

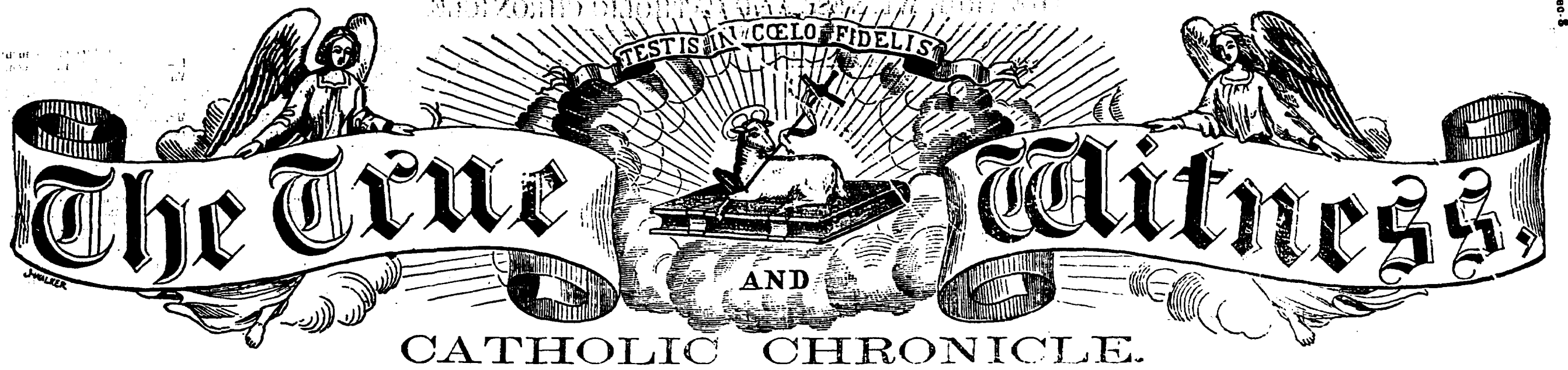
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IT IS EASY TO DIE!

It is easy to die when one's work is done! To sink to the grave, as a summer sun...

It is easy to die when one's heart is pure! Oh, how the heart is lit with a holy hue!

It is easy to die when one's Faith is strong! For this life shall then in the next prolong...

It is easy to die when one's Hope is great! When presuming not, with a trust in fate...

It is easy to die when one's Love is true! To go on 'neath the way, as the Saviour trod...

Oh, would I could die as I'd wish to die! I would ask no tear, nor a useless sigh!

And then I would rest 'neath the waving grass! And then would my friends, as they went to Mass...

CATHOLIC NEWS.

THE MONTH OF MARY AT THE MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN, NEW YORK.

The poet-priest, Father Faber, asks: "Can we help a certain jubilee of heart in thinking that the month of God's Mother has now begun?"

Mary's shrines were deck'd with roses, Bright and beautiful, sweet and gay!

The Holy Sacrifice was begun at 6:45 a.m. The singing was first-class; an original poem on the "Month of Mary," set to stirring music by the organist, was exquisitely rendered.

T. DE C.C.

The Pope has issued an order decreeing the formation of an ecclesiastical commission to investigate the apparitions at the Church of Knock and report upon the same.

Large prints of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at South Kensington, which is to be raised on the site of the Brompton Oratory, are exhibited in all the print shop windows in London.

The style is ornamented Gothic, and the presentments will be the most imposing religious building in the metropolis; next, of course, to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

most Edward, but most effective; and as the structure will be very large in size and detail, the character of its architecture will give it all the nobler aspect.

On the 19th of April the Queen signed the charter of the new Royal Irish University and named its Chancellor and Senate. The Chancellor is the Duke of Abercorn, K. P., and the Senate is composed of the following prelates, noblemen, and gentlemen: Dr. R. C. Trench, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Edward McCabe, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin; the Rt. Hon. J. T. Ball (Lord Chancellor of Ireland); the Earl of Granard, K. P.; the Earl of Rosse; Lord Plunket (Protestant Bishop of Meath); Dr. Woodlock (Catholic Bishop of Ardagh); Lord O'Hagan, Lord Emlay, Lord Chief Justice Morris, Mr. Justice Barry, Sir Robert Kane, Very Rev. H. F. Neville, (Rector of the Catholic University); Very Rev. J. B. Kavanagh, D. D.; Rev. J. L. Porter, D. D.; W. K. Sullivan, Ph. D., and T. W. Moffatt, L. L. D.; (the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway); Rev. Robinson Scott, D. D.; Rev. Gerard Molloy, D. D.; George J. Allman, L. L. D.; John T. Banks, M. D. (Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland); Frank R. Cruise, M. D.; Peter Hayden, F. R. C. P.; R. D. Lyons, F. R. C. P. (the new member for Dublin City); A. Macalister, M. D.; W. A. McKeown, M. D.; Peter Redfern, M. D.; Rev. W. S. Stevenson; Mr. Edmund Dease; Mr. Arthur Kavanagh; Mr. Christopher T. Redington; Mr. Robert Scott; Mr. Edward D. J. Wilson; and Mr. John Young.—London Tablet.

Among the distinguished Jews who have within the past number of years embraced the Catholic faith are included names renowned for ability and learning, and of all grades and professions, such as physicians, lawyers, and even rabbis, which may easily be concluded from the names Cohen, Levy, Leffmann, Lehmann, etc. We give here a list of the most prominent Jews who have become sincere Catholics:—A Drack, called a deep well of science, whom Gregory XVI made librarian of the Vatican, and whose son, now a priest, is at present engaged in editing an immense work of commentaries on Holy Writ; Rev. Father Liebermann, founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who was declared venerable by Pius IX.; Father Hermann Cohen, the great Carmelite, who, during the last Franco-Prussian war, fell a victim to his charity towards the French soldiers made prisoners in Germany; the Dominican, Rev. Father Levy, who afterwards gave his life for the faith in Mesopotamia; the Abbe Olmer, at Paris, whose entire family followed his example, two of his sisters entering the religious state; the pious and eloquent Lehman brothers, both priests; the two Abbes Leval, one of whom was Superior of "Saint Louis of the French," at Rome; the famous Father Volt, one of the most eloquent preachers in Austria. To these may be added such names as Rothschild, Miers, Pareira and others, who have yielded to the divine attraction, and become devoted Catholics.

IMPOSING CEREMONY AT THE VATICAN.—Yesterday, 18th April, at the Vatican a grand philological rite, or, as it was called by the originators, a polyglot academy, was given in honour of the exaltation to the Pontifical Throne of his Holiness Leo XIII. The great hall of the Consistory was specially adapted for the occasion. On a throne sat his Holiness, surrounded by the personages of the Pontifical Court, two cardinals, a number of archbishops, bishops, and other prelates, the ambassadors of France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal, and other members of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See, the heads of the religious orders, and a number of members of the Roman nobility. In the presence of this distinguished audience the scholars of forty-nine different languages in the world, on various themes, celebrating, according to the programme, the Pope's name, his deeds, lofty purposes, the holiness of his life, his unconquerable zeal for increasing the lustre of the Catholicism, the well-being of human society, and the advancement of learning. After an introductory address by Don Michele Camilleri, the recitations, commencing with that on the theme of the Roman Pontificate, in the Hebrew tongue, were made and were interlarded, as they continued, with the singing of national songs in the Chaldee, Arabian, Turkish, Cingalese, Armenian, Greek, Georgian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, and other tongues, and, in conclusion, the Sixtine choir sang the Apparatus of Balm.—London Times.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY—A HISTORY OF '48.

By the late Assam, which sailed for Europe on Wednesday, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy took his departure. He visits the old country for the purpose of superintending the publication of a work which he has written on the '48 movement. "Of all men living," Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is the best qualified to deal with the eventful epoch in Irish history, when a body of young men electrified their countrymen into national life, and at the same time won for themselves a world-wide fame and for their country universal sympathy. Sir Charles has been many years engaged on this work, and he intends to leave it as a legacy to the Irish race. It will contain a full history of the movement, and will, no doubt, give good reasons for its failure. The work contains the most valuable material published this year and the other next year. Sir Charles will be absent from the colony about two years.

LETTER FROM LACHINE.

THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES OREGAN.

Mr. Editor,—I don't know how you and the generality of the public feel about it, but the broken heart of the future editor of the Sovereign is rejoiced that summer has come with the grass growing greener, and the trees budding, and the streams running and singing as they run, while the frogs and the darling little pollywogs join in the chorus, and even with the dust rising, and the miserable flies buzzing round your ears and lighting on your nose.

When you want another sweet sleep in the morning, Thrice blessed summer, I hail thee and bid thee welcome a thousand times over, and would wish that thy shadow might never grow less, only I know thou art a beautiful disembodied spirit, bright and joyous, and cannot consequently throw a shadow neither before nor behind. I wish it were always summer, or that on the approach of the churlish winter your correspondent could be metamorphosed into a bear, to sleep away the long cold months in a hollow tree, with his wages all the while running on in the Lachine Canal works. But I suppose it cannot be, and so carpe diem, Myles O'Regan, carpe diem, while you may.

Nevertheless, Mr. Editor, when May morning dawned I resolved to have one week's holidays at least, and so I hid away my pick and shovel and strolled down town to purchase a few personal adornments for I am yet a young man and a bachelor. I entered a Lachine dry goods store and called for a cardinal red and sky-blue necktie to suit my complexion. After selecting one that took my fancy I enquired the price, and was told it was seventy-five cents. It was too much, I thought, and beat it down to half a dollar.

When I was dressed up in my gala costume I looked quite a swell, I assure you, especially in my magnificent new tie, so much so, in fact, that I was a good many times taken for a bank clerk living on several hundred dollars a year. Long before I came close to the young ladies I could observe the impression my tunic and general appearance created on their little hearts, and a flash of pride swept across my classic brow as I observed. When, for instance, I turned a corner and came suddenly in sight of a charming blonde or brunette (as the case may be) I noticed that she trembled a little, then cast a rapid glance over her habiliments to see that everything was in its place, then assumed an easy, insouciant air, as she thought (poor thing) and, then, with her nose towards the heavens, passed me by with a throbbing heart, and the black of her eye concentrated in that corner of the socket which happened to be next your modest correspondent. As a matter of course, all the flutter and trepidation was an implied tribute rendered to my personal attraction, but, as I am by no means proud, let us say no more about it.

On Tuesday I took a trip to Montreal to see the sights generally, but principally to see a fellow-lion in the person of the Rev. Mr. Hammond. He preaches in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, but after the singing he holds a levee. I found it was not easy to gain access to the world-renowned pulpit orator, but I sent up my card and waited patiently. After waiting three-quarters of an hour a pious-looking youth approached the group of sinners of which I was one, and announced that the Rev. Mr. Hammond was now prepared to see the Rev. Mr. O'Regan. "I am that reverend gentleman," I said, with my politest bow; "lead the way, I follow." I thought I noticed the pious youth stuff his hand in his mouth as he preceded me; but I may have been mistaken, or, perhaps, he was merely smothering a text of Scripture. Be that as it may, he ushered me into the presence and left me. The great evangelist was sitting on a chair as I entered, wrapped in deep meditation, but when he looked up and saw me he started. "Hem, I thought—but, surely, you are not the Rev. Mr. O'Regan; that tie—that mousetache—"

"Well, I really don't know what difference a tie or a hirsute appendage can make in a man's calling. Not only am I reverend, my dear sir, but I was very near establishing a new religion in my time; and, were it not for a hat that had too many holes in it—" "May I enquire, without offence, when you were ordained?" "Certainly you may. Why not? I have an uncle in Labrador." "My dear sir, my reverend and dear sir, my time is precious; there are a great many souls to be saved, and I—" "Why, hang it, do you mean to insinuate that I have no soul? Did you come here to insult me?" "Be calm, my son; I see you are excited. It is you who came here. Let us sing a psalm together, and then you must come and see me some other time." "Look here, my friend, what do you say to becoming my partner in a splendid newspaper enterprise. I have tried your opponent, Blatherskite; but he was too chicken-hearted to go into the spec. Now, if you are on the make, here is a fine opening. Where you only take in a dollar at this present business, you would make ten if you would accept a position in my church, and on my paper."

