning, George meeting the man who brings the letters, takes them from him, and, dividing them, comes upon one directed to Dorian, in an unmistakable woman's hand, bearing the London postmark, which she throws across the table to her husband.

Something in the quickness of her action makes him raise his head to look at her. Catching the expression of her eyes, he sees that they are full of passionate distrust, and at once reads her thoughts aright. His brow darkens; and rising, he goes over to her, and takes her hand in his, not with a desire to conciliate, but utterly.

"It is impossible you can accuse me of this thing," he says, his voice low and angry.

"Few things are impossible," returns she, with cold disdain. "Remove your hands, Dorian; they hurt me."

"At least you shall be convinced that in this instance, as in all the others, you have wronged me."

Still holding her hands, he compels her to listen to him while he reads aloud a letter from the wife of one of his tenants who has gone to town on law business and who has written to him on the matter.

Such scenes only help to make more wide the breach between them. Perhaps, had George learned to love her husband before her marriage, all might have been well; but the vague feeling of regard she had entertained for him that, during the early days of their wedded life had been slowly ripening, into honest love, not having had time to perfect itself at the first check had given in, and fallen—hurt to death—beneath the terrible attack had sustained.

She fights and battles with herself at times, and, with passionate earnestness, tries to live down the rawness; emptiness of heart that is withering her young life. All night long sometimes she lies awake, waiting wearily for the dawn, and longing prayerfully for some change in her present situation.

And even if she can summon sleep to her

aid, small is the benefit she derives from it. "Bad dreams, and sad as bad, harass and perplex her, until she is thankful when her lids unclose, and she feels at least she is free of the horrors that threatened her a moment since."

"Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe!"

"But, 'tis the happy that have called thee so!"

To be continued.

EPILEPTIC FITS.
St. Paul, Minn., January 4th, 1878.
JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq.
DEAR SIR,—I have deferred writing to you ere this that I might be able to give you an account of the effect of your medicine. I can now safely say that it is undoubtedly the best I ever tried, as there can be no doubt that my little girl is in a fair way of recovery, and you must bear in mind that this was a very bad case, and I honestly believe that had I not given it to her, she would have been dead ere this; now she eats hearty, and is gaining in flesh, the fits are only partial, and the action of the heart is less terrible. I am, sir, yours very respectfully,
80-2-ws D. WALTER OAKES.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE.
ANNUAL CONVOCATION—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.
The seventh annual convocation of the University of Bishop's College for the conferring of degrees in the Faculty of Medicine was held Wednesday afternoon in the Synod Hall. There was a large attendance, the hall being completely filled, the members of the faculty largely predominating. The proceedings commenced about three o'clock, when the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Rev. Canon Norman, entered the hall followed by members of the Association, and took their seats.

Dr. F. W. Campbell, Registrar of the Faculty, then read the annual report, which was as follows:—

The number of matriculated students for the session 1881-82 was 53, being 21 in excess of last year, of this number two (2) were from the Province of Ontario, one (1) from New Brunswick, one (1) from Nova Scotia, one (1) from Jamaica, two (2) from the United States, and forty-six (46) from the Province of Quebec. Twenty-eight were students commencing the study of medicine.

The following are the results of the examinations, and the gentlemen named have passed in the subjects named:—

Botany—Frank R England, Dunham, P. Q. (Prizeman); Charles Lafontaine, Chambly; Ernest Bronsberg, Jamaica, W. I., first class honors. Henry Johnston, Montreal; Ohas E Parent, Waterloo; Wm G Nichol, Montreal; Frank J Nelson, Montreal; Charles Ulrich, Chambly; E O Lafontaine, St Outhbert; Wm D Nutter, Montreal; Jas A Shopstone, Brantford, Ont; E Sirols, Montreal.

Practical Chemistry—J B Saunders, Montreal, first-class honours. R C Blackmer, Stockbridge, Vt; E Sirols, Montreal; Edgar O B Freiligh, L'Orignal.

Practical Anatomy—E Sirols, Montreal; (Prizeman); J A Caswell, Digby, N S; J B Saunders, Montreal; first-class honours.

Anatomy—J A Caswell, Digby, N S, first-class honours. E Sirols, Montreal; J B Saunders, Montreal; Walter Prendergast, Montreal; G A Balcom, Campbelltown, N. B.

Physiology—J A Caswell, Digby, N S; J B Saunders, Montreal, first-class honours. G A Balcom, Campbelltown, N. B.; W D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont; E Sirols, Montreal.

Materia Medica—W D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont, first-class honours. J A Caswell, Digby, N S; G A Balcom, Campbelltown, N. B.; W H Drummond, Montreal; E Sirols, Montreal; William Patterson, Jr, Montreal.

Chemistry—J B Saunders, Montreal, first class honours; J A Caswell, E Sirols, W H Drummond, Edgar O B Freiligh, G A Balcom.

Hygiene—J B Saunders, G A Balcom, first class honours; Edgar O B Freiligh, Walter Prendergast, W D M Bell, Jas A Shepstone.

Medical Jurisprudence—John W Cameron, Montreal; W D M Bell, G A Balcom, first class honours; Edgar O B Freiligh, William Patterson, Jr.

The following gentlemen have passed their primary examination, consisting of anatomy, materia medica, physiology, chemistry, practical chemistry and practical anatomy:—J B Saunders, Montreal, Q, first-class honours and "Dr David" Scholarship (or highest number of marks in the primary branches); J A Caswell, Digby, N S, first-class honours; J A Caswell, Campbelltown, N. B.; E Sirols, Montreal, Q, second-class honours; W D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont; Walter Prendergast, Montreal, Q.

The following have passed their final examinations for the degree of C.M., M. D., consisting of practice of medicine, surgery and obstetrics, pathology, medical jurisprudence, clinical medicine and clinical surgery. These ten last examinations are held at the bedside in the Hospital as a test of the ability of the candidate to put his theoretical knowledge into practice. Heber Bishop, B. A., Marleton, Q. First-class honours and Wood Gold Medalist. This medal is awarded to the graduate who has attended at least two six months sessions at Bishop's College, and at the final examination has obtained the highest number of marks on all the subjects of professional examination, Ninian O'Sullivan, Montreal, first class honours and Chancellor's Prize. John W Cameron, Montreal, first-class honours. Wm D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont; Geo A Balcom, Campbelltown, N. B., second class, 60 per cent honours. Walter Prendergast, Montreal.

The "Robert Nelson" gold medal awarded for special excellence in surgery, was won by Heber Bishop, B. A. This medal is valued at \$60 and is for the best special examination in surgery, written, oral and practical, open to all candidates who have taken first (75 per cent) honours in all subjects of the final examination, and who have attended at least two months sessions at Bishop's College.

HONOUR LIST.

"Wood" Gold Medal and "Nelson" Gold Medal—Heber Bishop, B. A.
Chancellor's Prize—Ninian O'Sullivan.
David Scholarship—J B Saunders.
Practical Anatomy—Senior Prize, E Sirols.
Practical Anatomy—Junior Prize, R C Blackmer.
Botany Prize—F R England.
The following gentlemen will receive honorable mention in the underrmentioned subject:—
John W Cameron, final examination.
J A Caswell, primary examination.
W D M Bell, Medical Jurisprudence, Materia Medica.
Charles Lafontaine, Botany.
Ernest Bronsberg, Botany.

In concluding this report I desire to state, during the past winter, the Faculty expended a large sum of money in fitting up a Practical Physiological Laboratory, and that we now possess the most complete Physiological Laboratory in Canada. Our prospects for the next session are most encouraging, and with the kindly aid of our friends we feel that the growth of Bishop's College School will keep pace with the wants of the Dominion.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE
EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.
HIS SPEECH AT KILDARE
STERLING ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE
THE IRISH MUST HAVE IRELAND.
THE ENGLISH FACTION AT ROME.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 25th March says:—

His Grace, who on coming forward to reply was greeted with enthusiastic applause, said—Mr. Lee, Dr. Kavanagh, my Lord Bishop of Ross, rev. gentlemen, and men of Kildare, though this is my first visit in point of fact to the historic town of Kildare, I am proud to be able to tell you it is not the first time I have been invited to come here (cheers). Your much and justly respected pastor more than once asked me during the past year to come to this old town—memorable for so many great associations, and there to meet, there to address, not to rouse—for, thank God, they are sufficiently aroused—the great and good and patriotic people of this great country (cheers). For reasons which it is not necessary for me now to explain, I did not deem it expedient to come at the time. Your respected pastor invited me, and in coming now I fancied it would be without anyone knowing it except the parish priest himself, inasmuch as I wished to have my visit a private one, and as a simple mark of respect to himself. But somehow or another he thought that the people would be dissatisfied if one so intimately, and as you are pleased to say, so usefully associated with them in the past (cheers), was not placed in a position to say a word or two to the people of the district. I do not know much of the town of Kildare, having only passed through it on my visits to and from Dublin. I know of a good deal of the country of Carlow, having been, in years long gone by, one of the professors of the great College of Carlow, and it is a singular fact which I may mention here to-day, for it is note-worthy, that your good and eloquent and revered pastor succeeded me in the chair which I filled in the College of Carlow. I have to thank you from my heart for your beautiful address. It was most laudatory, it was flattering to myself to a high degree. It stated some things that were true, but like all addresses it was too complimentary (no, no). It is a fact, however, that when on a recent visit to the Eternal City the English faction—

A Voice—Down with them (groans and hisses).

Dr. Croke—The English faction—which seems to have established itself in Rome just as solidly as in Dublin or in any other part of this country, or in England—the English faction sought to make the authorities in Rome believe we were in a state of dangerous revolution here, that there was nothing here but a purpose on the part of the people to plunder their neighbours, to do everything, in fact, that was unjust and unfair, instead of, as was the case, that we did not wish to deprive any man of what was his due, but at the same time fully determined to assert our own rights (cheers). My pronouncements have always been to the effect that we are in our own country—we have a right to live in our own country (cheers) to live like men in our own country, that Irishmen should be rooted in the soil, that they should have as firm a foothold on the soil as the people of other countries have upon the soil of their native land. I have often declared it, and I do now declare it on this spot, that as far as I am concerned I will never lay down my arms until the bright consummation of this glorious hope of my life will have been accomplished, this bright fancy of my youth realized, and that Ireland may be not for the few but for the Irish people (cheers). You referred in your address to the interview which the Munster Bishops had with the Holy Father last year. Had we much difficulty in laying our views before the Holy Father? Nothing of the kind. The Holy Father had read of Ireland and of Ireland's tribulations and trials. He was acquainted with Ireland's history, with all that we had suffered for the faith—a great mind, a great historian himself—he appreciated all our race had done for our country and for religion, and the consequence was he drank in the truth, believed every statement we made, and as a result we came away the respected champions of the people's rights, instead of being—as the English faction believed we would have been—coldly received, if not condemned, by his Holiness the Pope (cheers). In that visit I was associated with the other bishops of Munster, and though I happened to be the spokesman, from one reason or another—notably that I was an archbishop and the others were simply bishops—I rejoice to be able to say that we were all of exactly the same mind (cheers). The bishops of Munster are united as one man at the back of the people, and please God, they will remain so (prolonged cheers). Now, my dear friends, as we are speaking at all of the past let us look at that past, and also at the future. What has been done with in the past three years? Three years ago you were sera and slaves; the people were afraid to look a landlord in the face. You were in this condition that you might have been thrust into jail if you did not salute that man, notwithstanding any cruelty or harshness against the people that he may have been guilty of. Within the last three years you have been educated and have been taught the proud bearing and aspirations of free men, and even in that particular immense progress has been made, and, therefore, even on that account we have a right to be grateful to the man who stood in the forefront and are still, thank God, though suffering, in the forefront to defend it (cheers). What more have we done in the past? We have strangled landlordism in the country (cheers), because after all, as I said to Michael Davitt when I visited him with the Bishop of Ross in his prison cell (loud cheers), in reply to a question from Michael Davitt—

Dr. Kavanagh—Three cheers for Michael Davitt (loud and prolonged cheers).

Dr. Croke—"What," said Michael Davitt, "do you think of the Land Bill?" "Well," I replied, "that up to this the landlord was a man who could do what he pleased with his land—who had his tenants completely at his mercy; but now the landlords cannot do what they like with their land, for they had to submit to another power, to a court, either one established by the State or by

the people; and in point of fact landlordism is practically in so far as an end" (cheers). Of course, for the full accomplishment of this and the useful operation of the Land Act arrears must be blotted out, lease-holders must be brought under the operation of the act, and the amendments introduced into it last year by the assembled bishops of Ireland must be substantially incorporated with it (cheers). Now you see what we have done—educated the people and made them believe that they have a right to live in their own country free from the degrading thraldom of rack-renting landlordism (cheers). Work on in the same way and in the same lines, always honestly, fairly persevering, and, above all, determinedly (cheers). It has been charged upon us, Irish people, that we lack perseverance and persistent energy, and are good only for a rush. Well, that is a mistake. I believe that having determined on a certain course of action we will now pursue it to the end. We have our colors nailed to the mast. I say "Wa" for I never, as a bishop, separated myself from the people. They are our backbone, our nerve and sinew. They support us as no other clergy are supported by any people. The Pope of Rome is not more respected than an Irish bishop amongst his Irish flock, and I say that, independent of anything else, we would be the meanest of men and the most ungrateful of men if, at all hazards, even of life itself, we were not prepared to stand by the side of the people (loud cheers). Therefore, I say look at the past; and as to the future, I simply suggest to you to pursue the same track—turning neither to the right nor to the left (hear, hear). Don't imagine that because you get a small abatement for this year that your business is done. No; see the land question settled, and satisfactorily settled; put your shoulder to the wheel; do not look back, but fight on till you secure the emancipation of the land of Ireland as far as may be, and the emancipation of Ireland itself afterwards (loud cheers). We must have all our rights. Rights are like truths. All the great truths, historic or otherwise, are linked together, and we should never cease our sound, strong, energetic, but constitutional agitation until we have accomplished all that Irishmen have a right to be (cheers). My advice to you is—take a leaf out of the past; act the advice of your patriotic pastors, and follow it (cheers). They are intelligent and disinterested—they have no object in view except your advancement, and that of their native country, and if you stand together as one man, if you do not allow divided councils to come among you, as sure as you are here, and as sure as I am talking to you, in presence of this old ruin, which tells me of the faded glories of the old country—before you and I are much older, our greatest and fondest hopes will have been realized (cheers). I thank you once again for your great kindness in coming here to see me, and for your beautiful but too complimentary address, so admirably read by Mr. Lee. I beg of you, finally, to bear in mind what was spoken in the last sentence of the address as to outrages occurring through the country. You saw a letter from me some time ago saying that accounts of these outrages were exaggerated, and that there were worse outrages by far occurring in England—greater in number and more revolting in species, than those in Ireland. But we must have no outrages. It is not a war against landlordism that you are waging now, but a war amongst the tenants against themselves. I have been amongst savage men in the Antipodes, and although they were a race wild for battle, they never fought against friendly or neighboring tribes, but always against the common enemy. It should be the same here. Let us pray, be just and fear not—do no injury to any man, and our cause must prosper. In conclusion, believe me when I say that amongst the many addresses I have received of congratulations from many sections of our countrymen in Ireland and elsewhere, I rarely, if ever, received one which afforded me greater pleasure than the address which you have just presented to me, and to which I am endeavoring to make a suitable, though I fear unsatisfactory, reply. Once again I thank you for your unexpected kindness to me, and hope that I may yet prove that I am not wholly unworthy of it (loud and prolonged cheering).

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—Its effects are almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain. It soothes the irritated or inflamed part, and gives rest and quiet to the sufferer. It is eminently the people's friend, and every one should have it with them, or where they can put their hands on it in the dark, if need be. 80 2 ws

A STORY WITH A MORAL.
(Detroit Free Press.)

A hare who had long concealed himself in a dense jungle, and rendered his presence a terror to the neighborhood by raiding the sheep-folds and calf-pens, one day entered the house of a peasant and said:—

"Base calf! I have come to complain of your inhumanity! The wool of your sheep sticks in my teeth, and you don't know how much bother I have with the bones of your calves."

"But what can I do?" protested the peasant.

"Dress the meat for me," continued the hare.

