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the most remarkable belle on the race-course; but you have not given me what I desired to know, and that is, the name of this most extraordinary creature."

"The name, the name!" said Lord Arran, as if he were trying to recollect. "Egad! that is true, I have failed in performing the task I undertook; the name of this wonderful young dragon of a woman was, if I mistake not, Lawson; yes, I am quite sure it was Lawson."

"Lawson!" said Kathleen, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Lawson," repeated Lord Arran. "Oh! now I remember all about her. Her name is Judith Lawson, a young woman, it is said, of large fortune, the only child of a certain Ebenezer Lawson, formerly a trooper in the army of Parliament, and who, like so many other worthless fellows that came to Ireland with Oliver Cromwell, has acquired estates and riches which belonged to better and honest men than themselves."

"Ebenezer Lawson! are you quite sure that you remember the name aright, and that the female you describe is his daughter?" inquired Kathleen, her voice trembling slightly as she put this question.

"Perfectly certain, my peerless—but good heavens! what is the matter? or how come you to be so agitated, or what interest can you have in persons so far beneath you in every way?" asked Lord Arran, his bantering manner at once turning into seriousness, when he perceived that Kathleen changed color when he persisted in asserting his certainty as to the name of Lawson.

"My Lord, I pray you to read this letter," said Kathleen, "and let me know what you think of its contents."

Lord Arran took up the letter, and at once commenced reading it. Kathleen watched him with intense interest, as he proceeded in perusing it. At first she observed him to smile with contempt, as he read the first page; then the smile of contempt was followed by a flush of anger; his eye-brows raised as if with surprise; then he stopped, turned back the pages he had read over, re-read them again and again; and exclamations of astonishment and surprise burst from him. Having concluded the letter, he slowly folded it up, and addressing Kathleen, said:—

"There are so many tidings in this letter so strange, so unexpected, and so surprising, that I really feel myself unable to advise you respecting it, without first seriously reflecting upon its contents. Leave me, then, here alone; I shall follow you in a few moments to the house, and there tell you what I think respecting it."

"Be it as you wish," said Kathleen, as she turned to depart.

"One word before you go," said Lord Arran; "have you as yet shown this letter to your aunt, or communicated its contents to her?"

"I have not had either the time or the opportunity to do so," answered Kathleen. "It was placed in my hands not an hour ago, whilst seated in the same place in which you found me."

"And by whom was it delivered?" asked Lord Arran.

"By an old man," said Kathleen, "who first asked me for alms, then inquired my name; and upon being assured I was the person for whom the epistle was intended, instantly quitted me."

"It is well," remarked Lord Arran; "and now may I ask this favor from you, that you will not speak to your aunt about this communication, which is in one respect valueless, because anonymous, until I have given you my opinion respecting it?"

"The favor is a slight one," remarked Kathleen, "and easily granted. Your lordship will find me in the drawing-room; my spirit is in prime order, and I have lately laid some Parisian sonnets on the merits of which I would wish to have the advantage of your lordship's taste and judgment."

No sooner was Lord Arran alone, than he drew forth the letter which he had already disparaged as anonymous; and again he read it over, slowly and deliberately, from the first word to the last.

"Of what vast importance are the contents of this letter to me!" said Lord Arran, his first thoughts showing that with him, as with the great bulk of mankind, the first primary consideration was his own personal and pecuniary interests.

"The writer of this letter appears to me to be an honest man, at least to believe sincerely what he states so positively."

"If the writer were a knave, he would not venture to refer to so many circumstances, a mis-statement in any one of which would convict him of wilful roguery."

(To be continued.)

Fireside Sparks.

When Lord Erskine was admitted a freeman of the Fishmongers' Company, he of course made a speech on the occasion. On coming home he said to a friend, "I spoke ill to-day, and stammered and hesitated in the opening." His friend replied, "You certainly floundered, but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."

A professor who had been trying for a half hour to explain a formula on the board, turns with his finger on his nose, which is a very prominent feature, and says severely: "Is this now apparent to you all?" (Freshmen grin.) "I am aware gentlemen, that it is long." (Freshmen grin audibly.) "But I hope you see the point." (Slight pedal applause.) "It is called pons asinorum, of which I hope you see the application." (Loud and continued applause.)

A muffled man, to Windsor bound, cries, "Boatman, do not tarry; and I'll give thee a silver pound to row me o'er the ferry." Now, who be ye would cross this stream when it is past eleven? To launch my craft, it would not dream; the boats lay up at seven. "I throw off that rope," cried out the man, as he bawled his professor, "and be as lively as you can (whispering)—I am a Chicago bank director."

"Now, that remark your sense displays; I'll row you over, sonny; not so much for your whimsical ways as for your bag of money." With the boat gets many a shock, and each calls forth inventive—there now appear on the ferry dock two men and a detective. "Come back, come back," they cry in grief, in accents sweet as honey, "and we'll forgive that flying thief. Our money oh! our money! But look! he lands on yonder shore; there was nothing to prevent him; and they shall see him never more though they always will lament him."

WILBORS' COMPOUND OF PURE COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME. The advantage of this compound over the plain oil is, that the nauseating taste of the Oil is entirely removed, and the whole rendered entirely palatable. The offensive taste of the Oil has long acted as a great objection to its use; but in this form the trouble is entirely obviated. A host of certificates might be given here to testify to the excellence and success of "Wilbors' Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," but the fact, that it is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty is sufficient. For sale by A. B. Wilbors, Chemist, Boston, and by all druggists.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The next Papal Consistory is fixed for Whit-sundae.

The Countess of Ravensworth has become a Catholic.

A new Catholic church is to be erected on Ida hill, Troy.

Bishop Grace of St. Paul, Minn., is making arrangements to build a diocesan seminary.

The subscription list for Joan of Arc memorial windows in Orleans Cathedral amounts 117,504 francs, or £4,700.

The Gregorian will be the music rendered at the opening of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York city, in May next.

It is said that owing to the fact that white Protestants in Virginia shun the negroes, the latter, in large numbers, are becoming Catholics.

A grand reception was given recently in Philadelphia, Pa., for the benefit of the Little Sisters of the Poor, which netted the handsome sum of \$9,108.62.

At a mission held recently at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, by the Jesuit Fathers, First Lieutenant Fred. L. Dodge, of the Twenty-third, made formal profession of the Catholic faith, and was received into the Church.

During a terrific storm on Sunday, Feb. 23, on Prince Edward's Island, the Catholic Church, Presbyterian Church, and the Catholic Church sheds at Summerside, were blown down. The snow in the railway cuttings is 10 to 16 feet deep.

The Very Rev. Cornelius Moynihan, one of the founders and directors of the New Orleans Morning Star, died on Feb. 11th. The deceased was born in Kanturk, County Cork. He was for thirty years pastor of St. Peter's, New Orleans, and had gained a wide reputation for solid thought and culture.

Reporters counted 10,662 persons in Philadelphia on a recent Sunday in twenty-five Protestant Churches, and 21,726 in four Catholic Churches. Of the Protestant congregations, 3,513 are classified as men, 5,176 as women, 1,973 as children. Of the Catholic attendance, 7,801 were men, 9,259 as women, 4,660 children.

The Catholic members of the British Parliament were to be found in different division lobbies on the Woman's Rights question. Among those who did battle for the ladies were A. M. Sullivan, Mr. Biggar, and Major Nolan; among those who took the less gallant side were Colonel Colthurst, Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Owen Lewis, and Mr. O'Donnell, who found himself, for a wonder, in a different lobby than Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Egbert A. Cleave, late Protestant minister, delivered a very interesting lecture on "Why I became a Catholic," to a large and attentive audience, last Sunday evening, in the Opera House, Columbus. Mr. Cleave has entered the lecture field with a love for the Catholic Church as ardent as his hatred for her had before been intense. He should feel encouraged, not by the number of his hearers, but because his words may set other minds to thinking on the "question of questions."

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE VATICAN.—A London correspondent says:—"Cardinal Manning has proposed to the Vatican a re-organization of his diocese and the establishment of a new bishopric and new parishes. It is ascribed to the Cardinal's influence that the Pope in his recent allocution has invited Catholic journalists to urge the reestablishment of the temporal power of the Papacy. Speaking of Cardinal Manning, I may as well state that the news published by some Italian journals that he is intrusted with a mission by Lord Beaconsfield is unfounded."

Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris thus apostrophizes that city in his Lenten pastoral:—"O, Paris, admirable by the wonders of science, industry and art; great city to which flock all the peoples the universe; so rich in the gifts of God; so wealthy in the traditions of faith, and yet sometimes overclouded when thou forgettest Christ and His Church; wilt thou hear with docility the teachings of the Gospel which thou hast received from the Pontiffs—divine teachings which not only give the promise of eternal life, but guarantee social order for the whole of France, of which Paris should be the head and heart?"

Leo XIII. has been cited to appear before a Court of Canton Soleure. A fervent Catholic of the canton who died a short time ago left by his will certain bequests to the Emperors of Austria and Brazil, and appointed the Pope his residuary legatee. This will is contested by the heirs-at-law, on the ground that when he made it the testator was not in his right mind. The two Emperors who were made parties to the suit have renounced their claims under the implicated instrument, but the Pope not having returned any answer to inquiries which have been addressed to him in the matter, has been summoned to appear before the cantonal tribunal and show cause why the decree prayed for by the heirs-at-law should not be granted.

THE PETER'S PENNE FUND.—The *Crusader*, we are rejoiced to see, is entering now upon an entirely new enterprise. And we are all the more gratified to note the fact because its new purpose is in every way compatible with the one that the organ of the League of St. Sebastian was originally called into existence to advocate. It proposes henceforth to couple with its strenuous championship of the restoration of the temporal power the systematic gathering together, through its agency, of—literally—Peter's Pence. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII. has himself said of this fund, in words addressed by him to the late venerated Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup:—"It is a work of capital importance, without which there would be for the Holy See neither means of exercising its divine ministry." Remembering the dictum of the Holy Father, the *Crusader* has now organized a system for the gathering into the hands of the honorary secretary of the League of St. Sebastian, Mr. Wm. Vavasour, of weekly pennies, which are to be accumulated in all parts of the United Kingdom through local collectors, who will be provided with little tabulated books for entering the subscriptions, these books being distinguished by the familiar yellow color of the *Crusader*. We heartily wish success to a project which ought at once to command the cordial support of the Catholics of England. Remembering that the weekly penny of La Sainte Enfanee produces a yearly income of £240,000, and that the weekly penny of La Propagation de la Foi produces a yearly income of £100,000, we look forward hopefully to the result of this new enterprise on the part of the *Crusader*.—*Weekly Register*.

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said:—"Your honour is right and I am wrong, as your honour generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

IRISH NEWS.

Alderman Hugh O'Rourke of Dublin is dead.

Mr. Alfred O'Hea, for many years editor and part-proprietor of the *Connaught Telegraph*, is dead.

The Very Rev. Canon Bourke, M. R., T. M., P. P., has been presented with an illuminated address and 300 guineas.

A vessel just arrived at Queenstown reports having fallen in with a Liverpool ship, the "Catherine," bound from the West Coast of Africa to Queenstown with palm oil, with only one man alive on board, the rest having died of yellow fever.

The traffic receipts of the railways of the United Kingdom for the year ending March 7, upon a mileage of 15,612, amount to £1,018,826, being equal to £64.58 per mile. In Ireland the Great Southern and Western shows a decrease of £2,049, and the Midland Great Western of £1,428.

A Government reward of £100 has been offered for the discovery of the person or persons who, on the 18th ult., attempted to upset a train on the Great Southern and Western Railway by placing a sleeper and a twenty-four foot rail across the rails at Tinvoher, between Templemore and Thurles.

Pursuant to notice, the two extensive cotton factories of Messrs. Whitworth, Westgate, and Greenhills, Drogheda, have ceased work. The losing of these lives of industry leaves upwards of twelve hundred hands unemployed. Already numbers of the disengaged have gone to England to look for work.

A large exodus of agricultural labourers has taken place at the North Wall for various districts in England. The men are in every case from the West of Ireland, and annually at this time of the year proceed across Channel for farm work, remaining there until the completion of the harvest in the early autumn.

An attempt has been made to burn a school-house in the neighbourhood of Clones. The school is a wooden structure erected on the property of Mr. Young, Gortinadress, county Cavan. It was the subject of considerable litigation at the last Clones Quarter Session, when the manager was sought to be ejected as having no title. Before the flames could be extinguished considerable damage was done.

Acting on private information and armed with a magistrate's warrant the police proceeded on Sunday evening last to the residence of John O'Hare, known as "Cathlin," at Lisduff, about three miles from Newry, on the Belfast road. Entering the house the party found an illicit still in full blast, about ten gallons of poteen, recently run off, several vats full of wort and potale, and a number of kegs, jars, &c.

The Earl of Roden's estate in the county of Louth and the town of Dundalk was offered for sale, on Friday the 7th inst., in the Landed Estates Court. In seven cases tenants bought their own holdings, the purchase money amounting to nearly £10,000. The entire sum realized by yesterday's sales amounted to nearly £40,000, but the sale of more than half the lots was postponed on account of the biddings, amounting to £87,340, being deemed insufficient. In nine other cases there were no biddings.