"Here," said the great evangelist, calling for the pious youth, "bring a policeman; this man is mad."

And so I was, but it was because of his stupidity. "Oh fortune, reckless goddess! I exclaimed in my agony, "When will thou cease persecuting a simple child of genius whose only object in life is to run a newspaper, become a bank director, own a stone house on Sherbrooke street, obtain Government patronage and stand for Parliament on strictly independent principles." I went out.

As I was walking along Craig street in a fit of gloomy abstraction, undecided whether to have a glass of beer or go back and challenge the great evangelist to a religious controversy, I struck against a gentleman turning the corner. "I beg your pardon," "Oh, never mind, can't be helped; why, hello! is that you Myles? Where have you sprung from, or have you been sacked from the canal?"

It was the Yankee who so strongly advised me not to despair of my religious movement at Lachine, against whom I struck, and I was glad to see him for I felt lonesome. We adjourned to one of the twenty-seven thousand saloons that grace Craig street, and I told him my troubles and how Blatherskite and the evangelist refused to have anything to do with my journalistic enterprise. "No matter Myles," said the Yankee, "never say die, persevere man, persevere, and affairs will come out all right. But if you are really beginning to despair I'll tell you a good plan which never fails to advance in life the interests of those who adopt it. You go and murder some helpless old woman, run off her only cow, and burn her house. You will be put in the penitentiary and your fortune made. When you get out you have nothing to do but join the wealthiest church, you have a big mouth, use it for singing psalms, keep the whites of your eyes exposed and my word for it you will at last fall on your feet. You need not matter about the particular creed, they are all the same in the respect that a scoundrel who is converted is thought more of than a thousand saints. You will be prodigal son No. 2, you will become a church member and a respectable member of society at the same time. Au revoir."

He went away, but his idea remained behind and filled me with hope. I resolved to go into the penitentiary and emerge a saint. But what old woman shall I operate upon? There is the difficulty. Mayor Rivard is surrounded by an army of detectives, who, though unable to obtain Mr. McNamee's money, would very soon dispose of me if I came along with a mountain howitzer, or a mitrailleuse or catapult, or other engine of war, which cannot be easily concealed. True, there is Dr. Larocque who is not as brave as Achilles, but even he might resist and end by slaying me with an attack of small-pox, which he has always on hand for emergencies. I would dearly love to assassinate either the Orange lady or the Catholic female of the Witness, but if I mistake not, both of these Amazons are fully competent to take their own part, and I might come off only second best in the struggle. It is all very well advising me to murder a helpless old woman, but where is she to be found? Now, if it was a helpless old man I was to assail, the difficulty would vanish, for the Senate would furnish me with all I required, and besides, no jury in the country would be cruel enough to find me guilty of killing a Senator, or if they did, no judge would give me more than a week's imprisonment with hard labor for such a trivial offence. That I need scarcely say would never answer my purpose, for in order to be taken up by the wealthy churches, it is necessary to have been at least three years in the penitentiary.

Dear Mr. Editor, I am in a fix, I am on the horns of a dilemma, and there I shall remain until next week.

Your cheerful friend, MYLES OREGAN.

THE FAMINE UNMITIGATED.

DUBLIN, May 9.—A deputation of the Mansion House Relief Committee waited on the Hon. Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, on Saturday, to call attention to the continued distress in Ireland. The Lord Mayor said the distress was not likely to be mitigated before the end of July, and as the Committee have no reason to hope their resources would suffice until that time they left the matter in the hands of the Government, stating that if immediate relief were not given, the people would die by the score. Mr. Forster replied that Government fully recognized the extent of the distress, and added, "We are doing our utmost to alleviate it by loans to landlords." Subsequently the deputation from the Canadian Committee asked Mr. Forster to urge upon Government the necessity of directing the Lords of the Treasury to advance funds for the construction of fishery piers, etc. Mr. Forster said they had made a strong case, and he would lay it before the Government.

To WHOM IT APPLIES.—The Catholic Columbian, which among its other good features has that of speaking right to the point, says: "Even when people are dying of starvation individuals seeking notoriety are very plentiful. The citizen, soldier, monk, or nun, before the world becomes disgusting, to say the least.—Chicago Post."

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster were not present at the marriage of their son, Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, with Lady Adelaide Forbes, the Earl of Granard's daughter, in the Catholic church at Newtown Forbes, notwithstanding several newspaper reports to the contrary. We are sorry to see the example recently set by Mr. Abney Hastings on a similar occasion, when he was conspicuous by his absence from the wedding of his son, followed by other Protestant parents whose sons and daughters marry Catholic husbands and wives.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVANCE OF NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

DUBLIN, April 18, 1880.—Notwithstanding the want of a thorough system of organization, the popular party in Ireland have secured a complete and crushing victory all along the line. Even the apparent failure to carry Cork and Leitrim does not take from the correctness of this statement, for the former county was lost to the active action only by the over-confidence of the electors, and the want of sufficient time to place the real issues before that huge constituency, while Leitrim was lost by the bitter divisions which for the moment transformed the National party into two hostile factions. The causes at the bottom of those two failures were want of money and want of time as well as a scarcity of candidates of a reliable character.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

while pregnant with ultimate good to the national cause, was a source of weakness in the contest which has just closed, because it was to him that the constituencies looked for the selection of men to fight the battle of Ireland in the British House of Commons. In his absence it was impossible to prepare the ground in the interest of the advanced party, and for a time the Whig element had the field all to themselves. Nor were they slow to take advantage of the situation which all right-thinking men deplored. With a promptitude well worthy of emulation they addressed every doubtful constituency, and so entrenched themselves that only by a pitched battle could they be dislodged. Unfortunately they found powerful allies among some of the Catholic bishops, who took up a position of hostility to Mr. Parnell and the men acting with him. This unlooked-for obstacle created serious difficulties for the national party; but fortunately they had a large number of the clergy heartily on their side, and it was felt that the cause of tenant-right and nationality was superior to all other considerations, and hence a resolution was arrived at to combat Whiggery, no matter by whom protected. The result was

A COMPLETE VINDICATION OF THE NATIONAL PARTY.

by the electors. This spirit of independence was especially manifested in Roscommon, Sligo, Wexford, and Mayo, where the candidates of the advanced party defeated their opponents by immense majorities.

The want of a truly national press in sympathy with the people was much felt during the struggle, because those who defended the right of the people to choose freely their political representatives, found themselves constantly exposed to misrepresentations of a very damaging character. One of the immediate results of this state of affairs has been the proposition to establish in Dublin a daily paper in sympathy with the views of the advanced party, and if money enough can be secured in Ireland and America this project will probably be carried out. There can be no doubt as to the necessity for the Irish reform, as the Freeman's Journal is under the control of a man thoroughly unreliable and not over scrupulous. Mr. Edmund Dwyer Grey aspires to the leadership of the Irish movement, and ridiculous as his claims must appear to all thinking men acquainted with his personal history he is encouraged in this wild hope by all the disguised Whigs who have secured a place in the Home Rule party by unfurling the national flag. Now that the Liberals are in power with an overwhelming majority, which promises a long lease of the sweets of office, all the corrupt elements of the Irish national party are desperately anxious to get rid of so uncomfortable a leader as Charles Stewart Parnell. Could they succeed in effecting this flank movement many of them would be only too happy to sit down at the Liberal feast and

UNLESS THEIR STARS THAT THEY HAD A COUNTRY TO SELL.

Fortunately for Ireland, however, their electoral campaign has proved a miserable fiasco, and the constituencies have made it clear even to the most obtuse minds that anything savouring of political treachery will meet with condign punishment when the members of Parliament are again obliged to present themselves for re-election. Even the protection of the bishops will no longer suffice to save them, as has been splendidly proven by the results of the elections in Roscommon, Sligo and Mayo, where the whole clerical influence was exerted to save the O'Conor Don, King Harman and Browne, all wealthy and influential men, whose only crime was that they were Whigs, and not in sympathy with the popular cause. Three months ago a man who would pretend that any of the three could be driven from his seat in the House of Commons would have been regarded as insane, and even up to the moment the polls were declared, so secure appeared their position that heavy odds were given by their partisans on the result. The truth is that Irish public opinion has developed within the past two years with giant strides, thanks to the Land agitation inaugurated by

MICHAEL DAVITT AND CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

and such is the confidence those two men inspire in the minds of the people, no pressure will turn the masses from supporting the policy they advocate, and which the rural voters especially are convinced is for the best-interest of the oppressed Irish tenants. Unfortunately there has been considerable difficulty in procuring the right class of candidates. Very few young men belonging to the popular ranks are able to incur the expense of an election-contest, or can afford to live in London and neglect their business, and it is next to impossible to find among the wealthy classes representatives sincerely anxious to advance the interest of the tenant farmers. The generous aid given to the

Irish cause by the American people would have been of the greatest use could it have been utilized, but the Land League, with the very best intentions, had announced that none of the money collected for the purpose of the land agitation should be used to send members into Parliament. Some of the best men at this side doubted the wisdom of the resolution at the time, but it was generally conceded that the resolution bound the hands of the Land League, and so the popular candidates were obliged to furnish the money to meet the election expenses out of their own pockets.

THE EXPENSES OF THE ELECTIONS.

This has in many cases been a great hardship, and many of the men who may be depended on to do the very best work in Parliament will find themselves financially crippled for a long time unless the Irish in America come to their aid, and for a distinct fund to help the more impecunious members. Indeed it is generally understood that Mr. Parnell has been obliged in many cases to advance money out of his private means to enable men whom he wished to see in Parliament to pay the necessary fees. If this should turn out to be true it would be a great disgrace for the Irish people to allow Mr. Parnell to suffer pecuniary loss in fighting their battles, and no doubt measures would be taken to make up whatever sums Mr. Parnell has felt called upon to expend for the common good. It is very difficult to obtain money for this object in Ireland, because the people have grown so accustomed to see men willing to spend large sums of money to obtain a seat in Parliament that they imagine the National party ought to be equally ready to pay for the honor of representing them. They do not seem to fully recognize that there is

A WIDE DISTINCTION

between going to Parliament to fight for Ireland and going to Parliament in order to sell out the interest of the Irish people for personal gain, but no doubt they will understand it better by the time they will be called upon to elect a new Parliament. The present Irish party is full of promise. It is composed not alone of a large number of devoted men, but a very large proportion are men far above the average ability of the House. Their strength will not, however, be seen at first, as it is generally conceded that no active opposition should be offered to the new Government until time has been given the Liberal Ministry to bring in the important measures of reform for Ireland to which the Liberals stand pledged. Should they fail to meet the popular demand the old system of obstruction will be renewed, and as 36 of the new members are

PLEDGED TO FOLLOW MR. PARNELL

the Government of the day will have a pleasant time of it trying to get through the public business, especially as nearly eighty (80) of the Irish members are pledged to very radical measures of land reform. With the experience of the present general election before them, the Irish members will not be likely to desert the active party, for each one will feel that should he do so his political life will terminate with the present Parliament. The lesson taught to the O'Conor Don by the Irish-American member for Roscommon, Mr. James O'Kelly, has struck terror throughout the Whig ranks. Scarcely a man in Ireland, outside of Roscommon, believed that he could have been elected. At the last moment even Mr. Parnell telegraphed him to retire, but the Roscommon electors would not permit him, and his victory over "the descendant of the last King of Ireland" was as great a surprise to the National ranks as it was to the Whigs and Tories.—Boston Pilot.