The peasant meekly agreed, and when the gory old hare sallied out that night to make things tremble he found a shoulder of mutton hanging against the sheepfold. He carried it to his lair and made his meal, but it was hardly finished when he found his hind legs trying to tie a knot around his neck. He fell down and got up and keeled over, and as he realized the situation he gasped out:—

"Alas! the peasant not only dressed my mutton, but he will dress my hide as well! What a fool I was to complain when I got both the meat and the wool! Farewell, my countrymen—I'm a goner!"

Moral—Don't stand a creditor off till tomorrow when we can pay him to-day. Tell him to call next week.

A youthful poet, who went into a newspaper office one day last week, with an "Ode to a Blue Bird," came out feeling interested chiefly in what he owed to a black eye.

"Do you enjoy married life?" asked a spinster of a friend who had just returned from her wedding tour.

"Ls, how can I tell!" blushing answered the bride; "I've only been married three months."

A stalwart and a half breed were discussing the qualities of President Arthur. The half breed having exhausted his stock of objections, finally fell back on the statement that the American people didn't like a President who had so little to say.

"That's an open question," retorted the stalwart; "but his silence isn't half so bad as Blaine's Peruvian bark."

A MISSISSIPPI PILOT'S STORY.
SOME FACTS ABOUT ALLIGATORS AS THEY WERE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
From the Vicksburg Herald.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback, who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in the river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shoot 'em for their hides and tails," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I can cheat at keards, drink whiskey, or chew poor tobacco, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell you, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg clear down to New Orleans. That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,450 of 'em on one sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad of it, stranger. Some fellows would think I am a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile."

"Is that so?"

"True as Gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cursed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out 'e'en most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one Captain who always carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'peot I'll ever see another such a kind Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats, an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger! And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and jumped her clean over the bar by a grand push. It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall; I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

"There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:—

"Our engines got out once, and a crowd of alligators took a low line and hauled us fifty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg."

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Capt. Tom was dead, every alligator on the river daubed his left ear with mud as a badge of mourning, and lots of 'em pined and died."

The passenger left the pilot honest with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn, and replied:—

"That's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm stick to the truth if this boat don't make a cent."

THE TRIALS OF AN EMIGRANT PARTY
WINNERS, April 5.—A train with 300 emigrants, including Mr. Bengough, cartoonist of Grip, is frozen in three miles from the nearest source of supply. Provisions are being carried by a relief train. It will be three or four days before the train can get out. Incapacity is the cause, for where the train lies there is but a small depth of snow. A train of ten cars was sent out with one engine, and two could have been spared. All drifts were safely passed before the train was stopped. Captain Kirwan, who returned partly on foot and partly by sleigh, says a man is dying in the train. It was pitiable to hear the little children crying for bread during the night. One barrel of biscuit and one cheese were discovered on board and dealt out. There is no danger of starvation, but fuel and light may give out.

On the St. Paul line, near Crookston, five miles of the road are submerged, and there is no sign of traffic being resumed. Floods are expected out West if the thaw to-day continues. It is not advisable for emigrants to start for a week yet.

Rev. Dr. Hunter is snowed in at Portage la Prairie.

OVER 1,000 EMIGRANTS EN ROUTE FOR CANADA.
THE O. P. R.

LONDON, April 5.—The "Parliament" sailed today with 100 saloon and 900 steerage passengers, nearly all English emigrants for Canada. A large portion will proceed to Manitoba. The "Nestorian," extra steamer, takes tomorrow foreign and other passengers that out from the "Parliament."

A preliminary meeting of an important character was held at the Mansion House today, the Lord Mayor presiding, with a view of taking steps to raise a fund for assisting unemployed working people to emigrate to Canada. Sir Alexander G. Galt announced that Canada offered to give £1 per head for certain families to whom the Canadian Pacific Railway Company offered employment. Messrs Arthur and Torrens, members of Parliament, Cardinal Manning and several well-known churchmen were present. It was announced that £8,000 would be required to start the scheme.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are the best, the cheapest and the most popular remedies. At all seasons and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with a certainty of doing good. Bruises, rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcers and burns are presently benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen, checks all tendency to irritation of the bowels, and averts dysentery and other disorders of the intestines. Eruptions and other disorders of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgia, sciatica and enlarged glands can be effectively overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the "Instructions" accompanying each bottle.

Lord Cranbourne, an elderly brother of the present Marquis of Salisbury, and who died before his father, was stone blind, but he could distinguish colors by the touch as accurately as others can by the sight. He could also tell, by sound the extent and height of any room he entered.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE JEW AND CARDINAL MANNING.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:—Under the above title appeared in a Belgian paper, L'Escaut (a Catholic paper and written in French), a long and interesting subject on a lecture given by Mgr. Manning in England, a few days ago, of which I send you a few extracts:—

"His Eminence Cardinal Manning pronounced a few days ago, at a meeting in the Mansion House, a discourse in favor of the Jews, that in certain parts of Russia have been the object of violence and persecutions. It is the Roman Cardinal, Catholic Primate of England, who has presented the resolution adopted by the meeting.

"The resolution was:—The meeting is of opinion that the persecution of which the Jews have been made the victims since many months past is a deplorable offence to civilization."

"The Jews continue:—'We read attentively the discourse by which His Eminence has supported this resolution, discourse often interrupted by applause from those present, and if we partake of the human and charitable ideas of the august Primate of the Church, we cannot, however, adhere to all the ideas that he has so eloquently expressed.

"Undoubtedly Mgr. Manning has well weighed the consequences of his proceedings, and we suppose that he, in so doing, had more in view the glory of the Catholic Church of England than the defence of the Jews of Russia. Mgr. Manning knew perfectly well that the Russian Government would take no heed, and that the Mnjvicks, authors of all those persecutions, will not be aware that in England they have been discussing their doings.

"We adhere also to the beautiful words of the oration: Here the English citizen disappears and we only find the Catholic priest preaching charity for all and among all, and claiming in favor of the sons of Israel sentiments of mercy, pity and sympathy.

"There is a Book, my Lords (exclaims the Cardinal in concluding), which is common to the race of Israel and to us Christians. That Book is the tie that binds us, and I read from it that the Israelites are the eldest people of the world.

"Russia, Austria, England, &c., were only born yesterday to that imperishable people, who, animated with an inexhaustible life, with immutable traditions, believing in God and in the laws of God, has spread all over the world; has crossed safely the flames; has been tramped upon in the dust; and, nevertheless, was never confounded with the mud in which it was rolled. It lives like an immortal witness, like an immortal doctrine. (Applause.)

"That is Christian like, well thought and well said, and it seems to have produced the most profound impression.

"The Times says:—Amongst all the speeches that have been pronounced, Cardinal Manning's discourse supercedes all, and is the most admirable."

"Cardinal Manning's discourse has had a real effect in England, and that success cannot be appreciated in other countries, for one of England's chief questions, of violence, of which the Jews are the object in certain countries, are not regarded in the same way as in England they think of the persecuted, we are also led to think of that unfortunate Irish nation, victim of the English Government. Should not the English mind the Irish before pitying the Jews of Russia?

"The Irish—that intelligent nation; that nation so sympathetic, and besides so miserable and so unfortunate, does it not deserve, also, and more than the Jews, commiseration, protection and defence?"

"It is reported that General Ignatieff said to an English ambassador: 'Give us your Irishmen, and we will give you, very willingly, our Jews in exchange; we will even give you ten Jews for one Irishman.'

"As Catholics, surely the Irish people deserve more commiseration than the Jews, who have rendered themselves always and everywhere odious by their rapine, &c., &c."

"We have no discretion to take, and we therefore loudly say, that England, so practical in other matters, should heal her wounds (of Ireland) before meddling with other nations' wounds.

DENNIS R. PERRAULT.

154 Champlain Street, Montreal, April 3rd, 1882.

ARE THEY ANGLO-SAXON?

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Sir:—In your interesting article on "American Citizens in British Prisons," published in THE WITNESS of 5th inst., you indicated that the American people are a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. I believe you intended this for a complimentary remark, and the appearance of an interrogative point in brackets immediately after the assertion, serves to strengthen this opinion. But some may not view the matter from this standpoint, being either veritable Cockneys or attached to the "troopery loyal" section of our society; it is for their information the following paragraphs have been written:—

"The population of the United States, in round numbers, counts up to about fifty millions. About seven millions out of the fifty millions are either Saxons or of Saxon descent. This is an insignificant item in the grand total, and it is yearly growing less before Celtic immigration and Celtic fecundity. Less than a year ago that excellent journal, the Boston Pilot, proved to a demonstration that the descendants of the Plymouth Pilgrims were fast dying out. Still the New England States are the great stronghold of the Saxon in the Union—only there can be found in his crude purity or shrewd larva state.

"Hear what a distinguished American author has to say about this important matter. After asking the pertinent question: 'Who are the men who built up the American nation and made it the great Republic it is?' Professor William Matthews, of Chicago, proceeds to answer it as follows:—

"Not to speak of the Swiss, the Huguenots, the Dutch, and other minor peoples, let us look at the Irish contingent to American greatness. From the very first settlement of the country, in field and street, at the plough, in the Senate, and on the battlefield, Irish energy was represented. Maryland and South Carolina were largely peopled by Irishmen. Maine, New Hampshire and Kentucky received many Irish emigrants. During the first half of the last century the immigration from Ireland to this country was not less than a quarter of a million. When our forefathers threw off the British yoke, the Irish formed a sixth or seventh of the whole population; and one-fourth of all the commissioned officers in the army and navy were of Irish descent. The first general officer killed in battle; the first officer of artillery appointed; the first commodore commissioned; the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land, were Irishmen; and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from 'the Green Isle' espouse the cause of

liberty that Lord Mountjoy declared in Parliament, 'You lost America by the Irish.' We will not speak of the physical development of America, to which two generations of Irish laborers have chiefly contributed, but for the constant supply of which the buffalo might still be browsing in the Genesee Valley, and Forty-second street (speaking of himself) in New York; we will confine ourselves to the men of brain who have leavened the mass of bone and sinew by which our material prosperity has been worked out. Who were the Carrolls, the Ruthledges, the Fitzsimmons, the McKeanes of the Revolution?—whence came Andrew Jackson, Thomas A. Emmet, J. C. Calhoun, and McDuffie, of a later day?—whence the projector of the Erie Canal; the inventor of the first steamboat; and the builder of the first American railroad?—whence two of our leading sculptors, Powers and Crawford?—whence our most distinguished political economist, Carey?—whence the Hero of Winchester, whom all the people of the North have delighted to honor? They were all Irish by birth or descent. These are true words, nobly spoken, not by an expatriated Irishman, but by a native American.

"Why will the excessively foolish Anglo-Americans of the United States and of this Dominion set such an absurd value upon Saxon blood? If purity is in question, a stagnant mud-puddle would compare favorably with it. It is composed of as many different ingredients as a French hash and is as badly mixed as a Highland stew. I consider the blood that built the great cities of the American Union and won those fertile Provinces from the primeval forest sufficiently noble for the average American or the average Canadian. I will venture one more quotation from Professor Matthews. He says:—

"Anything more motley and heterogeneous than the Anglo-Saxon blood, even before the Norman invasion, made up, as it was, from the veins of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Picts, Scots and Danes, it would be hard to imagine. It began with the Celtic, of which it is a dilution, — a blood shared more or less by every people in Southern and Western Europe, to say nothing of parts of Asia and Africa—and which we know was derived from a mingling together of all the races of ancient Italy and the ancient world; and then follows the blood of the Picts and Scots, the Jutes, Frisians, Angles and Saxons, the Danes, and, last of all, the Normans, who, as Dr. Latham says, were from first to last Celtic on the mother's side, and on that of the father Celtic, Roman and German, and hence brought over to England only the elements they had before,—Celtic, Roman, German and Norse. All this shows plainly that the idea of an Anglo-Saxon race, composed of pure Anglian and Saxon elements, is sheer nonsense." I consider this conclusive as a reply to the question raised by the Professor. It is all unvarnished truth.

No; the affection existing between England and the United States is not real. Anglomania is an affliction of the few, whilst the many look on with open disgust. The mass of the American people distrust and dislike England and Englishmen. It could not be otherwise. On three different occasions Great Britain endeavored to crush the liberties of the great Republic—twice by open war and once by secret connivance with its worst enemies. Such things are not forgotten in a day, but bitterly remembered for an age.

"The two peoples hold scarcely one characteristic in common. The Americans are immeasurably superior to the British in everything. They are far more susceptible, far more inventive, and far more energetic and progressive. Their democracy has raised the standard of humanity to an altitude never dreamt of by sycophantic John Bull. More than this, the interests of the two countries are in constant conflict, and must come to an open rupture in the near future. Any thoughtful student of the present course of events may easily perceive that war between England and the United States is a question of a score or two of years. About that time Yankee competition will have the insular kingdom straitened into fighting trim. Hoping I have not intruded too much, I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours very truly,

Ottawa, April 3rd, 1882.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY SPEECHES.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS and POST:

Sir,—Having incautiously ventured into print, I have incurred the unwanted trouble of noticing the performance of a correspondent who signs himself L. L. I would not be understood as having the temerity to name myself against the peculiar force of that irreverent writer, but request space to explain that, being wholly unconnected with railways or any other kind of the labor supply question; and that, not being a landowner in any sense of the term, there is not a single acre at my disposal. I neither desire nor undervalue "the sympathy of the Irish people," nor am I a candidate for "encouragement" at the hands of the readers of THE WITNESS in any shape or form, therefore, motives that might originate in such considerations should be dismissed from the region of conjecture, and as there is no occasion for the gratuitous, and possibly well meant, advice of L. L., it is returned to that gentleman with thanks. It is a mistake to suppose that I drew "a loathsome picture of equal and wretchedness." The real artist, as stated in my letter, is the Globe correspondent, recently returned from a tour in Ireland, who was not long ago given a public entertainment by the Irishmen of Toronto in approval of his impartial statements of "the truth." Concurrent testimony proves the correctness of the account referred to, which I believe to be perfectly true. Supposing the instances to be much more numerous, there seems to me no reason why a whole people would be considered as stamped with the degraded condition of a comparative few. Two special numbers of the Globe, both dated "January, 1882," contain the accounts from which the picture was obtained. Nearly forty years ago I certainly did see indelible dirt in various parts of Ireland, but fail to discover any awkwardness in saying that I was then spared the pain of witnessing the degradation now, said to prevail in some parts of that country.

"It is not difficult to 'fathom' the depth of my design, which is in easy reach of ordinary intelligence; that might for a brief period separate itself from 'glories, grievances,' and matters more or less immediately irrelevant. My suggestion—a simple remedy for a shocking evil—was approved by several Irish acquaintances, some of pertaining to the League, but I was unconscious of 'the sly and deadly thrust at their organization, which, however, seems to have hit someone in a sore place. I should regard the decision of Irishmen to come to these shores, to proceed to other shores, or to stay on their own shores, with undisturbed equanimity, and continue to express a hope that in any case they will do well. It is not improbable that some of the three, four or five bog-acre men may be rescued from chronic wretched-

ness without waiting for the wonderful things which Irishmen always seem to be expecting; and that one constantly kept dangling before the eyes of a people slightly addicted to hunting, ignis fatuus. Meanwhile, let us have the poetic and passionate ad lib, taking a little more care in matters of historical accuracy. Questions respecting places and dates would be extremely embarrassing in the middle of a "poetic and passionate" HUMANITY.

Montreal, April 3rd.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY THE

Post Printing and Publishing Company,

At Their Offices, 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By Mail - - - \$1.50 per annum in advance Delivered in City - 2.00 " " " Single Copies - - - - - 5 cents

ADVERTISING RATES:

10 cents per line first insertion. 8 " " for every subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES:

1 Year - - - - - \$1.50 per line. 6 Months - - - - - 1.00 " " 3 Months - - - - - 50 " "

Advertisements with cuts or large type, 50 per cent. on these rates.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, 12.—Of the Octave.

FRIDAY, 13.—Of the Octave. Concl. Bishops Gilmore, Cleveland; Dwenger, Fort Wayne; Ryan, St. Louis, 1872. Bishop Pellicani, San Antonio, died, 1880.

SATURDAY, 14.—Of the Octave.

SUNDAY, 15.—Low Sunday. Epist. I John v. 4-10; Gosp. John xx. 19-31. Bishop Timon, Buffalo, died, 1837.

MONDAY, 16.—St. Francis of Paula (April 2). St. Apollonia, Pope and Martyr.

TUESDAY, 17.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church (April 4).