MR. BIGGAR AND THE IRISH PARTY.—The London correspondent *Cork Examiner* writes:—"Mr. Biggar is at present in strong disfavour with his party, in consequence of his recent speech at Bermondsey, in which he declared no Protestant could be a good Irishman, or ought to be trusted as one. Mr. Parnell has taken the statement as personal, and his resentment is shared by other non-Catholic Home Rulers, and approved of by all the Catholic members, save one. It is expected that Mr. Biggar will be requested to apologize, or else leave the party. He declares himself prepared to leave it, and appeals to the Irish people as the apostle of the policy of action."

The Right Rev. Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland, has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of the Diocese condemning the *Irish World*, published in New York, as being antagonistic to true Catholic principles; condemning labor unions for their secrecy; forbidding Catholic parents, under threats of excommunication, from sending their children to public schools where Catholic parochial schools are easy of access, and severely reprimanding the Hibernians for not allowing the priests to act as their spiritual advisers. The Bishop urges upon Catholics the necessity of subscribing to the Diocesan Catholic journal in preference to all others, and repeats his order to young Catholics not to marry outside of their religious faith.

INCREASE OF EMIGRATION.—The official return of the Registrar-General confirms the statements made recently by the Lord Lieutenant that there has been an increase in emigration during the past year. It amounts to only 401 persons, the total number of emigrants last year having been 43,826. The largest number—16,240—emigrated from the province of Ulster. Munster ranks next in the number of emigrants, 12,938; while Leinster sent out 7,371, and Connaught, 4,688. It is curious to observe that the proportion of the emigrants to the rest of the population was exactly the same in Leinster and Connaught—namely, 55 per 1,000. The whole flood of emigration from 1851 to 1878 composed no fewer than 2,627,443 persons of whom 32,338 were persons belonging to other countries, and the rest natives of Ireland. It appears that 68.5 per cent of the emigrants were between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five years. The percentage over that age was 14.5, and of children 17.5 per cent.

An agrarian outrage is reported from county Meath. Late on Wednesday night, or early on Thursday morning, last week, a labouring man named Nugent, who had been engaged driving some cattle off land, about which there was a dispute, was found murdered near the Hill of Down. The body of the deceased was found on the road-side, bearing the marks of two gunshot wounds, one of which pierced the heart, and the other had gone through the head. Death was instantaneous. Several arrests have been made. The village of Street, County Westmeath, and held employment as labourer, &c., under several very respectable gentlemen. Being service of a Mr. Copperwhite, who had taken possession of a farm from which the previous tenant had been evicted, said farm being the property of Mrs. Magan. Mr. Copperwhite, it seems, had further warned to give up the farm, and it further appears that at some time previous, but this fact did not reach the police till after the murder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The *Spectator* advocates an English Viceroy for South Africa. Here is an opening for Prince Leopold, Arthur Patrick being spoken of for Ireland.

"Roger" Castro, alias Tichborne, writes from his prison cell:—"Dear Onslow—You cannot cope with the machinations of a mighty government any more than I could. It is no longer *Vox populi vox Dei* in this country. *Vox Dizzi vox Dei* is the order of the day; therefore I must remain a victim."

Mr. C. S. Parnell, the Home Ruler, displays a lordly superiority over such weaker brethren as Messrs. Biggar, O'Donnell, O'Connor Power and A. M. Sullivan, and the only member of his own group whom he treats with respect is Mr. Mitchell Henry, the "Man for Galway," who is presumably the future chief of the party.

Some of the fashion writers say that the models of new dresses show a decidedfulness. Clinging dresses, it seems, are slowly but surely going out, and tied-back dresses are becoming things of the past. Many of the women drowned when the "Princess Alice" went down were so encumbered by their skirts that they could not help themselves when help was given them.

The colored men of Tennessee are to hold a convention in Nashville on Wednesday, April 2, to elect delegates to the National Convention to be held in the same city on Tuesday, May 6. The latter has been called "for the purpose of considering the present condition of the race, especially in the Southern States, and everything that pertains to their welfare and future prosperity as a people."

Now that the President of the French Republic is a civilian, the black dress coat reigns supreme. The height of courtesy and delicacy consists in avoiding uniform. There is, too, a great and grave question as to whether the white cravat ought not to give way to the black cravat. The old men prefer the latter and the young men the former. There are, therefore, two camps. In many of the crack clubs, however, the black cravat has been adopted exclusively for dinners.

It is stated as a peculiar fact that myopism, or near-sightedness, is exclusively an attendant of civilization, never being found among savages, and rarely among the peasantry of any country. Investigation shows that the region of the *macula lutea*, or "yellow spot," opposite the pupil of the eye, has the greatest receptive power, but is peculiarly liable to disease, and in myopic persons this part of the eye may become congested, resulting, perhaps in partial or even total blindness.

The thirteen Gloucester fishing vessels which are still missing, and which are supposed to have gone down in February's gales, carried 143 men, who leave 53 widows and 137 children. Subscriptions have already been started for the relief of these. The total tonnage of these vessels is 835.82; value, \$50,000; insurance, \$36,280. The two vessels which have returned were not exposed to the full force of the storm, and this causes the belief that their companions are lost.

English newspapers announce with considerable interest the discovery made by the Paris Acclimatization Society, that a Japanese wheat, planted in April or May, is ripe and ready for the harvest quite as early as European grown wheat, sown some five or six months earlier, and that the yield is equally large with that produced from any of the varieties of European wheat. If the same result can be obtained in other places, says the *Tokio Times*, the use of Japanese wheat, it is presumed, will become universal, though no explanation of the phenomenon is yet supplied.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.—One of the plumbing establishments of London took in a new journeyman the other day. The day after his arrival there was a burst in the water pipe of a house. He was told to go over and attend to it. Seeing the owner of the house in the shop, he went up to him and got the particulars of the break, and then he made ready his tools and started. Just as he was passing out of the door the proprietor saw him. "Where are you going?" he almost screamed. "The new man told him. 'Do you mean to tell me that you are going there to fix that pipe without examining it?' he gasped. 'Why, I am going to look at it when I get there,' said the new man. 'Merciful heaven!' ejaculated his employer, catching hold of the desk to support himself. 'Can it be possible that you would do a job at one visit? Don't you know your trade any better than that? Have you no pride in your business? Why, you'd ruin the entire community in less than a year.' And the speaker burst into tears. As soon as he grew calmer he explained to the new man that he should visit the house, make a thorough examination of the building, get the lie of the street, find the location of the nearest hydrant, go up on the roof of the house, and then return thoughtfully to the shop for his tools, keeping an accurate record of the time."

The Colored People of the South and the Church. Our Protestant contemporaries, who are occasionally so much exercised in mind over the attempts of the Romish Church to convert the blacks, now that they have become voters, might get a useful hint from the contrast which a correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* draws between the methods of the priests and the Protestant ministers. Writing from Richmond, Virginia, he states that the white population seem to be much disturbed by the interest which the negroes are beginning to take in Catholicity. The Catholics is thrown open to them every Sunday evening, and Bishop Keen, who preaches to them, addresses them as "dearly beloved brethren." On the other hand, although the ministers all do their utmost to stem the tide that is carrying the negroes toward, their utmost is not sufficient to bring them to the point of throwing open their own church doors to the despised race. One of the Baptist clergymen, the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., went down instead to the African Baptist church, and used all of his eloquence in the denunciation of Catholic doctrines and practices. Says the correspondent:—"But, though terribly in earnest he could not raise higher in his appeals to the blacks than to say 'men and women' to them. After hearing Dr. Hoge through, I asked an intelligent colored man what he thought of the sermon. His reply was, 'If Doctor Hoge is in earnest, why don't he open his church, invite us in and preach to us here? Before he can make an impression on us, he must go to the Catholic Church and learn the spirit of brotherly love.'"

"Last Sunday Bishop Keen said to the colored congregation of twelve hundred, who had come to hear him: 'There are distinctions in the business and in the social world, but there are no distinctions in the spiritual. A soul is a soul before God, whether it be a black or a white man's. God is no respecter of persons; the Christian Church cannot afford to be—The people who would not let

you learn to read before the war, are the ones that now try to accuse me of wanting to use you for political purposes. Now, my dearly beloved brethren, when I attempt to tell you how to vote, you need not come to hear me preach any more."

"The blacks have been so badly treated in the past that kind words and social recognition will do much to win them in the future, for success will not so much depend upon their matter as upon their manner—not so much upon their faith as upon the more potent and direct influence of their practice. In this the Catholics of the South have the inside track, for the prejudice of the Protestants seems in a fair way to let the negro go anywhere except to Heaven, if they have to go the same way."—*Catholic Review*.

The Aztecs' Skill. Many hundred years ago the Aztecs acquired wonderful skill in wading the waters of tropical birds into pictures. The art has been preserved, for the Custom House officers at New Orleans have seized a lot of the curiosities, fresh from a coast town. Some of the pictures, now in the hands of the officers, are upon small cards, representing tiny birds; the background, the stem or twig upon which the birds rests, and the bill and claws of the bird are painted in colors; but the rest of the picture is made of beautiful feathers, prettily woven.

Fear of Famine in Russia. A famine next year in Russia is predicted by Russian journals. Last year about one-third of the crop was destroyed by beetles and marmots, so that the seed has been deficient; and the cattle plague took off nearly ninety per cent. of the cattle in many places. To these things must be added the extraordinary drought of the past half year. Then in Russia there are too many holidays (about one hundred in the year); drunkenness also is a widespread vice, whose wastefulness is greatly felt. Most of the land in Russia is under mortgage to bankers, the proprietors are hardly able to pay their interests and the arrears are everywhere about twenty per cent. The grain, which is the chief article of export, and which furnishes taxes and all supplies, is devoured by parasites while growing, after being gathered, and on railroads.

Loyal Sons of America. New York, March 26.—The Loyal Sons of America will hold a celebration at Medusa, N. Y., on the Fourth of July. There are to be encampment athletic sports and masquerade parades of a patriotic and historic nature. Boston, Brooklyn and New York will furnish most of the Sons. The Society was organized in 1871, in this State, by eight schoolboys, averaging fourteen years of age. At present every State is represented in its juvenile councils. There are wigwags in every city, and in many towns. They have an elaborate system of grips and signals, and perfect discipline. Candidates for initiation must be young men of American birth, of irreproachable character and not less than sixteen nor more than twenty-five years old. In this city meetings are held on the first and third Tuesday of each month, and now the Society has an aggregate membership of ten thousand boys. Its objects are fraternal and patriotic.

The Loyalty Question. The *Globe's* ideas about loyalty, like Mr. Brown's ideas about liberalism, are peculiar. It seems to think that it is the duty of the Canadians to sacrifice not only their prosperity but their commercial existence for the benefit of the British manufacturers. Canada has never been backward in showing her loyalty to the Motherland and her love for the Queen. The welcome awarded the Princess Louise afforded evidence of the one, and the offer of Canadian troops for foreign service gave proof of the other—if evidence or proof were wanting to demonstrate that which everybody knows to be so. But this is not enough. According to the *Globe*, the people of Canada cannot be loyal to Great Britain unless they buy English cottons, wear English woollens and use English iron; and they cannot respect the Queen unless they respect her man servant, her maid servant, her ox and her ass.

The Liquor Question. Missouri has sixteen counties in which there is not a single liquor saloon. Wisconsin pays over \$19,000,000 per annum for liquors, \$2,500,230 for schools.

At the recent special election in Newton, Iowa, to decide the question of license or no license, ordered by the council, the vote stood 172 for license and 319 against. The women of the city, feeling an interest, also resolved to vote in boxes of their own in all the wards. The following is the result of the women's vote:—For license, 1; against liquor, 394.

A Wisconsin father and son went together to a bar-room, there drank together, and together in a wagon started home. While on the way a quarrel arose, in which the father stabbed his son, threw him out of the wagon and left him to breathe out his life in blood, while he drove on home. Next will be the suicide of the remorseful and tormented father in the poor house or asylum; and all from a liquor store licensed for the public good by a Christian nation that undertakes to teach heathen countries the principles of Christianity and moral obligation. "Physician heal thyself."

Very Poor Running. New York, March 24.—The twenty-mile running race announced for last evening at Gilmore's Garden, and to which some interest attached, as Simpson, Rowell's trainer, had entered, as well as some local and Canadian runners, proved a poor affair, both on account of lack of proper arrangement and the slow time made by the contestants.

The entries included John Baine and Dominique Verrault, of Canada; Joseph H. Owens, of Virginia; Henry Naylor, of New York; McNulty, of New York; and Norman Taylor, of Vermont. The management of the affair was miserable. No scores had been provided, no programmes were furnished, and altogether the affair was not a brilliant success.

The story is easily told. Simpson ran prettily, and most of the way followed close on the heels of Norman Taylor; Verrault had meanwhile dropped out as he was completing two miles; Naylor stopped at seven miles; Baine gave out, exhausted or sick, at eight miles; McNulty withdrew at eight and a half miles, Owens being far in the rear, as Simpson had finished the ten miles and his part in the race. Taylor went on to win the twenty-mile purse, and Owens, after gradually drifting further and further to the rear, stopped at fifteen miles, leaving Taylor to go on by himself, as he did, and finished, the richer by \$250, in 2h. 9m. 58s.

About a thousand to fifteen hundred people were present, among whom were Rowell, Atkinson and others of the party identified with Rowell's late success.

Sunbeams.—Dr. Von Dollinger, the celebrated leader of the old Catholics, has reached his eightieth birthday.

—The Emperor of Germany has commissioned the artist Leubach to paint a portrait of Prince Bismarck, which will be placed in the Berlin National Gallery. Prince Bismarck has already given his first sitting at Friedrichsruh.