THE NEW MEMBERS FOR IRELAND.

Most of the new men that Mr. Parnell has forced in are connected with the London and the Irish newspaper press. The representation is transformed some. The new men are short, quite short, of acres—but are wealthy in brains. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, a member for Westmeath, is proprietor of the Nation; his editor-in-chief, Mr. Sexton, is member for Sligo; and his sub-editor, Mr. Healy, is Mr. Parnell's private secretary. Sligo has also returned Mr. D. M. O'Connor, a writer, I am informed, for a London daily paper. Mr. Gill, the Irish bookseller of Sackville street, member for Westmeath, is a B. A. of Trinity College. John Barry, of Manchester, was a follower of Mr. Butt, and Mr. O'Byrne is a man of the English press—both of these represent rebel Wexford. Dr. Cummins, who beat the O'Conor Don out of Roscommon—O'Conor Don the descendant of King Roderic O'Conor—is an Irish exile from Liverpool, was a doctor first, then a lawyer, and now a Home Ruler. His companion member for Roscommon is Mr. O'Kelly, lately a staff writer on the New York Herald. Mr. McCann, who won Wicklow from the landlords, is a press man; so are Dr. John Dillon, member for Tipperary; A. M. Sullivan, for Louth, who has resigned; J. M. McCarthy, for Longford; Lyasagh Finigan, for Ennis; O'Donnell, for Dungannon; O'Connor Power, for Mayo; T. P. O'Connor, for Galway, connected with the London press, author of "A Scarying Life of Lord Beaconsfield;" and lastly, Edmund Gray, proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

HOME RULE MEETING.

There will be no meeting of the Home Rulers in London during the approaching recess of Parliament. Wm. Shaw has returned to Ireland. On the reassembling of Parliament, the Home Rule party will meet as usual to consider the measures announced in the Queen's speech. A little fellow in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chokens just out of their shell. He examined the picture carefully, and then with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked: "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."



One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming

CHAPTER XI.—CONTRAST

"It is not worse, do they?" "By no means. He only fancies he is. They tell him to avoid excitement, to go on with the drops as before, to take gentle exercise, light diet and wine, and he may linger ever so long. Now, have you finished, my dear, because I want to show you the things?"

Sydney had finished, and putting her arm around mamma's waist familiarly, went with her up-stairs. The bridal apartments were first-up—sitting-room, bed-room, dressing-room, all in different colors, all of different degrees of sumptuousness. Pretty pictures, gilded boxes, stands of music, a new piano and work-table, knick knacks, pretty trifles, costing hundreds of dollars, and making an elegant whole. Everything was the best and rarest money could buy.

Sydney went into raptures—school-girl raptures; but her color came and went, for the first time she was beginning to realize that she was really going to be married. The trousseau was displayed next. Dresses of silk, black, brown, blue, pink, white, all the colors that blend girls can wear; dresses of lace, black and white; dresses of materials thick and thin—all beautifully made and trimmed. Then heaps of linen, ruffled, laced, embroidered, marked with the letters S. V. O., twisted in a monogram—Sydney's name, as she examined and admired, she fell upon her. She was beginning to feel overpowered; her life of the past and present seemed closing forever, and another of which she knew nothing about to begin.

A sensation, akin to dread of meeting Bertie Vaughan, was inexplicably stealing over her. She shook it off indignantly. What nonsense! Afraid to meet Bertie! Bertie with whom she had quarrelled and made up, whose ears she had boxed scores of times, whom she had laughed at and made fun of for his incipient young-manish airs years ago—afraid of him! It was all very fine, and must have cost oceans of money, still she was glad when the sight seeing was over and she could nestle up to her father's side and kiss him a little, silent, grateful kiss of thanks.

"How do you like it all, Mrs. Vaughan?" "Owenston?" he asked, patting the cheek, from which the eager flush had faded.

"It is all lovely—lovely. Papa, how good you are to Bertie and me!"

"You are all I have to be good to, child, he answered, sadly. 'Let me make you happy—I ask no more. You think you will be happy with our boy, don't you, pettie?'"

"I like Bertie very much, papa."

"In a sisterly way—oh, my dear? Well, that is a very good way—much the better way, in a little girl of seventeen. This time next year he will be something more than a brother to you. He will be very good to you, that I know."

"It is not in Bertie to be bad to any one, papa. He always had a gentle heart."

"Yes, my dear, I think he had. There may be nobler qualities than gentleness and softness, but we don't make ourselves, and, as young fellows go Bertie is a harmless lad, a very harmless lad. Be a good wife, Sydney, and don't be too exacting—men are mortal, my dear—the best of 'em very mortal. Be happy yourself, and make your husband happy—it's all I ask on earth."

"I'll try, papa, Sydney sighs, in a weary way, leaning against his chair, but—"

"But I wish I need not be married at all. I wish I might just live on as I used, with you and mamma, and have Bertie for my brother. It is very tiresome and stupid being married, whether one will or no, at seventeen."

"That is what she would have liked to say, but an instinctive conviction that it would displease her father held her silent."

"But what, little one?" he asks.

"Nothing, papa."

There is a silence for awhile. The gray, cold evening is falling over wood and ocean; a star or two glitters in the sky. Both sit and look at the bewitching beauty of these frosty seas. Suddenly Sydney springs to her feet.

"Papa, I would like to go and see Hetty, May!"

"Hetty was once Sydney's nurse, very much tyrannized over, and very dearly loved. Hetty was married now and living in the suburbs of the town."

"Papa glances at the clock. It is close upon seven, drawing near the time when Master Bertie may be looked for, and it will do him no harm to find Miss Owenston has not thought it worth her while to wait for him. So he gives a cheerful and immediate assent."

"Certainly, my dear. Hetty is a good creature, a very good creature, and strongly attached to us all. Take Ellen or Katy, or drive over if you like, or Perkins, the coachman, will attend you, or—"

"Oh, dear, no, papa!" laughs Sydney. "I don't want any of them. As if one needed an escort running over to the town! Besides, I've been watched and looked after so long that a scamper for once on my own account will be delightful. May I?"

"It will be dark in ten minutes, Syd."

"I will be at Hetty's in ten minutes, and she will come back with me if I want her. P—please, papa, may I?"

"Why do you say 'may I, you wish? You know you can do as you like with me. Run away. Wrap up, the evenings are chilly, and don't stay more than an hour."

orange, and look sheer down two hundred feet into the seething waters beneath, had ever been her dangerous delight. She walked slowly now, rather slowly and soberly at first, thinking in her childish way, how prosy and humdrum it was to be married in this manner, the very moment one left school. All the married ladies she had ever known were staid and grave 'house-mothers,' not a frisky matron among them all. Was she expected to be a solemn and steady-going house-mother too? It was a little too bad of papa she thought, with a reproachful sigh. If he had only let her have a good time first, for three years at least—twenty is old, but it is not too old, after all, to be married. She might have come out, had a winter in Newport, another in Washington, a trip to New York, and a couple of seasons at Saratoga and Newport. But of course poor sick papa must be obeyed; so with another heavy sigh the little wonderer set aside her grievance, and wondered where Bertie might be at that particular moment, and whether he really would be at home to-night at all.

It was satisfactory—very satisfactory, Miss Owenston mused gravely, that he was so nice-looking, and was a 'clothes-wearing man,' and was fastidious, as mamma had said, about his nails and teeth and sleeve-buttons. Limited as her knowledge of the nobler sex had been she had known gentlemen—Colonel Delamere and sundry officers of his staff notably among the number—who were not.

Miss Owenston, musing thus over the serious things of this very serious life, continued her way, as you have been told, at first slowly and soberly, but accelerating her pace gradually, and brightening up. It was so good to be at home, to be free from school discipline; now and forever done with lessons and lectures. It was such an exhilarating night too. The stars sparkled brilliantly and numberless. There was no moon, but a steady radiance skimmed over everything. Down below the pretty baby waves lapped the ribbed sand, and the great ocean melted blackly away into the sky. She paused, leaning over with Bertie, and gazing with fascinated eyes at that illimitable stretch of black water. She was still lingering there, when there came to her voices and footsteps on the high-road beyond. She glanced carelessly over her shoulder—carelessly at first; then she started swiftly upright, and looked at the two advancing, with keen, surprised interest.

A man and a woman, both young, going toward the town, the woman an utter stranger, but the man—surely the man looked like Bertie Vaughan.

She caught her breath. Could it be Bertie? It was his height, his walk, his general air and look. His hat was pulled over his eyes, and in that light, and at that distance, she could not discern his face. His head was bent slightly forward, moodily as it seemed, and he traced figures in the dust with his cane as he walked. His companion, a small, stylish-looking young lady, with a ringing voice and laugh, was rallying him as she leaned upon his arm.

"That's all very fine, Sydney heard her say. 'Very easy for you to tell me you only went to see a friend; but how am I to be sure it is true? I know you men—deceitful every one of you. How am I to tell you hadn't a flirtation on hand up there? Only, if you have—'"

The man raised his head and answered her, but in too subdued a tone for that answer to be audible. It was the refined, the educated tone of a gentleman, and markedly different from hers.

She laughed again at his reply, whatever it was, and began to sing, in a low, mellow voice:

"It is good to be merry and wise, It is good to be loyal and true, It is good to be off with the old love Before you are on with the new."

The last words were faint in the distance. The pair—lovers, it would seem—passed out of view.

And Sydney roused herself, her heart beating in the most absurd manner. The man was so like Bertie. Could it be?—Then she broke off. What a ridiculous idea! Bertie was doubtless on his way from New York, and she was idly loitering here after promising papa not to stay a moment longer than she could help. She hurried on, and in five minutes was in Mrs. Simpson's cottage, and in Mrs. Simpson's arms.

"Bless the baby!" her nurse cried, a buxom woman of forty, with the pleasantest of faces; how she is grown! As tall as her mamma, and as pretty as a picture!"

A shower of kisses wound up the sentence. "When did you come home?" Mrs. Simpson asked, placing a chair for her young lady, and removing her hat.

"About two hours ago, and have run over to see you the first thing. No, thank you, Hetty, I won't take my things off. I promised papa not to stay but a minute."

"Which he's been that worrying about your coming, Miss Sydney, that I thought he would have gone after you himself, sick as he is. And now your home-coming to be married to Master Bertie right away. Oh! my dear, darling Miss Sydney, I hope it may be for the best."

The pleasant face clouded a little as she said it, the pleasant eyes looked with wistful affection into her nursing's face.

"Certainly it will be for the best, Hetty," Sydney responded, brightly, and yet with a certain reserve in her tone that told Mrs. Simpson the matter was not to be discussed; and you shall have a brand-new brown silk—you always sighed for a yellow-brown silk, I remember—to dance at my wedding. How is the baby, and how is Mr. Simpson, and how are you getting on?"

Mrs. Simpson's face grew absolutely radiant. "The baby was well—bless him! Miss Sydney must see him at once; and Simpson was well, thank you, and that busy, and making that money, all thanks to the start her papa had given him, and she was the happiest and thankfulest woman in America, with not a want in the world."