WEDNESDAY, 18.—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor (April 5).

A ENGLISH line by cable announces the death of the Irish poet, Denis Florence McCarthy. And yet, some of the poems of the dead bard will live in the literature of his country.

The debt of the United States was reduced sixteen million dollars last month. Franco is also reducing its national debt, despite the large army and navy she keeps afloat and afloat. It speaks well for Republicanism.

Mr. HEALY, the member for Wexford, who lately stamped America in Land League interests, is writing a series of brilliant articles on the Irish question for the Newcastle Chronicle. These articles are attracting very great attention.

ANGRY at the treacherous conduct of P. J. Smyth, one of the members for Tipperary in Parliament, a commission from the county has requested him to resign; but instead of complying, that "patriot" has answered it in a very insolent manner. He will be humbler at the next general election if, in the meantime, the Government does not give him the situation he is begging for.

GERTRUD has nearly given up all hopes of another trial, and is half resigned to the gallows. Another thing which troubles this amiable creature is that although the law permits him to sell his soul or dispose of it as it pleases him, it does not allow him to sell his body which is not his property after sentence. Guiteau has our fullest sympathy under this latest affliction.

The Reform League of Birmingham—the centre of the caucus system—have offered to pay the expenses of John Dillon if he consents to stand for that city. This is liberality. A number of Mr. Gladstone's followers in Parliament are growing ashamed of coercion and may prove recalcitrant when the closure comes on for discussion after the Easter recess, but then the majority of them are clamoring for martial law or a suspension of the trial by jury at least. Evidently the English Liberals are not united on an Irish policy.

The land agitation is spreading to Scotland, and has first touched the Isle of Skye in real earnest. The non-rent agitation is spreading, and although the bailiffs are not compelled as in Ireland, to eat their summonses and latents, it may come, for the Skyeites are an intelligent people. They content themselves at present with burning the legal documents. We learn from the Glasgow Herald of March 26th that Lord Macdonald has terribly oppressed the poor crofters on his property and that, driven to desperation, they have determined to resist. Like causes produce like effects.

The New York Herald has fallen into line with those American journals who think that Minister Lowell should be recalled for neglecting the duty he owes to American citizens. But the difficulty is to replace him. The sternest Republican has his heart softened towards monarchy and aristocracy after a year's residence in London as American Minister. Charles Francis Adams succumbed to the fascination of high society in London. It is very easy to talk, but when lovely duchesses and beautiful countesses send cards of invitation to an unfortunate Minister how can he refuse them. And when he attends their intellectual gatherings how can his Republican simplicity escape being corrupted. And, then, look at the aristocratic Granville styling our Minister "My dear Lowell," and permitting my dear Lowell to call him "My dear Granville." It is too irresistible, and the consequence is the Minister, no matter how firmly

Windthorst does not want the laws at all; he will have none of them, and no tobacco or other important bill will pass through the German Parliament until they are wiped from off the statute books. He knows the treacherous and unscrupulous nature of the Chancellor, and is not to be deceived by promises. Accordingly, Bismarck has opened negotiations with the Vatican in earnest. Indeed, he has sent more than one envoy to Rome to treat, without the knowledge of Windthorst, but this the Pope would not listen to, and so the Prince has to come boldly out and show his hands. The Catholics—or, as their enemies are pleased to call them, the clericals—the Socialists and the Conservatives proper form a majority in the Reichstag, while the Opposition is made up of the Progressists and the national Liberals. These latter are quite satisfied with the Falck Laws, but oppose Bismarck's financial policy, tooth and nail, while the Catholics, although not enamoured of tobacco taxes are willing to compromise for conscience sake. As for the Socialists, they will, of course, vote with any party which opposes the man of blood and iron, the upholder of the divine right of the Emperor. Under the present state of parties, Bismarck is bound to be checkmated at every turn, while if the Catholics are on his side he will be in a position to carry measures which they may not consider dangerous to liberty. The power exercised by Herr Windthorst was fully illustrated on a recent occasion, when, as if to show the Chancellor what he could do when it pleased him, his party voted in the Prussian Landtag against opposition to the further use of the Guelph fund for secret service purposes, and the money belonging to the Hanoverian Royal family for corrupting the press, paying an army of spies, &c. The Catholics of Germany, the Bavarians, and others who bore the brunt of the war against France, and who as a reward saw their religion persecuted, are now, through the able policy of Herr Windthorst, having their revenge. Bismarck is more anxious to negotiate than the Vatican, and if he does not go to Canossa, he will at least go halfway.

CONSCIENCE is a failure; force is no remedy; Parnell is released. This piece of intelligence will send a thrill of pleasure through the hearts of Irishmen all over the world. It is a triumph of principle over brute force, of mind over matter. Parnell and his associates were thrown into prison when Ireland was profoundly quiet; he is released when it is in a state of chaos. Gladstone and Forster, in their stupidity, thought they were dealing with the Ireland of twenty years ago, when hero worship prevailed, and when the imprisonment of the chief meant the collapse of an agitation, but they now find their mistake. If all the present leaders died to-morrow the cause would go on, for the people are educated. This has, in fact, been illustrated by the imprisonment of Parnell and six hundred leaders of the people. During their incarceration the people refused to pay rent; their resistance became dogged, and with their united front they baffled the army, the navy, the spies and the police. It is, of course, possible that Parnell may thank the American people for his release, for that the Government seeing how serious was the feeling on their side, realized that it was dangerous to keep the American suspects incarcerated any longer, but in order to show the world that it was not because of American pressure they were acting, made a virtue of necessity and threw open the prison doors to all the suspects, for although the cable mentions the release of Parnell only it almost certain there has been, or will be to-day or to-morrow, a general jail delivery. But the triumph is to the Irish people all the same on both sides of the Atlantic. We are now prepared to see the land bill amended, and Home Rule granted, for without these concessions the release of Parnell has no meaning.

It now seems that Mr. Parnell has only been released from Kilmainham on parole for a week to enable him to attend the funeral of his sister's child at Paris. It is the general impression, however, that Mr. Parnell will not return to his prison, for that before the week has expired the Government will order a general jail delivery of suspects. The leave of absence to the Irish leader is merely given to break the fall of the Administration, as it were. If this be so, it is very fortunate for the Government that a domestic calamity has overtaken Mr. Parnell's family, for otherwise it would not be so easy to find a graceful excuse for their disgraceful policy in Ireland.

THE NORTH WEST BOOM.

Except there is an almost universal conspiracy to puff the North West, a boom is now going on which is destined to have vast results. There was infinitely less excitement about San Francisco and its golden treasures thirty odd years ago than there is now over Winnipeg which has no gold worth speaking of, but is the capital of a Province worth all the hard cash in the world. North Westward ho! is the cry now oftener heard, not only in large Canadian towns and centres, but in Liverpool, in Hamburg, in Stockholm and coming nearer home in St. Paul, Minnesota, through which there is passing a stream of American immigrants all bound for the famous valley of the Saskatchewan. Winnipeg is even now crowded with settlers from all parts of the world, waiting for the spring to go forth into the wilderness to break up the land, to build towns, mills and factories, to carry out the great boom, in fact, in its integrity. In looking over the books and pamphlets written fifteen years ago one is amazed at the change that has been effected in the Northwest, and all without the discovery there of anything but land, land, however of the richest and rarest, land almost unlimited in quantity and unequalled in quality. When Captain Haasgrave published his book about the North-West in 1869 he little dreamed that in 1879 the steam engine would be heard screaming in the very streets of Winnipeg ten years later, or that the straggling village would have developed into a bustling city. If it were a gold mine or extensive coal beds were the attraction it is probable enough the North West boom would not last, and that Winnipeg and other towns, now rising into importance, would have to wait and grow gradually, like their Ontario sisters, but it is the land, and that makes all the difference and gives solidity to the boom. Winnipeg has at this moment a population of 25,000, last year it had but fifteen thousand, this time next year it may have increased to sixty, for immigrants are converging on it from all points of the compass. The future of the North-West is secured, but there is a doubt resting on the minds of many as to the disposal of the land. Shall it be free or in the hands of corporations, speculators and companies? Shall some of the abuses which obtain in Europe prevail in the future North-West? Or will there be fair play and equally all around and homesteads for all? It rests with the Syndicate who are the masters. It would be asking too much of an individual much less of a corporate body that they should not act without an eye to their own interests in disposing of large tracts of land. The Syndicate are anxious to make money—millions—and they are just the kind of men—hard, practical, business-like—to take advantage of the situation. They are building a great railroad, they desire that it should pay, and with that object they consider it good policy to enhance the value of the lands by every means. To do this they must have settlers, and they are obtaining them in numbers which surpass their most sanguine expectations. They are surely shrewd enough to know that though they may obtain money in large quantities in the first instance from speculators who would look up the land for selfish purposes, an honest policy would pay better in the long run. Their policy will be soon tested, the coming summer will witness the making of the North West or its inarring for a time. Nothing can materially interfere with its great future.

GERMANY AND THE VATICAN.

Prince Von Bismarck has found to his cost that it is possible to defeat his foreign enemies in the field and thereby construct a great empire, and yet not be able to rule the empire just as he pleases. Since the inauguration of his attempt at economic laws and domestic legislation, centralising power in the Government, or rather in himself, as representative of the Emperor, he has many times been ignominiously defeated. He was, no doubt, highly successful in framing and enforcing the infamous Falck laws, but this was after the subjugation of France when the Protestant majority could refuse him nothing, but since then he has met with such reverses on account of the passage of those very laws that he curses the day he ever dreamed of them. After many reverses in the Reichstag he dissolved it in the hope a new Parliament would be more amenable to Bismarckian argument, but the result was bitterly disappointing, for, notwithstanding his entreaties, his bullying, and the free use of the imperial name, the majority refuse to listen to him. He set his heart on a tobacco monopoly, which would naturally increase the revenues of the Empire, but here again he failed, and the humiliation was all the greater that he canvassed the members personally and caused the Imperial family to assist him. What stand in the way of his success are the Falck laws. When these are repealed he may pass his tobacco bill, but even that is doubtful. In order to please the Catholic party or lull them into security until he had gained his point in the Reichstag he had two years ago arranged that the Falck laws should be in abeyance, but this manoeuvre did not blind the Catholics led by the veteran orator and statesman, Herr Windthorst, who watches Bismarck keenly and baffles his every move.

THE COMING CONFLICT. The advent of Sweden into European politics is a little sensational, if, indeed, she is mixing herself up in international affairs at all, and if the news conveyed by cable that in case of a Russo-German war, Sweden will attack Finland, has any foundation in it. And yet such a report would not at all have been strange one hundred years ago. Sweden played a prominent part in European politics in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Her Gustavus Adolphus inflicted severe defeats on the Germans many a time, and oft, and her Charles the Tenth disputed for the supremacy of the North with Peter the Great. But since the great French Revolution little has been heard of Sweden, and during the past half century she has sunk almost entirely out of sight, as of being little or no account in European politics. The fact of her name being mentioned now is a pretty sure indication that Bismarck is looking out for allies in the great conflict which is almost inevitable. The Swedes belong to the Teutonic race, and Bismarck for his own purposes is strong on that point just at present. There must be a union of all the Teutons to resist the Slavs. And there is no doubt but that questions of race are cropping to the surface all over. It is only within the past twenty years that the unification of Italy, and the unification of Germany have been spoken of and have partly become accomplished facts; now it is the union of the Slavs. Perhaps we shall hear of the union of the Latin races next. All the nations are armed to the teeth. Europe trembles under the tread of armed legions spilling for the combat, hungering for spoils, and why not fight on the race issue as well as any other? When the conflict comes, if come it shall, another map of Europe will have to be made on the face of which will be mighty changes. As regards numbers the three great races of Continental Europe, badly defined and, in some places, intermingled with one another as they are, are nearly equal. Russian statisticians claim that the Slavs of Eastern and Central Europe number nearly a hundred millions, the Teutons are seventy-five, or including the British Isles, about ninety millions, and the Latins that is to say the inhabitants of France, Italy and the Iberian Peninsula, something over eighty millions. The Slavs have, therefore, a slight advantage in numbers, but they have also a greater advantage in cohesion in case of a struggle. As regards the Latins, it is difficult to believe that Italy, France and Spain could be got to act together for any one object. As, however, the primary struggle is to take place between the Slavs and Teutons it may be interesting to glance over their respective positions and the chances of success in case of a collision, which would be a collision of the Titans. The Slavs and kindred peoples occupy the whole of Eastern Europe, speaking roughly, from Archangel to Constantinople, and are under either one supreme ruler, or so conveniently situated as regards geographical continuity that they may be considered one people, and when we say this we include, as a matter of course, the Romanians, Bulgarians, Servians and all the population of Turkey in Europe who are not Greeks or Turks proper. For offensive purposes they are comparatively weak, for defence they are indeed strong. Cyrus, the greatest captain of antiquity, and Napoleon, the greatest of modern times, wrecked themselves in warring against the Slavs. But, speaking comparatively, they have not been successful in spreading themselves. The Teutons occupy Central and parts of Northern and South-eastern Europe. They are the German nation proper, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and from twelve to fifteen millions of them are in Austria. The Germans have created a hundred times more history than the Slavs, they overthrow the Roman empire, they have given aristocracies to all Europe as well as sovereigns. For every one distinguished Russian name seen in an encyclopaedia fifty Germans present themselves and a hundred French; but then it may be that the time of the Russ is yet to come. As regards war, it would be rash to assert the Teuton is a better soldier than the Russian. Up to this latter has held his own against the former, and for the matter of that the Germans claim that Livonia, Lithuania and part of Courland belong to them, as those provinces are Teutonic. Whichever has the best generals will win, in all probability, or the most homogeneity. As we have remarked the Slavs are all, more or less, under control of one executive, while the Teutons are divided up among the sovereigns of northern and central Europe, but then it should be remembered that Prussia labored under the same disadvantages in its war with France and emerged victorious nevertheless. Taking everything into consideration a speculative person might venture to bet on the Russians in case of war.

THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY.

Canadians take as deep an interest in the Chinese question as the Americans, for the reason that if it does not affect them now as much as it does their neighbours, it will affect them in the near future, for British Columbia lies almost as conveniently in the way of the Celestials as California and Oregon. Indeed, the Chinese difficulty has already presented itself in British Columbia, as Mr. Banister will inform anyone who chooses to listen. President Arthur has vetoed the Chinese bill as passed by the American Congress, but this is only a postponement of the difficulty which is sure to come to the front again, when perhaps the requisite two-thirds majority can be found to over-ride the President's veto. At first glance it may seem hard that exclusive laws should be passed

against such an industrious people as the Chinese. Our contemporary, the Halifax Chronicle, is very bitter against the American Republic for its dislike to the Chinese, and hard upon Congress for its bill. This is what the Chronicle says:—The anti-Chinese bill is a blot upon the history of the Republic, and is utterly inexcusable on any pretext whatever. It is simply a base pandering to the lowest and most ignorant elements of the country, a surrendering of sound principles and common sense to the clamor of the ignorant rabble who, unfortunately, under universal suffrage, exercise a wide political influence at elections.

The ignorant rabble is not a nice name to apply to the laboring classes on the Pacific slope, some of whom—and we say it with all due respect to the writer—are infinitely better than he. Some of the "rabble" will by-and-by become capitalists, and perhaps own newspapers, and employ writers as brilliant as the Chronicle editor. There is hardly a millionaire on the Pacific slope who, in the days when he was not wealthy, did not belong to the "rabble." But if our contemporary imagines the American Republic is the only country which wants to exclude the Chinese it is much mistaken. Chinamen are allowed in the Australian colonies, but Chinawomen are not, and, except the law of New Zealand excluding them has been changed of late, neither Chinamen, or women are permitted in that progressive country. Halifax is a long distance from San Francisco or Yale, and writers in that city can afford to be philosophical and benevolent. Perhaps, if they lived on the Pacific slope they might think it patriotic to be followers of Denis Kearney. It was Artemus Ward who so generously offered to sacrifice his wife's people by sending them to the war, while he himself stayed at home to edit the *Bayle-horn of Liberty*.

Now, if restrictions were not placed on Chinese immigration, such are their numbers in China, and such is their desire to make money abroad, that they would in a short time render it impossible for a Caucasian to exist on the Pacific slope, except he were a capitalist, and even the capitalist would have to go in time. They would swarm the country and devour everything green. It is doubtful if Christopher Columbus discovered America for the benefit of the Chinese.