—A small boy in Belfast, Me., whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per cent., came home one day recently with his standing reduced to 98. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother. "Been doing," replied the young hopeful, "been doing just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me this time."

—The official list of the cardinals to be created at the next Consistory is as follows: Dr. Hergenwanger of Wurzburg, Dr. Newman of England, Mgr. Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse; Mgr. Fie of Poitiers, Mgr. Meglia, Papal Nuncio in Paris; Mgr. Sanguigni, Papal Nuncio at Lisbon, and a few Italian prelates. It is believed that through the appointment of the Chaldean Patriarch the questions of the relations between the Vatican and Turkey will be settled.

Fashions. Snake bracelets coiled about the arms are stylish. Black velvet neck-bands with silver embroidery are stylish. Panned sides to dresses are very fashionable, and very effective. Colored silk handkerchiefs are made into bows to trim house dresses. Chinese blue and Chinese greens are found among the new colors. Jet laces and gimps will be more used than for several years past. The last dinner cards are in the shape of a horseshoe handsomely decorated. Handsome sashes are painted on the ends, instead of embroidered, as formerly. Leather belts are worn with Spanish buckles of iron, inlaid with gold and silver. Jeanne d'Arc corsets and paniers are coming in vogue for street wear. Fashionable Breton lace is simply old with fashioned net with figures darned on it. Reception dresses of cashmere are trimmed with silk and imported embroideries. Toilet slippers as well as dress boots are trimmed with sprays of artificial flowers. Black cambrics, with bouquets over them of small flowers, will be much worn this spring. The Psyche coiffure is in the highest favor at present as showing the shape of the head. Breakfast caps are made of cambric, with embroidered edges, and are finished off with satin bows. It appears to be fashionable, at morning lectures for ladies to work at crochet and embroidery. White cashmere, embroidered and plain, is much used in combination with faille for evening dresses. Green leaves sown with crystal beads and woven into garlands are worn for wreaths by French blondes. Pockets of light straws are the newest dinner favours. These are to be filled with roses, lilies and violets. Garnet, with all the kindred red of Bordenax, ruby, maroon, cardinal and nacarat is immensely popular. Among the novelties are found side satchels of Duchess and Brussels point, lined with colored silk, satin or velvet.

An Important Insurance Case. (New York Sun.) A man in St. Paul took out a life insurance policy for \$5,000, one of the printed conditions being that the company need pay nothing if he committed suicide. He became insane and killed himself. His widow sued for the \$5,000 on the ground that, being driven to self-slaughter by insanity, a disease, does not constitute a violation of the suicide clause, which can be applied to criminal destruction only. The Minnesota Supreme Court decides for the widow.

Following the Good Example of Monreul. THE FANCHON FOLLIES.—The Ottawa Free Press says: "The agent of the Fanchon Folly Company visited Ottawa yesterday with a view to procuring some place—other than the Opera House—in which to exhibit. Finding public opinion dead set against the Fanchons, and in entire unison with that which prompted the Montreal Council, he took his departure vowing vengeance against all and sundry who had conspired to prevent their performing in the city." We understand that the agent also visited Kingston a few days ago, but got no satisfaction.

Youthful Elopements. A boy of 13 and a girl of 11 ran away together from South Frammingham, Mass., to Lowell. Their escapade was telegraphed to the Lowell police as an elopement, and they were arrested; but the little fellow indignantly repelled any aspersion on his companion, and proved that he had taken her from her home, where she was discontented, to find her a better one. A slightly older pair, aged 17 and 14, really did elope from Cleveland, and were overtaken by the boy's mother and the girl's father. The girl behaved sentimentally, throwing herself on her lover's bosom and declaring that her entwining arms, but not her heart, might be wrenched from him. The boy, however, on feeling the grip of his mother's hand on his shoulder, said, "I guess you'd better go home with 'em, Jennie."

Great Cry—Little Wool. (Irish Canadian.) The Cobourg Sentinel has the following: "The Irish Canadian gives a list of Irish Catholics in the field for the Local; three Conservatives and one Grit so far. The fact is the Conservative party is the only party in the country willing to do justice to every creed and kind."

Like too many other journals, our respected contemporary, the Cobourg Sentinel, is a good deal of a slave to party. Will that journal say on reconsideration that three Catholic candidates, where the proportion of Catholic candidates on the basis of numbers ought to be fourteen, that two Irish Catholic candidates where the proportion on the basis of population ought to be ten, is a proof of Tory justice to every creed and race? "True," the Tories are so much less under the government of religious animosities than the Grits that they will support Catholic nominees at the polls with loyalty; but to give nominations to Catholics is, whether to the Tories or to the Grits, almost as acceptable as the drawing of their eye-teeth.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. By M. C. MULLIN & CO., Proprietors. Terms (by Mail) \$1.50 per Annum in advance City (Delivered) \$2.00

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Archbishop Bede Vaughan.

The conclusion of Archbishop Vaughan's sermon will appear in next week's TRUE WITNESS.

The U. F. Club.

No doubt the Reform papers are right when they say that the title of the United Empire Club of Toronto has become a misnomer. The club was established as an offset to the "Canada First" party, and the record of its career was "Empire First."

The Tariff.

The papers are full of the Tariff. The Reformers abuse everybody and everything that favours the new Tariff, while the Conservatives are equally ready to return the compliments. On the question of the Tariff itself the Conservatives have the arguments all their own way.

Divorce.

A rich man can get a legal divorce in Canada a poor man cannot. If a man has money enough to employ lawyers and to drag a divorce case on for years, he will ultimately find his petition lodged before the Senate, and if his case is good, he can obtain the desired divorce.

Judge and Jury.

In the Court of Queen's Bench yesterday, before Chief Justice Dorian, a man was tried for stealing some hay. After the case was heard, the jury retired and returned with a verdict of "guilty of receiving" the stolen property.

Competitive Examination.

The opponents of competitive examination have found a hero, and they are making the most of him. Bromhead, the Lieut of Artillery who was at Rorke's Drift, was some time ago plucked in his examination for captain.

found in any soldier's knapsack; but competitive examinations give us the guarantee of the keenest intelligence, the readiest wit and the most fertile brains, and with such a foundation it ought not to be hard to produce the best of men, take them all in all.

We have frequently drawn attention to the desirability of cutting down the salaries of the officials who surround the Parliament buildings in Ottawa. It is surely anomalous that Canada should, in these hard times, pay its officials as much as it did when the country was prosperous and money abundant.

"The Beauties" of Protection.

With Redpath's Sugar Refinery preparing to open; the Hudson Cotton Mills making arrangements to extend its business; the Glass Works on the Workman and Delisle Farm about to commence on a more extended scale; the Williams Sewing Machine Company enlarging their premises; the Silk Manufacturing Company fitting up new buildings in order to enable them to extend their business; and other rumored enterprises on the eve of starting and a general feeling of buoyancy about business, we are still haunted about the "beauties" of Protection.

The Coming Elections in Ontario.

The Toronto Telegram is likely to drive all the Irish Catholics of Ontario into the arms of the Reformers. It will not let the Archbishop alone. Day after day it insinuates that Archbishop Lynch does as he likes with the Local Reform Government, and whether it means it or not, this is just the kind of argument that is likely to make the Catholics of Ontario vote the Reform ticket to a man.

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an authority which no judge can doubt, we find the judge is dissatisfied with the verdict he may direct that it may be reconsidered, and their subsequent verdict will stand as the true one. If, however, the jury insist on having the first recorded, it must be recorded. But if it be a verdict of guilty and contrary to the evidence, it will be set aside and a new trial granted in the Queen's Bench.

Here we see nothing about sending a jury back a third and a fourth time, but the judge may direct it (the first verdict) to be reconsidered, or, if the verdict is guilty and contrary to the evidence, he may order a new trial. This goes on the well known principle of English law, which gives the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

The Glendon Papers.

Mr. Donville said he asked the indulgence of the House to read the papers in reference to the Glendon, which he held in his hand. It would be as well to give them to the country then. Sir A. J. Smith—Are you the First Minister? Mr. Donville—I will be the First Minister before you will.

Education.

The question of religious education in schools may be regarded as one of the great questions of the Christian world. Europe and America and a part of Oceania are divided into hostile camps, some contending for and others against religious instruction. Catholics to a man are in favor of having the education of their children permeated with a spirit of Christian truth, and they unanimously resist the attempts to secularize education.

The "Bully" Anglin.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal Gazette writing of the Hon. Mr. Anglin says, that the late speaker "backed up" Sir Albert Smith "in his most bullying manner." In other words, the Hon. Mr. Anglin made a telling hit in last night's debate, and when a political opponent hurts his enemy he is a "bully" or an "adventurer" or some other hard citizen who deserves to have every man's hand against him.

Quebec Affairs.

If it be true that the Hon. Mr. Letellier is dismissed, what then? The Government will have punished one mistake by committing another, that's all! The Conservative party will force the country to believe that they intend to ride rough-shod over everybody and everything; and that is not a wholesome lesson to teach people accustomed to constitutional rule.

The Northwest.

The Commissioner of the Mounted Police, in his report to the Secretary of State, justifies our often expressed anxiety about the future of our relations with the Indians in our Northwest Territory.

succeed. Meanwhile, a Lieutenant-Governor who was highly charged, with honour would not leave it in the power of the Government to dismiss him, but he would have appealed to the Province for his verdict. In that case, no doubt, the agitation would have been settled to the satisfaction of all. But if he chooses to be turned out rather than appeal to the people, some sensitive men may say—serve him right.

Personalities in the House of Commons.

No one can read the petty personalities used from time to time in the House of Commons without regretting that our M. P.'s do not, in all cases, rise above individual spleen. The country does not send men to Ottawa to fritter away their time in noxious flattery.

Good Work.

Montreal has set a good example by opposing a certain class of public exhibitions, and it is now for the authorities to continue in the same line. If immoral plays will no longer be allowed to disgrace our city, why should immoral or vicious literature be allowed to poison the mind, or illegal grogeries to gather around so much of vice and destitution? If the City Fathers are charged with guarding the morality of the people, then why not enter upon an effectual campaign against all the shades of demoralization and crime?

The Lieut-Governor.

The Quebec Chronicle authoritatively tells the public that there is no foundation for the rumour that the Lieut-Governor of this Province intends to dissolve the Legislature. Accepting this statement as true, we are forced to the conclusion that the Lieut-Governor is determined to hold his office against all odds. As a Party man this policy, on the part of the Lieut-Governor, is easily understood, and as there is no honour in politics, we are not at all surprised at his determination to hold on as long as he can.

St. Patrick's Day at St. Laurent College.

DEAR SIR—Among the many feasts and holidays, both Canadian and American, observed in our College time, none is hailed with greater eagerness than that of Ireland's Patron and Apostle, the glorious St. Patrick. The English-speaking students vied with one another in celebrating the day in a manner becoming them as descendants of the grand old Celtic blood.

St. Patrick's Academy, Quebec.

The first examination of St. Patrick's Commercial and Scientific Academy, Quebec, took place on the 28th instant, under the direct supervision of the Rev. Father Henning. Among other present were Father Sexton, Messrs. Alderman Henchey, Councilor McLaughlin, F. Carbury, W. M. McDonald, J. Shea, James Smith, O'Gorman, Mullins, Doran, and a number of gentlemen and ladies friends, and the parents of the pupils.

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far better, if possible, to overawe the Indians than to fight them, and it would be much cheaper to prevent an outbreak than to suppress it. The experience of all petty wars is that the greatest danger lurks in giving the enemy time to end to trouble, when a small force may be hammering away for years before peace is secured. If war is "imminent" as the Commissioner says; then it is time to be up and doing. But we cannot get it into our heads that there is much danger after all. Canada has enjoyed so much immunity from Indian wars that it is difficult to believe that we are on the eve of one now.

The Board of Arts.

The School of Art and Design, in connection with the School of Arts and Manufactures in the Province of Quebec, has just published an interesting and instructive report of its doings. It appears that during the year 1878 pupils have attended the night schools connected with the institution, which are now scattered over the Province, in Montreal and Quebec, and at Sherbrooke, Sorel, St. Hyacinthe, Huntingdon, Hochelaga, and St. Henri. The lectures are free, and the object is, not to make artists, but to familiarize working men with drawing, by which the promoters hope to cultivate a higher standard of mechanical labor, and a more esthetic execution of works of art.

"Wait a Little Longer."

Sir John A. Macdonald is, in his little way, a marvelous man. He played "trick-of-the-loop" with the Irish Catholics, but yet there are a few very few, Irish Catholics who believe in him. To the political butterflies who surround him, he is the polished "Sir John A.," the man who never gives a favour, and the man who never gives one. We clamour for representation in the Cabinet, but Sir John A. assures the people that representation is coming, only "wait a little longer." Time flies, and the Session is going over, and Irish Catholics are becoming impatient, when luckily for "Sir John A." St. Patrick's Day comes, the House is adjourned, the wily politician attends a meeting and smiles deceptively at the people, and his dupes acquiesce, and he rubs his hands and says "that will induce them to wait a little longer." Like father like child—the same policy of waiting may be attempted again in the Province of Quebec. Here too, we think, that the Irish Catholics should have a representative in the Cabinet. We lean towards the Conservatives, but we think that the Conservatives should be more just towards us, and it will be the duty of the Irish Catholics to find out what the Conservatives mean to do before they pledge to support them. If one or other promise us a representative it will be our duty to stand by our friends; if both or neither promise to be our friend then it will be time enough to decide what is to be done. But we are tired of being told by all parties that we must "wait a little longer" for concessions to which we are entitled, and for rights which our numbers and our influence entitles us to.

CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Patrick's Day at St. Laurent College.

DEAR SIR—Among the many feasts and holidays, both Canadian and American, observed in our College time, none is hailed with greater eagerness than that of Ireland's Patron and Apostle, the glorious St. Patrick. The English-speaking students vied with one another in celebrating the day in a manner becoming them as descendants of the grand old Celtic blood. I could not but admire the St. Patrick's Literary Association, as they marched down the middle aisle of the chapel and approached the holy table to receive from the hands of our beloved prefect the body of Jesus Christ. During the Mass many Irish airs were rendered on the organ by Professor Vign and the "Hail Glorious Apostle" was sung by the students. At 8 o'clock we were again summoned to the Chapel to assist at a solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. M. A. McGarry, with Revs. J. C. Carrier and J. P. Manion as deacon and sub-deacon. A eulogy on the great Saint was delivered by the Rev. celebrant. After the services were concluded the Literary Association took themselves to their meeting room, and there passed the time singing, dancing, &c., until 2 o'clock, when they repaired to a spacious dining hall to partake of a splendid banquet. Suffice it to say that justice was done to the many turkeys and delicacies placed on the tables, as all appetites were slacked by a long fast. The President, Mr. C. P. Hurley, introduced the toast master, Mr. Wm. O'Donnell, who proposed each toast by a neat little speech. Responses were made by several of the invited guests, among whom were Fathers Meahan, Carrier, McGarry; Messrs. Mannion, White, Stein, Boyd, Russell, Madore and Rieley. In the evening was represented on the stage an Irish drama entitled "Pike O'Callahan." The different roles were creditably performed by all who took part, but special mention is due to Messrs. Campbell, Martin, Barron, O'Donnell, McGinley, and Renney. I must not forget the Masters George and Augustus Tunstall, who had but very little to say, still to boys so young as they are much credit should be given. The pangerist of the evening was the president of the society. This, Mr. Editor, is but a rough outline of the day's proceedings. Only I am a small boy and in a low class I would enter into more details, and present you with a more elegant report. RICHARD CULLEN.

Sir John A. Macdonald.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST. Sir—In perusing the columns of the Irish Canadian of the 28th, I noticed conspicuous among the literary notes, a letter from Kingston, signed "Catholic Conservative," paying a tribute to Sir John for his polished liberality to the Irish Catholics of Kingston, since his reinstatement. He speaks of the appointments made to Mr. Sharkey, Military College; Mr. McBride, Post Office; Mr. McCarthy, Portsmouth Post Office, and J. Collins, Letter-carrier. By the way, he forgot to mention the late office John O'Brien has just received, "Government carter." Now, since he has lauded Sir John's liberality will "C. C." please tell me if Sir John has not long before this owed this "debt" to the Irish Catholics, and if it is but small interest for the debt he owes them. Will "C. C." please tell me if all the appointments and salaries he has just mentioned will amount to a decent salary? Will "C. C." tell me why Sir John is so dilatory and reluctant in giving the long anticipated position to Dr. Sullivan? Surely, in justice, Sir John knows he owes the Doctor a position for the laborious way in which he canvassed at the last and similar campaigns for the Chief-stain. There are lots of more vacancies to be filled by which Sir John's liberality can be tested—such as Postmaster, Surgeon in the Asylum, etc.—It will not satisfy Catholics that Sir John is their friend, by giving them the lowest paltry jobs in the city. He must likewise remember that Catholics are just as much entitled to high offices as low ones. "Catholic Conservative's" letter will not convince me or any other Catholic that Sir John is a friend. In giving John O'Brien the contract for carting military stores he did not break his heart, for the carting is the lowest contract that can be given. As far as the letter carrying is concerned, it amounts to nothing—what is \$300 per annum? So far as Mr. Carter's situation is concerned, what is \$60 per annum? "Catholic Conservative's" letter has no effect at all towards making Catholics love Sir John who has sold them hundreds of times. At any rate, Sir John was never known to give a decent situation to a Catholic; so that there was no necessity for "Catholic Conservative" delivering an eulogium on Sir John. Possibly "Catholic Conservative" has a position from Sir John, or anticipates one; if so, I don't blame him to blow off his steam. But I recommend him to put on leather spectacles to see through affairs before rushing to have his flashing thoughts glittering in papers. Let Sir John show his liberality, and give one of our people the Postoffice; then, and only then, will I give in that Sir John tastes of liberality. If "Catholic Conservative" will show me any situation, given by Sir John to a Catholic, worth \$1,000 a year on the first year of office—if he shows me this, then I will coincide with the sentiments expressed by him in the Irish Canadian. Yours truly, AN INDEPENDENT CATHOLIC, Kingston, March 27, 1879.

St. Joseph's Society, Quebec.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST. DEAR SIR—At a meeting of the members of the above mentioned Society held in their hall on the evening of the 23rd inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. John Carby, President; R. Herd, 1st Vice-President; T. Fitzgerald, 2nd Vice-President; R. Farrell, Secretary; J. Kennedy, Treasurer. Committee of Council.—P. Bennett, M. Griffin, P. O'Hara, M. Brislow, P. Brown, J. Howlett, Grand Foot Marshal, D. Power, Grand Horse Marshal, M. Lynch.

By the way, he forgot to mention the late office John O'Brien has just received, "Government carter." Now, since he has lauded Sir John's liberality will "C. C." please tell me if Sir John has not long before this owed this "debt" to the Irish Catholics, and if it is but small interest for the debt he owes them. Will "C. C." please tell me if all the appointments and salaries he has just mentioned will amount to a decent salary? Will "C. C." tell me why Sir John is so dilatory and reluctant in giving the long anticipated position to Dr. Sullivan? Surely, in justice, Sir John knows he owes the Doctor a position for the laborious way in which he canvassed at the last and similar campaigns for the Chief-stain. There are lots of more vacancies to be filled by which Sir John's liberality can be tested—such as Postmaster, Surgeon in the Asylum, etc.—It will not satisfy Catholics that Sir John is their friend, by giving them the lowest paltry jobs in the city. He must likewise remember that Catholics are just as much entitled to high offices as low ones. "Catholic Conservative's" letter will not convince me or any other Catholic that Sir John is a friend. In giving John O'Brien the contract for carting military stores he did not break his heart, for the carting is the lowest contract that can be given. As far as the letter carrying is concerned, it amounts to nothing—what is \$300 per annum? So far as Mr. Carter's situation is concerned, what is \$60 per annum? "Catholic Conservative's" letter has no effect at all towards making Catholics love Sir John who has sold them hundreds of times. At any rate, Sir John was never known to give a decent situation to a Catholic; so that there was no necessity for "Catholic Conservative" delivering an eulogium on Sir John. Possibly "Catholic Conservative" has a position from Sir John, or anticipates one; if so, I don't blame him to blow off his steam. But I recommend him to put on leather spectacles to see through affairs before rushing to have his flashing thoughts glittering in papers. Let Sir John show his liberality, and give one of our people the Postoffice; then, and only then, will I give in that Sir John tastes of liberality. If "Catholic Conservative" will show me any situation, given by Sir John to a Catholic, worth \$1,000 a year on the first year of office—if he shows me this, then I will coincide with the sentiments expressed by him in the Irish Canadian. Yours truly, AN INDEPENDENT CATHOLIC, Kingston, March 27, 1879.

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NEVER FAIL TO KEEP A BOX OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges in the house, and when Johnny or Mary drops a little, or picks his or her nose or has a bad breath, give him or her one, or watch the result. If they have worms, or they will and must come; for the two do keep company together.

FOR INDIGESTION NOTHING IS BETTER THAN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Linctum. It brings up the wind from the stomach, removes the terrible balling which is experienced by the sufferers, and strengthens the stomach, without implanting an appetite for strong drinks.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind colic. It gives health to the child; it rests the mother.

MAKE A NOTE.—It is claimed by some that a full blooded Berkshire must have a few white hairs about his hoofs, white star in the forehead, and the tip of his tail white.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

Wegive the following extracts from the Rev. Mr. Roy's lecture on D'Arcy McGee, and, while we cannot hold ourselves responsible for all the Rev. Mr. Roy says, yet he says enough in favor of the Irish people to warrant us in expressing some pleasure at being able to give his views to the public.

It is not well for a young country to be too proud. The vigorous youth, conscious of his strength, needs to be reminded that all wisdom and all might are not concentrated in him. Canada, in the development of her national character, is never likely to become a braggar; she has too many things which must ever suggest the propriety of modesty.

Yet the disadvantages are outnumbered by the advantages. Her rugged climate is not all evil. The North is the house of strength. When Charles XII., of Sweden, threatened by a powerful combination of foes, with eight thousand men attacked an entrenched camp of eighty thousand, and took it, his soldiers came from a country far north as the upper part of Hudson's Bay; and he fought the battle in the end of November on a parallel that cuts the northern extremity of Labrador, and marks the northern limit of the growth of wheat in Europe.

But, prominent amongst her advantages is that of the great names which mould the character of her people. Names of gods and heroes embody ideals toward which nations either rise or sink. The name Apollo pictured to the imagination of the ancient Greek a form of beauty beyond the clouds of Olympus, and kindled on his brow an inspiring light, while the echoes of the vale of Tempe awoke to heavenly music, and the shapeless marble leaped into forms of loveliness.

Of our hallowed names, one that we must never allow to die is that of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. My duty to-night is somewhat difficult. A Christian minister, removed entirely by circumstances and tastes from all political connections, I have to deal with the character of a politician. A Canadian, I must judge some things from the standpoint of an Irishman. A Protestant, while remaining true to my convictions, and speaking with the frankness which becomes a freeman, I must do justice to a Roman Catholic. But the difficulty is diminished when I remember the character of him from whose life I am to draw the lessons of the evening.

The records of that life are meagre, and to men beyond our shores his name may recall little that is precious; but to us, in the boyhood of our young nation, there is, in the tale of his deeds, the inspiring "touch of a vanished hand," and the warning "sound of a voice that is still."

He came amongst us suspected, if not suspecting; but he conquered, by the love he learned to bear for us, the esteem of all to whom our country's name is dear: let us listen to his voice, and we may catch some lessons to help us in our country's progress.

First, then, he tells us the value of an educated mother. No one can deny the fact of McGee's literary taste. He wrote much, and he wrote well. His writings evince a very wide acquaintance with general literature. This knowledge dates its origin from a very early period in his life. It was due not merely to natural inclination, but to the bias given undesignedly by the influence of his mother. She was the daughter of a Dublin bookseller; and while she may never have had the advantages of more modern Ladies' Colleges, or Middle Class Examinations, she was, from all that we can learn, deserving of the title, an educated woman.

It is not, however, to the influence of educated women that McGee directs us, so much as to that of educated mothers. Whether we derive our talents from our fathers or from our mothers is a question not easily decided. The advocates of the fathers point, as proofs, to Macaulay, Burns, Hugh Miller and John Stewart Mill. The defenders of the mothers name Lord Brougham, Sir Walter Scott and the Duke of Wellington. D'Arcy McGee's father held a position in the Irish coast-guard service; what that father's intellectual powers were, history has concealed. Of his mother's abilities, however, there is no doubt. We may not be able to settle the question of hereditary influence; but that of the home circle and the daily life is certain. The mother creates an intellectual and religious climate which modifies the mental and spiritual health of her family. If her views are those of an uneducated or half-trained superstition, her

natural timidity, instead of being a safeguard, will become a hindrance to healthy progress. If, with her normally cautious and tenderly loving heart, there is combined a wide acquaintance with facts and a mind trained to group and classify them, and from them gather grand practical principles, her family will rejoice in one of the greatest blessings Heaven can bestow. Such a blessing cannot be given through what are commonly called "accomplishments." It is well that our daughters should be taught gracefully to ride, or bow, or if need be, in the presence of a queen or the daughter of a queen. It is well for them to acquire the skill of voice and hand that cheers our weary hours with the music which Coleridge considers—

"Sweet as the whispered breeze of evening That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples;" but such accomplishments are not education. 2nd. Again, the life of McGee teaches us what are the needs of his countrymen, and so, indirectly, some of the needs of our own. It is impossible to think of McGee apart from Ireland. Not only was it the land of his birth and his boyhood, but its history called out his talents and moulded his subsequent life. The graceful curve and the brilliant fire-drops of the rocket never merely flew the upward rush of noisy flame, they would not be but for that noisy rushing that necessarily accompanies what hastens and causes them; and in the causative linking of past and future in man's life, the end is wrapped up in the beginning. If we speak, therefore, of what McGee was to us, we must first notice what Ireland was to him.