"Only the gold-brown silk," laughed Sydney; "that's a chronic want, isn't it? Let me see the baby, and then I must be off."

Mrs. Simpson led the room, returning in a moment with a six-months' old baby of fat, rosy and sleepy, in her arms, trying to rub to blinking blue eyes with two absurd little fists.

"Oh! the darling!" cries Miss Owenston, jumping up and snatching at it as a matter of course. "Oh, I love! Oh, oh little pet-gway! Here a shower of kisses. 'Oh, oh little beauty! Hetty, he's splendid! What is it's name?"

"Which we've took the liberty of naming him after your par, Miss Sydney," responded the blissful mother; "his name's Reginald Algernon Owenston Simpson, at its christening."

"Here a shower of kisses. 'Oh, oh little beauty! Hetty, he's splendid! What is it's name?'"

"Which we've took the liberty of naming him after your par, Miss Sydney," responded the blissful mother; "his name's Reginald Algernon Owenston Simpson, at its christening."

next time she comes. Now then, Hetty, I really must go to bed. I ought to be on my way home now, but I lingered in my old fashion to look over the rocks—you remember?"

"I remember, Miss Sydney it was the terror of my life that you would break your neck over Witch Cliff. Ah! that path isn't as quiet now as it used to be; they've got to call it Love's Lane of late. All the factory girls and their young men go courting along that way Sunday nights, and the actors and actresses at other times. I suppose you know they started a theatre over in Wycliffe?"

"No, I didn't know it. Have they?"

"Yes; and the best actress of them all boards in Brown's next cottage to this—Miss Dolly De Courcy she calls herself, a fine, fat, black-eyed, dainty young woman, with more young man running after her than you could shake a stick at."

"Happy Miss De Courcy! Well, good-by, Hetty. I'll run over to-morrow, or maybe next day. Good-by, baby—div Aunt Syd one more time!"

"How fond you are of babies! Ah! wait, until you've got one of your own," says Mrs. Simpson very prophetically, at which Sydney laughs and blushes, and runs out, and starts more briskly than she came on her homeward walk.

She encounters no one this time; it is the loneliest walk conceivable, but she does not feel lonely. She sings as she goes; she is singing as she enters the gates of The Place, singing, as it chanced, the refrain of the ballad she had overheard, half an hour before:

"It is good to be off with the old love Before you are on with the new."

The belated moon has arisen as she emerges from the shadowy drive, upon the broad belt of sward that encircles the house. On the portico steps stands a tall, dark figure, smoking a cigar. Her heart gives a quick beat, but she sings gaily on.

With the last words she runs up the steps and stands beside him.

He has not offered to move—he stands coolly waiting for her to come to him.

"Bertie!" she exclaims, her frank gladness at seeing him overcoming her new and disagreeable shyness, and she holds out both her hands.

He removes his cigar—holds it carefully between his finger and thumb, takes the two proffered hands in one of his, bends forward and kisses her.

"Ah! Syd, I thought it must be you. How cruel of you to run away when you knew I was coming as fast as steam could bear me. Stand off and let me look at you. By Jove! how you have grown and how pretty!"

He says it a tone of admiration, languid but real, and Sydney laughs, remembering it is the twentieth time within the last four hours she has been told the same. With that laugh every shade of embarrassment vanishes. After all it is only Bertie—the old Bertie—a trifle more manly looking, but as affected and nonsensical as ever.

"Certainly after all your efforts to improve me, could I do less? And you—I don't do much change or improvement in you, Bertie, except that I think you also have grown! Then she pauses and regards him doubtfully.

"When did you come?" she asks.

"Ten minutes ago," responds Mr. Bertie Vaughan, and was crushed to the earth by the announcement that you hadn't waited. Only one thing could have enabled me to bear up under the blow—a cigar. May I go on with it? It's a capital cigar—cost fifty cents in New York, and you must own—you really must, sis, it would be a pity to throw it away."

"A sad pity," says Sydney gravely. "Pray, don't do anything so madly extravagant, Mr. Vaughan. You came ten minutes ago, did you? Hum—! that's odd, too."

"What's odd? My getting here ten minutes ago?" Explains.

"I fancied—I was sure, almost—that I met you half an hour ago with a young lady on your arm."

She looks keenly at him as she speaks. It is a fortunate thing, perhaps, for Mr. Bertie Vaughan that the newly-risen moon does not shine on the spot where he stands. He has the blondest of blonde complexions, and it reddens like a girl's as he stoops to knock the ash, with care, off his cherished and expensive cigar.

"It was very like you," pursues Sydney, slowly; "the hat, the height, the walk, the way overcoat—I could have sworn it was you, Bert."

"Dangerous thing to swear rashly," says Bertie, with that affected drawl that always exasperated Sydney; "must have been my waith—have heard of such things. May have been my double, and I may be going to die."

"It wasn't you, Bertie?"

"It wasn't I, Sydney. Your own common sense might tell you a man can't be in two places at once; but then, common sense, I am told, is not one of the sciences taught at a young ladies' boarding school."

"Let us go in," Sydney says, abruptly.

She feels disappointed, she doesn't know how, or in what. It begins to dawn upon her dimly that Bertie is shallow and affected, weak and unstable. The idea has long been taking shape in her mind; as she looks at him to night, languid and nonchalant, she is sure of it.

They go in. Captain Owenston's room is brilliantly lit with clusters of wax lights. Gas may illuminate the other rooms—old-fashioned tapers shall light his. Mrs. Owenston has exchanged the tattering for a novel, and sits near a table, reading. A small broadwood piano that, ten years ago, came from England, stands open in a corner. The invalid is in his great chair, holding a paper; but listening for his daughter's footsteps instead of reading. As she enters, Bertie beholds her, his whole face lights.

"Well, puss, he says, 'you are back safely after all. Did you come and go alone?' "All alone, papa. Who was it said: 'I am never less alone than when alone?' It was my case to-night. I have had a surfeit of surveillance during the past three years. Freedom is sweet."

"You hear, Bertie?" says the squire; "strong-minded notions, eh? She lets you see what's in store for you, betimes."

"Strong-minded notions are very pretty from pretty lips," Mr. Vaughan answers, and he gives Sydney the most thoroughly admiring glance he has given her yet.

"She looks brilliantly well. Her walk in the frosty air has flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes. She stands upright and her yellow-crown curls falling loosely over the shoulders, with its long plume setting off the fair, starlike face beautifully. The old sailor's dotting eyes linger on her."

"She has improved in her dull Canadian school—don't you, think so, Bertie? And shot up like a bean stalk, little with it!"

"Improved is hardly the word," answers languidly, Mr. Vaughan. "I wouldn't mind doing the same myself, for a year or two, if they would turn me out, a beautiful forever like Syd."

He lays himself out upon the nearest sofa, long and slender, and very handsome, in a fair, feminine way. He has hair in blue and silkiness like the pale tassels of the corn,

large, bright, blue eyes, a faintly sparkling nose, and a Dunderbergish drawl. A beautiful, beyond dispute—a beautiful, halcyon in love—with himself.

"Blasphemy, my dear, 'I please for a little music. And sing us a song.'"

"She sits down and obeys. She plays fairly well, and sings very nicely, in a sweet and carefully-trained voice, and is duly praised and applauded."

"Ah! you should hear Cyrilla Hendrick sing, Bertie!" she exclaimed, twirling round on her stool. "There's a voice and a player! If you like! By-the-by, papa, you're to write to her Aunt Dorner, and ask leave for Cy to come here and be brides—"

"And be brides—oh, yes, we know what she's to be—Bertie, my boy? What! you blushing too? Bless my soul, what a bashful pair. Char! shows that writing case over this way—I'll do it now. Comes of a very good family, does your friend, Miss Hendrick, on the distaff side. Her mother was third daughter of Sir Humphrey Vernon—ran away disinherited, I believe. The Aunt, Miss Dorner, very wealthy old lady, engaged once to nephews, the Earl of Dunraith—hum—my dear Miss Dorner."

The letter was speedily written, folded and sealed. More music followed, more talk. Mr. Bertie Vaughan was rather silent through it all, rather tired-looking, rather bored, and it might be a trifle annoyed. Certainly his face wore anything but the expression of a rapturous lover. If lay on his sofa, pulled the ears of Mrs. Owenston's favorite pug, Rixie, and watched Sydney askance.

Early hours were kept at Owenston Place. Sydney, accustomed to going to bed at nine, and fatigued with her journey, was struggling heroically with yawns before the clock struck ten. The striking of that hour was the signal for prayers. The servants filed in, the squire in a sonorous bass voice led the exercises. Then good-nights were said, and leaning on his wife's arm, Sydney going before, the master of the house started for his room.

"And I will smoke a cigar for half an hour, outside," said Mr. Vaughan, rising leisurely. "Virtuous as I am, and always have been, the primitive hours of this establishment are a height I haven't attained. Good-night, governor; good-night, Aunt Char; good-night, Syd."

"Sydney must cure you of smoking cigars after ten o'clock," the squire answered, good-humoredly. "Good-night to you, my lad."

"Good-night, Bertie," said placid Aunt Char; "put on your overcoat, my dear boy, and tie a scarf around your neck, or even your pocket handkerchief will do. Consider these cold nights are chilly, and you might catch a cold in your head."

"By-by, Bert!" laughed Sydney, flashing a mischievous glance over her shoulder. "For goodness sake don't forget to tie your handkerchief round your neck lest you should catch that cold in your poor, dear head. Tell him to put on overcoats, mamma—the ground may be damp—and hadn't Perkins better hold an umbrella over him to keep off the dew?"

She ran off, her mocking laugh coming back to him, and vanished into her own room. And Mr. Vaughan did put on his overcoat, and button it up carefully to the throat, before going out for that last smoke. It might be fun to Syd, but Aunt Char was right—he would take a proper precaution against a cold in the head.

He lit up, and walked and smoked, a reflective frown on his face, and saw the light vanish from the upper windows. Mr. Vaughan was doing what he was constitutionally unfitted for and unused to—thinking.

"She's very pretty—uncommonly pretty, some fellows might think—a pause and a puff—and to think of her seeing me tonight. By George!"

He looked up again—Sydney's light winked and went out.

"Yes," Bertie mused, "She's pretty, and she's dooped good style, and she's an heiress, and a very jolly girl so far as I can see, but still—"

He seemed unable to get any farther. He looked uneasily up at the house once more. All was dark and quiet. He pulled out his watch and looked at that. It was twenty minutes past ten. The moon was shining brilliantly now, silvering woods, and fields, and house. His eyes went slowly over the silver-lit prospect.

"It's all hers, every inch of it, and mine the day I marry her. It's a confounded muddle, look at how you will. Sometimes I wish—yes, by George, I wish I had never seen—"

Once more he abruptly broke off. This time he flung away his smokes and Havana and started rapidly for the gates. They were bolted and a huge English mastiff stood on guard, a very unnecessary precaution in that peaceful place, but of a piece with the squire's general fancies.

"Here, Trumps—quiet, old boy," he said, and Trumps' hoarse howl rumbled away into silence. He slid the bolts, opened the gate, closed it, and struck at once into the rocky path by which Sydney had come and gone four hours before. He met no one until he left it and took the first street leading to the town. Here all was quiet too, the stores closed, a few bar-rooms alone sending their fatal light abroad. He drew near a large building, at whose entrance lamps burned, and from which strains of music came. Turning an angle of the building, he came upon a young girl standing alone, her shape wrapped about her, her back against a dead wall, evidently waiting.