If strict Christian morality is observed all round the Chinese, or any other people, should undoubtedly be allowed to take possession not only in California but throughout the American continent, the white man should retire before them in meekness of spirit, but as perfection has not yet been arrived at, it is not likely the Americans or the British Columbias will allow the Chinese to do as they please. The Chinese are industrious, it is true, but they have no more idea of morality, either Christian or natural, than a pig, less, in fact. They sell the virtue of their women openly, they are cowardly enough to allow a brigade of Europeans to take possession of the capital of their empire almost without opposition, their blood would not be a desirable infusion into the veins of America. When they do come they work for small wages, they live on thirty cents a day, and the balance, when it amounts to anything, they take back to China. They even import the rice they eat. Capitalists rejoice at their advent, for it enables them to dispense with free labor and roll up millions, but the workmen hate them, as they take the bread out of their mouths. When the Chinese are meanly enough to refuse opium when offered on the point of an English bayonet they will be worthy to become citizens of Canada and the States; when their lives become purer they may obtain social toleration. We do not like to make an indelicate remark, but if we were so inclined, it would be to say that the writer in the Halifax Chronicle does not know much about what he writes of.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Passion Services in all the Churches.—An eloquent sermon by the Rev. Father Monk in St. Patrick's.

The festival of Good Friday was observed with due solemnity to-day in all the Catholic and English Protestant Churches in the city. The Rev. Father Toupin officiated at the Passion services this morning in the St. Patrick's Church. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, sang the part of the *Passion* in a very creditable manner, and the Rev. Father Monk preached a long, eloquent and effective sermon on our Lord's Passion according to St. John.

The rev. speaker described in pathetic terms the sufferings and indignities which our Saviour was subjected to previous to His glorious death on the cross. He explained exhaustively the meaning of the various circumstances attending it, which were taken in their spiritual sense, fully carried out the prophecies of the Old Testament. He dwelt at length upon the unwillingness of Pilate to condemn Jesus, and read the story of His being brought before the High Priest, who then was the representative of God on earth, wielding the sceptre of power over all things pertaining to the spiritual welfare of the people. He laid down the doctrine that although the hand wielding that sceptre might be soiled, the dignity, power, and infallibility of the office remained unscathed and unchanged. In describing the character of Pilate he said that he was a man like many to be met with to the present day. He was one who tried to save God and Mammon. This, however, was said in an impossibility. God and the world were enemies which never could be reconciled, and consequently any attempt to serve both must fail. He read from the Gospel: "Then they led Jesus from Calphas to the Governor's hall, and it was morning; and they went into the hall that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the pasch; Pilate, therefore, went out to them and said: 'What accusation bringest thou against this man?' They answered and said to him: 'If he were not a malefactor we would not have delivered him up to thee. Pilate, therefore, said to them: 'Take him, you, and judge him according to your law.' The Jews, therefore, said to him: 'It is not lawful for us to put any man to death.' That the word of Jesus might be fulfilled, which

He said signifying what death He should die. Pilate, therefore, went into the hall again and called Jesus, and said to Him: 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' This, the rev. speaker said, showed that there was a great doubt existing in Pilate's mind, as to the true identity of Jesus. He had been warned by his wife not to condemn this just man, but Pilate was a seeker of popularity, and was afraid of the consequences if he incensed the Jews against him. And when Jesus answered: 'Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told thee of me?' Pilate was evidently displeased at the question. It was, however, an opportunity given him by Jesus to seek his own counsel. He had asked him if he was inspired, which implied as much as that he was in the presence of the Divine Son come to save mankind. By what followed it was plain that Pilate wished to wash his hands of spilling blood (as he afterwards did) by the further conversation which he had with Jesus. Pilate, answering, said: 'Am I a Jew? Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee up to me; what hast thou done?' Jesus answered: 'My Kingdom is not of this world. If my Kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my Kingdom is not from hence.' Pilate, therefore, said to Him: 'Art thou a King, then?' Jesus answered: 'Thou sayest that I am a King; for this was I born and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate said to Him: 'What is truth?' And when he said this he went out again to the Jews and said to them, 'I find no cause in Him. But you have a custom that I should release one unto you at the pasch; will you, therefore, that I release unto you the King of the Jews?' Then cried they all again, saying: 'Not this man, but Barabbas.' Now, Barabbas was a robber.

The rev. speaker then went on to repeat the history of the Passion of Christ; how he had been scourged and crowned with thorns, relating each incident with a pathos and feeling only equalled by the eloquence of his language. The Crucifixion of Christ on Calvary formed a principal part of his able discourse. He commented on the hardened cruelty of the men and the compassionate sympathy and pity of the women; touched in sympathetic phrases on the misery, desolation and pain of the Holy Mother of God at seeing her only son undergoing the torments of death, explaining why it was that the Saviour had permitted Mary to witness his agony. The rev. gentleman dwelt exhaustively on the darkness which covered the earth and the various signs which occurred, which showed the power of the Lord. The veil in the temple was rent, and the Holy of Holies exposed to the public gaze. All these received at the hands of the speaker full explanation.

The Rev. Father Monk closed a brilliant sermon in the description of the Saviour of the world on the cross, and the thankfulness and mortification we should feel for the everlasting benefit to mankind which accrued therefrom.

EASTER SUNDAY.

THE GREAT FESTIVAL DULY CELEBRATED IN ALL THE CHURCHES.—THE CEREMONIES AND MUSIC.

Easter is the Feast par excellence of the Catholic religion. The Church commemorates on that day the most glorious event in the earthly career of Her Divine Founder. She brings to its celebration all the solemnity, pomp and ceremony at her command. The joyful echoes of the *Aleluia* are made to ring throughout the entire world, and all her children are bid to rejoice and to sing Christ's triumph over Death.

NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

The services at this Church were grand and impressive, and were attended by one of the largest congregations which have ever filled this vast edifice. The Vicar-General, Rev. Father Lorrain, officiated at High Mass, and was assisted by Deacon and sub-Deacon. A new mass, which has not yet been published, was sung for the first time. It was composed by Mr. Jules Hone, leader of the Notre Dame orchestra, and was dedicated by him to the Rev. L. C. Desrochers, director of the choir. The Mass is a good musical composition, and contains several pleasing and charming passages. The composer has evidently followed the meaning of the sacred words, and has successfully managed to give them a corresponding and correct expression in music. Its rendering by a choir of 150 voices, with full orchestral accompaniment, was a decided success, and reflected great credit upon the leadership of the Rev. L. C. Desrochers. The soloists were Messrs. Hudon, Choletier, Fourdais, Buisson and Masters Cantin, Bergeron and Larive. At Vespers the music was very fine, the choir singing the psalms and hymns in beautiful style. Mr. Labelle ably presided at the organ. The Rev. L. Collin, Superior of the Seminary, preached a brilliant sermon on the resurrection of our Lord. The ceremonies were of the most solemn and impressive character and altogether consonant with the greatest event which the Christian religion commemorates.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

High Mass was celebrated with a solemnity befitting the occasion. The celebrant was the Rev. Father Edward, of France, who was assisted by the Rev. M. Fitzmaurice and W. Murphy, of the Montreal Seminary. The altars were very tastefully decorated; the lights were well arranged and produced a fine illumination at the evening services. Mr. Stephen Young displays good taste in the way of ornamenting and decorating the altar. The musical portion of the service was well rendered by a full choir. Luzzini's famous Mass was to have been given, but as Prof. Fowler intends producing it at the Nordhemer's Hall, on the 17th inst., in aid of St. Patrick's Asylum, Farmer's Mass was chosen. The soloists were Messrs. E. F. Casey, A. McGinir, and Masters F. McCaffrey and E. Clarke. They rendered their parts admirably. The choruses were well sustained, and Prof. Fowler is to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which the choir acquitted themselves. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father M. Callaghan, who took for his text the words: "He is risen, He is not here." Mark 16:6. These words comprise the only epithet worthy of being inscribed upon the tomb of our blessed Redeemer. In the grave where all the glory of this world is buried, He shines with the most incomparable splendor. Where human impotency prevails He displays a divine energy, clasped in the arms of death He clothes Himself with life and immortality. Easter is, according to St. Basil, "The dawn of the feast of eternity," according to St. Gregory, "The solemnity of solemnities," according to all the Fathers, "The feast of feasts, the grand feast of Christians," and according to Tertullian, "The grand day

by excellence." At Easter the primitive Christians used to salute each other with the words: "The Lord is risen, indeed," and then gave each other the kiss of peace, which is an emblem of fraternal love. There is a vestige of this sacred custom still preserved in the Catholic Church. The resurrection of Christ is a fact which it is impossible to deny without rejecting the best authenticated facts of history. Its realization was anticipated in a striking manner, both by figures and prophecies. Among these figures we might mention "The Lion of Judah," spoken of in Genesis, Isaac, Joseph, Job, and Jonas. David principally foretold the resurrection of our Divine Lord. "I have slept and have taken my rest, and I have risen up." "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption." This latter text served as a theme which was most admirably commented upon by St. Peter and St. Paul. In the mystery of the resurrection Christ achieved a twofold triumph: the triumph of His divinity and the triumph of His Church. In this mystery He likewise serves as a model for every Christian. If arose from the grave by an act of his own free will. No human being could do anything of the kind. We read of personages who raised the dead to life. The Sunamite's son was resuscitated by Elisha and the dead child of the widow of Nareph by Elias. They did so, not by any power which they received from nature, but by a power which God gave them. Christ returned to life leaning upon His omnipotence. In Himself and of Himself He had all that was necessary for the purpose. "I lay down my life that I may take it again. I lay it down myself and I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again." By raising Himself from the dead it is evident that Christ must be God, and since He is God all that He has done must be divine. Now, He has established a Church. Hence, this Church must be divine. Hence, she must be perpetual in her mission, unchangeable in her doctrines, and infallible in her supreme Visible Head. Any other church can only be the invention of a human brain, and must be absolutely unworthy of a God. We should not forget that we have the qualities of Christ's resurrection. It should be real, prompt and lasting. Like St. Paul, we should say in all sincerity: "I live, now, not I; but Christ liveth in me." Such a life will enable us to share in the resurrection of the Saints. They were the only wise and happy ones upon earth. Their hopes were beyond the grave. So should ours be. If we would have them realized virtue should be our chief pursuit, and in the service of the Most High we should consecrate the bloom of youth, the strength of manhood, and the maturity of advanced age.

THE GESU.

Crowds attended this church. The musical portion of the service was, as usual, particularly fine. The programme included Kyrie and Gloria by Faucouert, and the Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei by Gounod. Specially noticeable were the organ accompaniments by Mr. Ducharme. In the evening Mercadante's trio, O Salutaris, was very effectively sung by Messrs. Beaudry, Denis and Laverriere. The Regina Coeli and Tantum Ergo were those of Father Dodoss and Millard respectively. In the latter Mr. Napoleon Beaudry sang the solo with great taste.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

The morning and evening services at this church were very largely attended. The Rev. Father Whittaker officiated at High Mass. The musical portion of the service was excellently rendered by a full choir.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

This church presented quite a festive appearance yesterday, and the great feast was celebrated with unusual solemnity. The Rev. Father Lonergan officiated, and the choir rendered the Mass in a very creditable manner. At Grand Benediction in the evening the altars were brilliantly illuminated.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH.

The Easter Sunday morning services in the Church of St. Gabriel's Village were unusually impressive. The high altar was beautifully decorated with flowers and tapers by the skillful hands of Miss Dwyer. The singing was under the direction of Professor Theriault, and was most ably rendered, Madame Brunet presiding at the organ. High Mass was celebrated by the Parish Priest, the Rev. Father Salmon, assisted by Fathers Ducharme and Langlois as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the celebrant, who took for his text the following passage from the writings of the great Apostle Paul: "Christ having risen from the dead, dieth no more." The Rev. Father delivered a powerful discourse, which was listened to attentively by his hearers. He began by showing the essential parts of complying with the exhortation of the great apostle, namely, meditation on the nature of sin, to ponder on the malice and inevitable retribution. The speaker then called the attention of the congregation to three great subjects of meditation which appeared to him to be the most powerful correctives of sin, the omnipotence of God, His mercy, and His inflexibility. The Rev. Father closed his sermon with an earnest peroration, wherein he pictured the awful array of judgment, inviting his hearers to rise to-day from the depth of sin, to make ready for the final day when all will pass before the Lord for sentence and to live henceforth for God in Christ Jesus Our Lord.

KING ALFONSO AND MR. O'HART.

Mr. O'Hart having sent a copy of his "Irish Pedigree," with the following letter, to his Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, has received the subjoined courteous reply:—

BROUSSE, Dublin, 6th March, 1882.

MAY YOUR MAJESTY BE PLEASED.—In the Penal days of Ireland Catholic Spain generously afforded a friendly asylum to many of my exiled countrymen, for which my country has ever since been grateful. It is through gratitude for that asylum that, as a poor tribute of my great respect for your Majesty as Sovereign of Catholic Spain, I beg leave to forward herewith for your Majesty's gracious acceptance a copy of the third edition of my "Irish Pedigree," now published, in pages 44, 45 of which I trace the lineal descent of the august Royal family of Spain down to King Phillip V.—With great respect, I am your Majesty's very humble servant.

JOHN O'HART.

The following is the reply of his Majesty:—

Madrid, March 18th, 1882.

To Mr. JOHN O'HART.—Having had the honor of delivering to His Majesty King Alfonso the copy of your "Irish Pedigree," which accompanied your letter dated March 6th, His Majesty has graciously ordered me to thank you most expressively in His name. I hear, sir, that the book above mentioned contains, among others, the lineal descent of my own (the O'Murphy) family, which is of Irish origin. You will, consequently, not be surprised at my asking you to be so kind as to send me a copy for myself, and to let me know the amount which is due to you for it.—Believe me, sir, yours most truly,

COURT MONARCH.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

—Mr. Jonathan Haynes has been temporary appointed to take the position of Deputy Collector at Ross's Point, left vacant by the decease of the late Mr. Russell Moore.

—The steamer "Portneuf" is the first vessel to plow the icy waters of the St. Lawrence above Montreal this season, having commenced running as usual between Laculne and Caughnawaga.

—A Mr. Stearn, of New Jersey, has been appointed to the position of Consul-General for the United States Government at Montreal in place of Mr. Smith, resigned. The appointed is a great friend of the State Secretary, Mr. Freylinghyusen.

—The Winnipeg Sun says that Mr. Frank Gormly, of the well known firm of Burns & Gormly, manufacturers of hotel cooking ranges, has been doing a rushing business in the North-West, having taken orders from all the leading hotels, amounting to over ten thousand dollars. He leaves for the East this evening.

—At the annual meeting of the Emmet Lacrosse Club, which was held in their hall on Tuesday evening, the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing season:—President, C. J. McCallum; Vice-President, T. Brown; Secretary Treasurer, D. Lynch. Committee—E. Power, E. Lynch, R. Power, W. Barry and P. McFall, Captain, P. Barry.

—The annual meeting of the Montreal Lacrosse Club was held last night, Col. Whitehead in the chair. After the reading of the annual report the Treasurer announced that there was a balance of \$1,720.63 to the credit of the Association. The Club had played 14 matches during the season, of which 9 were first twelve matches and 5 second twelve. In the first two were won and 3 lost, in the second 2 were won, 2 lost and 1 drawn. The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing season: President, A. W. Stevenson (Col. Whitehead declining reelection); Vice-President, G. B. Stark; Hon. Secretary, T. L. Paton; Treasurer, H. S. Tibbs. The committee will be composed of Messrs. W. Cairns, S. M. Baylis, R. B. Ross, G. A. Sheppard, James Gardner, John Hay and J. Summerhayes. It was unanimously resolved by the meeting to re-enter the National Lacrosse Association. It was also resolved to donate \$100 towards the purchase of a suitable testimonial to Mr. H. W. Becket as a token of the acknowledgment of his able services during the past eleven years. After the usual votes of thanks to the President, Secretary and retiring officers the meeting adjourned.