That land would be interesting, if it were entirely foreign. Its geographical position renders its climate milder than that of the sister island. Its annual rain-fall exceeds that of England. Its history is full of romance. No Cesar or Tacitus, it is true, has rolled away the mists of her early days, when white-robed Druids cut, with golden knife, the sacred mistletoe, and wove upon their breasts, as a talisman, the poisonous "serpent's egg." Yet we know that Dane and Norman and Welsh have invaded her shores, baptizing her with that baptism of blood which has so often been the source of greatness to other lands. Her ancient language, written in weird characters, still presents to the antiquarian treatise on law, medicine and history, fiction, poetry and proverbs, as well as translations from the works of European scholars. Her early wealth must have been considerable; for more golden remnants of her ancient days are found in the British Museum than any other portion of northern Europe. She gave Iona her Columba. She taught the Anglo-Saxons letters. She converted the Helvetii to Christianity. She has furnished, in the annals of eloquence and war, names that will live in the grateful memory of the world. She has had a strange power to assimilate to herself her very conquerors. There are men in Ireland to-day whose names and physical features indicate their foreign origin, yet they are amongst the proudest sons of modern Erin. In 1367, the "Statute of Kilkenny" was passed, to prevent this assimilation; but it was in vain. Sternly she she fought for her ancient faiths. It was so when she was heathen: it is so now. The Patrick she now reveres so much had been in his grave for nearly a hundred years before the cause he sought to advance became fully established.

The same tenacity of faith is seen in the adherents of that form of Christianity which is adopted by three-fifths of the Irish people. The misguided attempts of former generations to convert the Irish to Protestantism by legislative enactment are the secret of most of the troubles she has both caused and suffered.

One historian, not D'Arcy McGee, who, if he said such a thing, might be considered prejudiced, says: "The insane attempt to force the religion, language and habits of England upon the Irish led to perpetual resistance and to repeated combinations with foreign powers; and this again led to a systematic devastation of life and property that would have disgraced even Oriental despotism." It is true, much of this was retaliation for similar proscriptions and cruelties and thefts on the part of the Roman Catholics themselves; but it was a poor recommendation of a religion which proclaimed itself a reform, when its advocates unblinking took bribes, when cast off mistresses were placed upon the Irish pension list, and when, to quote from Aubrey: "Nothing was considered to be too gross or too flagrant in order to obtain titles, emoluments and advantages." If a Roman Catholic tenant raised on his farm more than one-third beyond what was necessary to pay his rent, the first Protestant spy might sue him for the lease. If a Catholic owned a horse worth more than five pounds, any Protestant might take it away. Shall I tell you how more than 1,400,000 acres of land, comprising a territory larger than Prince Edward's Island, were, prior to 1641, taken from the Irish, and given to Englishmen, and to such Irish as assisted them, till the Catholics did not own one-sixth of what their grandfathers had possessed? Need I say that a terrible slaughter of Protestants was the result? Shall I tell you of the 40,000 Irish who were driven to seek in Spain a shelter denied them at home? Shall I state how Protestants, violating an article in the Treaty of Limerick, adopted such a theological oath as drove Catholic peers and commoners from the Irish parliament? Was not an act passed to fine Catholics for not attending Protestant places of worship, to prevent Catholics from becoming, without license, tutors in families, to deprive them of the means of educating their children at home or abroad, or of being guardians of their own children or those of others, to banish their prelates and priests, and hang them if they returned? I know that the Roman Catholics practised cruelty too; for I have spoken with a woman who watched at the distance of two miles the burning of the Scullabogue barn, and knew that her first husband was in the flames; but, on the other hand, the English hunted the peasantry like wild beasts, and gave up the homes of whole districts to the unrestrained license of a brutal soldiery. Much of what I have now said I have gathered from the writings of D'Arcy McGee himself; but some of the darker shades have been taken from accounts written by the pens of Englishmen; and I am sure I need not enlarge on deeds that wrung from Swift his terrible utterances of pity and indignation,—deeds that, in the opinion of Lord Clarendon, subjected poor Ireland to sufferings "never surpassed but by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus,"—deeds against which Protestant bishops protested, and which Hallam believes were little less repugnant to justice than would have been the extermination of the Catholics by the sword.

If these things happened in a foreign land, Algiers or Cuba or Bulgaria, they would arouse in us a wide-spread sympathy and indignation; and they may explain,—and the knowledge of them is needed to explain,—even if they do not excuse, much that took place in the early life of McGee. But to us, Ireland is not a foreign land. I do not know what amount of respect to pay to a census that stamps as Scotch or Irish or English a child whose genealogy can be traced through three generations of Canadians, as the last Canadian census does; but, such as it is, we gather from it that nearly as many of our population came

from Ireland as from Scotland and England put together. No part of the British empire can safely be indifferent to any other part. The healthfulness of each division is linked up with the welfare of every other; and Canada, for her own sake, cannot be careless about Ireland. We, too, are bound, like Ireland, to the larger island. We, too, have the grand division of religious belief which marks Ireland; and the lessons appropriate to the one are not less so to the other. It becomes us to ask:—"What does Ireland need, to make her people happy and prosperous?"

To this question, the course of D'Arcy McGee presents an answer. He tells us that Ireland need not cease to be British. The best, the noblest, the brightest, the most useful days of McGee were when he lived, for the third and last time, under the British flag. His countrymen are safer and freer under that flag than they could be elsewhere, now that England knows and regrets the faults of a former day. The time for petty nations is passing away, and Ireland could not long stand alone.

3rd. Again, D'Arcy McGee is an illustration of the early follies of greatness. The fame of some men rises like the moon at its fullness, round and glowing, and moves along the starlit sky, or away behind the rifted clouds, onward to its setting. The lives of others at first resemble the wayward flashing of the Aurora. Now, it darts with silent swiftness where you least expected it, and dies where you watched its streams fitting. Now, grown steady after its waywardness, it spreads the heavens with an enduring glow of roseate hue. Its ruddy pendants hang from a crown far up in the zenith; and in the centre there shines, perhaps, a single star. Amongst the latter class may be placed that Swedish King, Charles XII., with the fame of whose deeds the world once rang. In his early life, he seemed given to folly. What seemed sports and amusements gave foundation to the report that he was on the dark side of the line that separates great wits from madness; but the world knew not that his sports were only his means of training, until it rashly opened the casket that contained the genius, when it started back affrighted at the massive form it had unwittingly released.

McGee's early life may be regarded as foolish or heroic, according to our standpoint. Judged from the standpoint of motive, it was noble: from that of a calm observer of the relation of means to ends, it will, I fear, be assigned to that exuberance of spirit which needs the softening effects of age to tame it into wisdom.

He was born at Carlingford, in the County of Louth, on the 13th of April, 1825. At eight years of age, he moved, with his parents, James McGee and her who had been Dorcas Morgan, to Wexford, "up in the South." There he lost his mother. There he supplemented his school training by the study of history, unconsciously fitting himself for a statesman's post. He added to history poetry; and he gradually developed into a poet himself. From Wexford, at the age of seventeen, he started for America, and found himself, a precocious boy, without experience or matured judgment, in the city of Giles. Emerson, Bronson, Channing, Bancroft, Prescott, Longfellow, Lovell, and Holmes, addressing a crowd on the 4th of July, on a subject that was sufficient to puzzle the heads of matured statesmen,—the repeal of the Irish union with England. He became an editor. He lectured. He recrossed the Atlantic. He "fired the national heart." With Duffy, Davis, Mitchell and Rielly, he edited the Nation, the organ of the "War Party." Men of rare gifts were they all; but they differed from the wiser counsels of O'Connell, and fell into troublous times. McGee married and went to stir up strife in Scotland. A reward was offered for his apprehension. He fled from his home and his young wife in the disguise of a priest. Maddened by defeat, and rejecting the prudent advice of such men as Bishop Hughes, he wrote wildly and madly against England.

When he, in one of his poems, dedicates the remainder of his days to the destruction of England, the difficulty of the task suggests the wildness of his hate and the folly of his ambition. He was, however, but twenty-eight years of age when a change took place in his whole spirit, and the altered purpose indicates the wisdom that lay beneath the violence of his youthful passions. Appropriate to this change is the poem entitled "The Celt's Consolation."

If our island lies prostrate, why should we despair? What race, for resistance, with ours can compare? Some wiser, some richer, are found in the world, But their souls are as red as the flag they unfurl!

With swords by their sides, some harnessed to shame, But the breeze of success cannot hide their black name. Nor the diamonded bow shield the guilty abhorred. When their pride topples down in the breath of the Lord.

O'er the waters of Time, in the chronicle's bark, As we sail by the Ages, some brilliant, some dark, We behold how the empire of blood is overthrown And we see its black bastions all round us be-torn.

If we may not be free, let us try to be frank, Let us fight life's long battle with well-ordered rank. If we may not be great, let us try to be good, And long for no laurels besprinkled with blood!

In one of the public buildings of a Canadian city, a statuette of McGee stood, some years ago, beside a bust of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. The contrast was great. The former Canadian rebel appears to have been a man of immense force, but the former Irish one exhibits a noble grandeur not found in Mackenzie. Notwithstanding the appearance of power in the head of the latter, the features indicate the presence of qualities we group under the name "littleness." Nothing could better show the superiority of McGee to all littleness than the generous sentiment pervading the final stanza of the poem just quoted. Nature had made him great. His head was large, his brain weighing, it is said, after death, 59 oz, 1 oz less than that of Curvier, whose brain is said to have been the largest of any of the noted men of modern times. Not only was his head large, but the qualities of his mind were harmonious; and the natural powers developed by circumstances, made him one of the greatest of the list of great men of which Canada can justly boast.

He was a natural orator. Though somewhat lacking in fineness of organization, his words flowed with graceful smoothness. His wit, not always free from slight indelicacy, was, nevertheless, polished and keen; and in his political campaigns no one knew better than he how to use it effectively. Many yet remember how, at the time when he was "where, Irishmen so love to be," in opposition, and "agin the Government," he made the house roar till it became disgusted with itself. It is remarkable that one who in social life and in his public speeches could exhibit such bursts of fun has written so few poems which forsake the general tone of seriousness that pervades the whole. It is a curious fact that many of our loving men write very solemn things, while

melancholy men often, like Hood, furnish the wit that moves the world to laughter. A playful humor manifests itself, however, in the verses entitled "Donna Violetta," a poem on a lady who married her husband's groomsmen, because the groom himself is late for the wedding. At times, the verses are sad and pleading; at others, they are stirring as a war cry. A good specimen of the latter is the one called "The Battle of Clontarf!"

"The fierce Viking now On the dreadful Odlin call! And the gods of battle bow From Valhalla's cloudy hall, And bend them over the dim 'feast of shells.' But, like drops of tempest rain, Plung'numericable slain! Of the traitor and the Dane Strew the dells.

Clontarf! a sea of blood Bishes purple from the shore, And the billows, rising bold, Is repelled by waves of gore! With the gods of battle bow From Valhalla's cloudy hall, We have drawn the sacred sword Of green Erin and the Lord And have crushed the sea-king's horse In their pride.

Rise, ruler of the North! Terrific Odlin rise! Let thy stormy laughter, forth Burst in thunder from the skies. Prepare, for heroes slain, harp and shell! For we crowd thy feast to-night! With the gods of battle bow, Who, in burning Freedom's sight, Blasted, fell!

There lie the trampled Dane, And the traitor prince's band, Who could brook a foreign chain On the green Irishman land! Where immortal beauty reigns evermore: And the sun is bloody red, Where the proud barbarian died, Or, with terror winged, fled From our shore.

Such ever be the doom Of the traitor and the slave— Be their dark unblessed tomb 'Neath the fashions of the brave, Who, freed with Freedom's soul, clasp the brands O'er our Irish anvil! Be our Irish anvil, And renew the soul of Erin Through the land.

Of prose, McGee is said to have published fourteen volumes. One of these works, his History of Ireland, was written amid the pressure of his parliamentary duties in Canada.

Seeing that the time had come, while the clash of battle in the South sounded a note of warning, to bind the provinces into one great northern power, he determined to link his name with the fate of the wisest and noblest feat of statesmanship with which it had ever been possible for him to be associated. One thing only gave him anxiety. Long and earnestly did he plead against it. His speeches, delivered at the time, show that all his knowledge, all his wit, and all his heart, were employed to prevent it. That one thing was the perpetuation of the animosities of race and creed. To overcome this, he incurred a hatred that lingers in some quarters to this day. To banish this, and to blend all in one Canadian character, he pleaded as only he could plead, with the last public utterances of his life. Perish the heart that, by selfishness or in revenge, should ever arouse the sectarian spirit of evil which McGee believed to be the most terrible danger of our common country!

Am I wrong in saying that in McGee, we had one whom almost any nation might be proud to number amongst its great men? Let the past make answer. Before he had been one year in Montreal, amidst bitter opposition, he became a member of Parliament. In 1862 he became President of the Executive Council. About 1865 he received the gift of a furnished house. He became Minister of Agriculture and Emigration. Thus, without collegiate education, a Roman Catholic, with the reproach of rebellion on his character, by the force of intellect, by his genial spirit, and by far-reaching wisdom, he won for himself a high place in the affections and councils of his adopted home.

4th. Finally, his life exhibits the grandeur of sacrifice. In this, there are two features, self-mastery and self-devotion. There are recorded of McGee two incidents that should never be forgotten. One happened in his political life. He refused a position on the Privy Council of the New Dominion which he had held to found. Some say he did this to make way for a friend. Others say that it was to prevent complication in the new government. It is supposed, too, that he was convinced that his sphere was oratory, not administration, and that he could best serve the country on the floor of the House. To appreciate this act, we must remember what he did for the land whose honors he modestly declined. One of man's most painful duties is the retraction of wrong. It is difficult to say to those whom you have misled? "I have been mistaken, and have done you and others a wrong," especially when danger threatens the candid confession. Yet this is just what McGee did. On the very spot on which his violent tirades against England were uttered, amidst the very men he had excited to hatred and violence, he confessed that there was one spot where Irish Catholics had justice and respect in a higher degree than anywhere else, and that spot was under the flag he had so often assailed. In doing this, he again assailed himself a storm of indignation, and he did not drop in the great flood of wrath that was set to carry him away. But after doing and suffering, and upholding justice and truth, and to found a free and happy home for his countrymen, he left to others the highest honors he deserved to wear. Canada is not Rome, and her Cabinet is not the Senate; but the spirit of Cincinnatus and Epaminondas moved the heart of the Canadian statesman. Let no narrow jealousy and no cold indifference rob him of the praise which is so justly his due.