"Am I late, Dolly?" demanded Mr. Vaughan, in a breathless tone. "A wretched sorry, upon my honor, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't, upon my word."

He drew her hand under his arm and led her off, bending down affectionately to catch a glimpse of her face. A piquant face, lit with bright restless eyes, and plump as an apple. There was rouge on her cheeks and lips, and powder, thick everywhere, was not, but the face he looked at, was pretty in spite of that, with a certain chic and dash.

"Are you angry, Dolly?" Upon my soul, in sorry, but I couldn't help it. By Jove, Dolly, I couldn't. Oh, dear, no! answered Miss Dolly, with a flash of her dark eyes—no, I wasn't. Vaughan! "Only when a young gentleman tells a young lady, he'll meet her a quarter of ten, and doesn't come till a quarter past eleven, it's time for that young lady to find another escort home. If I don't please waiting three-quarters of an hour out in the cold, and I won't try it on again I can tell you that."

"Your cousin! Hasn't he ever told me you had a cousin before, Bertie?"

"Didn't I, Dolly? (Bertie) forgot every thing and everybody in the world but you. I suppose, when I am with you."

"That is all very fine," says Miss Dolly, whose serious point evidently, is not retort, "Is she pretty, this cousin?"

"Still harping on my cousin!" laughs Bertie. "Not at all, my dear. A skim-milk school-girl, pale, delicate, no more to you than a penny candle to the moon."

"And then she's your cousin, besides, says Miss Dolly in a musing tone, and I suppose you wouldn't fall in love with your cousin, even if she was ever so pretty. I've heard English people are like that."

"Fall in love with my cousin, ha, ha!" laughs Bertie again. "That's a good joke. Oh, no, Dolly; one young woman's enough to be in love with at a time."

"And that's me," says Dolly giving his arm a tender little squeeze, her anger totally gone, and the twain walk in delightful silence on for some yards. "I suppose that grumpy old uncle of yours wouldn't consent to your marrying an actress, though?" the girl asks again, with an impatient sigh.

"Well, no, Dolly, I am afraid he wouldn't. My uncle is a man of tolerably strong prejudice, and tolerably strong selfishness. I hate selfish people!" says Mr. Bertie Vaughan, savagely.

"He would cut you off with a shilling, I suppose as the heavy fathers do in the pieces," suggests Dolly.

"Precisely, cut me off without a shilling; and, by Jupiter, Dolly, I haven't a penny, not a halfpenny, but what the old duffer gives me."

"Well, you could go on the stage," says Dolly, reassuringly. "With your face and your figure, and your aristocratic air, and your education, and everything, you'd make a tip-top walking girl."

"Don't say 'tip-top,' Dolly, and don't say 'gent,' corrects Mr. Vaughan. 'Yes there's something in that. I could go on the stage, and I always liked the life. Well, if the worst comes to the worst, who knows—I may do the sock or brocade. Meantime, here we are at your lodgings.'

And oh! by-the-by, Bertie, I nearly forgot," cries Dolly, keeping fast hold of his arm. "We're to have a sailing party over to Star Island to-morrow afternoon, after rehearsal, a clam chowder, a dance, and a good time generally. I've refused everybody, because I wanted to go with you. You'll come?—half-past one sharp."

"Really, Dolly, much as I would like to, I'm afraid—"

"What! You won't come?"

"I'm afraid—"

"You must stay home and make love to the boarding-school coxib. Oh, I see it all!" cries Miss Dolly, in bitterness of spirit.

"Nonsense, Dolly! Make love—nothing of the sort; my uncle—"

"Oh! your uncle, of course," cried Dolly again, with ever increasing bitterness. "Very well, Mr. Vaughan! do as you please. I wouldn't think of coaxing you for the world. Only I can tell Ben Ward I take back my refusal and will go with him. I hope you'll have a good time with your uncle and cousin! The sneering scorn with which the actress brings out these two family titles is not to be described. A real good time. Good night, Mr. Vaughan."

Ben Ward is the richest and best-looking young mill-owner in Wyckcliffe, and Miss Dolly De Courcy's most obedient humble servant. As she says good-night she turns to go, leaving him standing irresolute at the gate. She is half way to the door, when he lifts his head and calls:

"I say! Look here, Dolly. Don't ask Ward, confound him. It'll be all right. I'll be there."

CHAPTER XIII.

ALLAN-DALE IS NO BARON OR LORD.

It is the morning after, half-past eight, and breakfast time. Out of doors, yellow, crisp, sparkling sunshine lies over land and sea; the orange and scarlet maples and hemlock glow and burn like jewels. A few gorgeous dahlias yet lift their bold, bright heads, where all the summer flowers are dead and gone, and the scarlet clusters hang from the rowan-trees like bunches of vivid coral. In doors, the breakfast-table is spread, and silver and china and crystal flash back the sunlight cheerily. A fire snaps on the hearth, and makes doubly cozy the whole room. Around the table all are assembled—no tardiness at meal times will be tolerated in the household Squire Owenston rules. Bertie Vaughan looks a trifle fagged and sleepy, and struggles manfully not to yawn in the face of the assembled company. Sydney, who has been up and doing since half-past six, sits down with eyes like stars and cheeks as rosy almost as the clusters of rowan berries in her lovely leech hair.

"Look at that child!" says the squire, his whole face aglow with the love and delight he cannot hide; she might sit for a portrait of the goddess Hygea. And we used to think her delicate! Upon my word, a Canadian boarding-school, long lessons, and short commons must be capital things for health. Bertie, my lad, what's the matter with you this morning? Didn't your last cigar sit well last night, or had you the nightmare? You look rather white about the gills."

"Delicacy is my normal state, Mr. Vaughan answers, languidly. "Aunt Char, I'll trouble you for another steak and a second help to those very excellent fried potatoes. I am but a fragile blossom at best, that any rude wind may nip at the bud. A second cup of coffee, Aunt Char, if you please. Really, Katy, is a sardonic brew; I never tasted better in my life."

He meets Sydney's laughing eyes with pensive gravity, and the squire booms out a great laugh in high good humor.

"I'll tell you, what it is, my fragile blossom," he says, "we will try a change of air won't do you good, Sydney, I've a treat in store for you. One hour after breakfast let all be ready in the doorway, and we will go and make a day of it at the Sunnyside. Well see if we can't blow the winter roses back into the 'Hy-Hy's' cheeks of our fair, fragile Mr. Vaughan!"

"Oh, how nice of you, papa!" cries out Sydney, in her school-girl way; "how glad I shall be to see mamma and Susie-Simondan again! And we can have a row in the afternoon across the bay to Star Island. You are the very best and kindest papa that ever lived."

"Of course, of course—best of papa and fathers. 'Bye, Bertie, what do you say?' Confound the lad, he looks as glad as if he had heard his death sentence. Say, don't you want to go?"

"The fish in Squire Owenston's lion-like eyes might have intimidated, a solitary, strong man. A strong man—mentally, morally, or physically—Bertie, Vaughan was not. His tone was deprecating and subdued to a degree when he spoke. "Really, sir, nothing would give me more pleasure, but—"

"I have another engagement—that is all. I—I might break it, of course," says Mr. Vaughan, rather apologetically.

"Oh-h! You might







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CALENDAR. MAY.

THURSDAY, 12—Octave of Ascension. Cons. Sp. Moore, St. Augustine, 1877. FRIDAY, 13—Feria. SATURDAY, 14—Vigil of Pentecost. Fast. SUNDAY, 15—Pentecost or Whit-Sunday. Less. Acts II. 1-11. Gospel, John XIV. 23-31. MONDAY, 16—Whit-Monday. Montreal founded, 1642. TUESDAY, 17—Whit-Tuesday. WEDNESDAY, 18—Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave. St. Prudentiana, Virgin.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription. Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once. See to it that the paper bears your proper address. Subscribers, when requesting their addresses to be changed, will please state the name of the Post Office at which they have been receiving their papers, as well as their new address. When making remittances, always date your letter from the Post Office address at which you receive your paper. Address all correspondence and make money orders payable to the POST PRINTING and PUBLISHING Co., Montreal.

We have very cheerfully to acknowledge the handsome sum of \$201.38 for the Post Irish Relief Fund, subscribed by the residents of the Township of Hemmingford. In glancing over the names of subscribers, we find them to be comprised of all the nationalities, in so far as names can now be accounted an index, and the letter of enclosure, which will be found in another column, directs that the money be distributed among the sufferers irrespective of creed. This is surely just and fair, the more especially as the money has been bestowed in the same spirit.

The Ottawa Free Press, 4th inst., informs us, among a whole lot of other excellent things, that important Cabinet changes are in contemplation. Mr. Masson is to retire from the Ministry, Sir John is to be President of the Council, Dr. Schults to obtain a portfolio, Mr. O'Connor to be elevated to the Bench, and Mr. Mousseau to take his place as representative of the Western French Canadians. If so we wonder who will represent the Western, Eastern, Southern, and Northern Irishmen? Fortunately our energetic contemporary qualifies its announcement by saying "the rumor was current on the streets." Now, as we know Cabinet changes are not as a general rule effected on the streets we permit ourselves the luxury of breathing more freely, and think that the Free Press is in a state of excitement about nothing. Perhaps Tom Kinsella may know something about the rumor current.

The Roman correspondents of the London papers send curious items of intelligence to head-quarters. In reference to this the London Tablet says:—"The Roman correspondent of the Standard has surpassed himself this time. He has contributed the following item of intelligence:—"Cardinal Manning, though living in much retirement, is, I am assured, labouring assiduously for the attainment of special power which would give him, in fact, the supremacy of the Catholic Church in England. He will not, however, succeed. We do not know which is the greater, the stupidity or the malignancy of the statement. The idea of the Archbishop and Metropolitan of England and Wales labouring assiduously for a supremacy which he already possesses by virtue of his position is sufficiently absurd. A constantly recurring, and, we fear, malicious misrepresentation of this matter has been going on for some time in the public press. In this connection it may be added that Monsignor Capel, vilely traduced by the same correspondents, has completely vindicated his character and proved that the Roman correspondents are no better than they should be.

The war so long threatened between Russia and China is now almost inevitable, notwithstanding that Russia has really made concessions with the object of keeping the peace. Somehow or other a warlike feeling has entered the very unwarlike heart of the Chinaman, and he is vaunting of his powers and making a noise with his shields. It may certainly be that the valor of the Chinese has improved—since 1860, when a small division of French and English troops marched through their country and occupied the capital with very little loss and very little honor, for no one thought it much of an achievement to conquer China. Still it must be confessed the Chinese have made immense strides since then, especially in the art of war: They have the latest improvements in rifles, cannon and torpedoes, although their fortifications have not been advanced in a corresponding degree. If a real Russian army came down it would make short work of the Celestial Emperor and his subjects; but when it is considered that the Russian force will consist largely of Tartars and other Central-Asian

auxiliaries, the chances against the Chinese are not so great. It is generally thought that Besounschikoff's finger has been in this pie, but if so, Gortschakoff has not been idle, for it is highly probable that Japan will be an ally of Russia.