ANOTHER APPEAL.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., counsel for Mr. T. F. O'Brien, is about to make another appeal to the Minister of Justice on behalf of his client. It appears that the unfortunate man's mind is now almost thoroughly restored through the skillful treatment of the physicians of the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Kingston.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

The adjourned semi-annual meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Irish National Land League was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Sunday afternoon. The President, Mr. C. J. Doherty, occupied the chair, and there was a fair attendance of members. The semi-annual report of the Treasurer, Mr. T. Buchanan, showed that \$1,000 had been remitted to the Treasurer in Paris on the first of March, and there was a balance on hand of \$243. The report, which had been duly audited, was adopted. The election of officers for the ensuing six months was then proceeded with, resulting as follows:—President, Mr. C. J. Doherty (re-elected); Vice-President, Mr. B. Connaughton (re-elected); Treasurer, Mr. T. Buchanan (re-elected); Secretary, Mr. B. Wall (re-elected); Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. A. McCann (re-elected); Collecting Treasurer, Mr. P. Clarke (re-elected); Executive Committee, Messrs. M. Donovan, P. Carroll, M. Hart, James Foley, J. Redmond and W. Keyes. Arrangements have been made for a lecture by the President on the 18th inst.

HOW A NEEDLE TRAVELLED THROUGH THE HUMAN FRAME.

For some time past Mr. Charles Berthelot of this city, has been troubled with a severe pain in the elbow of the right arm. Last Saturday, unable to bear with it any longer, he went to Dr. Brosseau to obtain some alleviation of his suffering. That gentleman, on examining the arm, discovered a small black speck near the elbow joint. He applied a pair of pincers and drew out to his great astonishment, a long black needle from the quivering flesh. Mr. Berthelot was equally astonished at the strange excretion to which his flesh was heir to. He says he has no recollection of ever having swallowed a pin or needle; in fact, he had not the slightest intimation of its presence until Dr. Brosseau extracted it. He is now puzzling his brain as to how the needle got into the flesh anyhow.

SAD FATE OF A MONTREAL MERCHANT'S FAMILY.

About five months ago Mr. Maynard, of the wholesale firm of Maynard & Gauthier, Commissionaire street, dissolved partnership and left for the State of Missouri with his family, consisting in all of some eight persons. He settled on the banks of the Mississippi river, and built himself a neat little cottage and settled down to a country life. About a month ago his house caught fire and all his goods were destroyed. He had scarcely recovered from this calamity when the terrible curse of the south, the yellow fever, prostrated every member of his family except himself. His friends in the city have just received tidings that, with the exception of Maynard, all have succumbed to the fatal disease, leaving him bereft alike of wife and children.

REV. MR. GAVIN LANG.

We learn that the call recently extended to the Reverend Gavin Lang, of this city, by the large and influential parish of West Inverness, Scotland, has been accepted by that gentleman. This call has been one of a series of invitations that have been pressed upon the Rev. Mr. Lang for some time past. The strong adherence and enthusiastic support which he has extended to the principles of the Church of Scotland in Canada have evoked the warm admiration of his friends in Scotland. Nor can it be a matter of surprise that they covet for themselves the energy and zeal which have always characterized his ministrations here. Montreal will lose in Mr. Lang one of her most highly esteemed citizens. It would be difficult to point to any clergyman who, while conscientiously abiding by his convictions and fearlessly proclaiming them upon all proper occasions, has at the same time succeeded in so marked a manner by his liberal and large-hearted sympathies in winning not only the respect and esteem, but the friendship and regard as well, of all classes and

creeds of the community. We are quite sure that our citizens will learn with deep regret of Mr. Lang's departure, and that all will join in sincere wishes that the highest success may attend him in his new field of labor. It is understood that the congregation at St. Andrew's will supply the vacancy thus made by extending an invitation to a clergyman of connection with the established Church of Scotland, and that they will continue to maintain the position they have all along assumed with regard to their sister Presbyterian Church in Canada.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The great go-as-you-please race at the Crystal Palace Inn was concluded on Saturday night in presence of large numbers of spectators. From the start Irvine ran ahead and gained lap after lap on White Eagle till about half-past-nine, when it was announced that he had passed the Indian. He then ceased up, and keeping up a steady trot with an occasional spurt of a few laps, finished one mile ahead of Gallagher, who ran in an extraordinary form during the last hours. The running of Gallagher excited much comment, it being a general opinion that had he been in the hands of the trainer who watched him on Friday and Saturday nights, there was every probability of his finishing a long way ahead of Irvine. White Eagle was broken up during the earlier part of the night, but tried several times during the latter few hours to retrieve his lost position, but quickly dropped down lap after lap, till at the end of the contest Gallagher was 3 miles and some laps ahead of him. At various times during the night Irvine and Gallagher were made the recipients of several handsome and tastefully arranged bouquets surrounded by various devices in silver paper. Joe Lefebvre came on the track for an hour at the commencement of the race, but the poor fellow was too completely used up to accomplish anything. He was evidently suffering, and his appearance created great sympathy, a purse of \$25 being made up for him on and around the judge's stand. Both Irvine and Gallagher were feeling extremely well at the end of the race, and laughed and talked towards the finish, not evincing the slightest symptoms of fatigue. White Eagle left the track at twenty minutes past eleven, but owing to some discussion as to the propriety of Gallagher and Irvine leaving, the judges decided that they had better finish the sixteen hours. After the race cheers were given for Gallagher and Irvine and the judges, Mr. Tansey and Professor Rollinson, the champion bicyclist, and Mr. T. W. Eck, the referee. The scores are as follows:—1st, Irvine, 115 miles, 1 lap; 2nd, Gallagher, 114 miles, 2 laps; 3rd, White Eagle, 110 miles, 8 laps; 4th, Hatton, 93 miles, 4 laps; 5th, Ratae, 91 miles, 9 laps. The prizes which were \$200, \$100, \$75, \$50, \$25 were distributed to the men at the conclusion of the race. Great credit is due to the owner of the track, Mr. Robertson, for the management in regard to the comfort of both competitors and spectators.

The amateur walk at the same rink was also concluded in the afternoon, Green winning easily with a score to his credit of 32 miles. The scores at the end of the race were as follows:—(1) Green, 32 miles. (2) McGoldrick, 30 miles. (3) Kerr, 28 miles 4 laps. (4) Thompson, 26 miles 6 laps. (5) Worms, 26 miles 1 lap. (6) Ash, 25 miles 4 laps. (7) White, 22 miles 8 laps. (8) Conway, 21 miles 8 laps.

The prizes, consisting of three valuable medals, were presented by the Hon. Peter Mitchell, during the time of running at the professional 16-hour race.

FELL FROM THE TRAIN.

TRIBUNE DEATH OF PULLMAN CAR CONDUCTOR HENRY MAXHAM.

Mr. Henry Maxham, Pullman car conductor, and a resident of Montreal, was found dead on the track of the Central Vermont about a mile east of Concord, New Hampshire, between 1 and 2 o'clock Friday morning. How he came by his death is a matter of conjecture, some of his friends being of the opinion that he might have been robbed and then thrown from the train. The following is the story of the tragedy as told our reporter by one of Maxham's fellow-employees:—The deceased was last seen alive on the train at Concord. When the next station, Danbury, was reached, all hands got off to take some refreshments. Maxham was missed, and a search was made through the cars for him. He could not be found, and it was then thought he might have fallen off the train, the heavy sled which at that time prevailed making the car platforms very slippery. Three train employees started out along the track in the direction of Concord, and found the missing man about a mile from that place lying bruised, cold and dead alongside of the track.

The body was at once picked up and conveyed to Concord, where it now lies awaiting a coroner's inquest. Mr. Maxham was one of the oldest Montreal employees of the Pullman Company, having been twelve years in its service. He was a great favorite with the travelling public, and will be regretted by a large circle of friends. He leaves a wife and one child, the former in delicate health. Deceased resided on the corner of Desrivieres and Bonaventure streets.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of Sherbrooke, held in Murray's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—M. T. Stenson, President; Wm Murray, 1st Vice-President; W. J. Shea, 2nd Vice-President; Mr. Braneville, Treasurer; H. W. Mulven, Rec.-Sec.; J. S. Broderick, Cor.-Sec. Committee of Management: Messrs. D. McManamy, B. Murray, Jno H. Heaney, P. McDonough, Hugh Connors, P. H. Hackett, and T. Malone. Jno Walsh, Grand Marshal; M. Dillon, Assistant-Marshal. Rev. E. Choquette, Chaplain; Dr. F. Pate, physician.

Field Marshal Count Moltke sums up the result of his recent studies in the statement that "a war with Russia could not be undertaken by Germany till after the lapse of eighteen months or two years." This only means that it could not at the present moment be entered into with the same confidence and safety as the two last great wars with Austria and France. The Eastern fortresses, especially Posen and Thorn, the German authorities consider ought to be considerably strengthened and better armed, and several of the Baltic ports—such as Danzig, Pillau, and Konigsberg—put in a better state of defence, before the commencement of a campaign in Russia. The question of the headquarters for the mustering of an invading army would also have to be settled, and Count Moltke is said to be inclined to choose Breslau as such a centre. If everything were at once ready to carry out the fortifications and other preparations involved in this scheme, it is calculated that at least eighteen months would be required before they were actually completed.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Prof. Gnelst, the distinguished German writer on civil law, will shortly publish a new work on the constitutional history of England.

The dress material for the bride in a Chincago wedding had been purchased by her father in Damascus in 1849. It was fine India silk, and had come fully into fashion again.

The great Yorkshire show-place, Castle Howard, the property of Lord Carlisle, is about to be "restored." The first contract, which has just been signed, amounts to \$125,000.

A cougar seized a six-year-old boy in Oregon, and had dragged him nearly out of the doorway when discovered by the mother, who clubbed the beast off, but not before the lad had been fatally bitten.

Mr. Teanyson has just recovered from a sharp attack of gout in the right arm. It is the first time that he has ever suffered from this painful complaint. The poet has completed another play, of which Mr. Irving will have the refusal.

It costs something to enter the British House of Commons even when the candidate is unopposed, as is shown by the fact that the cost of Lord Algeron Percy's unopposed return for Westminster in the first week of the present session was \$9,980.

Even the violet has its special enemy, and in Europe at least is menaced with destruction. An almost imperceptible spot appears upon the blue of its petals as it blooms, and rapidly extends. The flower soon becomes colorless and dies; and then is discovered the microscopic insect which has been feeding upon it. The provinces of the Rhone are already bereft of their choicest flowers.

The Russian farmer suffers much from the ravages of wild animals among his crops and live stock. By imperial decree, troops are heretofore to be quartered in localities where this nuisance is especially burdensome, with orders to exterminate the beasts. The double purpose is to be served by this arrangement of benefiting the farmer and of giving the soldiers work to do to protect him against Nihilistic infection.

Several biographies of Longfellow are being written, and at least two will be put forward as authorized. Prof. George Washington Greene, of Providence, says of his work: "Six years ago Mr. Longfellow and I agreed to be each other's biographers, and from that time to this have kept this intention in view. The materials are abundant, particularly the family letters, all of which have been put at my disposal."

Edith Mable, aged 15, held a young people's prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon in the First Baptist Church at Rockford, Ill. These gatherings became larger than those which the pastor, Mr. Anderson, drew to hear his sermons, and he announced that no meeting other than those he personally authorized would have the use of the house. But Edith is very popular, and has hired the town hall with the sanction and support of two of the deacons.

English turkeys usually live to a green old age. The famous Duke of Queensbury died at 86, Sir Charles Banbury at 82, Lord Clermont at 84, Sir John Lade at 80, Dick Vernon at 88, Mr. Thomas Panton and Peregrine Wentworth at 87 and 88, and the two racing Dukes of Grafton at 70 and 84. Within our own time we have had three recent octogenarians in Admiral Rous, Gen. Peel, and Lord Wilton, and there are three noblemen of the turf still living, Lords Stradbroke, Mostyn, and Halifax. The first was 88 last February, the second 87 last January, and the third 82 last December.

The demolition of the buildings round the Pantheon in Rome, is now almost finished, but it may be questioned whether the building gains much in appearance by it. The circular shape is entirely lost at the back by the old walls of uneven height which run out from it, and which, except perhaps to the archaeological eye, are as disfiguring as the quaint little houses that once clustered round the building, and were dwarfed by it. Now that they are gone, cornices are seen cut through, holes dug in the old wall, and chimney flues scooped out by the house owners, deformities which were formerly at any rate hidden out of sight.

Many suggestions have been made for removing the menace to the peace of Europe which springs from the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany, but the most ingenious is that with which a Potsdam editor has just astonished his readers. He proposes apparently in all seriousness, that Alsace and Lorraine should be returned to France, on condition that France consents to form a personal union with Germany by becoming, under the Presidency of the German Emperor and his successors, Germany would share in the colonies of France, and the united armies of the two powers would dictate peace to the world.

One of the chief means of disguising a falsified wine in the use of various coloring matters, which are now offered everywhere in France by private trade circulars. Public attention is being directed to this in Paris, and it is stated that although chemistry is powerless to discover the presence of these dyes, there nevertheless exists a simple means of detecting them which cannot just now be too widely known. Some of the wine must be heated, and when it boils a piece of white flannel should be well dipped in it and allowed to dry. If the flannel when washed still retains a red or reddish tinge, it is stated to be proof positive that the color of the wine has been artificially obtained.

The authorship and actual words of the celebrated lines "And shall Trelawny die?" have at length been settled by the reproduction of the entire ballad—one of the finest of its kind in the English language—and an explanatory note by the author, the Rev. Robert Stephen Harker, late vicar of Norwinton, Cornwall, who was, before his death, received into the Roman Catholic Church. It appears that the Rev. Mr. Harker gained the Newdigate prize for poetry at Oxford, and that he was at one time regarded as the rival of the laureate. It is certainly well that his memory has been revived, for undoubtedly many students of English literature never heard of him before.

CONVERSION TO ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

STUTTGART, April 11.—It is stated that King Charles I., of Wurtemberg, has been converted to the Catholic faith and was baptized on Monday by the Pope.

RUMORED RESIGNATION OF EARL COWPER.

LONDON, April 11.—The News says: Rumor finds favor in Dublin that Earl Cowper, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is about to resign, and says it may be taken as a proof that in the opinion of well informed persons in Ireland, some further step, if not some change of policy, must be made if order is to be re-established.

ASSASSINATION OF A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW.

Scene of the Assassination—The body identified by the Widow and Mother of the Outlaw.

St. Joseph, April 4.—The following are the particulars of the shooting of Jesse James yesterday: After having eaten breakfast Jesse James and Charles Ford went to the stable to curry the horses, and on returning to the room where Robert Ford was, Jesse said: "It's an awfully hot day." He pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them on the bed. Then he said, "I guess I'll take off my pistols for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard."

Mr. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done, separated from the room in which the bloody tragedy occurred by the dining-room. She heard the shot, and dropping her household duties ran into the front room. She saw her husband lying on his back, and his slayers, each holding his revolver in his hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house. Robert had reached the enclosure, and was in the act of scaling it, when she stepped to the door and called to him: "Robert, you have done this; come back." Robert answered: "I swear to God I did not."

The house where the outlaw was killed is a one-story cottage, painted white, with green shutters, and is romantically situated on the brow of a hill east of the city, commanding a fine view of the principal portion of the city, the river and railroads. Just east of the house is a deep gulch-like ravine, and beyond a broad expanse of open country backed by a belt of timber. The house, except from the west side, can be seen for several miles. There is a large yard attached to the cottage; also a stable, in which James had been keeping two horses, which were found there this morning.

Soon after the shooting a reporter was told by Crooner Reddens that a man had been shot and killed at Thirteenth and Lafayette streets. On approaching the door leading into the front room a man was seen lying on the floor, with blood oozing from his wound. The few who had gathered around the door, more from curiosity than anything else, were asked what was the cause of the shooting. None of them knew, but said that the man's wife, who was in the rear room, could tell. Passing around the dead man's body, the reporter opened the door leading into the kitchen, where he found the wife and two little children, a boy and girl. At first she refused to say anything about the shooting, but afterwards she said that the boys who had killed her husband had been living with them for some time, and that their names were Johnson. Charles she said, was her nephew, but she had never seen Robert until he came with her husband a few weeks ago. Robert was an old friend of her husband, and when her husband met him on the street some time ago he invited him to come and see them. He did so, and had remained ever since. When asked what her husband's name was she said it was Howard and that they had resided here about six months.

"Where was your home prior to moving here, Mrs. Howard?" asked the reporter.

"We came from Baltimore, and intended to rent a farm and move to the country, but so far have been unsuccessful."

"Did your husband and the two Johnson boys ever have any difficulty?"