But the self-mastery of McGee pales before the light of his self-devotion. There is a wondrous power in blood. Christianity owes its existence to it. Nations feel that gold cannot outweigh it; and all great nations have had their martyrs. Curtius leaps into the abyss; his closing jaws press together, like the heart of one man, the thousand patriot spirits of Rome. We, too, have had our Curtius. We, too, look back upon our martyred dead. Amongst us, worth was not valued, and usefulness became an object of pitiless envy and hate. From the hall where listening admiration wondered at his friendly words of loving counsel, through the silvery silence of the quiet moon,

—lacite per amica silentia lunae McGee walked homeward on that memorable 7th of April, 1868. "Good-night," said he to a friend, as they parted, "or rather, good-morning; and a beautiful morning it is." But he heard dreading steps behind him; and, just as the beating heart was about to find shelter within the friendly door, the fatal shot of a cowardly assassin scattered on the street the brains of one of the purest patriots that ever died for heart and home.

It would be wrong here to forget the strange, sad departure of the wife his murder made a widow. Mrs. McGee was found dead in her chamber, kneeling as she bowed at her

evening prayer. The young wife of less than a year had sought his hiding place, in the North, in 1848, and had feared lest the parting that then took place would be forever. She watched his wild love of country as it drove him to the verge of principles subversive, not of governments alone, but of Christianity itself. She saw the change in his mode of seeking his country's good, while his love for native land burned as brightly as ever. She saw many of his countrymen, forgetting that love may be strong and deep, even when its first transports have subsided, turn from him in bitter hatred, while the London press praised him, and the English Government followed his advice. "That wife lived to see his steps dogged by a fellow-countryman and co-religionist,—to see his lodging made a target for ball-practice by a namesake of a man for whom he had penned one of his sweetest poems. She lived to see him who had consecrated his powers of song and speech and story to the good of Irishmen and Catholics brought home a murdered corpse, slain by the hand of an Irishman and a Catholic; and it was more than poor humanity could bear. In the spirit of a departing Casar, she covered up her face and died!"

Forgetting, in the large charity of a common Christian hope, all denominational peculiarities, let us step, with silent tread and voice subdued, into the chamber of death, and there let us adore the love of that power which gently took the immortal home, and left the mortal form and framework to tell of the spirit's last, secret seeking after God! McGee is gone: yet his work still lives. Difficulties surround it; yet it lives. Consciousness of national existence in Canada is rising. Determination to be a people is growing. Literature is extending. In it, French and English exert a happy rivalry. Commerce is increasing. Population is spreading.

Even a poet laureate has not thought it beneath him to sing of "the north that is true," a queen and empress has entrusted to us the keeping of a daughter. But, when Canada has firmly established her national integrity, when iron bands bind the oceans that have her eastern and her western shores, when the tide of immigration covers her western fields, when new cities rise where now the prairie flowers bloom, and the hum and clatter of her factories wake the echoes of her northern hills, let her never forget that her fields and streams, her liberties and her very name, have cost her the blood of her most eloquent defender!

Green be the grass that grows above his head, and fragrant the flowers that deck his tomb; and when the sunshine of the world's new "beautiful morning" shall break, bright may he stand amongst the living ones; and may his good works, like attendant angels, follow in his train!

I know not how I can better close this lecture on McGee than by repeating his poem on "The Farther Shore," a poem evidently written in view of some landscape, and whose closing lines, though penned in 1862, remind us of the circumstances of his untimely death.

"How fair, when morning dawns and waters glow, Shines the far land by night concealed no more; Gladly we feel how best it were to go, And dwell forever on that Farther Shore. Nothing contents us—nothing rich or fair Wears the bright, gladsome hue that once it wore; Sadness is in our sky and in our air; But smiles appear upon the Farther Shore.

Noon beams aloft! the distant land draws near, The way seems narrower to venture o'er; Yet history grows the scene less green and clear, More equal seem the near and Farther Shore. Five pale and fading lakes the dark: We watch the totter resting on its ear, Unlovely to our eyes that dim bark, A funeral shroud lost in that Farther Shore.

Night nestles down! oh! happy sleep and night. The winds are hushed, the waters cease to roar; Let us depart by the starry gentle light, And wake to-morrow on the Farther Shore."

Mrs. Anderson Caught Cheating. Mrs. Anderson, the pedestrian, has concluded a long walk in Chicago. Her undertaking was to go 2,064 quarter miles in 2,064 consecutive ten-minute periods. A lynx-eyed reporter detected her in three different maps of about an hour each, and found that the score often credited her with laps that she did not make. She confesses the fraud, but claims that the track was eight inches too long.

The Disloyalty Cry. (Toronto Telegram.) The British Government has frankly conceded the right of Canada to arrange its tariff to suit itself—a right which it had already conceded to an Australian colony. If Canada is disloyal to Great Britain, Great Britain is a party to the disloyalty, for it has declared its willingness that the Canadians should do in regard to commercial matters as they thought best. And this is precisely what the Canadians are doing. The amusing feature in the case is the fuss the Globe is making about Canada's disloyalty. It is only a few short years ago since the Globe was threatening all kind of things to Lord Dufferin did not do as the Grits desired him to do in the matter of the Pacific Scandal. It insulted Lord Dufferin's representative, and held out threats of independence. This was done for a party purpose, of course, just as its howl about loyalty is being raised for a party purpose now. But it shows to what queer straits the party organs are sometimes driven in order to make a point, or what they seem to think is a point.

CATHOLICS AND SO-CALLED OLD CATHOLICS.—At the election of the Parish Council at Portenry, Switzerland, on Sunday week, the (Roman) Catholic list of candidates was passed by a large majority. Out of 537 votes the Old Catholic party (so-called), received only 185.

The Port Glasgow town bell, which has for more than a generation afforded scope for sarcastic reference to the small wits of a large neighborhood, was on the 8th instant found to be cracked beyond dispute, a rent fully six inches long appearing in its side.

An ingenious dairyman near Millbarr has trained a cow so that she walks up to the patent milking-machine herself, and turns the crank of that invention herself until her teats are entirely emptied. He is now hard at work trying to complete her education at the pump-handle.

An Englishman returned from a week's gunning in the gameless woods of an Eastern state, and when asked to show his game, remarked that all he had shot was "a big owl"—the biggest owl he ever saw!" It took him a long time to convince his friend that he hadn't killed the editor of the New York Sun.

An excellent innovation has been introduced into the training schools for schoolmasters in Belgium. By a royal decree there is instituted in each of them an elementary course of constitutional and administrative law, comprising the primary history of the political institutions of the country, the study of the constitution and the laws supplementing it, and the study of the laws and regulations concerning primary instruction.

Army Notes.—Upwards of 700 officers have volunteered for service at the Cape.

MOVEMENTS.—A subscription has been raised at Aldershot town for a monumental tablet in Trinity Church, Aldershot, to the officers and men of the 24th Regiment who fell at Rorke's Drift on the 28th of January.

RECRUITING.—Reports of recruiting in the home district continue, it is stated, most satisfactory, the men coming in so fast that the Horse Guards have raised the standard of height. Similar reports have been received from the other military districts.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.—Her Majesty has herself expressed a desire that the services of Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead at Rorke's Drift may be fittingly recognized. They are to receive the Victoria Cross, and will both be made C. B.'s, and granted their brevet majorly.

THE ZULUS AS PEDESTRIANS.—Every one who has any knowledge of savage and warlike tribes like the Zulus must know their marvellous capacity for undergoing fatigue, for supporting long fasts, and for making long and rapid marches. Indeed, it is a notorious fact that a Zulu warrior, fully equipped, can travel at the rate of from eight to eight and a half miles per hour, and that for four or five consecutive hours.

In the House of Commons Colonel Stanley said the Volunteer Force was in a satisfactory condition, and numbered, including the staff, 203,213 men. The estimate for the volunteers this year exceeded that of last year by £37,500. It was not intended to give effect this year to the recommendation that the clothing of the force should be assimilated to the uniform of the regular army, nor was it intended to make at present any further experiments with the heavy guns, as we had already a weapon superior to what was possessed by any other power.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.—The following is an extract from a private letter from Marlborough, descriptive of the disastrous encounter with the Zulus on January 22:—"An old man (owner of some of the waggon) concealed himself among the packages in one of his waggon and saw the fight. He describes the desperate way our men fought back to back till they were assailed. He says that a sailor threw his cutlives, rushed among the Zulus, and killed five before a man crept behind him and stabbed him."

THE ZULU WAR WILL PROBABLY LAST TWO YEARS.—Military men—or, at any rate, many of them—say that they believe the Zulu war will last for at least two years, and contend that we shall find it a most difficult matter to undertake the offensive, even with the additional force which will shortly be at our disposal. In a letter from Dr. Chute, he states that King Cetshwayo had at least 80,000 men under arms, and that when they were finished there were plenty more to draw reinforcements from. There was, of course, a good deal of alarm in the colony, but Col. Fenwick's latest victory may have had the effect of renewing the confidence of the natives in our military power.

Considerable comment has been raised on the plucky way in which the Zulus seized the bayonets of our soldiers in the now famous hand-to-hand struggle; but it appears that so long as you have men courageous enough to face bayonets, these are not such deadly arms of defence as has been imagined. Apart from one argument that, after heavy firing, the barrel of a rifle gets so hot that no soldier can grasp it sufficiently well, a disector of history has discovered that at the battle of Killiecrankie the sword and shield proved a master for the bayonet. Says a paragraph in the Dundee Times:—"All England stared at the notion that the Grits could not withstand the charge of Dundee's Highlanders, yet the explanation is simple enough. The line of the Guards was broken by the inequalities of the ground in the gorge of the Garry and the feeble musketry of the day completely failed to stop the rush of the Highlanders, who came down like an avalanche. The line was broken, and the battle resolved itself into a series of duels. As the Highlanders came on with target and cymmore, the Guards tried to step them with the bayonet; but the clansmen caught the point of that weapon in their targets, cast the whole aside, and cut down the men with their claymores."

THE BEACONSFIELD VINEYARD. Directions for Planting Vines. The conditions necessary to the successful cultivation of the vine in the open air, are— Good drainage. Direct sunshine, especially in the early morning and fresh air. Avoid low lying, hot or damp situations and do not train against walls, or in places where the air does not freely circulate. No other preparation of the soil is necessary than is ordinarily used for crops of corn or grain. Manure may be used to encourage the growth of young vines, but be very sparing of manure when they are bearing fruit. When handling a quantity of vines, first lay the vines side by side in a slanting position, in a trench, then cover them with moist earth to keep them fresh till planted. When taken from the trench cut back each branch to two eyes. Place them in a vessel of water that has been exposed to the sun for 24 hours, carry the vines from this to the place of planting in a pail of water of the same temperature. Plant in rows ten feet apart, which should run nearly in the direction of from N. E. to S. W., diverging when necessary, in the directions E. and W. rather than N. and S. In these rows plant the vines five feet apart, dig holes 2 feet deep and 2 feet in diameter. Throw in a little good surface earth and fill up this hole gradually with fine surface earth, continually shaking the vine and drawing up with the hand every root whose shoulder shows above the earth, spreading out all the roots in a horizontal position, and continually shaking the vine that the earth may settle among the smallest fibres and roots. Fill the hole completely, then cover the surface to a diameter about 3 feet, with a mulch of manure, straw chips or shavings—anything that will hold moisture—to keep the roots always moist. Keep this mulch well broken and permeable during the summer, hoeing it in and renewing it with fresh material when necessary. Do not allow any manure to come in direct contact with the vines or the roots.

MANZIES & GALAGHER, Proprietors. BEACONSFIELD, near Point Claire, P. Q.

Speaking of an Irish national festival at Liverpool, Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., said, looking at the present condition of Irish politics, the greatest want among Irishmen was constructive organization. If Ireland had not played a larger part in the world's history, it was largely owing to the apathy of Irishmen. In every political struggle they should aim at making English people understand that, beyond everything else, they insisted on the reestablishment of the Irish Parliament in College Green.

HOME READING.

Keep Your Troubles Secret. A woman who had been a worthy wife for forty years, and whose life was not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance.

Household Hints. CUT PUDDING. Three eggs well beaten, two table-spoonfuls of flour, about half a pint of milk; butter some small basins, fill them half full, and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

ITALIAN PUDDING. Put a layer of preserves at the bottom of the dish; make a custard of the yolks of three eggs to fill up the dish, and bake it; when cooled off, beat up the whites and put on the top, and bake again.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS. To one quart of flour add two teaspoonfuls (heaping full) of baking powder, sifting both together; then rub in one teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of salt; add sufficient water or sweet milk to make a very soft dough; cut out and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON PIE. One grated lemon, two and one-half cups of boiling water, one-half cup of cold water, one and one-half cups of sugar, three table-spoonfuls of corn starch, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put the cornstarch in the cold water and stir in the boiling water. This makes two pies. Bake with undercrusts. Beat the whites of three eggs for frosting.