Whatever the present Government may really think of free trade and protection they are protecting British Columbia as well as they can. If they go on protecting it as they are at present the white population of that favored province will not require to work, but nevertheless the Government might still more simplify matters and allow the British Columbians to draw the money in a more satisfactory and equitable way than shovelling it in by the contract system. In plain set terms, we would respectfully make this suggestion to the Government: Let them at once take \$20,000,000 and distribute it among the heads of white families so much per capita. Allowing that there are two thousand such on the golden slope of the Pacific this sum would give each man \$10,000, an amount which, if put out at interest at six per cent, would afford an income of \$1,200 per annum. We are aware that this comparatively miserable pittance is not at all equal to the merits of the British Columbians, but the times are hard, and if the Government would promise to increase the stipend as trade and business improved, and at the same time express themselves ashamed of their seeming niggardly conduct, we are of the opinion that the patriots of Vancouver would accept, with a little grumbling, true, but still they would accept, especially if a Chinese servant was thrown into the bargain. We do not pretend to any great financial ability in advancing this suggestion to the consideration of Sir Charles Tupper and others whom it may concern, but we modestly think if the plan is carried out it will effect a saving of \$100,000,000, no small trifle in times like the present.

The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. SIR CHARLES DILKE, the cable informs us, has permitted himself to be interviewed by the correspondent of a French paper, and has certainly let himself out considerably. Making all allowances for the buoyancy of the French newspaper correspondent and the liability to exaggeration of newspaper correspondents generally, there is enough common sense running through the interview, and enough of a likeness to what the Radical minister would say, to throw an air of probability around the whole thing. If the interview be genuine, and if Sir Charles is speaking the mind of his colleagues, it must have the effect of throwing European diplomatists into fits, and reorganizing the Holy Alliance on its ancient basis. There are three illustrious persons in Europe who will not draw comfort from the utterances of the over-frank British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and they are Bismarck, Gortschakoff and Andrassy, the Ministers or Chancellors of the three despots who are making of the continent of Europe one vast camp. It may be that Sir Charles Dilke has merely given his own ideas as a private individual to the correspondent, but the probabilities are the other way—a member has no right to entertain opinions while in office other than those he is prepared to enunciate in Parliament. But Sir Charles may be one of those simple republican spirits, who think diplomacy and secrecy a sham and a humbug. He is, besides, thoroughly independent, and cares not what his colleagues may think; if they do not agree with him so much the worse for them; it is time (he may imagine) that a new departure be taken in Britain's foreign relations as well as in the manner of setting them forth. If, for instance, it is the intention of the new regime to create a confederation of free States between the Danube, the Adriatic and the Grecian sea, where is the use of disguising it and going around the world of diplomatic expressions to conceal one's thoughts. It is time that a spade be called a spade in diplomatic as well as in the language ordinarily used for business purposes. At least so thinks the Under-Secretary, evidently. What gives a greater air of vraisemblance to the interview is the fact that the ideas expressed are those actually entertained by the English Radical party. The English Radicals hate Bismarck pretty cordially, and Sir Charles is scarcely in official harness when he takes the first opportunity of snubbing that fat and illustrious individual. The reference to "Republican France and Free Italy" has also a radical impress; but what must the Queen think of it, and what will the dainty, diplomatic Granville say, who would not offend a nation or an individual though he was conspiring to make war upon them in twenty-four hours? Evidently Sir Charles cares as little for the opinion of Her Majesty and his chieftain, Granville, as he did for the opinions of the world when he created the late Lady Dilke, or when, in his place in Parliament, he said a Republican Government was better than a Monarchical for England. What can they do but force him to resign, at which he would be delighted, as it would give him an excuse for leading an independent party in the House. England did not go to the trouble of electing one hundred and thirty Radicals for nothing; this Radical voice must be heard in foreign as well as home politics, and who is better fitted to give it expression than the Republican Under-Secretary? "Neither Bosnia nor Herzegovina shall belong to the Austrian, Turk or Russian," said Sir Charles. This must afford comfort to Austria after her sacrifice of blood and treasure in driving the Turks from Bosnia a few years ago. But nevertheless its boldness must strike everybody, and its justice must commend itself to the understanding of Europe. If Turkey falls to pieces, let the

oppressed Slaves, who have warred against oppression so long, so gloriously, and, until lately, so successfully, fall heir to the inheritance of the Sikh Man. It is certainly refreshing to have an Under-Secretary of State who is prepared to speak out his mind and defy the devil and Bismarck and all their works and pomps, in language remarkable for its want of diplomacy.

The State of Ireland.

The Mansion House Committee have issued an exhaustive report of the country now going through the ordeal by famine. Subjoined to the report is a map, colored to show the localities most afflicted, and from the map we learn that the districts entirely free are limited. The West is altogether colored black, as is the North, West, and Southwest, while the East is comparatively clear. Nevertheless there are dark spots all over, and there are dark localities in the favored regions of Antrim, Londonderry, Tyrone, Down, Armagh, Meath, Louth, Carlow, Kildare, Dublin, and all along the East coast. The report furnishes a statement giving extracts from the sub-committees, duly authenticated of which the following are a few:—

Table with columns: Districts, Population, and Description of Famine Conditions. Includes districts like Ballymashugh, Balleborough, Killeshandra, Enniskillen, Mulluck, Glencolumbkille, Templemore, Castleblayney, Donaghny, Tydavnet, Gortin, Ballina & Bohir, Inagh, Killyard, Killybenny, and Convent of Mercy, Galway.

Such stories as the foregoing are so common and so frightful as to become monotonous. The names of those making the reports, generally parish priests, are authenticated. There are in all over 100 of such reports, and we have only taken a few at random. One great cry is that the landlords are absent, and another is that the bailiffs are present. Reputedly wealthy tradesmen are suffering, and even the priests are sometimes hungry, and yet the Times says the famine is almost over.

orable Edward Blake, a leader, who need fear no rival, and who has the confidence of the great majority of Canadians. When the last Parliament was dissolved and an appeal made to the country, the Conservatives gained power on the Protection cry, which was, perhaps, so much the better for Canada, as protection was much needed. But it is doubtful if the following of Sir John A. Macdonald would have been so large in the new House if differences did not exist among the Liberals. It is in fact almost certain if Mr. Blake had not thought fit to be travelling in Europe while the contest was going on that his talents as a public speaker and his great personal influence would have materially lessened the Conservative majority and given his party a better chance to fight the Government on their Pacific Railroad policy, which it seems to us is not acceptable to the country, notwithstanding the Conservative majorities on the divisions which have taken place. When we say his party, we are, however, slightly in error, for Mr. Blake has never been a sincere Grit; his intellect is too broad for such a narrow party. When they were in office he never took kindly to them, and has always been restive under the dictatorship of the Hon. George Brown, their real chief. If it were not so he would scarcely absent himself from the time for a struggle at the polls drawing near. To be sure, a plea of ill health has been advanced as an excuse, but any one looking at the splendid physique of the man will at once smile at the absurdity. In order to understand the position of Mr. Blake towards the Grits and George Brown, it is necessary to take a retrospective glance. After Confederation a new departure in politics had to be taken, and the enthusiasts, in order to give eclat to the new order of things, advocated a Coalition Government, so that it would be really a national administration which would commence to rule the new Dominion of Canada. The Hon. George Brown, Ferguson-Blair, McDougall and Howland represented the Reformers in the new Cabinet, of which Sir John A. Macdonald was the chief. After a few days Mr. Brown retired from the Cabinet because his policy was not made paramount; he cried out "treachery," and commanded his political friends to follow him, but they politely refused. It was then that the Globe became so intensely bitter against certain Reformers, including his late colleagues, and ultimately succeeded in driving them into the Conservative ranks. After Confederation Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie led the Opposition in the Dominion House, and also in the Ontario Legislature, until they defeated the Sandfield Macdonald Government, when they assumed office, Mr. Blake as Premier and Mr. Mackenzie as his first lieutenant. In order to fight the Conservatives with both hands free, those two leaders threw up their positions in the Ontario House in 1871, and dedicated all their attention to Ottawa. In 1873 came the Pacific Railroad scandal, Sir John's Government was upset, and the Reformers came into power. It was then that it was seen with astonishment that Mackenzie it was who was called upon to form a Government, and not Blake, the man of greatest talent and the natural leader of the Reformers of Canada. It was also seen that although Mr. Blake acquiesced in the arrangement, his soul chafed against the injustice, the perpetration of which he attributed to Mr. Brown and the Globe and the Clear Grit following which really looked to the Globe office for instructions. After this sort of civil war raged between Blake and Brown, which smouldered but was always active. The former grew pettish and resigned his office after awhile on the plea of ill health, accepted a portfolio once more without salary, and played fast and loose in a way that showed he knew not what to do. If he broke with his party altogether it would fatally injure his prospects, and the Globe would drive him after William Macdougall. Fortunately for Blake—who was comparatively a young man and could therefore afford to wait—the Reformers were beaten on a question of tariff, and still more fortunately the clear Grits, Brown's faithful henchmen, were swept away completely, never to return. Those who were left, real Reformers, tintured with a dash of nationality, immediately looked to Blake as leader, got him elected for West Durham, and dethroned Mackenzie as soon as they could gracefully do so. Mr. Blake is now leader of the Opposition, and it will be very surprising if he be not leader of the next Government.

Death of Senator Brown.

During the past ten days the life of the Honorable George Brown hung on a thread, the expectations of his friends alternating between hope and despair until Saturday, when it was announced that his state was beyond hope. When, therefore, his death was announced on Sunday no one was surprised, although the great and universal sorrow manifested was none the less. Nor is the grief at the death of one of Canada's foremost statesmen confined to personal friends or political adherents, the feeling of sorrow is widespread throughout Canada, for at such a solemn time political enmities are forgotten and little remembered except that the honored dead had rendered undoubted services to his country throughout his eventful career. If death had taken possession of the illustrious Senator in the ordinary manner the regret, though as great, would be more subdued, for after all Mr. Brown was not a young man, but it is remembered that while in the full possession of his great intellectual powers and physical energy the unworthy bullet of the assassin cut short a career useful to himself, his family and his country, the grief becomes all the more poignant and the sympathy all the deeper. It is true that a majority of the people of this country never endorsed the strong views of

Mr. Brown, and that as a politician he was more powerful than lovable, but nevertheless few there are who will be unwilling to admit that he was at least honest in his aims according to his light, and that his love for Canada was firm and sincere, and his efforts to serve her were unremitting and often successful. It may be said of the Honorable George Brown that while his views of liberty in Canada were often erratic, and at times peculiar, the newspaper whose destinies he wielded with so much force was always ready to defend doctrines of right throughout the world, and condemned what was wrong, and if occasionally narrow and bigoted as its proprietor, the fault lay with the intellect more than with the intention. George Brown was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 20th November, 1815, and received his education in the High School of that modern Athens. He was the son of Peter Brown, an Edinburgh merchant, and was himself intended for mercantile pursuits, for which, however he displayed very little aptitude and less liking. Mr. Brown, sr., came to the United States in 1838 accompanied by his son, and started the British Chronicle, in which he was assisted by George, who found in journalism his true vocation. The teachings of the Chronicle were, as the name implied, decidedly British, and it had besides a leaning towards Presbyterianism. Those two qualities attracted to it the attention of the Presbyterians of Canada, who just then required an organ, and the Browns came to Toronto and started the Banner. In 1844 the Globe succeeded the Banner as the organ of the Liberal party and has since advocated liberal measures, tintured, as might be supposed, with Presbyterianism, but of a milder type than that of thirty years ago. For a long time, and more especially after the defeat of Mr. Brown at Haldimand, in his contest with William Lyon Mackenzie, the Globe, under the direction of Mr. Brown, was bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion, but in 1860 it became milder, and since the advent of the Mail has been very liberal in religion as well as politics. The career of Senator Brown has been so varied, so chequered, and almost so dramatic, that it would be impossible to go over even its leading events in the limited space at our disposal in this journal. He was, for years, the leader of the Reform party in Upper Canada, long, indeed, before Blake or Mackenzie were heard of, and into politics as well as into religion and journalism threw all his bitterness, his narrowness of spirit and his great intellect and energy. He, in conjunction with the present Chief Justice, Sir A. A. D'Orion, was called upon to form a Government for the late Province of Canada, but while the members of the new administration were before their constituents for re-election a vote of want of confidence was passed, and an appeal to the country having been refused, Mr. Brown and his colleagues resigned. In after years he was once more member of a cabinet, but somehow or other he could never get along with John A. Macdonald. Perhaps his aspirations were too high, perhaps his views were too impracticable, but at all events he hated Sir John cordially to the last, that is to say, politically. In 1867 he was defeated for South Oxford, and we hear of him no more as a legislator until he was made Senator, and then very little. He was also eminently unsuccessful on two occasions in carrying on negotiations with the States for treaties of reciprocity. Perhaps it was all the better for Mr. Brown's family that he was not successful as a politician, for success would have drawn him away from the business which he left in such a flourishing condition. It is claimed for Mr. Brown that he is the father of Confederation, and that long before the subject was discussed in the halls of the Legislature it was advocated in the Globe. One event in the life of Mr. Brown, in our opinion at least, should add lustre to his character, and that is the refusal of the doubtful honor of Knighthood. In this he was sincere and consistent, as well as his political friends, Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie. The Globe never approved of such mushroom and ephemeral titles, and when the time came to put the editor's sincerity to the test he stood the strain bravely. Taking him all in all, George Brown was a man, and one whose name will obtain a place in the Canadian history even of a hundred years from now.