"Never. They have always been on friendly terms."

"Why, then, did they do the deed?"

"That is more than I can tell. Oh! the miscalculation, and at this she began to cry and ask God to protect her."

"Where were you when the shooting was done?"

"I was in the kitchen, and Charles had been helping me all the morning with my work. He entered the front room, and in about three minutes I heard the report of a pistol, and on opening the door I saw my husband lying on the floor. I ran to the front door and Charles was getting over the fence, but Robert was standing in the front yard with a pistol in his right hand. I said, 'Oh! you have killed him,' and turned around and walked into the kitchen. Robert then left with Charles, who was waiting for him outside the fence."

At this juncture the brothers made their appearance and gave themselves up to the police, who had arrived, telling them that the man they had killed was Jesse James.

Those who were standing by were astonished to hear who the dead man was.

"My God!" exclaimed Marshal Craig, "do you mean to tell us that this is Jesse James?"

"Yes," answered the boys in one breath, "that man is Jesse James, and we killed him and don't deny it."

The marshal then took the wife of the dead bandit into a room, in company with two or three other persons, and asked her if she was the wife of Jesse James. She replied in the negative, but on seeing the Ford brothers through the window she screamed and called them cowards, charging them with killing the best friend they ever had. Then, turning to the dead body of her husband, she fell upon it and prayed that death might come to her and her children. She finally confessed that the dead man was Jesse James. She then said that the murderers of her husband were Charles and Robert Ford, of Ray county, Missouri, and that they had been in St. Joseph some time with her husband.

CHADLEY WAS ENGAGED, IN THE BLUE COAT TRAIN ROBBERY, AND WAS THE ONE WHO STRUCK THE EXPRESS MESSENGER ON THE HEAD: ROBERT WAS THE WINSTON ROBBERY. "JESSE WAS AT THE BLUE COAT," SHE SAID, "BUT NOT AT THE WINSTON. WE LIVED IN KANSAS CITY LAST SUMMER, AND WERE NOT DISCOVERED."

The dead bandit is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, rather slender, but compactly built; hair black and not over long, blue eyes, fair complexion, and a full suit of brown whiskers. He was neatly attired in a dark suit, looked more like a substantial business man than an outlaw. Mrs. James is a handsome brunette, about 38 years of age. She was handsomely dressed, and wore a profusion of jewellery.

On Jesse's person were found a heavy plain gold ring, marked "Jesse," two gold watches, one a stem winder, engraved "A. S. B.," which he is said to have taken from a former Governor of Arizona at the Sweet Springs robbery, and the other watch, a key winder, which was taken, with a solitary diamond ring, at the robbery of the Mammoth Cave stage line in Kentucky a few years ago. There were also found a set of jet studs, and a lady's oval broochpin. Jesse's arms consisted of a forty-five calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, a forty-five calibre Colt's revolver, a Winchester repeater, and a double-barrel shotgun.

The Ford boys claim to have had no object in view save to obtain the reward offered by Governor Crittenden for Jesse James, dead or alive. They have recently had two interviews with the Governor at the St. James Hotel in Kansas City. The Governor was informed of their plan of action, and approved it wholly. The boys have been in constant communication with Sheriff Timberlake and H. H. Craig, and acted under their instructions. The assassin is 20 years old, and his brother 25. They are fine-looking, intelligent young men. After the shooting they promptly gave themselves up to the authorities to await judicial action. Robert Ford says that he killed Wood Elite, the man whom Dick Little has been charged with shooting. The affair, he says, occurred at his (Ford's) house, two miles outside of Richmond; that Little and Elite had a shooting affray in the presence of the women of the family, and for protection he shot Elite, killing him instantly. Ed Malloy, of the same gang, he says, was killed when asleep by Jesse James. The Ford brothers were taken to the county jail in the afternoon, where a crowd of fully 2,000 persons awaited their coming.

THE GORDON CREEK MURDER.

OTTAWA, April 5.—The following particulars of the Curran murder are given by the constable who escorted him to the city:—Adolphe Benoit was engaged as head book maker in the Gordon Creek improvement Company at a shanty near Gordon Creek, in the County of Pontiac. Joseph Curran and a man named Howard were the two hands who constituted his gang. Benoit's work consisted in cutting down and butting the trees, after which Curran and Howard were supposed to saw the logs. Every evening Benoit made a return to the shanty foreman, showing how many logs his gang had sawn during the day. One day last week Benoit felled a tree, but Curran and Howard failed to do their share of the work in sawing it, and unknown to Benoit, who made his return as usual to the foreman, thinking the work had been performed. On discovering Curran and Howard's negligence in not performing the work some hot words ensued between Benoit and the two men, Curran retaining a spite against Benoit after the row. On Sunday night last about seven o'clock Joseph Curran, George Howard and John Redmore, a blacksmith, left the shanty and went to the house of a man named Robert Greene, on the Kippawa, which is a stopping place for travellers. Here a stay of three hours or more was made, the trio imbibing a considerable amount of whiskey. They started to return to the shanty about 11 o'clock, reaching it at twenty minutes to 12, by which time all the men had retired to bed. Howard, who was a teamster, put in his boots, assisted by Redmore, Curran, the victim, proceeding immediately on arrival into the shanty here. After partaking of a dish of tea, he observed Benoit quietly lying on his bed in a far corner. Curran went up to Benoit's bed and challenged him out to fight. On receiving no answer, he walked away, and engaged in a conversation with Howard, who had just entered. The latter urged Curran to return to Benoit and stump him out to fight. This Curran did, still receiving no answer from Benoit. Once more Curran walked away, and was again urged by Howard to renew his offensive attitude. Picking up a small stool, Curran returned for the third time to Benoit, and placed his knees on the foot of the bed, challenged him out to fight, threatening to fling the stool at the reclining man. Benoit told him to stand back, but Curran, taking no notice, flung the stool at Benoit, whereupon the latter taking a revolver from under the bed covering, fired the fatal shot, the bullet entering Curran's left breast. By this time Redmore had entered the shanty, and Curran, on being struck, walked over to him and said, "He has struck me." Redmore asked where, and Curran replied, pointing to his left breast. "There," Redmore opened the victim's shirt and found where the bullet had entered. Curran walked a few paces, and turning around again said to Redmore, "If I had a revolver I would return the compliment," after which he fell back dead. The revolver was immediately delivered up to the foreman by Benoit, and the murderer and his victim driven in one of the shanty wagons to Mattawa. After the shooting had occurred, Howard, Curran's friend, came up to Benoit, and said, "If I had a revolver I would shoot you." At Mattawa Benoit was examined before Messrs. Willington, McDonald and Warnock, Justices of the Peace, and on Tuesday by Mr. John Doran, Stipendiary Magistrate for Nipissing, before whom the prisoner refused to say anything about the matter. Mr. Doran issued a warrant committing the prisoner to Aylmer gaol, Mr. John McMeekin being detailed to take him thither. He left for Aylmer to-day.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

WALKERTON, Ont., April 7.—Early this morning a young man named John Moore, of this place, went to Mr. H. A. Wilson's drug store with a medical prescription for his wife, who was suffering from erysipelas. In the absence of Mr. Wilson, his clerk, a young lad named Richard Waulser, put up the prescription. He made a mistake in the drugs, and in an hour afterwards Mrs. Moore was a corpse. Mr. Wilson alleges that the boy had strict orders not to attempt the putting up of prescriptions during his absence. An investigation is going on before the coroner. Mrs. Moore was a fine-looking young woman, not long married.

ROMAN EVENTS.

(From Catholic Times Correspondence.)

THE NEW CARDINALS. The date of the next Consistory, in which the Holy Father will create seven Cardinals and preconize a number of bishops, is fixed, unless unforeseen circumstances occur to change it, for the 27th inst. It appears that, to confer a favor on the Austrian Government, his Holiness has decided upon raising to the purple the Archbishop of Vienna, Mgr. Ganglbauer. The public Consistory which is to take place for the solemn giving away of the hat *cardinalis*, will be held on the 30th instant in the Vatican room. Count Camillo Pecci, nephew of the Pope and one of his noble guards, is commissioned by his august relative to be the bearer of the hat to the Archbishop of Seville, and accordingly the young Roman is giving himself up in the meanwhile to a serious study of the Spanish language. It seems that Count Pecci is also to accompany Cardinal Howard in the latter's approaching visit to Moscow, upon the event of the coronation of the Czar, as his Holiness especially wishes to be represented there by a member of his own family.

GERMANY AND THE VATICAN. Herr Kurd von Schlozer, the diplomatist commissioned by Prince Bismarck to open negotiations tending to the re-establishment of the *entente cordiale* between Germany and the Holy See, was received on Friday morning by the Holy Father, and contrary to certain rumors implying that that audience had already taken place, I am in a position to assert that this is the first reception that has yet been granted at the Vatican to Bismarck's representative, Leo XIII. Having purposely postponed receiving Herr von Schlozer until the Reichstag had approved the sum voted for the re-establishment of the German legation.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. It is rumored that the Archbishop of Dublin, whose pastoral letter to the faithful of his diocese has been enthusiastically and admiringly quoted in Roman papers, and also Mgr. Agostini, Vice patriarch, will shortly arrive in Rome to receive the hat.

AN innovation will be introduced into future Consistories, relative to the preconization of bishops to whom hitherto the titles of *in partibus infidelium* has been assigned. Henceforth this designation will be suppressed, and the bishops thus named will only be described in future as the "titular bishops of towns" assigned to them in the Consistories. This change had been contemplated some years ago, in consequence of certain representations made to the Holy See by several schismatic countries, notably Greece. These representations were directed against the title of "Infidelis" being attributed to the population of certain Christian towns, which might be termed schismatic, but no infidel. The Congregation of the Propaganda, commissioned by Leo XIII. to examine and redress this grievance, has declared it to be well founded. It is probable that the preconization of certain bishops to some of the vacant sees of Russian Poland will take place upon the second of the approaching Consistories, which is fixed for the 30th instant.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY.

The Grand Duchess of Tuscany recently arrived in Rome, has been received at a special audience, which lasted above an hour, by the Holy Father, the honours due her rank being rendered to her highness by two *cameriere segreti* of his Holiness, and three noble guards. The Duchess next proceeded to visit the Cardinal Secretary of State. She attended, with her suite, the Pope's private Mass, in his chapel, upon the following morning. Her highness travels with a lady of honour, and the Marquis Antinori, Duke of Brindisi.

THE PRESERVATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The thanksgiving service and *Te Deum*, sung at the Church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte upon the Sunday last in honour of the Queen's preservation in the recent dastardly assault upon her Majesty's life, had a peculiarly touching and interesting character, as the triple ties of unity, loyalty, and brotherhood were nobly blended in one bond of affection, representing the English, Irish and Scottish nations. The Benediction was given by the Venerable Mgr. Kirby, attended by the Scotch and English Rectors, Doctors Campbell and O'Callaghan, his Eminence Cardinal Howard being present in one of the tribunes. All the English priesthood in Rome loyally attended the service, as in duty and affection bound. Amongst these were especially remarkable Mgrs. Stonor and O'Brien, the Rev. and Hon. Algernon Stanley, Fathers Lockhart and Hurst, etc. All the members of the English colony were likewise present. It was a most impressive service, and bore the indelible stamp of loyalty and faith, firmly knit together under the British crown.

FATHER NUGENT IN ROME.

A short passing visit of deep interest to the English Catholics of Rome has just been paid to the Eternal City, on his way home from Egypt, by the Rev. Father James Nugent, who is a well known advocate of the temperance cause. Father Nugent, who had but three or four days to spare for seeing his Roman friends, as well as being received at the Vatican, was the guest of Mgr. O'Brien at his house in the Via Sistina, and whilst there received the visits of several of the leading English priests in Rome. He attended on the Friday, the day fixed for his departure, the English sermon preached at St. Isidor's upon the occasion of the Feast of St. Patrick, by the Rev. Father Lockhart, of the Bonifantians, and St. Etheldreda's, London.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BISHOPS.

The Minister of Grace and Justice has recently announced his decision of not granting any more the *exequatur* to Bishops who do not refer to it previous to their proclamation in Consistory. The Hon. Zanardelli declares that he considers it an encroachment upon the prerogatives of the King that the petition should be presented after their nomination. This measure has been taken in consequence of the late request of the Bishop of Cagliari, and it seems to me, to say the least of it, strange and unnatural that the royal prerogative, when so distinctly apart from spiritual authority, should be even mentioned in the same breath with it. His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Archbishop of Bologna, has come to Rome in order to be present at the approaching Consistories.

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

The funeral of the Commander Bombrini, senator of the realm, and director of the National Bank in Rome, took place on Friday morning last with all the pride befitting the exalted social position of the deceased. An enormous crowd had gathered on the Piazza Salaria, in front of the palace inhabited by Commander Bombrini, and the 37th Infantry regiment, with flags and music, prepared to march behind the procession. This was formed by three confraternities, those of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Dead, and of the "Stimulate," a great number of Capuchins and

FRANCISCA, and of the Visar and Chapter of the parish church of San Marcello. The car, drawn by four horses caparisoned with deep mourning, was literally covered with crowns of fresh flowers, offerings of the clerks of the National Bank, of the Roman Bank, and of the banking houses of the principal Italian cities. A numerous body consisting of municipal guards, the sheriff's officers of the different banks, members of the Senate, the Minister of Finance, and of the administration of the Roman railway companies, bankers, senators, friends and relations of the deceased, followed in the train, carrying lighted torches. A file of carriages closed the procession. After the ceremony of absolution, which was given in the Church of San Marcello, the *cortège* made its way, through the Via Nazionale, towards the station, where one of the waiting-rooms had been transformed into a magnificent *chapel ardente*; the earthly remains of Commander Bombrini were thence transported by the afternoon train to Genoa, to be interred in the family vault. Signor Fiadani, Syndic of Rome, then pronounced a funeral speech, in praise of the able and honest career of the venerable Bombrini as head of the great National Bank.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

The advent of the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, in Rome for a series of eight representations of Alexandre Dumas' most sensational pieces at the Valle Theatre, is the great attraction of the moment. Long before the arrival of the famous actress the boxes and seats of the Valle were hired at perfectly fabulous prices. Her first appearance in the "Dame aux Camélias" was nothing short of triumph. The queen, the Roman ladies of the aristocracy, and wealthy and influential foreigners regularly attend the evening performance. One night Sarah Bernhardt was accompanied to her residence, the Bristol Hotel, situated some distance from the Valle, by a band of music which serenaded her all the way and by a crowd with Bengal illumination lights around her carriage, and bearing the bouquets and flowers that had been showered upon her on the stage.

THEFT OF STATUES.

A theft of an extraordinary and unusual character has lately taken place in the villa of the Borgheze Museum, and the most active search on the part of the police has hitherto proved fruitless in finding the authors of the loss inflicted upon Prince Borgheze. Two beautiful statues of comparatively small dimensions were found to have disappeared from the sculpture gallery, on one of the days when visitors are not admitted. It seems that the thieves penetrated into the museum through an aperture in one of the windows, and after the operation had been successfully carried out, escaped with their spoil over the enclosed wall encircling the grounds. The stolen statues represent, one of them, a figure of the god Jupiter, in the purest marble, the other a bronze figure of the Emperor Geta, said to be of the value of 40,000 francs each.

RACING DURING CARNIVAL.

At the last sitting of the House a debate took place on the motion, seconded by the Hon. Odeascheli, against the *Barbieri* races being allowed by Government in future carnivals, in consideration of the accidents with which they are every year accompanied.

THE LABOR TROUBLES IN TORONTO.

TORONTO, April 7.—An important meeting of the Trades Council was held in Dufferin Hall this evening for the purpose of adopting measures in support of the members of the various unions at present on strike. A resolution expressing admiration of the way, which the carpenters and the shop girls were conducting the strike was adopted. A meeting of the girl strikers was held this afternoon, when a favorable report was presented from the Committee which waited upon the employers. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Daniel J. O'Donoghue, Armstrong and Donovan, of the Typographical Union. The printers are assisting the girls by contributions, and men in their own trade will contribute from 50c to \$1 a week. There are good prospects of a settlement, the terms of which will probably be that the bill of prices submitted by girls will be adopted for first-class work, while the girls will consent to a reduction being made for second-class work. A strong effort is being made to induce Cooper & Smith's girls to strike with them.