FRIED BREAD. Slices of toasted bread dipped in milk or wine and fried in honey are excellent. They, instead of calling them "fried bread," they are *torrijas*, an excellent Spanish delicacy. Please understand there is neither butter nor lard. Simply melt the honey in a pan, and when it is very hot, put in the bread, which is served hot also after becoming nicely browned.

APPLE FLOAT. One pint of good, stoned apples, which are free from lumps; whites of three eggs, well beaten; four table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Beat the apples, sugar, and sugar together until stiff enough to stand alone. Make a soft, boiled custard; flavor with vanilla; pour into a deep dish, and pile the float on top.

WASHING AND DRYING DISHES. Do not have flannel or woolen dish-rags, as they retain the grease, and so keep putting it on instead of taking it off. Old towels are the best for this purpose, and they should be washed and boiled as regularly as the napkins and towels themselves. Fine china should never be put into hot water, as it spoils the enamel.

SULPHUR FOR DIPHTHERIA. Mr. John S. Wiles, a surgeon of Thorncombe, Dorset, England, writes to the London Times that after two cases of malignant diphtheria, out of some nine or ten he had been called upon to attend, had proved fatal, the mother of a sick child showed him an extract from an American paper concerning a practitioner who used sulphur to cure the disease. Accordingly he used milk of sulphur for infants, and flour of sulphur for older children and adults, brought to a creamy consistency with glycerine. Dose; a teaspoonful or more, according to age, three or four times a day, swallowed slowly, and application of the same to the nostrils with a sponge. Result: he did not lose a case there or elsewhere, and he succeeded in saving life when the infection had almost blocked the throat.

Scientific Alliance on Soap. It is worth while for people to learn that 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in the circumference of a pin-head or a visible globule. It is worth while for them to note that these germs may be desiccated, and be borne like dust, seeds, everywhere, and, like domesticated possessions, may jump noiselessly down any throat. But there are certain things upon which soap cannot stand, according to the latest scientific results of science. A water temperature of 120 deg. boils them to death, and soap chemically poisons them. Here sanitary and microscopic science come together. Spores thrive in low ground, and under low conditions of life. For redemption fly to hot water and soap, ye who live in danger of malarial poisoning. Hot water is sanitary. Fight typhus, small-pox, yellow fever and ague with soap. Soap is a board of health.

To Clean Cooking Utensils. Musty coffee pots and tea pots may be cleaned and sweetened by putting a good quantity of wood-ashes into them and filling up with cold water. Set on the stove to heat gradually till the water boils. Let it boil a short time, then set aside to cool, when the inside should be faithfully washed and scrubbed in hot soap-suds, using a small brush that every spot may be reached; then scald two or three times, and wipe till well dried. It must be a desperate case if the vessels are not found perfectly sweet and clean if this advice is strictly followed. Pots and pans or plates, that have been used for baking or grown rancid, may be cleansed in the same way. Put the plate into a pan with wood-ashes and cold water, and proceed as above stated. If no wood-ashes can be had, take soda. If coffee-cups could clean their plates and baking dishes after this fashion after using, they would keep sweet all the time.

To Destroy Insects on House Plants. The most effectual remedy for green fly is fumigation with tobacco. Soft-wooded plants, such as salvia, hollyhocks, etc. will not bear smoking without injury to the leaves, and for these a weak solution of tobacco is quite as effectual. Steep some tobacco in water and sprinkle the plant with the solution, and afterwards syringe with clean water. A little turpentine diluted with water (one part to sixteen) will destroy the mealy-bug. Alcohol applied with a camel's hair brush will kill any insect it touches. Plants treated with these remedies must be

sprayed with clear water immediately thereafter. White hellebore (to be obtained at the drug store) is infallible. It can be put in water and applied through a watering pot; or put in two or three thicknesses of gauze, and shake the powder over and under the plants while they are wet. Red-spider is a very small insect, first appearing on the under sides of the leaves, and though difficult to see, its effects are quickly noticeable by the brownish appearance of the leaves. The remedy is moisture. Sprinkle or wash your plants frequently, and you will not be troubled with red-spider. To kill white worms in flower pots, take common lime, dissolve it and pour the liquid on the soil. It does not hurt the plants at all.

What is to Be Done. 1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a distance. What is to be done? The child should be immediately undressed, and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic, composed of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecac. The dose is a teaspoonful. If the antimony is not at hand, give warm water, mustard, and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child, and wrap it carefully in a warm blanket.

1. The hired girl sprains her ankle violently. First bathe in cold water, then put the white of an egg in a saucer, stir with a piece of alum the size of a walnut, until it is a thick jelly; place a portion of it on a piece of lint or low large enough to cover the sprain, changing it as often as it feels warm or dry; the limb is to be kept in a horizontal position by placing it on a chair. 2. Bees swarm, and the man who lives them gets severely stung in the face. The sting of a bee is hollow and barbed, and as it contains the poison, the first thing to be done is to remove it. The parts stung should then be bathed in warm water, and a little ammonia be rubbed on them. 3. Some one nose bleeds and cannot be stopped. Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic, and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead in cold water.

5. Child cuts a piece of bread on which arsenic has been placed for killing rats. Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel, linseed oil; foment the bowels. Scrape iron-rust off anything, mix with warm water and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

6. Young lady sits in a draught, and comes home with a bad sore throat. Wrap flannel around the throat, keep out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth. 7. Nurse suffers from whitlow on her finger. Place the whitlow in water as hot as can be borne, then poultice with linseed meal, taking care to mix a little grease with the poultice, to prevent it from growing hard. Bathe and poultice morning and evening.

8. Child falls backward against a tub of scalding water, and is scalded. Carefully undress the child, lay it on a bed, on its breast, as the back is scalded, be sure all draughts are excluded, and dust over the parts scalded bi-carbonate of soda, laying muslin over it, then make a tent by placing two boxes with a board over them in the bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warmly.

9. Mower cuts driver's leg as he is throwing from seat. Put a tight bandage around the limb, above the cut, slip a cork under it in the direction of the line drawn from the inner part of the knee to a little outside of the groin. Draw the edges of the cut together with a sticking plaster.

10. Child has a bad earache. Dip a plug of wool in olive oil, warm it, and place it in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out of draughts. 11. Youth goes to skate; falls through the ice; brought home insensible. Strip the body, and rub it dry; then rub it with a warm blanket, and place it in a warm bed, in a warm room. Cleanse away froth and mucus from the nose and mouth. Apply warm bottles, bricks, etc., to the arms, pits between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet. Rub the surface of the body with the hand in a warm, dry worsted sock. To restore breathing, close the nostrils and breathe steadily into the mouth; inflate the lungs until the breast be raised a little, then set the nostrils free, and press gently on the chest until signs of life appear. Then give a warm drink and put to bed. Do not give up hope for at least three hours after the accident.

12. Child gets sand in his eye. Place your forefinger on the cheek bone, having the child before you. Then draw up your finger, and you will probably be able to remove it; but if you cannot get at the sand this way, repeat the operation while you have a knitting needle laid against the eye-lid; this will turn the lid inside out, and then the sand may be removed with a silk handkerchief. Bathe in cold water, and exclude the light for a day.

A New Variety of Turkey. A variety of turkey is found in Honduras, which though probably too delicate to resist the hardships of an English winter, might be introduced into Ireland. The bird is inferior in size to the common turkey, but its plumage is magnificent, its flesh is excellent, and it would make a splendid addition to the poultry farm of those countries where the North American turkey, from which our ordinary stock is derived, would probably not thrive.

Substitute for Ink. For a long time scientific men have been experimenting with a view to find something which would serve as a reliable substitute for ink, and which will be free from some of the objectionable features which are inseparable from the best writing fluids, such as liability to blot, to spill, to evaporate, and to fade. Something has been wanted, easy of application, difficult to erase or alter, permanent in color, and solid rather than fluid. A leading scientific paper said, some time ago, that such an invention would be a great desideratum, and that it hoped that some of the men who were experimenting in that direction would be successful. Still it expressed its doubts.

But the statement is now made that Dr. Jacobson, a chemist of Berlin, has succeeded in making a solid ink which answers all these requirements, and even more; for in addition to its other advantages, the writing it makes is capable of being copied with more facility than that made by the ordinary copying ink, most of which is too thick and gummy to use with comfort. The "copying ink pencil," as it is called, is a cylinder principally composed of some product

of the distillation of coal tar. It is compressed and baked like graphite for pencil leads, which indeed it strongly resembles in appearance. It fits into a pencil handle with screw point, which holds it firmly. It runs over the paper as easily as a pencil lead, and its mark does not yield to the erasing influences of india rubber as readily as does that of graphite. Indeed it is about as much trouble to erase it as to erase an ordinary ink mark.

The mark made by this new pencil-ink somewhat resembles that of a tolerably hard crayon, of a grayish violet color. In this condition it may be rubbed hard without yielding. If moistened, it loses its gray, as its crayon-like appearance, and becomes a rich aniline violet ink mark. If a moistened sheet of copying paper is pressed on the mark made by the ink pencil, a perfect copy is transferred in violet, and the original writing is left violet also. As many as three copies may be taken, if done with considerable care, and the copying paper moistened to just the right degree. If this invention should prove to be all that is claimed for it, it will soon make its mark on the world's business, perhaps to such an extent that the old-fashioned split-nibbed pen, and the over-upsetting ink pot, may be banished from the counting-room and the editorial desk, and take their places with the tinder-box, the snuffers, and other relics of the past.

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Poor Girls. The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught how to work. There are thousands of them. They have been taught to despise labor, and to depend upon others for a living and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable woman on earth belongs to this class. It belongs to women to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition; they do them a great wrong to neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training.

Wit and Humor. (From Punch.) The child was evidently lost—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its parents lived or whether she was an orphan, or what her father was—or where she went to school—Enter intelligent policeman. Policeman (in a friendly whisper): "Where does your mother get her gin, my dear?" (And the mystery was solved).

DUBSING A DUKE.—In the Globe of February 17th there appeared an account of a fire at Brompton—where by the way, there must be some valuable china which is genuinely good Minton—when his Grace the Duke of Devonport was conspicuous as a distinguished extinguisher. It having been reported in the neighborhood that the ducal pluck was to be suitable—or suitably—rewarded a local poet has sent us the following inspiration:

The Duke is to be so—it seems they propose—Of a new class of Order, and the Duke is going to be made a Knight of the Garter. As well as a Knight of the Garter.

A Cheshire clergyman who is very fond of fowl had a favourite cock he called Robinson, because he Crew so.

Queer Substitute for Malted Butter.—Some economical persons pour melted gutta-percha on their soles.

Which is the easiest method of making a thin man fat?—Throw him from a height, and he's sure to come down plump.

It appears to be, "in the eternal fitness of things," that all bankruptcy laws should be failures, that a professional trustee should not be trusty, and the liquidation mean a melting away of assets!

Motto from a Mock-Auction.—Be contented with your lot. "I know a bank."—Yes, and so do a good many others; and they wish they had never made its acquaintance.

FELLOW FEELING.—"I can sympathise with that there Sir Bartle Feroe," said Mrs. Stumps, when she heard of the South African difficulty. "I can sympathise with him. On washin' days, specially, I knows what it is to have a trouble with the blacks—drat em!"

THEORY.—A well-known periodical, devoted to the interests of the fair sex, tells its readers during the cold weather that they should keep their mouth shut. Is not this a little unreasonable? Perhaps the contemporary will explain how it is to be done—especially when a fellow-sufferer goes by with a new bonnet on.

Donevolent Gentleman: "Blind! Why, my good man, you seem to have the use of your eyes." Beggar (rather taken aback): "Oh, or I ain't got the right board—mine's 'Deaf and Dumb'."

IS FLOUR BY ANY OTHER NAME AS WHEAT? "The men connected with the plaster of Paris are committed for trial." Supposing they are found guilty, of what will it be? Plaster-of-Paris-ice, or what?

NEW VERMIN KILLER.—An American lady has recently introduced a strange personal decoration. She has live beetles fastened to her dress with chains of gold! It has been suggested that living cockroaches would form a lively edging for garments. Cockchafers would be suitable placed on the bonnet. Fettered earwigs, hung in chains would make appropriate car-ornaments, and would be very "killing."

A social man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

What class of men is it they must always "have their glass" before they can begin a day's work?—Glaaziers.

AGRICULTURAL.

Kitchen and Market Garden. Cold Frame: Plants, i. e., those that were wintered in frames, should go out as early as the soil can be worked. Cabbages, Cauliflowers and Lettuce, are the plants thus treated. They should be well hardened by opening the frames every day when it does not freeze; gardeners near New York City take off the sashes altogether early this month.

Early Cabbages and Cauliflowers.—the early crop is from the plants thus treated. The ground should be heavily manured—75 tons of stable manure to the acre is not unusual, or part manure, and enough guano to make the whole equal to the above heavy manuring. The ground is marked out in rows 24 to 30 inches apart, and the plants set every 16 inches.

Lettuce from the Frames is set a foot apart in rows between the Cabbages and Cauliflowers. Sowing in Hot-beds, Frames, or Window Boxes, should be done about 6 weeks before plants can be set out. Cabbages, Cauliflowers, Lettuce and Tomatoes are first sown, Egg Plants and Peppers a month later. Sow in boxes as directed last month, and if the best plants are desired, transplant as soon as they have made two leaves besides the seed-leaves, into other boxes of good soil, at least an inch apart—two inches is better.