The Wave of Democracy.

Democracy in England has made vast strides forward within the past twenty years, and it is likely to advance still further, gathering force as it goes, like the waves of the sea, until its momentum is irresistible and everything is swept before it, including a good deal of what is bad, and, perhaps, a little of what is good. It is with a smile that we of the present day read in Grattan's glowing eulogy of the elder Pitt how "with one hand he wielded the democracy of England and with the other smote the House of Bourbon," for we know that the democracy of a hundred years ago was voiceless and powerless, and powerless to do anything politically except to hurrah for "Whig" or "Tory" candidate. The British Empire was then ruled by the most selfish, the most exclusive, aristocracy the world has ever known. The franchise was in the hands of a few, and it is no exaggeration to say that the great lords were almost as paramount in the House of Commons as in the House of Peers. It is true such a man as Wilkes did manage to be returned from a metropolitan constituency through the influence of a few wealthy merchants, but saving him and perhaps one or two others who now and then obtained seats almost by a miracle, the people of England might have been justly called the great unrepresented. Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield, the present centres of democratic thought,

were in Pitt's time unknown, and the Manchester school of politics was not heard of till half a century later, when the first reform Bill brought Bright and Cobden to the surface. Even after the passage of the great measure just referred to the really democratic members of Parliament, excluding the Irish followers of O'Connell, could have been counted on the fingers of a man's hand. But the times have changed and the England of to-day contains one hundred and thirty Radicals, genuine Democrats who go in for great changes. But, besides this large number, there are sixty-four Home Rulers—Radicals to all intents and purposes; both combined comprising a third of the Imperial House of Commons. It is evident Grattan's idea of democracy was a limited one, and not at all agreeing with the ideas of Sir Charles Dilke or Mr. Chamberlain, or even Mr. Gladstone. But the end is not yet. The democracy is marching on, and it is only a prophet who can foretell where it is to stop. The present Government is committed to the assimilation of the country with the borough franchise, a measure which will still further swell the voters' list, and it is also committed to extend the same franchise to Ireland as a matter of abstract justice. As if this were not enough to cause a Tory of the old school to grow black in the face, the Government—the Liberal Government, which is not yet radical—promises to wipe the laws of primogeniture and entail from the Statute Book, and thus break the backbone of the landlord aristocracy forever, and abolish one of the last abuses of feudalism. But even that is not all. No matter how good may be the intentions of Mr. Gladstone, he will be very soon compelled to take the Established Churches of both England and Scotland in hand, and deal with them as he did with the so-called Irish Church, which will be the means of inflicting another blow on aristocracy, and killing Toryism as dead as a door nail. If Mr. Gladstone is either disinclined, or does not live long enough to accomplish those sweeping reforms, it is certain some of his present followers will do it cheerfully, for once the democratic wave is rolling, we know from experience nothing can stop it but physical force, if even that can possibly do it. After the next general election in Great Britain and Ireland we shall hear no more of Whigs and Tories; they shall have been numbered with the historical expressions of the past, and in their places such names as Left and Right, with their compounds, shall be heard, or, perhaps, the more ominous ones of Royalist and Republican. That this forecast is not strained any intelligent student of current events will admit, and especially any one who has taken the trouble to observe what affect political events in France have upon England, although, to be sure, the English are the last people in the world to admit they can be drawn after any other nation. Large concessions to at least one portion of the Empire were granted after the French revolution of 1789. Again, the reform measures of 1832 were passed two years after the revolution of 1830, and if no result followed the '48 upheaval it was because of the advent to power of Louis Napoleon, to whom the English people of the day bore a traditional dislike, not to say hatred, the democracy as well as the aristocracy. But who will venture to say that the consolidation of the present French Republic has not something to do with the spread of democratic opinions now going on in England, and the sweeping changes about to be inaugurated, changes which, if predicted twenty years ago, would have been scoffed at as the ravings of political dreamers. Whether these changes will be productive or not if ultimate benefit is not so certain, but what is nearly certain is that if they do not take place the temper of the English people will not improbably, impel them towards seeking them by other means than the ballot box. The world moves and Conservative England is forced to move with it, in spite of the still powerful Tory element, which is, however, receding fast before the advancing wave of democracy.

The Limerick Reporter says:—"The Very Rev. Dr. Cleary, P.P., V.G., Dungarvan, has been for the second time offered a bishopric in Canada by Cardinal Simeoni and the Holy See, and for the second time he has declined accepting the dignity. It is probable that Dr. Cleary shall be compelled by the Court of Rome to accept, though he does repeat "Nolo Episcopari!"

One of the most reliable medicines for Headache, is Dr. HANVY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, FOR PULMONARY and Asthmatic Disorders, have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST WHAT IS THE BEST punisher of worms, and the easiest taken, and he will reply, BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges, which are so powerful and so popular, are pleasant to taste, and do their work speedily and thoroughly.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE MAY BE true, but a stitch in the side, resulting from colds or, otherwise, is not so nice. It often prevents a long breath, and causes intense pain, but all may be made right in a few minutes, by rubbing in BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. It don't mind a stitch. TO MOTHERS—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many years, and never known to fail. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and gives rest and health to the child, and comfort to the mother.

A hailstorm has devastated the greater part of West Hungary. Almost all the windows and roofs in the towns and villages were destroyed; the vines and fruit trees and green corn were crushed to the earth.







AGRICULTURE.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.—Continued.

ORCHARD AND BERRY.

Planting should be finished before the first of May, but trees that have been carefully selected may be set safely for some time to come.

Grafting can be done now, but great care is necessary. As the bark peels easily at this season, it should be cut through with a knife, and the saw made to follow the cut, otherwise the bark may be peeled and a bad wound made.

Insects.—An increase of insect life will come with the warmer growing weather. The eggs of the fruit-entomologist will hatch into the "worms" which will begin to attack the various parts of the foliage.

Canker Worms.—Bands of stiff paper put around the trunk, and which is secured by a ring of wax or printer's ink, will keep the wingless emblems from ascending the trees.

Planting in orchards.—There is a general reluctance to plant in orchards, and the reason is entirely to the trees. While the orchard is young it is best to cultivate it thoroughly, and weed crops, like potatoes, roots, etc., can be grown in the present year.

Blackberries and raspberries may still be planted, but as they are slow growers, they should be provided with the canes to be secured.

Currants and Gooseberries.—Cultivate the ground thoroughly and give a good mulch of litter later in the season. Watch for the "worms" which come from eggs laid upon the under side of the lower leaves.

Strawberries.—Keep the soil free from weeds and mallow. So long as the fruit is well set give the bed a mulch, which will keep the berries from the soil. Hand pull any large weeds that may appear.

Grapes.—One healthy, vigorous cane upon a newly set vine is enough. Tie it up securely to a support. Vines are trained so variously that specific directions are not given. Whatever the method of training it should keep in view and provide for the crop of next year.

Marketing Fruit.—Provide all the appliances of quick and proper marketing before the appearance of the fruit at the market that neatness and care in so packing it that it will show at its best, will pay. Care should be given to the baskets or crates. If the distance to market is considerable the fruit should be in a less mature state than when it is to be sold.

OUR ANGLO-IRISH LETTER.

From Our Own Correspondent. LONDON, April 23, 1880.

THE ENGLISH HOME RULERS

are as busy as men can be to have their plans well arranged for the meeting of Parliament. The Liberal leaders are well aware of the influence exerted by Irish electors in England at the recent elections, for in a number of constituencies they were, undoubtedly, the balance of power.

It is rumored that the programme to be submitted by the Land League Conference as a settlement for the present of the land question, will include compulsory purchase of all waste lands and several of the northern corporations by the Government, and the establishment upon these lands of peasant proprietary upon equitable terms as to payment of purchase money, to be spread over a number of years.

Colonel Colthurst, M. P., does not intend to cry quits with Mr. Parnell. At the meeting of the Cork Farmers' Club, he said he would always warmly support Mr. Shaw in whatever policy he adopted.

The Turkish Question.—There is important news from Turkey. It seems that both the people and the soldiery are fast verging to desperation, and that they have taken the idea that Europe is at the bottom of their distress, and believing Christendom in a conspiracy to drive them across the Bosphorus, they are beginning to breathe fiercer determination to die fighting.

THE IRISH VOICE

In Great Britain and Ireland the Liberal party are returned to power, and unless Ireland is properly dealt with the same power will turn them out, and to enable them to understand this fact clearly the Irish in England are losing no time in taking the necessary steps.

You in Canada could do something in this matter by passing at public meetings or in your societies resolutions on Ireland's right to self-government and forwarding for publication copies of those resolutions to the Secretary Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, 3 Adelaide Place, London Bridge, London, England.

CANADA

seems to be, in general estimation, occupying a much better place than she did two or three years ago. What to attribute it to I don't know, unless it is to the increased travel of both peoples.

On Monday evening the people of this quiet locality were aroused into merriment by a file and drum band parade. In front were two men, acting in the capacity of constables, dragging along with them an effigy of a well known individual residing near Omagh, and who holds a commission of the peace "for the historic County Tyrone."

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OUR PUBLIC PARKS

in and around London are now beginning to look really beautiful, and are of an evening crowded with people of every class, degree and condition; nursemaids with perambulators wheeling young hopefuls about to take the air, lads stripped in their shirt-sleeves playing rounders or cricket, the ladies strolling round talking the latest chat, men, with a little time to spare from toil and care, sitting reading their evening papers, and the loving couples meandering round in a listless manner, and repeating to each other the old story.

Truly, to a stranger in London, our parks of a fine day would present an interesting and instructive sight. He would see one of the best sides of English social life, a kind of intermingling of people without the least rudeness or vulgarity. As a rule the English are a stolid, stolid race, a characteristic in my opinion more acquired than natural; but now the example of Paris and other continental cities in the direction of dispersing this gloominess is rapidly prevailing.

Similar trials took place at Clonoe, Co. Wick, and most other districts of the county.

IRISH RELIEF FUND.

CENTRAL OFFICE "PARNELL IRISH RELIEF FUND," 32 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1880.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for The Secretary of the Parnell Irish Relief Fund, Treasurer, and various donors like Lowell, Mass., Land League, etc.