VICE-REGAL MOVEMENTS.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., April 7.—The Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General, and suite arrived in his special car via the Great Western Railway this morning. Carriages were in waiting at the station to convey them to the Prospect House, where suites of rooms had been engaged in advance. The day was spent in sight-seeing, and just homeward was paid to old Niagara by the distinguished party. Saturday, if fine weather prevails, will be spent in a like manner. Sunday His Excellency and party will drive to Niagara and take luncheon with Hon. J. B. Plumb, M.P., returning to Prospect House the same day. On Monday they leave for Montreal, and will probably visit Quebec before returning to Ottawa.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

The difference between a sentimental young girl and an old hat is only a difference of sense. One has feeling and the other has wit.

Pateras, N. J., is supposed to possess more one-eyed men than any other city in the United States except perhaps Pittsburg. Nine-tenths of those thus afflicted are workers in iron and steel, and have been struck in the eye with the metal clippings.

So inconsistent do theatrical speculators appear, that even while now theaters are springing up all round in London, very many of the old ones are deserted or closed. The great Amphitheatre in Holborn has been closed for many months past. Sanders Wells was abruptly closed. The Queen's Theatre, recently built and tastefully decorated by Labouchere, has been turned into a co-operative store. The Olympia is anything but prosperous, and is always changing hands. The Globe is in the same condition.

The Duke of Bedford is the largest holder of confiscated church property, which the famous antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, endeavored to prove scarcely ever passes in direct succession from father to son. The present Duke succeeded an eccentric, childless cousin. His oldest son married some years ago a young and beautiful woman, but is childless, and leads a life of seclusion. Again, the Earl of Pembroke—whose ancestor, the grantee of Wilton Abbey, is said to have replied to the remonstrances of the ejected monks, "Go spite, you jakes, go spite!"—succeeded his uncle, and he, to his children. The late Duke of Portland, the next largest owner of church lands to the Duke of Bedford, was one of four brothers who all died childless, and is succeeded by a first cousin's son, and is present unmarried.

WAR LOWERING IN EUROPE.

Possibilities of a Conflict Between Russia and Germany Discussed by Military Men.

The recent excitement caused by the utterances of the Russian general, Skobelev, and all matters between that country and the other European powers of great interest. Soon after the present Czar ascended the throne he caused a circular to be sent to his ministers abroad instructing them to inform the powers that he would strictly adhere to the peace policy and would observe most friendly relations toward them. Recently the Czar's government made this declaration in the *Pravoslavny Vestnik*, "the Government's Messenger."

On account of the words spoken by General Skobelev to the students who visited him at Paris, there are spreading some alarming rumors which have no foundation. Such a declaration made by a person not authorized by the government of course can neither influence the general direction of our foreign policy nor change our good relations toward the neighboring powers, based on a friendly understanding of the national interests, and also on mutual and strict observation of existing treaties.

Notwithstanding these peaceful declarations, the possibility of war between Russia and Germany is the all-absorbing topic at St. Petersburg, according to well authenticated accounts from that capital. The fact is, the Russians have too good reason to mistrust the official utterances of their autocrat. They are aware that on the eve of the last Russo-German war, even after thousands of Russian volunteers had crossed the Danube, the late Czar continued to profess peaceful intentions and friendship for all foreign powers, and they know that the present autocrat is but

A TOOL IN THE HANDS OF HIS WAR-LIKE COUSINS.

the avowed German esters. There are among Russians three distinct opinions as to the probable issue of a war between Russia on one side and Austria and Germany on the other side. The Liberals affirm that Russia would suffer a dreadful disaster, and that the least that could be in store for her would be another humiliating Berlin treaty. In case of war, they say, Germany can move at once 1,200,000 men, not counting militia, and Austria 900,000 men; while Russia at the best, they claim, can bring to the field only half as many as the other two united, and they further assert that Russia's western frontier is defenceless. Prussia has on the same frontier five fortresses of the first-class, Thorn, Poznan, Konigsberg, Dantzic and Kustrin, for the improvement of which she spent in a lump \$18,000,000 out of the French war indemnity. Austria has two excellent fortresses, Krakow and Peremyshl, not counting small forts.

Another class, the Moscow Slavophiles, take the view that such a war would be, in fact, a conflict between Slav civilization and German civilization, and that as the number of Slavs is more than double that of the Germans, therefore, without doubt, the Slavs would be victorious. The immediate result of a war, in their opinion, would be the disorganization of Austria, the formation of a number of Slav States under the Czar's protection, and the fall of the political influence of Germany. The Moscow statesmen are confident that

FRANCE WOULD GLADLY JOIN RUSSIA IN A WAR AGAINST GERMANY.

for the sake of revenge. A great number of the Russian patriots, who manage to keep cool amid the general excitement, believe that at the beginning of the war the Russian army would be bound to suffer a series of crushing defeats, but that after the German army had entered Russia, and the reserve force of that great empire had been called into action, the Germans would be overwhelmed. This is an attractive subject for military men. Recently two notable articles in Russian periodicals, written by Russian military officers, discuss the strategical position of the three confronting powers, Russia, Germany and Austria. The writer in the *Russkaja Retch* ("Russian Speech") says that a fond plan of Bismarck's is to weaken Russia and thus insure the safety of Germany on the east. The strongest point of the German military system, he avers, lies in the administering of sudden and crushing blows to the enemy, but he pays special attention to the fact that the German army is unable to stand a long war. Knowing this, he says, Germany has already laid out a plan of war against Russia suddenly to invade that country and occupy Poland and the Baltic provinces, seizing the best forts and strongest military positions at once. There they will stop and baffle all efforts of Russia to drive them back. Then Russia will be forced to sign a humiliating treaty, probably losing the Baltic provinces, and restoring the Polish Kingdom under the German Emperor's protection. Thus the

Czar's empire will become secondary among European powers.

Another writer on the same subject in the *Novoe Vremia* comes to a different conclusion, and his view is the one generally entertained by Russians. He says any war, and particularly

A WAR AGAINST GERMANY AND AUSTRIA WOULD BE A GREAT CALAMITY FOR RUSSIA.

and it is the duty of every citizen who understands the interests of his country to avoid the cause which would bring on such a war. He then compares the military forces of the respective countries. Russia, he says, could not wage an offensive war against Germany. On the defensive, Russia is invincible. She has every advantage. The Russians could not hinder the Germans from invading their country, but even if the Germans occupied Poland, they could neither force Russia to sign any treaty on the dictation of Bismarck, nor remain idle for a length of time. They would have to advance toward St. Petersburg or Moscow, or both. But such an advance would bring sure and dreadful disaster, like that which overtook Napoleon. Russia is an immense country, offering no means for easy and quick marches of an army. Her people are highly patriotic. They would burn and destroy every village and town in the track of their foes, and for a hundred miles around them, in order to force them to march in a kind of desert where no provisions can be got, and where the Russians in small parts could swarm upon their flanks and destroy them piecemeal. The German army, however numerous it might be at the start, would necessarily be greatly weakened in a march of 800 miles—the distance from Warsaw to St. Petersburg or Moscow—every step of which would be disputed, and at last it could be

RASHLY CRUSHED BY THE CONCENTRATED RUSSIAN ARMY.

When Napoleon crossed the Russian frontier in 1812 he had 610,000 men at his back, against only 220,000 Russians. The Russians retreated, and the grand army of Napoleon pursued them. When he reached Kovno, Napoleon had 300,000 men; at Vitebsk he had only 200,000; in the famous battle of Borodino he could muster only 140,000 men, and finally, when he entered Moscow he had only 100,000 men left. Now, since 1812, neither the nature of the Czar's country nor the spirit of its people has materially changed. Against the German army, which could not be larger than that of Napoleon, the Russians could send an army at least thrice as large as they had in 1812.

In view of all these facts, the great majority of the Russians feel no apprehension on account of the rumors of German invasion.

Two Georgian lawyers had a personal difficulty, which ended in one shooting the other. The wounded man recovered, and a few days ago the shooter was placed on trial. After the prosecution had closed their case it was announced that a reconciliation had been effected, and the Judge allowed the matter to be dropped, the two persons shaking hands in court.

Advertisement for Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Text: "There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and a thousand other diseases that owe their origin to a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, and inaction of the Digestive Organs, when the use of DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS will give immediate relief, and in a short time effect a permanent cure. After constipation follows Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Toppid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to SICK HEADACHE will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they PURIFY THE BLOOD by expelling all Morbid Secretions. PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions. HENRY, JOHNSTON & LORIE, PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL."

Advertisement for Weber and Steinway Pianos. Text: "THE TWO LEADING PIANOS OF AMERICA! WEBER AND STEINWAY CONTRASTED. In speaking of these two Pianos, we do not ignore the claims of other makers. The Chickering, Knabe, Decker & Son, Decker Bros., Vose & Son, all good commercial Pianos, in the same in which we speak of commercial Pianos as distinct from those that are acknowledged works of art. They are generally well and honestly made, and, being manufactured and sold at a moderate price, give satisfaction to the ordinary purchaser. But the musician, the artist or the connoisseur, who would obtain from the Piano the grandest results of which this noble instrument is capable, must seek these results from either of the two great names that head this article. The Weber and Steinway Pianos are universally acknowledged to be the leading Pianos of America. They are not, nor have they ever been, strictly speaking, rivals. In a mechanical sense there is positively little difference between them, and the cost is about the same in the most exact comparison made. They cannot approach the Weber for purity, richness and volubility—three qualifications which combined give that distinct and perfect articulation, which only one hour in vocal organs of the highest order and culture can equal. Hence all the principal artists of the present day, whether vocalists or instrumentalists, prefer the Weber Pianos for their public performances and private use. They are sympathetic, and capable of giving the various lights and shades of expression in a manner and style a manner as to make them incomparably superior to any other piano of this age." NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY, 226 & 228 ST. JAMES STREET, AGENTS.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

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

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease, though the few that survive, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life.

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

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors have taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it.

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

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

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

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

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

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

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

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed.

We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter that we will take subscribers from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the True Witness between this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of The Post Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig Street, Montreal, Canada.

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

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heat, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [26

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [27

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ASSASSIN.

London, April 6.—The Law Journal says that McLean, who attempted to assassinate the Queen, will be tried with unusual pomp. It adds that the policy of giving so dignified an aspect to McLean's act may be doubted.

DON'T BE ALARMED

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

INDIAN TROUBLES.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—General Pope telegraphs regarding the troubles at Apache and Mesquacora agency, that "the Indians cannot live on the reduced beef rations. One hundred thousand cattle are grazing not far from there. Rather than starve they will take by force the cattle needed to keep them and their families from starving. This will provoke Indian hostilities, which will lead God knows where. The only legal act the military can do is to make them starve peaceably, a most inhuman service. There will be fearful responsibilities somewhere if this matter is not settled now. It can be done in an hour. If I find nothing done when I reach Reno I shall probably assume responsibility myself. I would rather suffer anything myself than see an Indian outbreak so inexhaustible, unjust and fraught with such dreadful consequences."

THE LATE POET LONGFELLOW'S WILL.

CAMBRIDGE, April 5.—The following is a copy of the will of the late H. W. Longfellow, which was admitted to probate on the 4th inst.—"The last will and testament of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of Cambridge, in county of Middlesex, State of Massachusetts, gentleman.

I give sister Mrs. L. Pierce \$500 annually during life. I direct my executor to retain in hand property sufficient to yield the above sum every year, the principal to be finally distributed among my heirs.

I give \$500 to brother Samuel Longfellow during life; to each of the children of Stephen Longfellow \$1,000; \$5,000 to brother Alexander Longfellow; \$1,000 to each child of G. W. Greens.

The remainder of my property I give to the children in the same manner as the same would have descended to them by the statutes of distribution in this Commonwealth had I died intestate.

I appoint R. H. Dana, jr., of Cambridge, my executor.

GEORGE W. GREENE, Witnessed. E. M. SNOW, W. M. SNOW.

May 25, 1868.

On March 20, 1875, he gives by codicil to each servant in his employ at death \$100, and to Mr. Welch, his gardener, \$100.

Consumption Cured.

SINCE 1870 Dr. Serravallo has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousands of cases, and actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English.—W. A. Novas, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 16-13aov

The following is a statement of what it cost the Government for newspaper advertising in Canada during the past year. The amount paid for advertising in connection with Penitentiaries was \$582; Public Works Department, \$12,000; Post Office Department, \$13,739; Inland Revenue Department, \$5,280; Mounted Police, \$870; Interior Department, July 1st, 1879, to 31st December, 1881, \$20,781; Marine & Fisheries, \$4,311; Railways and Canals, \$45,086.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

Children are the mother's idol, the father's pride; they are entrusted to your care to guide and protect, to fill positions of honor and trust. If you truly feel the responsibility of your trust, and want to make the duties of your office as light and pleasant as possible, don't allow a slight cold to prey upon the little ones, for even a single day or night may reveal the dreaded destroyer, Croup, but a few doses of DOWN'S ELIXIR, if taken in season, will banish it, as well as Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Price 25 cents and \$1 per bottle.

THE ASSASSINATION OF GEN. STEELNICKOFF.

Odessa, April 5.—The trial of two of the men concerned in Gen. Steelnickoff's assassination has terminated very quickly. The following facts are gathered from the evidence given.—The deceased was sitting on a seat in the boulevard quietly contemplating the sea when his murderer approached and fired a revolver. The General was shot through the neck, the ball entering his brain, and he died in a few minutes in the arms of some persons who had hastened to his assistance. After committing the crime, the murderer jumped into a droshky, which was awaiting him on the boulevard. He was stopped, however, by a man called Kozga, and was arrested, together with his accomplice, who acted as coachman. A citizen named Lobzina, a soldier named Nekrasov, and a Custom House clerk named Ignatovitch also played a part in the capture. Lobzina and Nekrasov were wounded by the murderer in the struggle. The droshky had been hired by the two men for a day and a half, and the horses had been bought for twenty-five roubles two days previous. On searching the assassins three revolvers, three daggers and several flasks of poison were found on them. One of them was stopping at the Hotel de Citimes where General Steelnickoff also stayed. The accused declared that the General's death had been resolved on because of his activity in prosecuting inquiries into crimes against the State. He was an obstacle to the successful propagation of revolutionary doctrines among the working classes of Odessa. The two captured criminals, who gave false names, were brought before the military tribunal at Odessa, and on the 1st of April were sentenced to be hanged.

Mr. Abraham Gibbs, Vaughan, writes:

"I have been troubled with Asthma since I was ten years of age, and have taken hundreds of bottles of different kinds of medicine, with no relief. I saw the advertisement of Northrop & Lyman's Kupleon of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda, and determined to try it. I have taken one bottle, and it has given me more relief than anything I have ever tried before, and I have great pleasure in recommending it to those similarly afflicted."

FAMINE IN ZULULAND.

PIETERSBURG, April 6.—There is a serious famine in Zululand, owing to the failure of the crops because of the drought.

HANLAN'S RESOLVE.

NEWCASTLE, April 6.—Hanlan states that if he wins the matches with Trickett and Ross he will retire from aquatic.

FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, April 6.—Mr. John Giblin has been appointed Deputy Shipping Master of Quebec.

FROM HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N.S., April 6.—A long letter is published here from Albert Hamm and P. H. Connolly to M. F. Davis and J. A. Kennedy, of Portland, concerning the double scull race between them, proposed and much talked of last season. It gives a brief history of the hitherto vain endeavors of the Halifax pair to arrange for a match with the Portland outsider, and refers to the latter's proposition last fall for meeting in Boston to arrange for a series of races as absurd, as it would have been impossible to complete details before the season was too far advanced for racing. The Portland men are reminded that in their last communication, Hamm and Connolly, seeing no chance for a contest last year, express the desire to arrange for a series in 1882. The letter closes with a new challenge for a three mile race with turn for \$1,000 a side on water to be mutually agreed upon, and binding a deposit of \$200 to be made with any person Davis and Kennedy may suggest. The challenge remains open for four weeks.

FROM GRAND FALLS, N. B.

GRAND FALLS, April 6.—John Leelle, a leading and respected citizen, was killed here last night on the New Brunswick railway. He was engaged in shipping sleepers by rail, and while attempting to stop a shunting car, was pitched head foremost on the rails. A train of five loaded cars passed over the body, terribly mangleing it. One leg and one arm were cut off and the head was entirely crushed and severed from the body. The deceased was about 35 years of age.

FROM VICTORIA, B. C.