Hardening Plants.—As the time approaches for setting plants in the open ground, they should be exposed freely, at first during the day, and later when the weather will allow, by night also. In hot-beds and frames, this may be done by removing the sashes. In window boxes, set them out doors.

Sowing Seeds.—Those which may be sown in the open ground as soon as that can be made ready, are of northern origin, and will grow when the temperature is from 45°—upwards. These are designated as:

Hardy Vegetables.—The principal are, Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Cress, Cauliflower, Celery, Endive, Lettuce, Parsley, Parsnip, Onions, Peas, Radish, Turnip and Spinach.

Tender Vegetables, not to be sown until the soil is well warmed, or at corn planting time, are: Beans—Snap and Pole, Cucumber, Corn, Melons, Okra, Pumpkin, Squash, Tomato, Watermelon.

Apuragus.—Take off the litter from the beds and carefully fork in the fine manure.

Rhubarb.—Make new beds by dividing the old roots so that each portion has a bud. Set 3 or 4 ft. apart each way, manuring the hills very heavily.

Early Sowing in drills 12 to 15 inches apart should be made of Beet, Carrot, Leek, Onion, Parsnip, Spinach, Radish and Turnip. Radish seeds may be sown with Beets, as they will mature and come off before they are in the way. Early Potatoes should be planted and early Peas sown.

What Kinds to Sow.—We have usually given, this month, our choice of varieties in these Notes; we now give in another place a full account of Mr. Henderson's trials of new and old kinds which will be of great aid in making selections of varieties.

Flower Garden and Lawn. Old Lawns will need a top-dressing and a sprinkling of seed in places where the grass is poor. If manure is applied, let it be so thoroughly decomposed that no weed-seeds remain alive. Ashes, guano, nitrate of soda and fine bone, are all good manures for lawns and bring in no weeds.

New Lawns should be made as early as the ground is in good condition, to have the grass well established before hot weather. For light soils, Redtop, for stony ones, Blue-grass, with perhaps a little White Clover, is in our experience preferable to mixed seeds. Four to six bushels to the acre are needed to make a good velvet turf.

Turfing is best for small plots, and should be laid on large lawns along the edges of roads and beds.

Ornamental Trees.—Plant when the soil is in condition; evergreens may wait a month or more. Where old trees interfere, branches may be removed, but they never should be pruned in such a manner as to change their natural shape.

Shrubs may be transplanted, and pruned, taking care to preserve their natural habit.

Miscellaneous.—Repair roads and paths. Uncover beds of bulbs. Lift and divide large clumps of perennials. Sow seeds of hardy flowers.

About the House and Farm. GOOD BREAD.—Good bread is one of the chief factors in our modern civilization, on its domestic side at least. The growing sale of all kinds of patent yeasts and yeast powders shows that the fine art of making sweet and wholesome bread by the use of good domestic yeast is on the decline. Farmers, wives as a rule may make as good bread as their sisters in our towns, but the average excellence of their bread is none too high. It is too often heavy, with a cold clammy touch and taste, and the eating of it ceases to be a delight and an awakening of pleasant emotions. Good bread, that which is light and sweet and wholesome will put every member of the family, and every guest, in the best of humor, inspiring pleasant conversation and make the dinner hour one of the brightest and happiest of the day. Cold, heavy bread sends a chill over the hearts of all, smothering conversation, adds rather than lifts burdens from hearts already sufficiently weighted down to morose-ness, low spirits and poor digestion. The essentials of good bread are good flour, good yeast, a skilled cook and a good baking oven, all of which are easily, readily and cheaply procured, save the skilled cook, who is more seldom found than she ought to be. It might not be amiss to have this subject one of the features of our agricultural meetings, and it might have a place in the frequent meeting of the granges.

A Professor in the Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts, claims that apples at seventy-five cents a barrel is a more profitable crop than corn at sixty cents a bushel. We doubt it. What do you farmers say to this proposition?

NEEDS AND ORTS.—There are about 10,000,000 dairy cows in the United States. Their average yield is not at present over 135 pounds annually. Butter-making cows in Massachusetts average 175 pounds. Franklin county does not come up to this average, its record being from 150 to 165. There is an annual made in Franklin county, 1,300,000 pounds of butter, of which more than half is consumed at home, an average of 23 pounds for every man, woman and child.

There is a down of reason among the Hadley, Mass., farmers. They advocate the removal of highway and other useless and not highly ornamental fences. Why? should a farmer build fences along either side of the highway, passing through his farm any more than build a roof over its entire length? "The number of square feet in an acre is 43,560." In order to have "this area" the "piece

of land must be of such a length and breadth, that the two multiplied together will produce the above number. Thus, an acre of land might be 43,560 feet long by 1 foot broad; 21,780 feet long by 2 feet broad; and so on. If the acres of land to be exactly square, each side must be as nearly as possible 208 feet 5 1/2 inches. The nearest you can come to an exactly square acre with an even number of feet in the side is to make it 220 feet long by 198 broad.

For spring pruning, now is the time as the wounds will dry over and not "bleed" when the flow of sap is well started. The true way is to cover every stump left on the tree with a light coating of grafting wax. Every ounce of sap lost from a tree through these unprotected wounds is a loss of vitality and fruit producing power. Trees used pruning, but it should be done with care.

If the highway surveyors, and public spirited citizens generally, will just give a little attention to the matter of keeping the water out of the roads and in the gutter during the season of melting snows, they can save many dollars for better service next June. A few minutes at such times will often save a day's work in summer. Let every man preach a brief practical sermon to his neighbors at such times from that excellent text, "Show thyself a man."

The Farm. Red clover hay safely housed and well cured is the best article for sheep. With a supply of this, and an occasional sprinkling of corn, sheep will keep fat and as well as on good pasture.

To make hens lay the whole year, give each hen half an ounce of fresh meat every day, and mix a small amount of red pepper with their food in the winter. Give them plenty of grain, water, gravel and lime, and allow no cocks to run with them.

No investment pays so well as money judiciously spent upon the farm in reasonable improvements. Draining wet land will pay from fifty to one hundred per cent on the cost every year. Good stock pays vastly better than poor; good fences, neat lawns, well selected fruit trees, all pay large profits, as well as adding to comfort and self-respect.

Small bones in animals are an indication of good feeding quality, early maturity, and superior, fine-grained flesh; while coarse, large bones, with prominent joints and angular projections of the skeleton, indicates poor feeding quality, late maturity, and coarse flesh, in connection with a large proportion of offal and cheap pieces in the carcass, when reaching its final destination at the slaughter house.

The Assize in Ireland. (Nation.) The assize intelligence of the week is of a favourable character. In Fermanagh there were seven trivial cases for trial, and in Armagh eight not more serious.

In the South Riding of Tipperary the judge congratulated the grand jury upon the peaceful state of the county as evidenced both by the calendar and the police reports. In the Queen's County the ten cases for trial—all of which were "of the ordinary description"—fully represented the crime committed since last assizes. Limerick county furnishes only nine cases, none of which were serious; and in Limerick city there were but seven of a similar character. But we need not go through the entire list, which includes Monaghan, Kilkenny, Roscommon, Sligo and Westmeath. The last-named county alone gave occasion for judicial lamentation. There are, it appears, two farms in the district for which it is impossible to procure tenants in consequence of "terror," while there are "several persons under the protection of the police."

La Sauvagesse de Lorette! Near the Lorette Falls, and within a few miles of Quebec, stands a little Indian village, where a few red men rear their families in a civilized manner; squads of boys, with bows and arrows, quickly surround any carriage, and offer to show their skill by shooting at pieces of money, which they coax the visitor to place in sticks and ram into the earth. An Indian squaw is a study. Seated on a pile of stones by the highway and near the church, surrounded by heaps of baskets and ornaments of beads, which she offers for sale, mulling meanwhile between her toothless gums an old clay pipe, her stiff long hair capped by a well battered tall hat, discarded by some white man, she puffs away the smoke, and watches with her dark sharp eyes for customers. She wraps her ornamented petticoat and blanket about her body and shoulders, and displays her moccasins upon her feet. She loots a model of patience. Then there is the Indian Lorette, and a little way off the noted falls of Lorette, rattling down the rocks, by the foot of the mouldering, slippery steps, which the traveller is lucky to reach in safety. But the Indians are passing away. "Lo" will soon live only in history. Just thus do diseases disappear before Dr. HENRICH'S SCARF COATED PILLS. They cannot coexist.

SORE THROAT.—The best cure we know of for sore throat is a gargle of Pain-Killer and water—it acts like magic.

COUGH AND COLDS.—If taken in time and easily cured,—if allowed to continue will result in incurable consumption. Allen's Lung Balsam has the confidence and support of the medical faculty, and is recommended by all who are acquainted with its virtues.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES will speedily and certainly arrest the depressing influence of disease upon the nerves and muscles. It restores the appetite and induces a disposition to take on healthy flesh. It causes the formation of living blood, strengthening the action of both Heart and Lungs. It sustains the system under trying circumstances, and causes the healthy development of all the organs necessary to our existence.

EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Strand, London, W.C. and 170, Piccadilly, London, E.C.

The Beaconsfield Vineyard. BEACONSFIELD, Near Pointe Claire, P.Q. The season for planting being close at hand, the public are invited to send in their orders without delay. Instructions for planting, care and training will be sent on application, and the method may be practically learnt on the Vineyard, near the Beaconsfield Station, G. T. Railway. Price of the vines, 50 cents each.

PREMIUMS!

The True Witness For 1879. PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY

The TRUE WITNESS is the weekly edition of the EVENING POST. It is now in its twenty-eighth year, and has been recently enlarged and reduced in price from \$2.00 to \$1.50 a year. Being the leading Catholic paper in the Dominion, it will maintain a vigilant and defensive attitude in regard to the rights of the Catholic Church, and will be a paper essentially for the Catholics of the Dominion at large. It is our intention not to spare expenses in making it a first-class family paper, and particularly interesting to the farmer.

A GENERAL PREMIUM. A FREE COPY to the sender of a Club of 5 subscribers, at \$1 each, without other Premiums. A PRIZE FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER. Every subscriber whose name is sent in by those working for premiums or otherwise, will have the choice of the following:—1st. Six PURE NICKEL-SILVER TRAYS, beautifully finished. Nickel Silver is a white metal like Silver, and being sold in coils, is down to brass like a silver-plated spoon. They are easier to keep bright than silver, and they would set in any restaurant for 50 cents.

2nd. A BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATED CHURCH MICRO WITH PORTRAIT OF PIOUS KING, ON LINO. A written description cannot do justice to the least conception of those beautiful gems of art. The centre is a well executed and life-like portrait of King, surrounded by a wreath of flowers, on each side of which there is in large illuminated letters, the mottoes in Latin and English. The size of the medals are 2 1/2 inches, and are worth 20 cents each. Any subscriber writing both of these can have the extra motto by forwarding 25 cents extra, above the subscription price. This simply costs of no importance, postage, etc. will send them neatly framed in rustic for 50 cents extra; or in veneer, engraved corners, 75 cents; subscriber paying postage, 100 cents.

The above prizes will be given only to such of our present subscribers as will have their subscription paid for the year 1879. SHOW THE PREMIUMS to those whom you wish to get as subscribers, and they will subscribe at once. We will send a canvasser's outfit complete for 75 cents.

EXPLANATORY NOTES. Read and Carefully Note the Following Items. The subjoined table shows the name and cash price of the article, and gives the number of names sent in at the regular cash price of \$1.50 a year that will secure any Premium article.

1st. All subscribers sent by one person, though from several different Post Offices, and, but, tell us with each name or list of names sent, that it is for a Premium. Send the names as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may begin to receive the paper at once. Any one can have any time desired, up to next June, to complete an article, but every article received will be sent as soon as earned and ordered. 2d. Send the exact money with each list of names, so that there may be no confusion of money. 3d. The minimum Premium is given for less than \$1.50 sent for one year's subscription. 4th. Old and new subscribers all count in Premium cases, and a portion at least should be new names. It is not necessary to give other Premiums to canvassers. 7th. One or two Specimen numbers, etc., will be supplied free, as needed by canvassers, and should be used carefully and economically, and where they will tell.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS. For subscribers to the TRUE WITNESS. Open to all. No competition.

Table with columns: NAME OF PREMIUM ARTICLES, Price, No. of Names. Lists items like Improved Corn Shelter, Signal Service, Pearl Service, Watch, Challenger, etc.

N.B.—Having secured from Messrs. D. & J. Scullier & Co. a large quantity of the latest Catholic publications, we can now offer them in the most advantageous manner at their list price, which we advertise in another column. If you desire any book on this list, we will send it to you, allowing 20 cents for each book, thus to secure any \$2 book it will require 8 subscribers.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1878. THE IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE, FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE. OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY. FOR SALE AT JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.

HENRY'S HOTEL, QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877. MR. JOHN BURNS, THE COOKING RANGE which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction. I can highly recommend it to persons who may be in want of such a range, the stoves, which I am much pleased with. You can use this certificate with my entire approbation.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 917. Dames Mary Larnay, of the Town of Lacolle, in the District of Montreal, wife commune of Denis of Charles McNally, of the same place, laborer, duly authorized by her husband, Plaintiff, versus The said Charles McNally, Defendant.

An action in separation de biens, for separation of property has been instituted in this court, this day. Montreal, 4th March, 1879. DOHERTY & DOHERTY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