THE IRISH PARTY AND THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

(From the Times)

The representation of Ireland in the new Parliament will not constitute the most striking or the most potent element in the political picture of the immediate future, but it is, nevertheless, worthy of attention.

It was supposed that when the dissolution was precipitated the Home Rule vote in the new House of Commons would be largely reinforced, and that Conservatives and Liberals alike would almost disappear from among the representatives of at least the three southern provinces of the sister isle.

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IRISH LAND FOR IRISH PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN.—Sir: Charles Stewart Parnell had in the last Parliament a following of 7. He enters the House of Commons on the opening of the new Parliament with a following of 36.

He enters the House of Commons on the opening of the new Parliament with a following of 36. As the entire Home Rule party numbers 61—a gain of 8—he commands a majority in its councils, and will exercise a dominant direction in its policy.

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BURNING A MAGISTRATE AT ANDBOE.

(Correspondence of the Belfast News)

On Monday evening the people of this quiet locality were aroused into merriment by a file and drum band parade. In front were two men, acting in the capacity of constables, dragging along with them an effigy of a well known individual residing near Omagh, and who holds a commission of the peace "for the historic County Tyrone."

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HISTORY OF A TUNE.

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A Leasing Joker.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health and of his inability to cure her, "Try Hop Bitters!"

The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Glad Tidings.—Some constitutions have a tendency to rheumatism, and are throughout the year borne away by its protracted tortures. Let such sufferers bathe the affected parts with warm brine, and afterwards rub in this soothing Ointment. They will find it the best means of lessening their agony, and, assisted by Holloway's Pills, the surest way of overcoming their disease.

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Medical.

DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES

Approved of by the Medical Faculty

Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest, and most effectual preparation for the destruction of worms in the human system.

They are Purely Vegetable.

They are Agreeable to the Taste.

They are Pleasant to the Sight.

Simple in Administering and Sure and Certain in their Effect.

In every instance in which they have been employed they have never failed to produce the most pleasing results, and many parents have, unhesitatingly, testified to their valuable properties. They can be administered with perfect safety to children of most tender years.

CAUTION.—The success that these Pastilles have already attained has brought out many spurious imitations; it will be necessary, therefore, to observe when purchasing that you are getting the genuine, stamped "DEVINS."

TO MOTHERS.—Should your Druggist not keep them, I will send a box of DEVINS' WORM PASTILLES by mail, prepaid, to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

R. J. DEVINS, DRUGGIST, Next to the Court House, Montreal.

If you are troubled with

TAPEWORM!

ONE DOSE OF

DEVINS' TAPEWORM REMEDY

Will Drive this Parasite from the System.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale by Lyman Sons & Co.; Kerry, Watson & Co.; H. Sugden; Evans & Co.; H. Haswell & Co.

Dry Goods.

S. CARSLY'S

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

USEFUL STAIR CARPETS 10c YD.

Good All-wool Stair Carpets, 35c yd. Good Printed Felt Carpets, 35c yd. Wide Union Carpets from 55c yd.

STAIR OILCLOTHS, 15c YD.

Thirty six-inch English Floor Oilcloth, 30c yd. Good Heavy English Oilcloth, 47c yd.

BEST SCOTCH LINOLEUMS, 80c. YD.

Wide India Matting, 40c. yd. Wide Heavy Carpets, 12c yd. Cocoanut Door Mats from 65c yd.

MARBLE TOILET QUILTS, 95c. EACH.

Marble Toilet Covers from 15c each. Useful Heavy Colored Quilts, 75c each. Good Useful Star Linens, 8c yd.

LINEN CRUMB CLOTHS, \$2.10 EACH.

Good Useful Curtain Poles, \$1.25 each. Useful Lace Curtains, 75c pair.

MUSLIN CURTAINS FROM 55c PAIR.

Good Useful Curtain Muslin, 85c pieces of 12 yards sufficient for 2 pair of Curtains 9 yards long.

S. CARSLY'S FOR CURTAINS.

S. CARSLY'S BLACK DRESS GOODS.

LIST OF PRICES.

Just opened, new line of Black French Brocade Cloth, for dresses, in all the newest designs, to be sold at 85c, 90c, and 95c per yd.

Just opened, new line of Black Cashmere, in all patterns, to be sold at 45c, 48c, 50c and 55c per yd.

Just opened, new line of Black French Cashmere, in all patterns, for summer costumes, to be sold at 85c, 42c, 48c, 55c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, 1.10, 1.15, 1.25 and 1.45 per yd.

BLACK FRENCH DEBEIGES.

Special line of new Black Debeiges, to be sold at 40c, 42c, 45c and 55c per yd.

Special line of new Black Saten, for summer costumes, to be sold at 40c, 52c, and 67c per yd.

BLACK PARAMATTA.

Special line of new Black Paramatta, for summer dresses, to be sold at 25c, 28c, 35c, 38c, 40c, 42c, 45c and 55c per yd.

S. CARSLY!

398, 395, 397 AND 399 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

Stove Polish.

RISING SUN

STOVE POLISH

For beauty of Polish, saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability, and Cheapness. Unequaled.

MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

Each package of the genuine bears our Trade Mark—a picture of the Rising Sun.

LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal Agents.

22 23



INTERVIEWING SIR CHARLES DILKE.

AN HISTORICAL QUESTION IN AFRICAN HISTORY. QUEEN AND TURKEY.

LONDON, May 6.—Sir Charles Dilke, the newly appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has permitted himself to be interviewed by the correspondent of a French paper, and his utterances created much surprise and no little indignation here.

Correspondent.—How about the Eastern Question? Will you cease to uphold the interests of Turkey if she fails to carry out the reforms which she has so repeatedly promised?

Sir Charles Dilke.—Depend upon it that Turkey shall carry out these reforms; we will compel her to execute all the clauses of the treaty of Berlin even in spite of Prince Bismarck.

Correspondent.—But then your foreign policy will be precisely the same as that of Lord Salisbury?

Sir Charles Dilke.—Exactly; you have said it; those who fancy that we mean to pursue a feeble policy abroad are strangely mistaken; we shall not hold aloof from European politics.

Correspondent.—Then you are opposed to the encroachments of the great powers?

Sir Charles Dilke.—Decidedly. We shall not tolerate the encroachments of either Austria or Russia; neither Bosnia or Herzegovina must belong to Austria, Turk or Russian; they must be free or self-governing powers.

Correspondent.—But then your foreign policy will be precisely the same as that of Lord Salisbury?

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard.

HOW MARSHAL SPARTERO WON A VICTORY.

A writer in an English paper says that he has perused many an obituary notice on Marshal Spartero, but he has seen nowhere the real story of the great achievement of his life, the pacification of Bergamo.

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

THE CRADLE AND COFFIN.

Montreal is essentially a superficial city, whether viewed from a social standpoint or observed from the broad base of generalness.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption.

DEATH OF AN IRISH PRINCESS.

From Vienna comes intelligence of the death of an illustrious lady, her Highness the Princess Beatrice de Croy-Dulmen.

EREP'S COCOA—GRATEFUL 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 the best quality of Cocoa.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

LONDON, May 5.—A Dublin correspondent, commenting on the "land" meeting at Irish town, County Mayo, on Sunday last, says: "This is the beginning of the agitation promised at the recent conference of the Land League."

majority of the imports come from foreign manufacturers. The health of the city is impinged, as the infantile mortality goes to swell the weekly returns of the cemeteries.

HOW MARSHAL SPARTERO WON A VICTORY.

A writer in an English paper says that he has perused many an obituary notice on Marshal Spartero, but he has seen nowhere the real story of the great achievement of his life.

POSTERS.

"Oh, I've seen George," cried a little girl at Cleveland: "he came and leaned over me at the piano." George was a boy who had recently died.

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POND'S EXTRACT.

THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRAGES.

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

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Nose, or from any case, is speedily controlled and stopped.

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

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling and cleansing. Use our Ointment in connection with the Extract.

Burns and Scalds. Heat and pain is instantly relieved, and should be kept in every family.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm.

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

Piles. It is the greatest remedy for this distressing complaint.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extract is so effective that mothers who have once used it will never be without it.

Female Complaints. No physician called in for the majority of female diseases if the Extract is used.

CAUTION. Has been imitated. The words "Pond's Extract" have been used by other parties.

Price of Pond's Extract, Toilet Cream, and Specials.

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

THE MILD POWER CURES.

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Specifics. Been in general use for 20 years. Everywhere proved the most safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicine known.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS! This Great Household Medicine Bank Amoung the Leading Necessaries of Life.

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

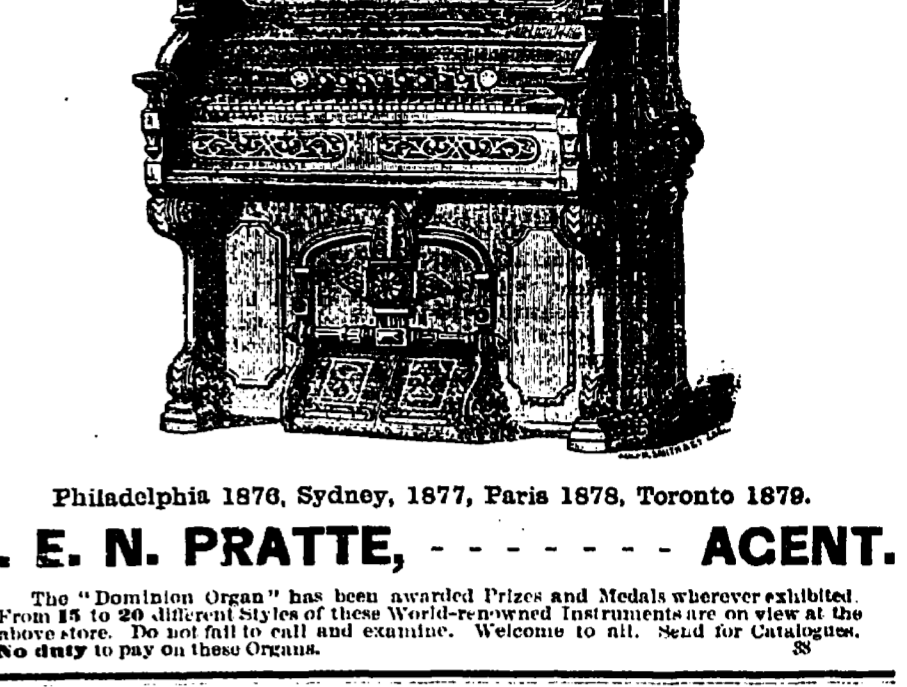
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

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

It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt in meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. Shows it to be the "People's Choice." Retailed everywhere.

DOMINION ORGAN EMPORIUM. No. 280 Notre Dame Street (A. J. BOUCHER'S), Montreal.



Philadelphia 1876, Sydney, 1877, Paris 1878, Toronto 1879. L. E. N. PRATTE, AGENT.

The "Dominion Organ" has been awarded Prizes and Medals wherever exhibited. From \$15 to \$20 different styles of these Works are on view at the above store.

Musical Instruments. Spencerman Steel Pens.

BEATTY. Pianos Another battle on high prices raging. Beatty's latest New-Improved Full Reply Grand Piano.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

This chartered College, directed by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, is situated in a most healthy locality of the Capital.

FURS! FURS! EDWARD STUART, PRACICAL FURRIER. Respectfully informs his friends and the public.

Wanted. 300 sets of cutters to cut ties on the line of the extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

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