VICTORIA, B.C., April 6.—The two Island Railway bills have reached the House. Members are disposed to pass the bill represented by Clements, of California, in preference to Dunsamir, as the most favorable. It is supposed that a movement is on foot to repeal the act of 1875 conveying to the Dominion Government Island lands which will enable the Province to treat for the construction of its own lines. This will throw the full supply of the Canada Pacific Railway into foreign hands. The deadlock continues in the Legislature. Heavy sales of real estate are of daily occurrence, principally in and about Victoria.

CANADIAN RAILWAY STATISTICS.

The railway statistics of Canada, which have just been completed, show that the total mileage on June 30th, 1881, was 10,505; of this 7,260 miles are of railways in operation, 335 miles of railway under construction on which the track is laid and 2,910 under construction. The nominal capital on June 30, 1881, was \$389,285,700, made up as follows:—Ordinary share capital, \$128,071,520; preference, \$71,466,460; bonded debt, \$34,891,313; aid from Dominion and Provisional Governments, municipalities and other sources, \$104,866,406. This shows an increase over the capital, as compared with previous years, of \$18,234,507. The capital per mile of railways completed and under construction is \$37,048. The number of passengers carried was 6,943,671, against 4,462,948 in the previous year, an increase of 480,722 or 7.46. The total train mileage for the year was 27,301,306 miles, against 22,477,449 miles in 1879-80, an increase of 4,823,857 miles or 21.7 per cent. The tonnage of freight handled was 12,065,323, against 9,938,853, an increase of 2,126,469 tons, or 21.39 per cent. The earnings of the railways in 1880-81 were \$27,987,500, against \$23,536,639, the increase being \$4,450,870. The earnings per mile of railway under traffic were \$3,869 in 1880-81, against \$3,405 in 1879, showing an increase of \$454 per mile. In 1880 there were 87 persons killed and 102 injured in various accidents on the railways. In 1881 the number was 90 killed and 147 injured. The proportion of passengers killed to the number carried was 1 in 991,953, against 1 in 648,294 in 1879-80, and the proportion injured 1 in 385,759, against 1 in 359,053.

FRENCH WIT.

"Is the horse in?" asks a gentleman, rushing into an office. "I want to see him for a minute." "In?" replies the startled attendant; "why, he's dead—died yesterday. You can't see him." "Oh, tell him it's only for a minute—it's very important," answers the visitor, sitting down.

TRYING TO CONCEAL HIS CONTEMPT.

One day Thad Stevens was practicing in the Carleton Court and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding judge. A second time the judge ruled against "Old Thad," when the old man got up, a scarlet face and a quivering lip, and commenced trying up his papers, as if to quit the court room. "Do I understand, Mr. Stevens," asked the judge, eyeing "Old Thad" indignantly, "do I understand that you wish to show your contempt of this court?" "No, sir! No, sir!" replied "Old Thad." "I don't want to show off my contempt, sir, I'm trying to conceal it."

W. W. McLellan, Lynn, N.S., writes:

"I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (five miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

At a reception of the Diplomatic corps in

Washington the Baron and Baroness D— were present. The Baroness was a very tall, distinguished looking lady, a member of one of the "first families of Virginia." The Baron stood about five feet four inches in his shoes, the top of his head barely reaching to her shoulder. As she entered the room, fairly dragging her stumpy little spouse after her, the contrast in their personal appearance excited general attention. "Who is that?" asked a Baltimore lady. "The Baroness D—." "What! Miss C— that was?" "The same." "You don't tell me! Well, I wonder how she could ever marry so much beneath her."

On the reception of news of the veto of the Chinese bill in San Francisco crowds gathered on the streets and around the bulletin boards. Expressions of indignation, disgust and discouragement were universal, men of all shades of political opinion uniting in this sentiment. Despatches are pouring in from all parts of the interior expressing the uniform feeling of anger and depondency occasioned by the action of the President. Some of these vote movements for the formation of Chinese leagues to take legal steps to drive the Chinese from the vicinity, and others report that public meetings have been called, and in some cases the President has been hung and burnt in effigy.

Some of the persons imprisoned in Ireland who claim the protection of the United States as American citizens have, by their own previous acts, forfeited all right to it. O'Mahoney, one of the prisoners, is of Irish birth. He claims he served a year in the navy during the war. In 1866 he endeavored to get naturalization papers in Louisiana but was refused because he could not produce his discharge. In 1874 he went to Ireland, married and went into business. In 1879 he returned to the United States and was naturalized at Lockport, N. Y., on Feb. 18, 1880. In January, 1881, he returned to Ireland where he had left his family and business and was elected a Poor-Law Guardian, and was holding that position when arrested. There are other cases of the same kind. In one case a man got naturalized in Baltimore, returned immediately to Ireland, lived there constantly thereafter, went into business and became a Treasurer of the Land League.

Medical.



JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STEVENSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 15-6

FOR SALE!

BOUND COPIES OF The Harp.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

Volumes 3, 4, 5 and 6, neatly bound in Cloth, \$1 each. Apply to

J. GILLIES,

225 St. Martin Street, Montreal.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

MANITOBA.

Special Passenger Trains for Manitoba, North-West Territories, Dakota, Minnesota, etc., will leave Montreal on April 6th, 12th, 19th, 26th and 3rd May, at 9.30 a.m., calling at principal stations.

First class accommodation will be provided, and experienced Agents will accompany the Trains to attend to comfort of passengers and Customs arrangements at frontier points.

These Trains are for the accommodation of those not desiring to accompany their live stock or household goods, but who wish to have the benefit of Express time.

For particulars apply to local Ticket Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

READ

VENNOR'S WEATHER BULLETIN

Leave your orders at your booksellers.

THOUSANDS SOLD ALREADY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT BOND.

Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

Three Times Annually,

Until cash and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw a Prize, as there are NO BLANKS. The larger Prizes drawn at these drawings are

- 1 Premium of 150,000 Florins.
1 " " 120,000 "
1 " " 100,000 "
1 " " 15,000 "
1 " " 12,000 "
1 " " 10,000 "
12 Premiums of 5000 15,000 "
13 " " 10000 12,000 "
54 " " 5000 27,000 "

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than

140 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the

15th of APRIL, 1882.

And every Bond bought of us on or before the 15th of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in Registered Letters, and on losing Five Dollars, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information address:

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., No. 150 Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the TRUE WITNESS.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

A PERFECTLY RELIABLE ARTICLE

—OF— HOUSEHOLD USE

COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER.

It is a preparation of pure and healthy ingredients, used for the purpose of raising and shortening, calculated to do the best work at least possible cost.

It contains neither alum, lime, nor other deleterious substance, is so prepared as to mix readily with flour and retain its virtues for a long period.

RETAILED EVERYWHERE.

None genuine without the trade mark on package. 5 G

PREMIUMS!

Every New Subscriber

TO THE

TRUE WITNESS

Will receive a Valuable Book entitled,

"A Treatise on the Horse & His Diseases,"

BY DR. KENDALL.

The Book is very useful to farmers and contains a great deal of practical information. Contains an index which gives the symptoms, cause, and the treatment of each. A table giving all the principal drugs used for the horse, with the ordinary dose, effect, and antidote when poisoned. A table with an engraving of the horse's teeth at different ages, with rule for telling the age of the horse. A valuable collection of receipts and much other valuable information. 14 1/2

RICHELIEU RENAL Mineral WATER!

NATURE'S REMEDY For Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Calculus or Stone in the Bladder, Hematuria, Stricture, Urinary Inflammation of the Bladder, etc., etc.

ST. GENEVIEVE MINERAL WATER For Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, Piles, Gout, Rheumatism, etc.

HOMOEOPATHY.—A full assortment of Medicines and Books. Also

HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC and White Hazel always on hand.

Send for Catalogues.

Country orders promptly filled.

J. A. HARTE, Druggist, 400 Notre Dame Street.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court, Jeanne Marie Louise Josephine Rivet Deschamps, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Napoleon Deschamps, trader, of the said City and District, duly authorized to appear in judicial proceedings, Plaintiff, vs. the said Napoleon Deschamps, trader, of the same place, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause by Plaintiff against the said Defendant. PHEFONTAINE & MAJOR, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, March 10th, 1882. 32 5

IRISH AMERICAN COLONIZATION COMPANY

(LIMITED).

Farms of all sizes for sale in South Western Minnesota, on time contracts or for cash.

HOUSES BUILT.

Farm Implements and Goods at Wholesale prices Apply to

RIGHT REV. BISHOP IRELAND, St. Paul, Minnesota,

Or to JOHN SWETEMAN, Manager,

Currie, Murray Co., Minnesota, Who will forward pamphlets on application. 16 DO

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRAU & CO., Augusta, Maine. 15-6

Advertisement for CUNNINGHAM BROS. featuring various products like TABLETS, etc., and a notice about the Canada Advertising Agency.

Medical.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF. Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums. PERFECTLY RESTORES THE HEARING AND PERFECTS THE VOICE OF THE MENTAL DEAF. Always in position, but invisible to others. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address, H. F. PECK & CO., 569 Broadway, New York. 7-23 1/2

STAMMERING

Over 800 stammerers have been cured by us during the past three years. Testimonials, &c. free. Address Stammering Institute, London, Ont. TESTIMONIAL.—I have stammered for years, four months ago I attended the above Institute and was cured. I am perfectly satisfied. JOHN A. WYBESON, Theological Student, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. 21 G

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels,

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

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

FOR THE CURE OF

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers!

ST. PATRICK

Patrick never believed in the Real Presence at all. St. Patrick's words to the Irish people were, "Where Peter is the Church is, and where the Church is Christ is."

SCOTCH NEWS.

A little child has been drowned at Irvine in a tub in which there were only three inches of water. The mother had left it for only a minute.

THE RELEASE OF THE AMERICAN PRISONERS.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Mr. Frelinghuysen informed the President that on the 2nd instant information was received by the Department of State that all American citizens held as prisoners in Ireland had been released except three, and that since that date further information had reached him that O'Connor, Hart, Walsh, Dalton and White are now in prison.

LANGUAGE CAN BUT FEELY DESCRIBE THE PAINS OF RHEUMATISM.

The local market for money and sterling exchange was moderately active and steady. The stock market was irregular this morning and business was chiefly confined to Montreal Telegraph. This stock was raised by the opening, but the raiders were afterwards worsted and went to bed a retreat, the stock closing at 12 1/2 bid, 12 1/4 asked.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

FINANCIAL. TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, April 11, 1882. The local market for money and sterling exchange was moderately active and steady. The stock market was irregular this morning and business was chiefly confined to Montreal Telegraph.

to 67c; Trinidad, 46c to 50c; sugar house, 38c to 40c. Coffee—Mocha, 32c to 35c; O. G. Java, 20c to 28c; Singapore and Ceylon, 20c to 24c; Maracabo, 17c to 23c; Jamaica, 12c to 17c; Rio, 16c to 18c; chicory, 12c to 12 1/2c. Spices—Cassia, per lb, 12c to 20c; mace, 80c to 95c; cloves, 90c to 140c; Jamaica ginger, lb, 22c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, sub, 18c to 21c; Cayenne pepper, 15c to 17c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 15c to 17c; pimento, 14c to 15c; mustard, 4c to 5c; nutmeg, 15c to 20c; nutmeg, 1st Java, 24c to 25c; nutmeg, unlimed, 85c to 95c; limed, 65c to 95c.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Transactions in pig iron have been very limited. Leading brands on spot have sold at \$25 to \$26, and to arrive at \$21.50 to \$22. The hardware business has been moderately active, and country customers, in some instances, are pressing for prompt delivery.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

FINANCIAL. TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, April 11, 1882. The local market for money and sterling exchange was moderately active and steady. The stock market was irregular this morning and business was chiefly confined to Montreal Telegraph.

to 5.75; Canadian Strong Bakers, \$6.50 to 6.75; American Strong Bakers, \$7.50 to 8.00; Fine, \$4.90 to 5.00; Middlings, \$4.00 to 4.25; Pollards, \$3.50 to 3.57; Ontario Baga, Medium to Strong, \$2.95 to 3.05; do Spring Extra, \$2.20 to 2.95; do Superfine, \$2.75 to 2.85; City Bags (delivered), \$3.80 to 4.00.

MONTREAL STREET MARKET.

The attendance was very fair, and business was, consequently, in good volume. Mr. D. McCarthy, of Bonsecours Market, with his usual enterprise exhibited Easter cheer in the shape of Florida strawberries, pineapples and tomatoes, as well as Bermuda new potatoes, cabbages and cucumbers.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

The following buyers were here last week and good horseflesh was in demand: Geo W Chester, Concord, N H; F B Root, New Haven, Conn; S W & John Gregory, Virgennes, Vt; W H Wood, Ogdensburg, N Y; J Jackson, Lewiston, Me; R F Chase, Baldwin, Me; Watson & Horton, Providence, R I; S Stanley, Providence; S Hicks, Holyoke, Mass; T Hussey, Dover, N H; G W Evans, Billville, N Y; E Pulver, Hudson, N Y; Dunbar & Guernsey, Kenne, N H; McCloskey, Boston; E Cooper, Boston.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

The following buyers were here last week and good horseflesh was in demand: Geo W Chester, Concord, N H; F B Root, New Haven, Conn; S W & John Gregory, Virgennes, Vt; W H Wood, Ogdensburg, N Y; J Jackson, Lewiston, Me; R F Chase, Baldwin, Me; Watson & Horton, Providence, R I; S Stanley, Providence; S Hicks, Holyoke, Mass; T Hussey, Dover, N H; G W Evans, Billville, N Y; E Pulver, Hudson, N Y; Dunbar & Guernsey, Kenne, N H; McCloskey, Boston; E Cooper, Boston.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FIRST COMMUNION CERTIFICATES.

English or French. Size, 12x18, plain extra finish, with Sacred Heart Figures.....Per doz. 75c

When ordering First Communion Certificates please state how many for girls and how many for boys.

LACE PICTURES FOR FIRST COMMUNION.

For girls or boys (dressed).....Per doz. 90c For girls or boys (plain). Per doz. 25c, 30c & 60c

FIRST COMMUNION MEDALS.

In solid silver.....Per doz. \$6.00

FIRST COMMUNION ROSARIES.

In Pearl, White Bone, Red Bone, Cocoa Plain and Carved; Wood, assorted colors.

BOOKS FOR FIRST COMMUNION.

Life's Happiest Day; or, The Little First Communicant. By the author of Golden Sands.....90c

PRAYER BOOKS.

A complete assortment of all styles and sizes of Prayer Books in Velvet, Morocco, Calx, Shell and common bindings.

MONTH OF MAY BOOKS.

A Flower for Each Day of the Month of May.....Each, 20c Per 100 copies.....\$20.00

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS, Church Ornaments, STATUARY & RELIGIOUS ARTICLES, 275 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

KNABE

PIANOFORTES. UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability

WILLIAM KNABE & CO., Nos. 204 & 206 West Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

UNDERWEAR AT S. CARSLLEY'S.

New Spring and Summer Underwear just to hand for ladies and children.

S. CARSLLEY'S SPECIAL LOTS!

A VERY LARGE LOT! One Very Large Lot of new Maitre-Antique Stripe Dress Material. Splendid goods for street costumes or house dresses, as they never retain the dust and will wash or trim. Your choice of this lot at 15c per yard, in all the most desirable shades.

A LARGE LOT!

A Very Large Lot of new reversible Challies, in plain and very small checks assorted shades, can be bought at S. Carsley's for 15c per yard.

SUPERIOR QUALITY!

A Large Lot of new reversible Challies, in plain and very small checks assorted shades, can be bought at S. Carsley's for 15c per yard.

40 PIECES!

A Lot of 40 pieces of new All-Wool Plain Beige, in all shades, will be sold at 15c per yard.

SPECIAL LOT!

Special Lot of new All-Wool double warp serge, Camel's Hair finish, for Ladies' Costumes, in all the most desirable shades, price 27c per yard. This new double warp serge is warranted not to shrink.

8c LOT 9c!

Our Mixed Mohair and Challies, in all shades, are selling well at 8c per yard.

S. CARSLLEY,

398, 395, 397 & 399 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN "SUSPECTS."

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The President sent to the Senate to-day a report of the Secretary of State relating to the American citizens imprisoned in Ireland.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

to-day the most precious inheritance of a faith that has never been sullied by error; and they have left us the traditions of those virtues which sprang of necessity from that faith.